LIBRARY
JUL
2
1981
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PROVINCIAL LIBRARY

CLASSIFICATION

STACK	CASE
514	8
SHELF	NUMBER
6	7

J. W. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED BOOKBINDERS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/maritimerev12a13carduoft

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 144. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1906. Threepence

Capt. W. PROVO.
H.M.T. "Torridge."

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PORTRAIT—CAPT. W. PROVO	1
MARITIME MURMURS	2
MORE ABOUT BUNKER COAL	6
"ON THE KNEE"	7
"TO WHAT BASE USES!"	9
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	10
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	11
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	12
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	14
SERIAL STORY—"A LADY SKIPPER"	15

MARITIME MURMURS.

HE
561
M35
V.12-B

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WHEN the Teutonic friend honours this country with a visit, he can usually depend on securing a few startling reminders that he is on a chunk of earth which takes a lot of beating—even if it is engaged on the pastime of whittling away the defences which a merciful providence gave it. There was a case in point, one day last week, when Herr Ballin, the Chief of the Hamburg-American Line, took his friends—per courtesy of the Great Western Railway Company—for a flying run from Plymouth to Paddington. The journey was negotiated in 3 hours and 45 minutes—which works out to well over a mile a minute, and was carried out on the non-stop principle so dear to the hearts of the modern hustlers. To put things out in proper style, the general manager of the G.W.R. should now take a trip to the ever-apparent Fatherland, for the purpose of seeing whether the Teutonic brother can put the hat on that little spin. Personally, we have our doubts, and if the German line isn't satisfied with good old Plymouth as a base, after the run indicated, then, it needs a quantity of convincing, what? More power to you, G.W.R. May you long continue at the same old game, and in the words of an old engineering friend of ours, "When out for something dependable in the way of transit, give me steam!"

POOR old Government! Why will people take it seriously? When the "Keep a hollerin'" portion thereof gets off on a bendo, it doesn't mean that anybody outside the charmed circle shall follow suit. Not at all, for the hollerin' trait is merely a pose. Yet, here is Oom Ferreira—a blessed square-head as ever was—taking it upon himself to imagine that he is going to be allowed to set South Africa aflame, because he doesn't believe that things are being run with a due regard to his personal feelings! That is the worst of a bad example. In Wild Wales, the natives were assured that if they didn't believe in existing laws, it was only necessary to work up a revolt, and things would immediately end. Of course, the crowd were expected to take the matter as a metaphor, but that is just the main danger in affairs of this kind. The unexpected almost always happens, and then, the fat is in the fire with a vengeance! However, Oom Ferreira is out upon a beano, and according to latest advices, he has eleven warriors with him! This is the point which mainly annoys us. If the filibuster hadn't such a disgustingly poor opinion of us as a nation; would not go off with the pretence that a round dozen of men is sufficient for the hocussing of the Imperial Government—!

OF course, the Parliamentary Parroquet has been holding forth on the subject. That is only as it should be. He is an authority on South African affairs. An authority almost as great as some of the Yiddish shentlemans who have made such piles out of war stores, and things of that kind. Indeed, it is due to Mr. Churchill—Mr. Winston Churchill, you know; not one of the common or garden Churchills—that we have learned that the new Oom has eleven men with him. When you want to know anything about South Africa—especially if abstract intelligence is what you are after—then, you can't do better than ask Mr. Churchill. You see, the beauty of this young gentleman's position is, that if you should light upon a query that he could not answer for four and sixpence a time (and you would be surprised to learn what he doesn't know about most things), he is still with you in spirit. He has merely to spend public money in telegrams, and the African Governor-General will answer by return of post, so to write it. A great authority is Mr. Winston Churchill, and a handy man to have about a Cabinet—as long as there is no rare china therein! In fact, we are of opinion that Mr. Churchill is about as valuable on everyday topics, as Mr. Lloyd-George is on ships and shipping.

WE quite realise that we are drifting away from old Ferreira, but then he isn't everybody. In fact, one Mr. D. L. George, at home—and in the hand, so to speak—is worth half-a-dozen Ferreiras in South Africa—and therefore on the veldt. And that makes us wonder considerably, why Mr. President of the Board of Trade George, under-

took the double-barrelled idea with his name? Was it by way of bluffing the crowd that, seeing he had been christened "Lloyd," he must be an authority on ships and shipping? If so, the idea has worked like a charm—with everybody who doesn't happen to be a sailor. The President's amiable brother is known to contemporary history, as plain (or pretty, if you would rather) Mr. W. George. Sometimes, the W. is stretched out into William—which is a distinctly good appellation, and in our opinion, worth half a dozen Lloyd's! Still, we were intent on remarking about the shipping points that it is possible to get from a man of the mental calibre (and nautical experience) of Mr. D. L. George. See his Shipping Bill, for instance. Why we positively love the gentleman for working up that Bill, and when he has carried the thing into an Act, and it also embraces seamen under the Compensation Acts—then, we are going to start a testimonial to Mr. George. That is what we are going to do.

WHY do we feel in that vein? Well, for two reasons. One of them is that if a Compensation Act is good enough, for a 'longshoreman—and remember we do not concede that it is good enough, or necessary for his well-being—it naturally follows that it is also good enough for a seaman. That is reason number one. The other is, that with the advent of the new provision, there will be no further need for Shipping Federation, Limited. It will have to be wound up, and then we are going to watch what a few of its officials will do for a living, once they are thrown upon a cold and unfeeling world, and their own resources. Time was, that the S.F. was a necessity, but that was when friend Wilson had to be counted with. To-day, we believe that Mr. Wilson is among the might-have-beens, and therefore, the raison d'étre of the Federation has petered out. Mind you, its bosses will not be inclined to see eye to eye with us, although that is no reason that you should doubt what we write. The Federation degenerated into a pawky "benefit society" years ago, and quite a number of our old-time shipmates are of opinion that the "benefits" are all on one side; the Federation's side, you understand.

FOR the matter of that, a number of shipowning gentlemen have recently been asking why they have to support, with tonnage dues, this Federation which doesn't federate anything to speak of, and so far as we can learn, there is nobody in a position to give an answer that appears to be of a satisfactory character. For our part, we have tried to help the thing along; have assisted into being, the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited; and as there will be an opportunity for the Shipping Federation to rouse up a bit of enthusiasm over its intended scrap therewith—well, we look upon ourselves, as S.F. benefactors. Mr. Laws ought to be hawking for subscriptions wherewith to purchase, for presentation to us, a service of plate! And if he had any gratitude in his composition, he would be out upon that labour of love, both early and late. But never mind! We are by no means alone, in that we meander along under an undue weight of inappreciation. We are in splendid company, for as far as we can see, Mr. D. L. George suffers from the same complaint; so does Mr. Winston Churchill; aye, and quite a number of other estimable people. Reminds us of the two forlorn creatures who met in the Bute Street gin-mill! Might tell you about it, one of these days.

WE knew it would have to come! Some of the labour leaders are thinking longingly of the much maligned sliding scale; are telling the world that, if the old scale had been in operation, wages would have been much better than they are, at present; and a number of the coalowners are groaning inwardly, at remembrance of the specious tales which won them over to what, at present, they consider to be the side of the enemy. You'll note the men are out for a rise, seeing that prices have jumped in a fat-headed manner through the idiocy which has surrounded the repeal of the coal tax. Equally certain is it that the masters will object to a rise based on any such purely meritricious dodges, and thus it comes about that the independent gentleman has to come in. In reality, both sides of the discussion are heartily sick of the situation, but as they allowed it to be ushered in with such a flourish of trumpets, they do not care to own up. But let the usual mortification run for yet a while longer, and there will be a holy clear out from the unsatisfactory racket which now applies, and the dependable—and comparatively economical—rule of other days, will be re-instituted. "Constant to one thing never" is peculiarly fitted to the *homos* in the coal trade. They have had an extended flirtation with Mistress Conciliation, and as was only to be expected, have tired of her alleged charms. It's no use people; men will not be kept indefinitely, kissing at a made-up face! Remember it, girls!

IN our last week's issue, we alluded to the appointment of Mr. E. S. Johnson (of the Barry Graving Docks and Engineering Company, Limited) to the yard of Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Limited. Mr. Johnson informs us that his new duties will give him the joint managership of the pontoons, dry dock and shiprepairing department of the Wallsend-on-Tyne company. *Apropos* this change, a little bird whispers to us that our old friend Mr. J. H. Illingworth, of the Penarth Slippingaway—drat it, that was a slip on our part, although there might have been some justification therefor? Anyhow, we believe that Mr. Illingworth will relieve Mr. Johnson at the Barry Graving Docks, and we are unfeignedly glad in consequence. It is altogether unnecessary for us to go into details as to where Mr. Illingworth comes from, for we have a shrewd idea that the shipping community already knows. Poor old Penarth! Surely hath it fallen on evil days! It possesses but one repairing yard, and a figurative frost seems to have got into its water service pipes! Why is this?

SHALL we ever hear the last of that *Montagu* escapade? If she is knocked into the proverbial cocked-hat—there or thereabout—through the target-practice which she will supply, will all hands agree to write her off as a bad job, and to try to class her among the night-mare's of a troubled sleep? Probably not, and thus it comes about that the crew of the one-time battleship, and who wore out much of their toggery during the alleged salvage operations, are out upon a growl. The togs have been destroyed under exceptional circumstances; the authorities will make no allowance therefor; and dissatisfaction is rife among the boys in consequence! We have an idea that it was a gentleman named Franklin who remarked, on a certain memorable occasion, "Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth," and he was merely out upon the quotation idea. Well, the two services are full of sparks, and yet those with most to do with the undertaking, haven't *nous* enough to put the sparks out before they develop into conflagrations. Everybody realises that the abortive attempt to salve the *Montagu*, ran into considerably over £100,000, and yet the ship was lost to the nation.

EVERYBODY ought to realise also, that the seamen engaged upon the work would naturally put more wear and tear into their stock of clothing, than would apply under normal conditions? Very well. Has the nation, or the Government any right or reason to expect those men to make sacrifices when there is absolutely no need

therefor? Of course, not, and a few thousands more or less, would make but little difference to the amount which was recklessly squandered down at the Shutters. If each seaman had been given a "fiver" in the way of liquidated damages for clothing destroyed at Lundy, the resultant sum might have totalled into £2,000. That, admittedly, is a pile of money, but as long as one gets value for the sums expended, is there any need to complain? Certainly not! The Government spent over a hundred thousand on *Montagu* for no purpose whatsoever—unless there be truth in the assertions of the ribald portions of the community, when they declare that the powers that be were intent on showing how many varieties of ineptitude could be worked up, over one undertaking. Why not spend the other two thousand, in a meritorious manner? Why not indemnify those men, for the loss which should not have been their's?

As matters are, we find a Liberal Government positively accepting charity from those of its servants who, when all is said, can hardly be written down as over-paid. The seamen had exceptional services to render; they should receive exceptional remuneration in return. They do not, however, and as a consequence, there is another smouldering spark of discontent created, where no need for such exists. We quite understand that the Handy Man ought not to reason why, and time was that he was too ignorant so to do. But that was before the present Government had started off on its self-imposed task of educating the world up to the anomalies of modern life. As a consequence, Jack does reason why, and when next a warship is thrown away, are we to suppose that the crew thereof will be idiotic enough to put any serious work, into the salvage operations which might follow? No, and we are fairly sure that the next crew will remember the ingratitude that was meted out to the *Montagu's* men, and will ca' canny in return for the miserable cheeseparing which is in evidence with everything and everybody, outside the ranks of the Great We Are. This state of affairs need not exist, but, unfortunately, it does.

Merchant Jack is circumstanced in precisely the same manner, too. A tramp comes to grief, and strenuous labour is essential, if victory is to be plucked from the possible defeat. But is that strenuous labour in evidence? No! On the contrary, rather, for the sailorman, filled up with recollections of past ingratitude on the part of those who should know better, is determined that he will risk as few of his bits of dunnage as possible. He knows that the ship is insured, that her cargo is covered, that the stores have been safeguarded, and that every risk—bar his own—is lavendered over at Lloyd's, or at the clubs. He also knows that if he risks life and limb in the service of those who are interested, he will receive neither compensation for injury, nor recompense for actual out-of-pocket expenditure represented by the extra strain thrown upon his all-too-meagre wardrobe. What happens? Well, he eases the strain by every means in his power, and the interested ones blame him. If we were committed to a mutual admiration séance, we should blame him, too. But seeing that we are engaged upon the truth; that we fully realise that mutual admiration is doomed to bring disappointment to the interested ones; that it is high time that the truth were tabled; we don't blame Jack.

If the shipowner would alter the conditions, it is merely essential for him to offer Jack some slight consideration for the extra expenditure that has been his, and the thing is done. We know dozens of respected shipowners who have too much soul to admit of their accepting any charity from a humble seaman—and, oh, how those owners are respected; with what admiration their names are spoken by their servants; and with what zeal their interests are attended to! If you are looking for trouble, just go alongside the vessels belonging to those esteemed owners, and pass one rude remark concerning the latter. Having done so, stand by for developments! Unless you are half-a-dozen samples of a hard case, you are bound to come away with a fat eye, or a thick ear—for the boss, there, is sacred. We know an equal number of rotters who are treated all the other way. You cannot possibly say half as much against them, as can their servants, and the latter merely watch for an opportunity that will admit of their undoing this class of shipowner. Because we know these items; have gleaned them at sea; this then, is the reason that we write our strictures. We wish to convert the rotters, even as we inform the good ones of the respect that is, undoubtedly, their's.

Just a word or so more on this subject. That word will apply equally to the Navy and Mercantile Marine. What sort of men does the nation and the private trader need in their ships? Obviously, he needs loyal, zealous, hard-working, and self-abnegating servants. But is he likely to get this class of man, unless he gives, at least, some reasonable return for the blessings which they might offer? Of course, not! It is ridiculous to expect the servant to give all, and receive nothing. He may do this for a time, but a revulsion of feeling will assuredly come, and with it will come tribulation for the exploiter. This sea question, is precisely on a par with the servant question on shore. A number of decent servants have been spoiled by making bad mistresses of them, and the latter heaven-sent geniuses attempt to place the fault on the servant girl! In shipping circles, a number of passable chartering clerks have been ruined through the mistaken efforts of turning them into uncommonly poor samples of shipowner; and the latter being a rotter at heart, hasn't pluck enough to accept his own disabilities, but attempts to foist them on to the sailor of all ratings. In the past, the thing worked like a charm. In the future, it will require much charming. You'll see! Pay up and look big. That is the main way to prove your gratitude.

Funny world, this! For the past three years we have been assuring all and sundry that the First Line of Defence is by no means such a bulwark of superior beauty, as interested bluffers would pretend; we have warned you, in season and out, that the words "Ready, Aye, Ready" are buncombe pure and simple—when applied to the Fleet; we have given you chapter and verse for our strictures; and—you frowned at us! Even our up-town contemporaries wouldn't accept our advice—at least, not in a fair and above-board manner. But since the "Portsmouth episode" came to light—us! What a difference there is in the pronouncements of the "we!" Phew! How do you like this? "Naval experts consider that the scope of the enquiry into the recent disorders among stokers at Portsmouth is too limited. The whole system wants reforming . . . the police system in the Navy is quite wrong and inefficient, and the petty officers have not sufficient control over the men. This is a very remarkable revelation, for we all thought that discipline was the strong point in the Navy." Did we? Well, we didn't. Speak for yourself, *Western Mail*, and don't you be so eager to saddle your disabilities in life, on to the first man who comes along.

OUTSIDE the ranks of penny-a-linerdom, we doubt if there is anybody who ever believed that anything—outside of sheer bluff—was a strong point in the Navy. And the penny-a-liners merely believe it because they are penny-a-liners. THE MARITIME REVIEW has given you the benefits of its unique experience in this direction, but possibly for the reason that it is too straightforward to indulge in the lick-spittle act, and muss around in an endeavour to snook your sweet consideration, you wouldn't listen! Like the ostrich is supposed to do (but doesn't), you imagine that as long as you plunk your dear head in the sand, cover your gentle eyes, and thus appear prematurely blind, all the rest of the world will follow suit. Well, it won't. There are quite a number of folk to whom the Portsmouth affair is no revelation. In fact, they have wondered why the thing didn't come to a head before, and have told you all about it. Still, there is hope for you. Accept the revelation. Ask your "prominent" shipowning friends what they think of it. But just for once in your amiable career, verify the words of the "prominent" ones, by comparison with those who really know something about it. This is no revelation, our esteemed friend. Nary a rev. It has been brewing for quite a time, and—unless an alteration is brought about—there is more to come. Even now, you can bluff all the people some of the time, or some of the people all of the time; but modern conditions are altogether against a bluffing of all the people, all the time. Please mark it on your editorial blotter. The point might be worth heaps of things— to you.

APROPOS the new "sea-going dockyard" now fitting out alongside the yard of Sir James Laing and Sons—H.M.S. *Cyclops*, you know—when will the Government undertake this repair idea on business lines? A repair ship is right enough—as far as it goes. But it is obvious that she doesn't go far enough. To make any use of the *Cyclops* (a sufficiently ponderous name, by the way, and terribly original?) a derelict must still be afloat, and in no imminent danger of sinking. Why not make a start in the line that will consider the practicability of building a sea-going dry-docking and repair ship? We remember seeing the drawings of such a vessel in the hands of Mr. Farrant Good, some three years ago, and as practical seafarers, the idea struck us as a distinctly good one. In effect, Mr. Good's idea was to construct a big ship, self-contained in every way, but capable of picking up a torpedo boat destroyer, and running off with her. That is, the smaller ship would be docked inside the dry-dock ship, and by this means, a valuable fighting unit otherwise in danger of sinking, might be rapidly returned to the fighting line. We are wondering if My Lords are—or are likely to be—pleased to consider this practical outcome of a practical mind? Possibly not, for the dock to which we are referring was essentially practical—sufficient condemnation for Admiralty consideration, these days?

DEAR, dear! Consternation is no name for it! Here is that awful Standard Oil Trust going in for shipowning—according to a writer in *Journal of Commerce*. What'll happen next, friends? The Trust has bought stock in the Morganesque combination, and has the effrontery to seek to put one of its own officials to look after that stock. Dreadful isn't it? Seriously, though, it is a matter for wonder. As a rule, the Standard folk don't put money in anything, unless there is a chance to double the initial investment. Have we been on the wrong tack in condemning the combine in shipping shares? Is there a possibility of its coming out on the right side of the hedge, after all? Or, is this another instance of where a great mind (or combination of great minds) have been caught napping? We have been assured that even the great Homer nodded occasionally. Is Oil out on the nod, or what is it all about? If the Trust really wishes to have a flutter, why not go in for a sample of new tonnage? At prices current, the Oil Magnates could buy the equivalent of the International fleet, at practically half its book value. No, the cobbler shouldn't go beyond his last—any distance to speak of.

WE are assured there is no truth in the rumour that Father Vaughan is coming to Cardiff Docks for the purpose of saying a thing or two to the local "Smart Set." Fancy hearing something after the following at the Docks: "To you, my brethren . . . who, righteous like the Pharisee, riotous like the Prodigal, covetous like Dives, voluptuous like Tetrarch, frivolous like Salome, sensuous like the Magdalene, or vicious like Herodias"! But why go into the dim vistas of the past for your models, Reverend Father? Why not pick up a few modern reincarnations of the same old push, and salt them? Is it the law of libel which stands in the way? Perhaps, it is. You are fairly safe at throwing linguistic rocks at old Tetrarch, for instance. There isn't a kick (or a volupt) left in the hoary old sinner; and as for Dives—well, he must have been more voluptuous than Tetrarch, after all, for he left an awful progeny around on the world. Seems to us, that these classical Johnnies are usually mixed up wrongly.

IN the prospectus of "The Glynhir (Steam, Gas, and House Coal) Collieries, Ltd.," is the following paragraph. "As an instance of the increasingly prosperous condition of collieries generally (which is, perhaps, now more marked in the case of Welsh collieries generally) it may be stated that the net profit of Wm. Cory and Sons, for 1905, was £151,271, dividend, 10 per cent.; for 1906, £214,762, dividend paid, 20 per cent. (The average net profit has been £179,000, and the average return on the ordinary capital has been 9¾ per cent., per annum, for the past five years)." This reads very sweetly until we come across a direct contradiction to it in the *Financial Times*, and then what are we to think?

IN the course of a letter addressed to that journal by Messrs. Deacon, Gibson, Medcalf and Marriot, agents for Messrs. Wm. Cory and Sons, Ltd., we find the following: "This paragraph, (meaning the above) has, we believe, been omitted in the abridged prospectus advertised in the daily papers, but our clients think it right to inform the public through your columns that the reference to their business as an inducement to the public to subscribe to this colliery company, is wholly unwarranted, the fact being that our clients have not now, and never have had, any portion of their capital invested in collieries. We should add that the statement in the paragraph referred to of the net profit of our clients' undertaking, is incorrect, the actual figures having been: For 1905, £179,892. 0s. 11d., and for 1906, £200,260 16s. 2d., while the average net profit has been £186,803, and the average return on the ordinary capital, 10 per cent. per annum, for the last five years.

THERE is a boom in China, and let the fact not be overlooked. Why, they are going to put the China in a Cabinet, and now, we are wondering who will really get the plums in the new dodge. Will the Cabinet-makers be chosen because of their adaptiveness and ability; or because of their rank ignorance, but shouting ability? As the Celestial Land is supposed to be out upon a Western idea, presumably the latter notion will apply. The pesky Dragon will soon quit China under those conditions, for the monster never could abide a lot of hollerin'. But there's trouble ahead, and let the fact not be forgotten!

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1906.

MORE ABOUT BUNKER COAL.

IN our last week's issue, we discussed the question of bunker coal, and from the view-point adopted by those shipowners who "plump" for dust, under the pretended belief that it is good for their shareholders' pockets, but where, in reality it is merely good for the pocket of the shipowner—and undoubtedly against the interests of the shareholders. Of course, the mere fact that it is against the interests of the unfortunates who have to work the stuff, has nothing to do with the question. They don't count in the scheme of shipping business! However, we have been growled at for not pursuing the theme to its logical conclusion, and have been asked why we hadn't a word to say for the unfortunate people who run coaling depôts, and things of that nature? Very well. Let us consider the depôt people. They, under all circumstances and conditions, give best double-screened coal, with twenty hundred-weight to the ton, and invariably at a price which is appreciably below the cost of the commodity! Of course! Bunker-men are built on precisely those lines, and that is the main reason why they become wealthy, obtain all manner of civic or Imperial honours, and ultimately die peaceably in bed? Moreover, the same reasons apply, when the lovely couplets for their tomb-stones are being thought up, by sorrowing relatives! This is all as it should be, and yet we have bunkered under such peculiar circumstances that—but we'll again go into figures. We have carried coal from Cardiff, where the f.o.b. price happened to be 13s. per ton, and, as a set off for being allowed to carry the stuff to a given port at a freight of 6s., were compelled to bunker on the homeward run, at the same port, and with the same coal. As an evidence of the ineffable smartness of our then employers, the contract price for that bunker coal was 18s. 6d. per ton. Now, in addition to the 19s. for cost and freight, there was the natural wastage of the commodity to be allowed for, and another shilling added for bringing the stuff off to the ship, and labour after arrival. For the whole fit-out, it would be a fair assessment to put the actual cost to Mr. Bunkerman, at 21s. per ton—and mainly for the reason that there were certain new hats to be included in the charges, to say nothing of a box or so of abominable cigars which must have cost something. And yet this depôt coal was sold at 18s. 6d. per ton, and the seller waxed fat and fruity! Peculiar, isn't it? Bunkermen ever were noted for good weight, so naturally, they could make nothing on that score. Ribald, and sarcastic people suggest that the depôt ton amounts, in reality, to fifteen hundred-weights. On occasion, it might be so, but our experience has led us to opine that, as often as not, that ton is nearer twelve hundred-weight than fifteen. But let it pass. Each of the high contracting parties go into the matter, with their eyes open; both of them make a pile out of the transaction; so when all is said on the financial side of the undertaking, there is not a very great deal to complain about? Mind you, the shipowners for whom we have laboured, have assured us that—according to the engineers' log abstract—the bunkerman's ton worked out to the same level, as did the coalowner's, at home. In face of that assurance, what can be said? Nothing, much, although at times the thought will obtrude, that Ananias was a sorely maligned individual: that if he lived in the present enlightened period of the world, he would find his occupation gone; and that viewed in any way one cares to adopt, that same old Ananias couldn't really lie worth a cent.—in comparison with other and later exponents of the merry game. At the same time, depôt coal—be it of the short weight, or other variety—gives far better results than home-shipped bunkers. And for a very simple reason. The home-shipped stuff is merely a pretence, and no matter what the quantity available, its steaming qualities are anything but pleasing to those on board, or profitable to those with interests, at home. Everybody who has given the matter any consideration, fully realises that a homeward-bounder (on the last lap of her journey) does considerably better in the matter of speed, than at any other epoch in her struggle with adverse conditions. The direct opposite should apply—but doesn't. You see, when a vessel has been a couple of months longer at sea than obtained with her when leaving home, it follows that her underwater portions are mussed up somewhat. That is to say, and all claims of the compo. man to the contrary notwithstanding, barnacles and weed, grass, what you will, still finds an abiding place on the plating which has been covered with Bunkum's Barnacle Bu'ster. Yet, in spite of all this accumulated filth; in spite of a possibly greater immersion; in spite of all other miseries, etc.; the fact remains that depôt coal comes up smiling on the last lap of the voyage. Furthermore, there is also a large amount of truth in that yarn about the chief's log abstract proving that the vessel has burnt no more on the lap referred to, than she did when leaving home with a comparatively clean underside. Yet the ribald portions of the community declare all manner of declarations anent the fifteen hundred-weight state of the depôt ton! In other words, and when homeward bound, with a bottom the reverse of clean, a steamer will make better time, and will steam farther on a given number of fifteen-hundred-weight tons, than will she outward bound, with clean plating, and tons of the same number, with each of them averaging a full twenty hundred-weight. What does this show? Well, it shows, even as we wrote in our last, that the old-time shipowners who paid good dividends because they didn't believe in crippling the ship for lack of a ton or so of coal, were men who were fit to be trusted with other people's money. That's what it shows. We remarked above, that the homeward-bounder which is blessed with depôt coal, burns no more in a given steaming distance, than does she when supplied with the outward-bound grades of coal-dust which poses as an efficient steam-raiser. Indeed, all the indications go to show that she burns (or uses) considerably less, and regardless of the fact that everybody realises that the weight supplied (in the matter of tons) is even like Eastertide—a movable feast. This being so, doesn't sound business prudence condemn the small coal—nearly as much as it condemns certain depôts which attempt the impossible? In connection with these latter, it would be interesting reading to get a record of the annual number of vessels which bunker ostensibly for home, but which have to patronise a Channel coaling port because the stock of bunker coal received at a depôt, was "underestimated." Underfiddlesticked! We know that these little matters are smoothed over with a pretence that unlooked-for bad weather has been encountered, but the claim is piffley in the extreme. If homeward-bound tramps were supplied with, say, eighteen-hundred-weight-tons, the shipping community would be surprised at the amount of lovely log-book weather that would result; and if the ton were slowly—but relentlessly—worked up into the twenty-hundred-weight stage, well, bad weather would be, practically, a thing of the past. But after all, there is not much excitement in running a business on known lines; there is ever more exhilaration when it is unknown what will happen? Thus it comes about, that the coaling depôt ton of coals might approximate into 20cwt.—or anything between that and 12cwt.; and if the Old Man or Chief make themselves unduly solicitous of their owners' interests—well, if a new hat won't settle the matter, the sack for impertinence on their return, will. It's a merry world isn't it?

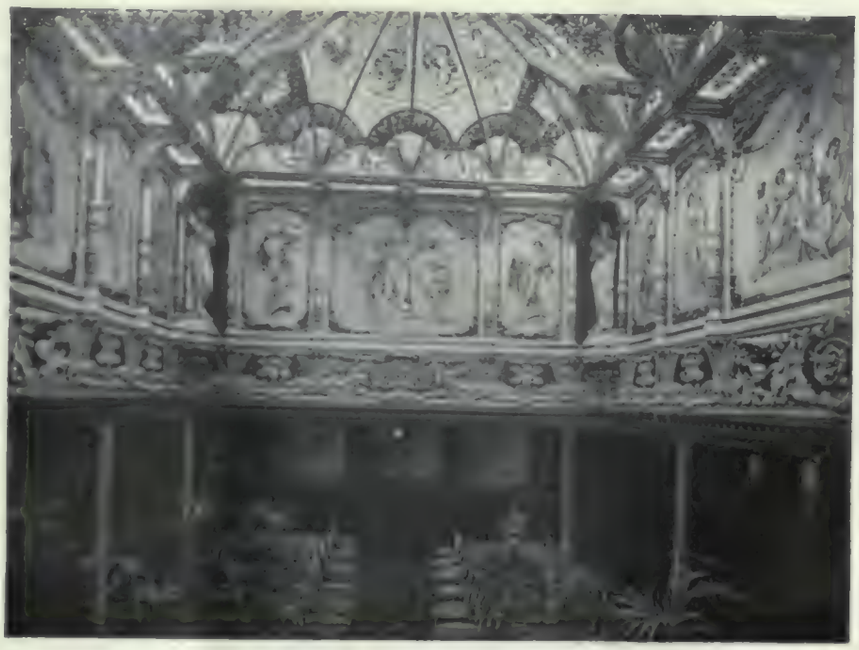
"ON THE KNEE."

WHY is it that so much surprise has been thrown around, because of the Portsmouth mutiny? The stokers ran amok, and although no two descriptions of their conduct appears to tally, there can be no getting away from the fact that there was a mutiny; that it had a cause; or that it might have had disastrous results to the nation. Cloak the fact who will, there is a large amount of dissatisfaction around in the Service, and it goes without saying that such ebullitions of Hooliganism must be put down with a firm hand—if there is such a thing knocking about in these degenerate days?

FURTHERMORE, there can be no possible reason for the continuance of the "close borough" notion, which still prevails in this direction. Because a boy is the son of his father, is no sufficient reason that he shall be placed in authority over his fellows. Merit—and merit, alone—should be allowed to count in an Empire as large as that which flourishes under the British flag. And if the old-time dodges are not rapidly wiped away, it will not be merely a few stokers who are brought to the "on the knee" position, for the whole nation will share in it, at no very remote period.

WITHOUT worrying the reader with any academical discussions as to the actual items which led up to the Portsmouth mutiny, and which, at the best, will naturally be "wropt in mystery," it will be more to the point if the prevailing conditions are considered, with an open mind. In the case of sailors, proper, these are caught young, are generally lads that have been born with the spirit of adventure in them, and seeing that their discipline commences at a time in their lives which works it into them as a sort of second nature, they are to be depended on in critical moments—fortunately for their Mother Land.

R.M.S. "SAXON."



DOME OF FIRST-CLASS SALOON.

AT the same time, it should not be forgotten that it takes two sides to make a quarrel, even if that same quarrel is written down as a mutiny. And while the effects of the latter are being attended to, it is a wise policy which dictates an alteration in the causes leading up to those effects. For our part, we are disinclined to attach any importance to that "on the knee" jape which has given such prominence, and so many twaddley arguments. When seething discontent is rife, it doesn't need much ingenuity to find a peg on which to hang it.

AND instead of prattling about the might-have-been of the undertaking, it would be ever so much better to consider the causes which led up thereto. We have frequently remarked that, in our serious opinion, too little attention is paid to the officering of the Services. They both appear to be run on lines which obtained—and which were good enough—when the world was much younger, and less enlightened. It is ridiculous to assume, that out of a population running into the forty-odd millions stage, there is any difficulty in securing the services of tactful, efficient, and valuable officers.

BUT with the stoker brigade, well, one can hardly pretend—with any degree of success—that they are recruited from quite the best samples of "poor but honest" humanity? Naturally, there are good and bad in stoker-dom, and the good might, conceivably, predominate. But it cannot be denied that the bad or indifferent are in large enough numbers to prove a menace to the Service, unless they are handled in a manner which admits of no shinnannakin on their part. Again, as those stokers enter the service after a youth of freedom and licence—far too frequently a life of youthful Hooliganism—it naturally

follows that tact of a very high order is essential, if success is to follow their employment.

The main trouble here, is, that officers who are in charge of these men, have seen but precious little of the seamy side of life: the side whence comes the major portion of these recalcitrant stokermen. When a stoker is sent to the depôts, he is garbed in the uniform of the Service, and as a consequence, appears to be a Handy Man of the usual sort—dependable, civil, imbued with a love of country, and ready to be led into any forlorn hope which might bring him death, or glory. But if those officers were allowed to see that same stuff the day before it had been accepted for service—phew!

That is to say, while the bucko-cap, dirty sweat-rag-muffler, and hard-case clothing, generally, were in evidence! But no, these alleged officers are brought on the scene, some day or two after the neat uniform has been donned, and the erstwhile corner-boy appears in much the same

a shovel, just for so long will "Portsmouth mutinies" crop up.

That mutiny was in no sense unique, neither was it of an occult character. It was merely the inevitable fiasco that is consequent on an idiotic attempt to make a silk purse out of a metaphorical sow's ear. It takes more than a blue jumper to make a creditable stoker, and the nation which foolishly imagines that it is in a position to fill its public services merely by the administration of an oath of allegiance, is well on the road to ultimate extinction. We quite understand that it doesn't need an undue amount of training to enable a man to shovel coal. But coal shovelling is only one portion of a stoker's work.

His greatest merit lays in unquestioning obedience, while the shovel business is merely an episode. For when all is said, the ordinary sample of Handy Man would give the regular stoker points and a beating at his own game, and would yet remain a thorough-going sailorman. And simply

R.M.S. "Saxon."

Entrance to Library.

light as do the genuine members of a honourable calling. So much so, that some of the high-handed tricks which pass muster with the real article are indulged in, with disastrous results to the community. We do not blame the officers. For the matter of that, we do not blame the men. Both are victims of a pernicious and antiquated system; a system that will indubitably break down, the moment a real strain is applied thereto.

If a mutiny is possible in the piping times of peace, and when there is but little other than a tactless officer to bother with, what is likely to be the result, when war's alarms put the fear of heaven into the undisciplined mob which is merely made presentable to the eye, by the garb which has covered generations of glorious patriots? That is, the mere changing of a Hooligan's raiment will not remove the Hooligan s[illegible] and [illegible]long as the Service is carried on under the cheese-paring practice which gives, practically, a free stem to anything that can handle

because he has been trained from his youth, upward—while the average stoker hasn't been trained at all; has been yanked in from the ranks of the unemployed, and merely "took on" at the job, in preference to starving, or dropping into wickednesses that might have other uncomfortable endings.

The lesson to be learned, then, from the Portsmouth episode, is that officers need to be better-informed as to the weaknesses of 'longshore shiftiness; and stokers—to be dependable—must be caught young, so that they may have the beauties of an unquestioning obedience knocked into them, in the golden days of their youth. Scratch gangs of stokers are of no more utility to the nation, than would be scratch gangs of seamen; while officers who are merely put into position as the result of being able to stand the expense of a swagger "training," are quite as big a danger. It will be interesting to watch the lessons from the "Portsmouth mutiny."

"TO WHAT BASE USES!"

SOMEHOW or other, we are almost constrained to believe that it is a meritorious act to dump a warship! There is that poor old *Montagu*, for instance. See the glory which has laid around her good old ribs and trucks, since she took a final rest on the Shutters rocks, off Lundy Island! Some months after she had given all hands the sudden sack, her captain was dismissed his ship, because, at a moment when the navigation of a million-and-a-half pounds warship should have claimed his undivided attention, he was fussing around with wireless telegraphy.

THEN, the Admiralty appeared to be filled with a holy ambition to use the remains of that splendid warship as an experimental ground for sucking salvage men—an ambition that pursued the even tenour of its way, in spite of the ridicule of the world, and the strictures of the nation. The Admiralty couldn't salve anything to speak of, so, after a couple of months, private salvors were allowed to rescue the big guns, and other expensive trifles which need not be enumerated.

SUFFICE it to say, that the experimental bug had got its work in, for the vessel which was lost for telegraphic purposes, and which afterward supplied quite a quantity of amusement during the season when Parliament was "up," is now to be used for further experimenting. This time, big gun practice is to be indulged in, and although we are pleased to note that it is suggested that the *Africa* (which is to be detailed for the acquisition of much valuable data in this connection) is to be anchored—well, we are not clear about it, even yet.

WE have an idea that the vicinity of Lundy is hardly the proper place in which to anchor one of the already-sufficiently-diminished Fleet. It is, at best, a tricky piece of water, and to-date, none but mercantile marine navigators have shown any decent amount of fitness to be trusted there, on their own. However, the gunnery people are fairly delighted at the chance which has been given them. The loss of the *Montagu* was a holy godsend! And now, "we shall be enabled to acquire much valuable information, gained under service conditions, which heretofore was denied us."

YEA, lor'! Stupendous, isn't it? On a former occasion, and when the ancient *Belleisle* was pounded to extinction, the nation was stuffed with the yarn that this was a most essential undertaking; that by no other means could "actual service conditions be simulated"; and the results of that terrible bombardment, was going to be handed down in history as the crowning point in naval intelligence. But, alas, the times move rapidly. There is another Government "in," and under the circumstances, it would be folly to expect them to accept the decisions which were arrived at by a nasty Opposition thing? What do you think, dears?

THEREFORE, *Montagu* is going to provide the essential data. In other words, the Government is just a little bit ashamed of the brazen-faced manner in which that splendidly built vessel is bearing the pounding of the Atlantic which has behind it the west wind; and behind which again was the gallant Admiral who conjured up such eulogistic piff-niff from the writer on a London "daily." And being a bit ashamed (and seeing that it cannot salve) well, the Admiralty is out upon a destroying séance. For ourselves we shall believe that the poor old *Montagu* is finished with, when she is out of sight. We are just a bit sceptical as to whether *Africa* is able to wipe away the prime old nautical joke of the year 1906.

TRUE, the anchored warship will be able to waste quite a quantity of valuable ammunition over the job. But then, the *Africa* has as much right to waste her ammunition, as the Government had to waste the hundred-thousand-pounds and more, which were banged over the alleged salvage of *Montagu*? And anyhow, the patient tax-payer will foot the bill. One of these early days, he will foot portions of the anatomies of those who needlessly waste so much of the nation's treasure—but that is altogether another subject. Still, the epitaph will read, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear!" That is, if the pounding is a success!

R.M.S. "SAXON."

THE LIBRARY AND DRAWING ROOM

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *November 14, 1906.*

IT might be for the reason that the merry miner is out for an increase of wages; it might be from original sin; while it might be solely for the reason that the exponents of the trade cannot help it: but the fact remains that, since our last time of writing, listlessness is the prevailing characteristic in the market which deals with Cardiff (and other) Coal.

IN the matter of demand, this has shown no improvement whatsoever. For the matter of that, we can hardly see why it should. Pending the demise of the coal tax, the would-be buyer bottled up his wants, so to speak, and then, at the psychological moment, dumped the requirements of several months into one week's demand.

THE unthinking portion of the crowd some of the miners' representatives being probably included—straightway imagined that the long-deferred boom had arrived; that halcyon days were once more blissfully with us; and that all that remained to do, was to go for higher prices and wages—and live happy ever afterward! But, alas, the boom is not yet. Or, if it is, then it is a past master in the art of hiding itself.

IN any case, there is but precious little excitement among those who affect to deal in coal, at the moment; and with the absence of excitement, it naturally follows that there is an equivalent absence in price-raising. Indeed, the quotations, while actually remaining at their last values, are deceptive. Quotations, in the main, are considerably higher than ultimate prices; and the word wobbly about expresses the state of the minds of those who are out to sell.

ESPECIALLY where prompt shipment is offered, for with the steamer in the requisite position, the buyer has no sort of difficulty in discounting the quotation, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. We do not go so far as to suggest that under these conditions, the buyer may successfully work off his own ideas of price, but matters are tending all that way. Stocks are accumulating rapidly, with but little prospect of their doing anything else.

WHEN stocks accumulate, wagons follow the same line of resistance. They accumulate—on the sidings; and they are invariably full of good Welsh coal. All the same, this parlous condition doesn't benefit the buyer anything to speak of, and for the simple reason that, with an absence of demand, he is unable to avail himself of the lovely opportunity which should otherwise be his.

ON the other hand, if there happened to be anything of a demand, the stocks wouldn't accumulate; wagons wouldn't be full; and prices wouldn't be wobbly. Come to think of it, the coalowner generally has all the cards in his favour. The only drawback is, that sometimes he sells more readily than at others—but he always sells. Perhaps, the miners have noticed this? One never knows—when a community has gone mad on free education! However, prices are even as set out below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	16s. 6d. 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,,	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,,	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 4½d.	14s. 4½d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Drys ,,	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Best Newport ,,	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 14s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,,	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.
Seconds ,,	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d, 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
,, 2 ,,	11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.
Seconds	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 6d.
Ordinaries	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	8s. 9d.
Best Newport	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Seconds	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d	8s. 10½d.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
,, No. 3	10s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 9d.
Ordinary	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
Furnace Coke	17s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Patent Fuel	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	22s. 0d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	24s. 0d	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	27s. 0d.

SWANSEA, *November 14, 1906.*

BUSINESS at Swansea, for the past week, has shown a continuance of its recent activity, and although new business is not so plentiful, still, the present prices are being firmly maintained, for collieries, and thanks to the state of their stems, are keeping busy fairly well all round.

ANTHRACITE COALS keep in good demand, and as this is well up to the supply thereof, if not over in some cases, to uphold present values is not a difficult matter to the seller, just now. These, generally, are unchanged, and are remaining steady. BIG VEIN COALS are well sought after, as also MACHINE MADE NUTS and PEAS, the available quantity of the latter not being equal to the business offering for them. Hence quotations are firm for these articles. CULM and DUFF are upheld, but prices are much about the same as at our last.

STEAMS keep rather easy, and for prompt shipment it is an easy matter to chip the quotation, coals for this position being plentiful. On the other hand quotations for forward shipment are firm.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 6d.
Seconds do.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.
Big Vein Large	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d., 15s 6d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 4½d	18s. 6d	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d., 22s. 6d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.	14s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm	6s. 0d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 4½d.
Duff	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	13s. 0d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
Seconds ,,	15s. 0d	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	13s. 0d	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro'	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending November 14, 1906

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Korana,* 5,000 tons, 10s. 9d.
Begonia, 10s. 10½d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 10s. 6d.
Bedouin, 11s.
Singapore, *Hillglade,* 12s.
Glenmorag, 4,900 tons, 12s.
Aden, *Lena,* 5,000 tons, 9s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate. *Agnello Ciampa,* 4,500 tons, 13s.
Durham, 3,300 tons, 13s. 3d.
Ben ——, 13s.
Hebredale, 13s.
Argyll, 13s.
Las Palmas, *Jose de Arambura,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 9d. option Teneriffe.
Arcola, 6s. 9d.
Cembelune, 6s. 6d., option Cape Verdes, 7s.
Carl, 4,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Tertia, 2,300 tons, 6s. 6d. option Teneriffe.
Madeira, *Katendrecht,* 6s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Rhodesia,* 6,000 tons, 13s. 6d.
Steamer, 13s. 6d., option Santos, 15s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Swindon,* 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Llanishen, 5,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Southport, 5,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Genoa. *Jose Martinez de Pinillos,* 3,700 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt. option Savona or Spezzia.
Concezione, 2,600 tons, 7s. (s).
Monza, 2,800 tons, 7s. (s).
Leda, 4,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Hartburn,* 3,400 tons, 6s. 4½d. (s).
Constantinople, *Dunraven,* 4,500 tons, 5s.
Venice, *Nethergate,* 2,600 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Steelberg, 1,900 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, option Ancona.
Elswick Lodge, 5,300 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, ,, ,,
Red Jacket, 2,600 tons, 8s. 500, option Ancona.
Texel, 2,500 tons, 8s. 500, ,, ,,
Valencia, *Carl Horn,* 1,200 tons, 6s. coal, 6s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Maria, 900 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. fuel, 200 (s).
Seville, *Auckland Castle,* 1,300 tons, 6s. (N).
Spezzia, *H. V. Fisher,* 2,500 tons, 7s. (s).
Cavi, 3,400 tons, 6s. 7½d. ppt. option Leghorn.
Savona, *Somerdale,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Naples, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Keramai, 6,600 tons, 5s. 9d. 800 spot.
Algiers, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6.37½ fcs.
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Marseilles, *John Christie,* 2,200 tons, 7·25 fcs. (s).
Nile, 2,800 tons, 7 fcs.
Benhead, 3,300 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Leghorn, *City of Belfast,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. Genoa terms.
Barcelona, *Jersey,* 2,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Tarragona, *Jolantha,* 750 tons, 7s.
Carganian, or sub., 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d., 400.
Torre. *Italia,* 3,600 tons, 7s. 400, 10d. (free brokerage).
Sfax, *Auguste Levers,* 2,600 tons, 8·50 fcs. (N).
Almeria, *Paul Podens,* 900 tons, 6s. 6d. (N).
Barletta, *Emilie,* 1,900 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel. (s).
Trapani, *Norma,* 1,800 tons, 7s. option Palermo, (s).
Cagliari, *Simone, or sub.,* 1,600 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Beyrout, *Vera,* 2,900 tons, 7s. 3d.
Arzeu, Steamer, 1,450 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Gibraltar, *Radyr,* 1,200 tons, 6s.
Corso, 2,500 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Rhio, 3,600 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Porthcawl, 2,200 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Tana, 1,250 tons, 6s.
Carlisle, 1,150 tons, 6s. (P.T.)
Sargasso, 1,400 tons, 6s.
Getso, 1,600 tons, 6s. (N).
Lisbon, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Treherbert, 1,950 tons, 5s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Lena Petersen,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Gwalia,* 1,700 tons, 5 fcs.
Uriarte No. 4, 3,000 tons, 5 fcs.
Earnwood, 2,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Sapphire,* 1,900 tons, 5 fcs. option Port Talbot loading, 5·37½ fcs.
Ellaston, 2,100 tons, 5 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Melrose Abbey,* 1,500 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Gwentland, 2,000 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Arechondo, 3,150 tons, 5 fcs.
Arraiz, 4,000 tons, 5·12½ fcs. (P.T.)
Bernabe, 3,000 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Ely, 900 tons, 5·50 fcs. coal, 7 fcs. fuel, (s).
Bayonne, *Avoca,* 1,900 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel, (s).
Chantenay, *Belgica,* 2,800 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Rochefort, *Ingolisby,* 1,650 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Fenham, 1,600 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Boucau, *Lyng,* 1,500 tons, 5·87½ fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Highbridge, *Alpha,* 150 tons, 1s. 9d. (s).
Belfast, *The Baron,* 450 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Guernsey, *Volcan,* 450 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Jersey, *Derwent,* 320 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Skeldon,* 1,750 tons, 5s.
St. Brieuc, *Bishop Rock,* 580 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Honfleur, *Ouse,* 900 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Treport, *Hazelmere,* 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.
Hamburg, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5s. 3d.
Brest, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Cornelia, 1,200 tons, 5s. (s).
Rouen, *Alwina,* 1,750 tons, 6s. (s).
Stag, 1,200 tons, 6s. (s).
Speedwell, 1,300 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Glassalt, 750 tons, 6s. 4½d. (s).
Skrim, 850 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Caen, *Johanna,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Star, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Lady Mostyn, 850 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Dieppe, *Knut Skaaluren,* 850 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Test, 580 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Calais, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s. option Dunkirk.
Havre, *Enterprize,* 1,550 tons, 5s. option Dieppe, 5s. 1½d.
Kong Magnus, 1,250 tons, 5s. ,, ,, ,,

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Swansea, *Ageroen,* 1,000 tons, 6s. pitwood.
Almeria to Cardiff, *Bartolo,* 4,200 tons, 6s.
Bordeaux ,, ,, *Gwalia,* 1,600 tons, 7s. 3d. spot.
Carl, 1,800 tons, 7s. 1½d. ppt.
Gwentland, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d. option Barry.
Ella Sayer, 3,100 tons, 6s.

Maritime Money Matters.

ONE more has gone to the bright golden shore, ring the bell softly there's crèpe on the door. Why did he go? And who sent him? Well, thereby hangs a tale. It's like this. A well-meaning person came into these offices, and began asking rude questions concerning the management of dry docks and shiprepairing concerns, generally, and about a local arrangement, in particular. Of course, we could see no reason why we should be worried with questions of this kind, and said so—in no uncertain manner. But the querist was a hard case: wouldn't be daunted; and—well, we remarked above that there's crèpe on the door, at present. Now, we don't mind admitting that our office is in half-mourning, in a way of writing.

✦ ✦ ✦

WHAT do we mean by being in half-mourning? Just that the printer merely puts ink on one side of his posters, and that our office boy does the same with his face. That's all. You would like a fuller explanation, we know, so we start out to give it, right away. The querist began thus: "Say, what are the essential qualifications for a man who seeks an appointment as manager of a ship-repairing show?" We said: "Dunno. Never sought a manager's job in that direction." "But if you had to?" insisted the man who now, alas, is no more. "Couldn't have to, as this is a free country," floated away from the editorial chair, and then: "Besides, when we want to frivol, we don't do it in the guise of manager of a job about which we know nothing."

✦ ✦ ✦

THEN, our querying and late friend remarked, "Wish everybody was as honest as you appear to be." The word "appear" was the first nail in his coffin, you bet! But realising that we were not to be drawn into giving a direct reply, that misguided man continued: "Well, seeing that you don't know the first thing about applying for a job of this sort, let me give you some points. (At this stage of the game, we reached out for the special ink-bottle which we keep for such crisis, and listened). I'm going to quote from known instances. First of all, you needn't know anything about either the commercial or practical side of the job (and we lifted that ink-bottle, for we suddenly remembered some of our friends in this business, who are chock-a-block full of both commercial and practical drydock japes) and that's a fact.

✦ ✦ ✦

"ALRIGHT! I can see the ink-bottle, and am not a bit frightened. But if you have a relative who runs an underwriting show; if you secure a minor job in some shop, at home; afterward obtain an equally minor job, abroad: work your relative up to the requisite notch of enthusiasm; look wise and say nuffin'—then, you get the chance for which your soul ought to hanker." This was a pretty simple recipe, so we thought that we would pursue the theme a bit further. With this idea in front of us, we asked. "But if our knowledge of the business is somewhat rocky, how can we make the suggested undertaking pay?" "Pay?" repeated the one who is now gone from our sight, although continuing to our memory dear. "Pay? Who said anything about making the thing pay? I merely asked how you'd set about getting the manager's job."

✦ ✦ ✦

BEING truthful people, we have to admit that he did confine himself to the subject indicated. Still, we had an idea that a manager is usually inducted (which is a good word) so that at least an attempt at successful work shall follow. In fact, we s[illegible] and then, our q[illegible] became positively indecent, for he said "Rats!" Now, it has been decreed that the word "Rats," if used with a certain accent, and from malice prepense, is distinctly libellous; but we let it pass. We had that ink-bottle handy. However, we sought more information, and were then told: "If you get the job as suggested, you merely have to come to the office when you feel like it, leaving it in much the same manner. Go on looking wise; continue saying nuffin'; and the thing will work like a charm."

✦ ✦ ✦

BELIEVING that this man was imposing on our youth and innocence, we said, "Yes, but what are you going to do when the money in the Bank is getting shortish?" "Do?" he repeated. "Why pay off the hands, one at a time, of course. By that method, you will decrease expenses, even as you make the cash last a bit longer." "But," we asked, "wouldn't it be better to get up a hustle, and look for some work?" Again the word "Rats!" floated away on the November gales. Said he: "How can you get up a hustle, if you aren't built that way, and merely get your job through nepotism?" By this time, we were becoming wrathy. In a painfully severe manner, we asked, "Yes, but where do the shareholders come in, on this dodge of yours?" To which he replied, "Shareholders be jiggered! What have they to do with it? The directors get their legs pulled; the show fizzles; the hands drop off one by one, until, if a job really came along of its own accord, there is nobody left to tackle it; and the word 'finis' is writ at the bottom of the document."

✦ ✦ ✦

THIS was where the young man committed suicide. When a body says in our presence, "shareholders be jiggered"—especially if we have a heavy ink-bottle at hand—well, that is when he goes to join the angels; and is why you have to ring the bell on his late residence, softly; even as you notice that there's crèpe on the door. But we are half sorry that we acted with such haste. If we had spared that miserable critter, he might have told us which shiprepairing crib was indicated, in which case we could have tearfully exhorted its manager to don't; to pull up his socks; to give over playing with his 'tache; to stop thinking he was the hub of the universe, when in reality, he was but a tiny speck of unconsidered dirt somewhere on the periphery of the wheel thereof; and several things like that, for we like to do a good turn when it is possible. Can any of our readers indicate the tinkery of this little tale. If not, then, we are "leaving it in sorrow, Annie."

✦ ✦ ✦

THE directors of the Blackpool Pier Co., seem to have hit on the happy knack of knowing—in which respect they differ from the "manager" lightly touched upon, above?—how to make money. From the report and accounts recently issued, we learn that the dividend payable, out of the profits earned during the past year, is at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. The Blackpool Passenger Co. has also had a good year, and has been able to follow the course adopted last year; that is, to raise the dividend by one per cent. This time, 7 per cent. goes to the shareholders, and it is no doubt gratifying to them to know that their interests are being looked after to such an extent, that the dividends are gradually rising. This is the third year in which they have risen to the extent of one per cent., and it augurs well for the future. The South Pier Co, shows the same results as last year.

✦ ✦ ✦

WE note that the Las Palmas Coaling Co. have been awarded the sum of £3,250 for services rendered to the steamer *Swainby*, when off Las Palmas in April, last. The *Swainby*, while at anchor, was run into by the *Karina* of Liverpool, and the result of the impact was that she required assistance, having made a move in the sinking direction. The Coal Co.'s tugs beached her and thus saved her life, after which she was patched and taken to the

usual haven of rest. The value of the property salved, exclusive of the cargo, was £31,000-odd, and in view of this we do not think that the amount awarded was excessive. We have an idea that there will be a number of salvage jobs in the air this winter, and they will not all be through running down!

✦ ✦ ✦

The rumour that the new Australian Mail Line will shortly be registered, is causing quite a stir in the higher circles of the shipping world. The agreements have already been signed, and the signatories represent such well known firms as Sir. William Armstrong Whitworth and Co., Beardmore & Co., Sir. James Laing & Sons, and Vickers, Maxim & Co. Share capital in this concern will not have to go begging, for we understand that the above mentioned firms have already taken up a considerable portion of the scrip. We have an idea that this line will require watching, as for business abilities the present members are undoubtedly hard to beat. We sincerely hope that some of the Armstrong dividend-paying blood will be introduced into this concern, as this will doubtless give the whole undertaking the necessary fillip.

✦ ✦ ✦

Tubes, Limited, is to be wound up, as the result of a resolution passed at the extraordinary general meeting held last week. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, who presided, moved the adoption of the report which showed a further loss of £9,980, and which stated that the only course left was to wind up the company. Owing to the continued losses made by this concern, there was not sufficient to pay the heavy charges on the debentures, and consequently, there will be a heavy loss all round—at least, with regard to those who have any holding in the company. The creditors are in a much better position, for Mr. Chamberlain has given his personal guarantee that he will meet their claims. Conduct such as the above is bound to inspire confidence, and we congratulate that gentleman on his action. May it prove an incentive to others to follow in his footsteps.

✦ ✦ ✦

The interim report of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. is encouraging for those who have an interest in the concern, and interesting to those who have not. The improvements to which reference has been made in previous reports, continue, and there is every prospect of a bright half-year. The cargo ships which trade to the Plate, have met with serious delays owing to the lack of accommodation at the docks at Buenos Ayres, but this difficulty, it is hoped, will shortly be done away with. The Argentine Government has in hand a scheme for extending the accommodation at the port, and not before it is necessary. It is expected that the improvements in the company's steamers will increase the traffic on this route, to Australia. In addition to enlarging the fleet, special attention is being given to the business organisation of the company, at all ports which it serves. The share capital has been converted into preference and ordinary stock, and the certificates for the portion not previously converted, are in course of preparation.

✦ ✦ ✦

At the annual meeting of A. and F. Pears, Ltd., held last month, it was suggested that it would be beneficial to the company to get rid of the deferred shares, and the directors are taking the matter up, with very little delay. We do not think that there will be much opposition to the suggestion, on the part of the ordinary holders, seeing that they will benefit thereby. The change will mean that for the deferred shares amounting to £150,000, the holders will be handed £60,000 ordinary shares. The rate of dividend on the deferred, for some years, has been about 4¼ per cent., and on the ordinary shares 10 per cent., so that the interest will be about equivalent, if the change is effected. An additional advantage is that in the event of winding up the company, or an amalgamation with any other company, instead of having £150,000 to rank against the assets, there would only be £60,000, and surely this is worth considering?

✦ ✦ ✦

We are getting about tired of the froth that is flying around the soap trust, and the companies which are in any way connected with it, so it is a pleasant change to learn that there is a move on the part of the opposition to obtain funds to fight that trust. At a meeting of the council of the Grocers' Association, held at Birmingham last week, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain stated that Kynoch's, with a view to developing the soap trade, were calling up additional capital to the extent of nearly a quarter of a million. We expect that there will be a keen contest to secure the privilege of cleansing the great unwashed, and we are looking forward to some important developments in the near future. For ourselves, we should like to see a bit less of the "rumour" business over this affair, and a little more fact.

✦ ✦ ✦

It appears to us to be little short of sarcasm on the part of the Official Receiver and Liquidator of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, to report that he had realised a further sum of assets of this late lamented concern. The sum realised totalled some £90, and the amount it will enable him to pay to the creditors by way of dividend, makes us smile. When we remember that the creditors claims exceed 2½ millions, and that up to the present they have been satisfied to the extent of about 1s. 5d.-and-a-fraction in the £, we wonder how this official gentleman intends to distribute his latest find? Apparently, some of the shareholders expected to have a portion of this asset but, poor beggars, they are doomed to disappointment. While there's life there's hope, but we think that the last of life has been seen in this case.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Bon-Accord Steam Fishing Company is another instance of how, under proper management, this style of company can be made to pay; aye, and pay well. The report recently issued states that after making due provision for various calls, the profit available for distribution amounts to £2,671. After setting aside £1,100 for depreciation on the company's vessels, the directors propose that the balance shall be used to pay a dividend of 12½ per cent. free of tax. When this amount has been paid, there will remain the sum of £422 to be carried forward, subject to the directors' remuneration. It gives us pleasure to be able to report favourably on concerns of this kind, for we are inclined to think that their efforts are worthy of notice.

✦ ✦ ✦

It must be pleasant to be one of the original holders in the Liverpool Nitrate Co., Ltd. The accounts show a profit of £70,000 odd, while, including the amount brought forward, there is the sum of £125,800 available for dividend. Already, dividends have been paid to the extent of 15s. per share, and now the directors recommend a further distribution of 30s., making a total of 45s. for the year. In addition to this, £9,000 has been placed to reserve, and £22,000 to depreciation account. From the latest returns we note that the £2 shares are quoted at £22, and even at this price the return is not to be despised.

✦ ✦ ✦

The above company is not the only one in the nitrate line which has shown good returns, for we have before us the report of the Colorado Nitrate Co., Ltd., and the dividend paid by the latter is not to be passed without consideration. The directors of this company recommend the payment of a final dividend of 30s. per share, making 40s. for the year. The amount transferred to depreciation account is £6,338, and £38,000 is set aside for provision for the redemption of debentures, this amount being in excess of the half-yearly drawings of £6,000 each. The £5 shares have recently changed hands at £18 10s. and, personally, we should not grumble at an investment with the above return?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Nov. 1st, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

20,174 05—REICHWALD—***Improvements in and relating to cable grips.***

This invention relates to a gripping device for cables for pit-winding or hoisting gear, in which conical gripper jaws are displaced by levers from which the load hangs and are pressed against the cable. The chief features of the invention are the manner in which the gripping jaws are guided on the one hand in the casing of the device by longitudinal guides, and on the other hand, relatively to each other, by transverse guides, for the purpose of ensuring reliable guidance and operation and also the connection of the gripping device with a safety grip by means of a screw appliance in such a manner that by tightening the screws the cable may be drawn through the gripper after the latter has been released.

20,015 05—SMITH & HARDEN—***Improvements in the jointing of cables, pipes, rods and the like and in a flux therefor.***

This invention relates to the preparation and use of a flux in jointing cables, pipes and the like. The flux is a composition of stearine vaseline and methylated spirit, and a thin layer of it is sandwiched between two sheets of tin-foil, and the whole is wrapped around the ends of the metal objects to be joined. Into the mould thus formed molten lead is then run fusing the outer sheet of tin foil and the composition and forming a joint with the lead covering of the cable.

21,729 05—BEST—***Improvements in or connected with miners' safety lamps.***

Miners' safety lamps have usually the defect that the ground immediately below the lamp is obscured and the object of this invention is to obviate that defect. For this purpose the base portion of the lamp is constructed with a conical aperture through the centre, and the wick tubes carrying the wicks protrude so as to bring the flame over the aperture which is closed to the outer air by lenses which allow the light of the lamp to pass through the aperture to beneath the lamp, and thus concentrate the light in a downward direction. At the upper portion of the usual glass cylinder a curved reflector is provided to throw light downwards from the flame of the lamp so as to illuminate that portion of the ground that would otherwise be obscured by the shadow of the annular base portion.

23,770 05—BOWNIE—***Improvements in anchors.***

This invention relates to stockless anchors, that is the type wherein the shank is attached by a jointed connection to the head, and is adapted to move about the joint across the plane in which the flukes of the anchor lie.

The invention consists in some small modifications tending to bring the strain on the shank of the anchor, and increase the holding effect.

395/06—TURNER—***Improvements in and relating to stockless anchors.***

This invention has reference to stockless anchors and consists in the provision of supplementary arms or flukes. The head of the anchor is formed as a rectangular block having two fixed main flukes thereon, one at each end. At the central part of the head are three slots within which the anchor shank and two supplementary smaller flukes are pivoted on a rod passing longitudinally through the head and eyes on the ends of the shank and flukes. In use, the supplementary flukes which fall to a greater angle in relation to the shank than the main flukes will take the ground first and not only give additional holding power, but guide and assist the main flukes in taking a hold.

1,289/06—KUPPERS—***Improvements in or relating to the electrical welding of chains.***

According to this invention the chain to be electrically welded is caused to pass through a suitable heating device before being subjected to the actual welding operation. The temperature to which the links are subjected before welding is as high as possible without softening them to such a degree as would cause them to lose their shape by handling. A suitable heating device consists of a closed gas fired furnace with apertures for the inlet and outlet of the chain. This previous heating of the chain greatly increases the efficiency of the weld.

5,698/06—WILKINSON & LYNCH—***Improvements in ships' telegraphs.***

This invention relates to telegraphs for use on board ships provided with triple sets of engines. The instrument may be of the ordinary construction employed for turbine engines having transmitting handles for the port, starboard and centre engine indicators. The centre engine handle whose pointer travels over an indicator on a certain portion of the circumference of the casing has not hitherto been provided with a reply pointer. According to this invention a longer pointer is provided in addition to the usual pointer on the centre engine transmitting handle extending in the same path and fitted on a radial arm on a bush fitted loosely over the spindle of the transmitting mechanism, a wheel being secured on the bush and actuated from the engine room to operate the reply pointer.

7,510 06—RADFORD—***Improved method of boring, cutting and working coal and other minerals, and apparatus and appliances employed therewith.***

The feature of this invention is the use of a rotary core boring pipe connected direct with the driving shaft of a motor for boring, cutting, and working coal. The machine after being placed in position can be started working and will continue without interruption until the desired depth of hole is reached, because the borer as it advances automatically expels the core. This permits the employment of several cutting pipes being placed side by side and simultaneously boring three or four holes being driven by one motor.

9,689 06—MEYER & ROGERS—***Improvements in means for projecting and anchoring life lines.***

This invention relates to that class of life line apparatus in which a projectile carrying the life line is fired from a gun, the object being to provide means for securely anchoring the line. For this purpose a chain carrying at its free end an anchor is attached to the leading end of the projectile, so that when the projectile reaches the shore from the ship the anchor will in all probability become firmly fixed in the ground.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending December 17th.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

A New Departure . . in . . Shipping Journalism.

SERIAL STORY,

A Lady Skipper.

All Rights Reserved.

. . BY . .
WILL J. WARD.

SO soon as I was "on" with the hotel, I asked the attendant at the other end of the wire, if she—I could hear it was a female—would be good enough to ask if a Mrs. Marshall had arrived by the five o'clock train; if so, to ascertain if she were suffering any ill effects from her journey. In a couple of moments, I was informed that "Mrs. Marshall" had arrived, and was feeling splendidly, but that she would like to know who was inquiring. Thinking it was as well to ease the poor old darling's mind, I told the inquirer to say it was Cissie, and that she would be up, as agreed, that evening. This was alright, so I felt I had a perfect right to sit down and enjoy my dinner, which, I can assure you, I did.

And now arrived the mystic hour, when I had to put all my future hopes to the touch! This being a truthful tale, I must admit that I had just a wee tinge of misgiving as to how Donnie would take it all, although I reckoned or carrying him away, in the first rush of his delight at seeing me, in the flesh. I considered that the sudden change from utter despondency to hilarious delight—because of course he would feel all that, providing he loved his Cissie as he had said he did, and I had not the least doubt on the subject; I considered that the sudden change, then, would rush him along so rapidly on the stream of circumstances, that, afterward, he would not be able to back out, even if he wanted to—which I rather doubted!

Anyhow, at 6.30 p.m., I hailed a hansom, and started away for the Canada Dock and Donnie. By 6.55, I was at the *Fakerbo's* cabin door way, which I entered without knocking, and saw Donnie sitting at the table, with both elbows resting thereon, and his head resting in the outstretched palms of his hands. There is no gainsaying the fact that he looked utterly disconsolate; altogether unlike a young man, who, that day, had received a step up in his profession, that must have exceeded his wildest dreams. He seemed so much intent on his own thoughts, that he didn't hear my approach until I touched him on the shoulder, when he gave a fearfully sudden start—as if he fancied he had mesmerised Cissie into appearing— and said:

"Losh, but ye gave me a turn, Capt'in!"

"Allow me to congratulate you, Captain Ramsey, and may you, henceforth, enjoy every prosperity," I said, as I shook his hand.

For reply, he positively groaned! More, he looked as if he were not at all pleased, either with himself, or with things, generally. Wondering if anything had gone wrong since I left the ship, I questioned him a little.

"What's the matter, ye ask, Capt'in?" he replied to my queries. "What is the guid o' a' this luck ef I canna tell the bit lassie wha would be aye glad to hear it a'. Here's a third day in poort, an' I've had ne'er a line fra the girl. I wis thinking seriously o' telegraphin' til her, on'y I thocht, mebbe, 'twas best tae bide a wee langer."

"I am afraid you are bothering yourself, unnecessarily," I said. "I know it is easy for me to bid you exercise patience—at least, you think it is—but really, I think it is the proper thing for you to do, you know. It doesn't appear to me, that you are loyal to doubt the young lady in this unhappy fashion, simply because her letter does not come to hand, the moment you expect it?"

"I'm no doubtin' her truth, Capt'in; I'm mair afeard that she has come 'til some harm. But ye'll be thinkin' me an unmannerly brute, for ne'er offerin' ye a word o' thanks fer yer great kindness tae me—fer I ken weel that I suldna be offered the skipper's job on the *Spoofwell*, an' it werena fer yer guid offices at Newbremen."

"If you are going to begin talking in that strain, it will be best for me to start packing up my effects. Anyhow, I will do a little to it, before it becomes too late. Afterward, we can sit and have a 'crack'; in the meantime, I want to put all my gear ready for removal in the morning—but I'll tell you all about things, when I have packed up. I'll commence on the chemicals first, I think," saying which I entered the "quare chimical room," and closed the door, very carefully.

Instead of bothering with any old packing, I did quite the reverse, and commenced laying out a complete outfit of the clothing which had been, originally, intended for those lady derelicts! Let no rude person ever again say unkind things concerning the time it takes a lady to dress, for within ten minutes from the time I had entered the spare room, I was rigged out completely—fringe curled and all!—as "Cissie Ramsey," having on the very same clothing which I had worn while winning the heart of Donnie! "Captain Marshall" was defunct!

I sat down on the settee for long enough to compose myself, as I felt that, now, indeed, had come the eventful moment! I soon learned that the longer I sat on the settee, the more difficult would it eventually become for me to open the door and re-appear as Cissie. Realising this great truth, I opened the door, a tiny bit, and peeped into the cabin. Donnie was still sitting at the cabin table, in precisely the same attitude in which he had sat when first I entered it, that evening—that is, his head was in his hands, and his elbows were on the table! He seemed to be quite unaware that I was gazing at him.

Feeling that I could no longer bear the strain, and that if I didn't do something at once, I should faint, I walked out into the cabin, toward the table, and then gave a slight cough! Donnie looked up, expecting to see Captain Marshall, but what he did see, evidently decided him that he had become light-headed, for he put both his hands out, as if to shut off the sight of what he believed was an hallucination. This was no good to Cissie, so I softly murmured:

"Donnie, have you no kind word for me?" And I put, oh, so much loving entreaty therein.

Copyrighted in the United States of America.

Then, he started up, "glowered" a little, rubbed his eyes, mumbled over something unintelligible to me, and at last made a rush toward me, with a cry of "Cissie, is it yersel'?" when—when—I felt myself scrunched into his arms, and, oh! the bliss of it, for I felt that I had conquered; that he would forgive my duplicity; that he was my Donnie, still come what may.

* * * * *

The interval of unspeakable happiness which followed is too sacred to discuss, but like all happiness on this earth, it had to come to an end, when—explanations had to be given. Poor Donnie seemed utterly bewildered, and for a time, could not assimilate the fact that Cissie and the skipper—who bathed but once a week!—were one and the same person. And oh, the scolding he gave me! In fact, he went to such a length, that at last I had to say, that I believed he was sorry that things had turned out as they had.

"Daur tell me that, will ye?" he questioned, between the scrunching to which he was submitting me. "Daur tell me that I dinna care for ye——"

"But, you stupid boy," I managed to say, "if I had not gone to sea as captain of the *Fakerbo*, how ever would you have met me? If I had stayed at home, in Devonshire, you would never have been in danger of carrying an ankle-scarred heart to the grave."

"In that case, me lass, I suldna have had an ankle-scarred heart, as ye prettily put it. But tell me, did the rest of the crew of the *Fakerbo* hae ony glimmerin' o' the situation?"

"The idea! Of course they hadn't! Do you think you were the only duffer on board? If you, with your heart filled wi' love an' it's Cissie, did not know anything about it, do you suppose the others, whose hearts were filled with other things, would bother about me, in that way? Certainly not, sir, and I am ashamed to think you should find it necessary to ask such questions!"

And, then, I had to settle down to explain all the true inwardness of the situation, once again, after which, I told him we had better go up to the hotel and Auntie, who was anxiously waiting to clasp me to her heart.

"Puir body," said he. "Come awa' at once, Miss. Ye're a young leddy, the noo, an' it's no seemly fer ye to be aboard a steamer at this time o' night, altho' it's in company wi' yer future husband. Come awa'!" and we went.

Thus far, I had kept all the "feenanshal pairt av the show" from him, as I didn't wish to take away his reason altogether. And anyhow, there was plenty of time to give minute explanations later on. In fact, we hoped to have a life time to do it in!

Arriving at the hotel, I decided to leave Donnie outside, until I had made my peace with Auntie. Poor old darling, she was too much overcome at having me in her arms, to find one word of reproach, by which she reproached me more than ever she will know. She kissed, and smoothed my face; grieved at the loss of my tresses; said she was proud of me, and—oh, I can't bear to think of all her goodness. And then, I asked if I may introduce my future husband!

The poor dear seemed to be resigned to anything, and if I had offered to introduce the King, I don't believe she would have been a bit surprised, or would have thought there was anything *outre* in the affair. So I brought Donnie in, and I am not sure, yet, which of them seemed the most confused! Auntie stoutly declared, later on, that she wasn't a bit embarrassed, for she "took" to the young man, at once; while Donnie declared, that she appeared such a lovable "auld body," that it was impossible to appear constrained before her.

However, Donnie returned to the *Fakerbo*, at 11 p.m., after making me promise to come aboard the next afternoon, and to bring Auntie as chaperone, which, ofcourse, I did. Then Auntie and I retired, and she kept me awake the greater part of the night, asking questions anent my skippering; where I had been; what I had seen; how I had managed it all, and oh, everything she could think of in connection with the voyage of "my steamer."

True to promise, we foregathered on board the *Fakerbo* the following afternoon, and while I was busily engaged in packing the female appurtenances in the spare room, Donnie entertained Auntie with fairy tales about my goodness and cleverness as a sailorman!

I had finished all the packing, and was sitting on the settee listening to Donnie and Auntie, who seemed to love each other very much already, when suddenly, and without the least warning, the words:

"Are ye there, Capt'in Marshall, me bhoy? Come here, me jewel, til Oi introdooce yez to the gy-url who won me maaden affections, thot toime Oi capsoized the ould jig in Quane Shtrate," were shouted in stentorian voice, just outside the cabin door.

"Come in here, Biddy, me gy-url, til Oi show ye the bhoy yez would hev married if so be yez hadn't met me fur-r-st!" and then Captain Muldoon stumbled into the cabin, and suddenly drew himself up with the remark:

"Begobs, but Oi've made a mishtake? Is this the *Fakerbo*, at all, er am Oi draming, on'y?"

"Alricht, Micky," said the new skipper. "Come in till I introdooce yez to the leddy wha has sprained hersel' into th' affections of yer old shipmate." Then, turning to me, he said: "Allow me? Captain Muldoon—Miss Cissie Marshall," and a dawning look of intelligence spread over Micky's face, as he yelled:

"Biddy, for the luv av ahl, come in here! Begobs, the ould man was a leddy, s'help me!!!" and then we were introduced to Mrs. Muldoon, when explanations were once more the order of the day!

"Ah, Capt'in—begobs, yez will ahlways be the Capt'in to Michael Muldoon, God bless ye—'tis meself thot's beginnin' to unnerstan' the bit falin' Oi used to hev in th'ould days, whin yez'd come on the bridge.

Oi sh'pose the human nature wid out, come what may? Ramsey, old ship, d'ye moind the yaller awverahl an' the sthraw hat? Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

It goes without saying that we were delighted to thus renew acquaintances with Captain Muldoon, whose steamer had just come in from the Continent. Also with his good lady, who went back to the hotel with us, and thus commenced a true friendship which, we all hope, will last as long as we do.

The days of the *Fakerbo's* discharge appeared to fly with lightning-like rapidity, and, all too soon, the day when Donnie had to go to Stockton came around. We went to the station *en masse*—Auntie, Captain and Mrs. Muldoon, and myself—to see Donnie away for Stockton, on the Saturday afternoon. He had decided to leave on that day, as he had received notification from the sticky ones that the *Spoofwell* would be ready for her trial trip on Monday afternoon.

In clearing up the little odds and ends of business belonging to the *Fakerbo*, Donnie had been brought in contact with Messrs. Snatchit and Keepit, and he told me that they appeared to have developed quite a fatherly interest in his welfare, so well as an all-consuming curiosity as to where Captain Marshall had gone. He told them that Captain Marshall was in good health, and was not a great distance from Liverpool; that in fact, the worthy skipper, for reasons best known to himself, had assumed the *rôle* of "sweet little cherub," and was watching over the interests of one Captain

Ramsey. The Snatchit gang affected to be amused, and in parting with Donnie, wished him every success, in connection with his new command. Seeing my boy knew all the intricacies of the colossal brains of Snatchit and Keepit, it is more than probable that he assessed all their good wishes at a true valuation!

It had been agreed between us, that Donnie should go on to Stockton and bring the *Spoofwell* to Cardiff, while Auntie and I should go to the Taff-side port to await his arrival. Meanwhile, Mrs. Ramsey offered to come to Cardiff, also, that she may be introduced to her son's wife, and to be present at his wedding.

I very much dreaded the meeting with "Mither," as, naturally, I had made Donnie write and tell her all about my wickedness; but, oh, I was "fashin'" myself unnecessarily, for the moment I saw Donnie's "Mither," my heart went right out to her, and when, in reply to my faltering remarks about my escapade, she said:

"There's na need o' explanation, dearie. Donnie kens ye, an is satisfied; I ken Donnie, an' I am satisfied," what was there left for me, but to take her in my arms, and kiss her with a true seamanlike fervour?

Arriving in Cardiff, I decided to stay at the same hotel which I had affected, when in the hey-day of my skippering career. Further, I guided Auntie to the self-same shop, where "my wife's" outfit had been purchased! I couldn't help a gentle smile, as, on entering the shop, the same shopwalker attended to our wants. I whispered to Auntie, that he was the man who had taken stock of me, so as to judge of the kind of raiment that should be sent for the wife "who was about my size." Auntie nearly had a fit, and hesitatingly whispered to me, that she hoped to goodness he wouldn't recognise me, as *that* would be awful. I said, that if she didn't behave herself in a becoming manner, he would surely recognise her as having had something to do with it, and then she subsided.

Needless to say, I enjoyed this, the first real "shop fuddle" which I had indulged in, since the death of poor Connie. And it should also be needless to say, that I resolved on purchasing a brand new "sthraw hat an' yaller overall," in which to be married. The exigencies of the situation demanded it, and I was going to look after those same exigencies!

I found that Auntie had been cajoled into attending to the marriage formalities, before we left Liverpool, so I allowed the "Mither" and her to attend to them. All I know is, that by the time the *Spoofwell* entered the Roath Basin, Auntie was fussing around like a yard full of wet hens, wondering whether she had remembered everything in connection with what she was pleased to term, "the solemn occasion."

Apparently, "the solemn occasion" had been properly attended to, for on the morning after Donnie had arrived in Cardiff, the four of us—Auntie, the "Mither," Donnie and myself—quietly walked into the registry office, and in a decidedly short space of time, the deed was done!

I will admit to giving a little sigh of relief when it was all over, and that, in very truth, Donnie was mine for always! I had no particle of doubt that he would "love on through all ills and love on 'til he died." Not the slightest, for I well realised that the boy must love me very much indeed, or he would never have forgiven me for masquerading as a lady skipper.

THE END.

THE NEW MODEL HAMMOND

No. 12. VISIBLE.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SIGHT ALL THE TIME.

Visibility

Simplicity

Durability

THIS instrument has all the very latest improvements and labor saving devices, including the *Bi-chrome Ribbon Attachment*, also a new *Variable Spacing Mechanism*, has five different widths of Carriages, twenty-eight languages on a single machine, also special Braille shuttle for the use of the blind. Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are written on a specially constructed instrument writing from right to left. If you would like to know more about it send to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

London Office: 50, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Manchester Office: 164, Deansgate, Manchester.

W. LEWIS, 22, DUKE STREET, CARDIFF.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF": "CORY, LONDON."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF": "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock: Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

For High-class

BOOKBINDING

of every description, try

THE MARITIME REVIEW, Limited,

Clarence Road,

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

TYNESIDE ENGINE WORKS, Ltd.,
CARDIFF.
Engineers, Boilermakers, etc.,
BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.
Nat. Tel. Works, No. 18. Manager, No. 03550. Telegrams: "Tyneside."

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS AND CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

No. 4 NOW READY.

"The Shipmaster"

The first Publication to advocate, solely, the cause of the Mercantile Executive Officer and Engineer.

Of interest to all, but especially to those for whose particular protection it is published; and containing everything of the Brightest, Breeziest, and Best.

EVERY MONTH,
Single Copies, Tenpence.
Annual Subscription (Free in United Kingdom), 10s.
WILL YOU SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY?
Address:
"THE SHIPMASTER," LTD., *Docks, Cardiff.*

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

OUR SHIPYARD

With its accompanying Dry Docks and Works, was carefully designed, equipped, and completed for the construction and repairing in every detail of

Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Protected Cruisers,

Gun Boats, Torpedo Boats, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Submarine Boats,

Ocean Liners, Passenger Steamers, Freight Carriers, Etc., Etc.

NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.,

1, BROADWAY, NEW YORK—NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Registered as a Newspaper

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 145. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906. Threepence

A NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

As discovered by our Artist (Go vay! Vat you dake us for?)

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON A NORTH POLE EXPEDITION	18
MARITIME MURMURS	19
THE SIGNAL QUESTION	22
LONDON DOCK COMBINATION AGAIN!	23
THE DECK LOAD WRANGLE	24
POOR JACK!	26
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	28
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	29
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	30
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	31

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

As a political catch-phrase, the words "freedom in commerce" doubtless take a lot of beating; but for ordinary and domestic consumption (in view of the methods obtaining in free and happy England) they are nonsensical in the extreme. The only freedom in commerce which exists in this country, is that which belongs to the amiable foreigner who finds Britain a splendid dumping ground. The British workman, bolstered up with a spurious trades unionism, handicaps his employer with ca' canny work and big wages, the latter of which is used to purchase the products of foreign labour, even while that from the hands of the native cannot find a market because of excessive price. Still, the amateur linguists who have shouted themselves into political places, are loud in their praise for "freedom of commerce," and although they do not appear to be overburdened with a knowledge of the subject, they yet have the ability to exhort their partisans in language which is fearfully and wonderfully constructed! For quite a while now, Mr. Winston Churchill has been doing the blushing daisy act. So much so, that quite a number of patriots were in hope that their prayers had been answered; that he was now enjoying that peace which is calm as a river; the peace which may only be found away from this world.

BUT, bless you, "Winnie" appears to have been laying low solely that he may be enabled to think up some more of the terminological inexactitude idea: that he may once more enact the rôle of Ye Parliamentary Parroquet! Anyhow, one day last week, and in connection with Mr. Lloyd-George's Rochester hold-forth, "Winnie" sent a letter to the chairman of the meeting. After rounding off a few more or less ordinary phrases, the one-and-only legislative comic opined that the Tory Party is a Protectionist Party (more honour to 'em for protecting their Mother Land), and that they meant to "rivet upon the back of the working classes the shackles of cold-blooded cosmopolitan finance"! Ye gods! And such utter twaddle as that is allowed to pass muster with the greatest country in the world. Metaphor is all very well, providing there is sense therein. But how anybody is going to rivet a shackle on many backs—especially when the said shackle is manufactured of "cold-blooded cosmopolitan finance"—won't somebody take "Winnie" away? Hasn't he any real friends about? And if they won't look after him for his own sake, won't they do a little for the sake of his lamented father?

HOWEVER, Mr. Lloyd-George is convinced that our trade is not in a bad way, in spite of all that Mr. Austen Chamberlain might say. In fact, and according to the Government's general utility man, "the trade of the country was never better." A few weeks ago, the local man had the same notion. Coal was booming, shipping was scarce, prices were mounting. But that was because the foreign consumer was manipulating his purchases, to suit his ideas of the dying coal tax. At the moment, the local man has his doubts as to the "boominess" of coal, and so did the independent chairman, when he tabued the demanded rise in wages. Very well. There is no getting away from the fact that trade has experienced its periodical rise, but it never seems to strike the amateurs that this is because the foreigner is anticipating the protectionist policy which, even now, is very much overdue. All the same, this is exactly what is happening. Mr. Lloyd-George opines that the theory that American and German tariffs are driving us out is merely a nightmare, but where his personal knowledge of the subject comes from, deponent sayeth not. There is but little hope that a successful denial as to those American and German tariffs will come about, and when the said tariffs have brought this country to its financial knees, a depleted and mucked-up Navy will be unable to stave off the physical knee portion of the undertaking. Yet the amateurs work off mixed metaphors, indulge in all manner of Irish bulls, and then go home to stand in front of a mirror intent on ascertaining the precise feature which enables all this bluff to be so successful!

OUR last week's remarks concerning that Portsmouth episode has brought in a quantity of comment. In the main, we are credited with having touched the spot, and it is generally admitted that the stoker brigade are even as we wrote. We are glad to receive these admissions, but we should be more glad if those with most interest at stake would set about an alteration. The Navy is just as much

cursed with that idiotic deck *v.* engineroom antagonism, as is the Mercantile Marine, and the wonder is that liberal education has not dispelled the madness. Frankly, the day is passed when the antagonism should be countenanced, and the fussy malcontents which labour to keep up the delusion, are unpatriotic in the extreme, and should be frozen out of every decent job afloat. We quite realise that there are rotters in the engine-room; but there are just as many on deck; and because a few rotters endeavour to make trouble, is no good reason why the reputable members of the profession should play into their hands. When all is said, the Old Man and the Chief have to fight out the various gales of wind together, and because they are staunch friends to each other, is no reason to suppose that the fight will be any the less successful, or that discipline will be any the less real.

On the contrary, rather, for personal experience has taught us that where both sections pull together, there is peace, efficiency and contentment. We have sailed with engineers who were hogs of the juiciest kind; but then, we have sailed with shipmasters who were even worse. On the other hand, we have sailed with samples of both branches of the profession who were about as desirable companions, as it is possible to hope for—and as already remarked, those were voyages that were a pleasure to us, and a profit to the owner. The plain facts are, that the major portion of the antagonism which is about in this connection, is the fault of the super. For some fat-headed reason, that hybrid example of nautical nonsense, frequently imagines that it pays him best to keep the two departments apart. We remember one of the cult who, in a supposedly private and confidential manner, assured us that our own chief was a rotter, and needed watching: that he had been shipped solely because of a scarcity of the genuine article: and that if we knew mutton from goat, we should certainly trust him for just as far as we could see him. We afterward found that this budding genius had insinuated to the chief that we were of a so-so brand: that this was assuredly our last voyage (in which he was prophetic, for after throwing him ashore, for reasons of our own, we had to leave!): and that if the chief had the sense of a sucking turkey, he would trust us nothing at all.

That was alright—as far as it went; but you may take it from us that it did not go very far. Before we had cleared the Longships, the chief and ourselves had compared notes, and from that time forward (in fact we rank the same man among our list of valued friends), the little packet was about as comfy as they are made. As remarked above, we had to leave on our return, but that made no difference to the fact that there was no deck *v.* engine-room nonsense about. There were other items in evidence, but which we have no desire to give away just here: and all of which go to show that it is a suicidal policy which admits of two sets of shipmates looking upon each other as of opposite interests. If the old crock is caught on a lee shore off the Saints, and both the Old Man and Chief understand each other, you may take it as a foregone conclusion that she is going to weather those sands—if it is humanly possible. The sensible shipmaster realises that it is useless for him to attempt a straight course if the engineer doesn't "keep her dooging." On the other hand, the chief quite knows that a full number of revolutions will avail him but little, if the Old Man is piously inclined to allow the steering to take care of itself.

And in the Senior Service, a worse state of affairs applies—all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. The Naval lieutenant looks upon a stoker as his pet aversion. The cinder worrier comes on deck, dirtied over with traces of his toil below, and whithersoever his caprice prompts him to walk, his footsteps may be easily traced. As a natural consequence, the petty officer who is responible for the cleanliness of a given portion of that deck, "shoos" the stoker off on to some other p.o.'s piece of deck. Here the "shooing" recommences, and in the end, the whole of the deck is in parlous state—from a spick and span point of view. By and bye, Mr. Lieutenant seeshays along, sees the dirty marks, asks questions, is told that it is the black squad—and deck *v.* engineroom comes in, in quite big lumps. Seeing that the bosses feel this way, it doesn't take long for the rank and file to work up similar feelings, and in a remarkably short space of time, a splendid warship is divided into two hostile camps—the deck lot, and that of the engine-room. Dreamers go on affecting to believe that there is nothing in it—until a Portsmouth mutiny fizzles out, when there is an awful amount of surprise around! To us, the surprise is most due, in that the mutinies do not occur much more frequently. And yet a solution of the trouble is so very easy!

The gentle Jap is "coming on!" He has to his credit, the largest battleship afloat, built by his own little hands, and if swelled-head is not around in the land of the kimono in quite big chunks, then come down and tell us about it. The *Satsuma* is up-around 19,200 tons displacement—and, bar a few plates that were obtained in the United States, is of native workmanship. What that term means precisely, remains for actual service to determine. Meanwhile, much twankey is being scattered about in connection with the event. Some forty years have elapsed since Japan took over her first iron-clad—the U.S. warship *Stonewall*—and to-day, the "Britain of the East" is the proud possessor of the biggest ship. Commenting on this phase of nautical economics, an up-town sheet says: "According to the latest information (!) the *Satsuma* follows, in the main, details of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*. There is every reason to believe that the British and Japanese Admiralties exchange plans and ideas." Don't be silly. How can a couple of Admiralties exchange plans when only one of them has anything in the shape of a plan? Where did the Japanese get all their warships? Of course, they came from magnanimous Britain—the spot which is not "fly" enough to sell her birthright, for she gives it away, free, gratis and for nothing

It would be fairly facile to prolong this theme for quite a while. We might easily remark, for instance,—and with regard to that suggested exchange: Quite so, dear, but the exchange savours of the old changee-for-changee so dear to the heart of the bumboat man of commerce—and just about as one-sided! Japan received all her ship-building knowledge, by pulling "Chon Keeno's" leg, and they have given him in return—what? Why, a choice assortment of nice, almond-eyed, but unspeakable coolies with which to man our ships. That's good enough, isn't it? It also shows the kind of business man that "Chon" is wont to be, when dealing with the ingenuous sons of an eastern clime? No wonder the Tokio talent are out upon a bendo of their own, and thanks to this new leviathan. Of course, this country has to give up something over the existing alliance. It has no Army worth talking about; it is mussing up its Navy until it soon will cease to count; so the only fair thing remaining, is to give the other side of the alliance *carte blanche* in the matter of supplying the essential warships. But where Britain will ultimately come in, it is difficult to say. Probably she will come where the footing of the next fighting bill is handled. It is very certain that she'll do nothing more—unless a rapid alteration is made in existing conditions. And let the fact be remembered.

Dear, dear! An alien boarding-house keeper, here at Cardiff, is- to use his own expression—"mucho maladee." In a conversation with a seafaring friend of ours a day or so ago, he bemoaned the fact that he was unable to "place" any more firemen on board a certain weekly boat trading to the port, as his rival in the "beesnees" (also an alien) had cut him out, so to put it, by giving the chief engineer concerned, half-a-crown per man shipped! When "professional gentlemen" will, for half-a-crown-a-time, place themselves in the hands of a dago boarding-house keeper, is it any wonder that the said dago flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree? There is another uncomfortable feature about this business. Mr Shipping-clerk-to-the-firm had better attend to it! See how his hard-earned "perks" are being encroached upon. First thing we shall hear, will be that the shipping-clerk in question has gone in for shipowning! But seriously, isn't it time that a little attention were paid to this blood-money business, at home? It is useless rating the American friend for acting in this feeloovious manner, if the same bare-faced robbery is allowed to continue in our midst.

When we read of those hypocritical remarks in the House of Commons, concerning the state of morality in the Rand compounds, we feel that we should like to take hold of the prattlers, and shut them up within some of our local compounds—otherwise alien-run "sailors' homes," or "hells." These are the dens of infamy in which Jack, through lack of funds to enable him to secure better accommodation has, perforce, to spend his hours ashore. While continued rantings are being made in "the House," little or no attention is given to the compounds here in our midst, and in other seaport towns in this, our Christian Isle. We have harped on this string, and shall continue at the music, until some attempt has been made to exterminate the alien harpies who run these social plague spots. It disgusts us to hear the same old party cry being raised, and by men who, more often than not, are better fitted by nature and education, to comment on the advantages of a village pump, or the actions of the deacons in a country chapel, than to have a word to say in the doings of a mighty Empire. In the case of an inappreciable amount of immorality in a Chinese compound—immorality, which hurts nobody outside of the Heathen Chinee involved—heaven and earth must be invoked for its removal; but a worse case in a sailors' lodging house, in this our moral land—well, Jack's a drunken beggar, and why should he be considered?

Why? Because Jack is just a "common sailor," and there you have it in its everyday form. That's why! Oh, you of the dunderheaded tribe, will you never assimilate the fact that as we are fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to live on an island, Jack is the man—of all others—that you should do your utmost to keep alive and well? Aye, at all times, and at all costs. Will you not recognise the fact that without his help, you would be too empty within one clear month, to make it essential for you to need his assistance ever more? And again, you of the Bumble persuasion, cannot you understand that it is easier to make heaven in a fog, than for a sailor's wife to keep herself and bairns from starving, on the half of the £3 10s. a month of which we have written elsewhere? No, unfortunately, you appear to be unable to grasp the true inwardness of the situation—mainly because a number of self-seeking traitors have beguiled you with their specious tales of the munificent treatment which is supposed to be meted out to Jack, but which, as we have shown in this issue, is not. But go your ways. It is, admittedly, easier to prattle of a sin which is merely of an abstract character—and which may not rudely shock us by appearing too close to our view—than it is to face the music like men, and sweep away the festering sores which daily become worse, behind the walls which we pass when on our way to business.

And the rant which is touched upon above, is by no means the only sort of twankey which emanates from these "Liberal" people who each appear to have a private heaven of their own, so self-righteous and down-with-every-other-train-of-thought inclined are they. Think of the aimless, and devoid-of-system manner in which Government employés are being discharged from naval arsenals and dockyards. At the present moment, and with the winter close aboard, this far-seeing and humane Government of ours, sees fit to reduce the number of men in its employ and, incidentally, to swell the ranks of the unemployed—and inmates of prisons. Why is this done? Oh, the claim is on the side of retrenchment. But do they reduce the number of highly-paid officials? Oh, dear, no! That would be ridiculous! Instead, the highly-paid ones are increased, and old-time sinecures which had been abolished, are re-instituted, so that "our supporters" may have a dip into the broth! Personally, we never expected other. We can see no sense in putting a number of hard-ups into power, for while human nature remains unchanged, temptation will always find seceders from the straight and narrow path. Still, liberal and all as we are, we must be kind to our own, aye, even if we have to sack half the nation's workers so as to use their wages as salaries for the elect.

Oh, the evil of it, and oh, the pity that the voter can be stuffed in any such a ridiculously apparent manner! If our Government were composed of efficient business men, rather than of professional politicians, and if—a big if, this time!—they had patriotism enough to admit of their setting aside party feeling; then, perhaps, it would be able to see the folly of this false economy. In that event, apart from keeping the dockyard and arsenal workers in employment, the country would reap the benefits of the profits made by the wrecking of "cast outs"; in addition, we should have, when needed, a regular body of trained workmen at command, instead of—as all-too-frequently happens—a scrap-heap lot of workers gathered from all over the country, and secured on any sort of terms. Why cannot the Government see that by their present tactics, the genuine workers are being driven either to the Colonies or to the workhouses—in any case, they will be lost to us for ever. Again, why not realise that as the ratepayers have to support the poor, then, with that support raised beyond sensible limits because of the asinine policy pursued by those who received big votes at the last General Election—well, there will be a change eftsoon? Possibly—seeing that the present exponents of Government appear to be out-classed—this is one of the tricky little ways opened up for them to seek a retirement which will be more or less honourable?

The Canadian trade is still looking up, and for the first four months of the current fiscal year, it shows an increase of £6,050,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year. Canada is, undoubtedly, looked upon as a golden shore, by many thousands of our working classes, and unscrupulous persons have made capital out of this belief. We are pleased to note that efforts are being made to prevent further emigration as a result of misrepresentation, and it is not one moment too soon that a move is being made in this direction. Canada is a coming country, but it is as yet young, and there is always a danger that it is apt to be over-run before it has quite felt its feet, so to say. However, with the emigration laws a little more stringent, this fault may be avoided.

THE SIGNAL QUESTION.

ALTHOUGH we are not among they who—out of the fulness of their ignorance on the subject—are for ever prattling about the need of a higher standard of education among the officers of the Mercantile Marine, we see no reason why a man should not strive to acquire as much practical information on all 'round subjects, as possible. Especially as the greater the amount of intellectual attainment, the sooner may the seafarer attain to the desire of his heart—the relinquishing of a life on the briny.

As we have frequently remarked, we should advocate the higher standard of education, providing it brought a correspondingly higher standard of wages. That precisely the reverse condition obtains, may not be successfully gainsaid, and if those would-be philanthropical gentlemen who are for ever agitating on this matter had any real intelligence, they would, incontinently, give over. Would realise that a high order of educated efficiency is incompatible with a continuance at sea.

WE much doubt if there exists one seafarer with ten years' experience to his credit (or otherwise) but wishes to see the opportunity which will admit of his "throwing up the sea," as he expressively puts the matter. In ever-increasing numbers—and thanks to the spread of education—that "throw up" is in evidence. Yet, with officers rapidly becoming scarce, aye, almost to the point of the unattainable, the philanthropist will go on with his senseless agitation—senseless in that he expects to procure angels, at the market value of demons!

WE have no quarrel with education. On the contrary, for we realise that without it, a sailor doesn't amount to a very great deal, in the present strenuous days. At the same time, we are convinced that, as soon as a man is educated up to a given point, it is impossible for him to remain at sea under existing circumstances—and we write from first-hand experience, instead of from the *ipse dixit* of some well-meaning but woefully-ignorant crank. However, as signalling is a somewhat big item in the nautical man's education, we shall consider it on this occasion.

SINCE Lord Charles Beresford's somewhat uncalled-for strictures against the mercantile navigator put the seagoing world in arms, the question of signalling has occupied much attention from the public. Needless to say, a quantity of bathos has been worked around the matter, but the fact must be faced that, while the executive officer is good enough as a signalman under ordinary (and mercantile marine conditions) he might, with advantage to himself, "go one better." In the tramp of commerce, there is little time for an exhaustive study of the subject—and less inclination because of the scarcity of time.

FLAG-WAGGING with the International Code is understood sufficiently for practical purposes, we know; but where the finer (and undoubtedly, handier) methods are involved, well, a candidate for Board of Trade honours will qualify to the essential point, and will see everybody jiggered before he will attempt to go one step further. For reasons already assigned, we do not blame the candidate. He receives no encouragement, so neglects his opportunities—a distinctly human trait. One of these odd afternoons, the country will awaken to the fact that it is in parlous state because of its neglect of the executive officer, and there will be a reshuffling of the cards.

PREPARATORY to that awakening—and working by the eye of faith—the navigator will be well-advised in doing all that in him lays, to be ready for the good time coming. Coming it is. Of that there can be no doubt. A brand-new combination of Imperially-patriotic seamen—the S.E.A.—have taken the matter up without thought or care of pecuniary aggrandisement, and when this happens, all the old-time "suckers" will necessarily be wiped away, to the everlasting benefit of the industry which they have done so much to stultify and destroy. Meanwhile, let us concern ourselves with actual signals, even while we leave, for a season, those of the abstract kind alluded to above.

CONSIDERABLE argument has been wrapped around the desirability of a knowledge of the Morse Code of signalling, and there can be no doubt that the system indicated is one of the best available. This was strikingly emphasised to us on one occasion, when we had the felicity of carrying a few Naval officers from a given port, to their vessels which were laying in an open roadstead. We happened along to the warships at night, and were cudgelling our brains for a method of communication. It was in the days when the Morse Code was almost unheard of—on merchant ships, although common enough in the vessels of the national Fleet.

WHILE the cudgelling referred to was in full process, our steamer had arrived to the precise position where something had to be done, if those Naval men were to be put on board their own ships. Well, the something was done! One of the officers came on the upper bridge, borrowed a binnacle lamp, made a few apparently mystic passes across its light, and almost before we could realise that anything had been mooted, a torpedo boat was alongside and our guests were wishing us *bon voyage* from her deck! Needless to say, we were convicted Morse codists from that night, and we don't care tuppence ha'penny who knows it.

INDEED, we expended much mental effort to the acquirement of the dot-and-dash business, and by sheer memorising, ultimately came to a fairly good appreciation of the method of communication. To-day, we realise that it isn't always an unalloyed blessing to be born early. Sometimes, the youthful members of the community have a terrible amount of bulge over the older hands! And we are constrained to the foregoing after a careful consideration of a neat little box-of-tricks which has been placed on our desk. The box referred to has a cover that will not be denied, and in addition to an attention-compelling colour-scheme, it is marked "The Morse Code, Capt. Jutsum's Signalling Cards, a Sure and Rapid Aid to Proficiency. Price (complete with instructions) 2s. 6d."

AFTER our remarks above, do you wonder that we examined the inside of that box? You need not be surprised, for we "got into it, right away." As a matter of fact, we shouldn't like to acknowledge the precise amount of time put in on the "flashing card" which was included with the outfit, "just to see if we had forgotten the old japes!" Our official supporter asked, "Is that a new game?" We replied, "New game be — - -; - —; — —; — -; - —; — - -; it's Capt. Jutsum's Signalling Cards." And then we felt that it was incumbent on us to put it away!

BUT the aspiring candidate need have no such scruples. He has merely to plunk out his half-crown (at any optician's, or direct from the inventor, who is the Principal of the Cardiff Nautical Academy, Fitzhammon Embankment, Cardiff) when he will be able to dot-dash off a Psalm, or a love-signal to his best girl—aye, right under the eyes of her paternal relative, and in all probability, without the latter knowing a dot or dash about it! If that isn't inducement enough—then, we must admit that we have but a so-so experience of our seafaring brethren. Incidentally, of course, the knowledge thus acquired, will come in exceedingly handy at sea—but that idea brings us again to the wages question, so we leave it for this occasion.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

LONDON DOCK COMBINATION AGAIN!

IT would be misleading to state that the poor and the London dock companies are precisely the same in all things, and for the very simple reason that the poor have been in evidence since the dawn of history, while the London dock fit-outs are of comparatively recent date. But there is no getting away from the fact, that since the two—the poor and the London docks—became contemporaneous, the one with the other, both have loomed tall in the public eye. However, we are not concerning ourselves unduly, with the poor. There are many very estimable people already making a snug living out of that undertaking, and we wouldn't, for worlds, appear to be nibbling at their crust. Everybody knows that, on an average, and by way of administrative charges, it takes some eighteen shillings of every sovereign collected for the poor; and interested persons have merely to consider good old Cardiff, if they wish to find how far the alleged "guardians" are prepared to go, once the brake is taken off their progress by misguided ratepayers. One of the beauties of this free and enlightened country of ours is, that any down-at-heel is supposed to be qualified for municipal honours. He might never have had a superfluous "fiver" in his life, but as long as he guffs successfully to the 'orny 'anded, the chances are that he will be entrusted with the spending of hundreds of thousands per annum, on municipal muddling. You, and ourselves, will act after the manner of the world when the famous Balaclava charge was engineered to a successful issue, which is to say we shall wonder; the successful guff-pot will join a council; he will gravely assure his colleagues that the offices are a disgrace to any enterprising body of men—especially if he is, by trade, a builder; and those hundreds of thousands will melt away like snow in the sun. If you are inclined to be analytical, and have an idea that So-and-So, before his election, was as poor as the proverbial church-mouse, while now, since he has had an opportunity of working off his financial ability for his town, he isn't as poor as that church-mouse—what will you? You know the labourer is worthy of his hire, and if he assures you that he is working *pro bono publico*, and uses the phrase until you are tired of hearing about it—well, don't bother. As likely as not, he will end up by writing to the editor of his favourite ha'-porth, for a dependable definition of *pro bono publico*, and meanwhile, you'll simply pay up the increased rates resultant from the employment of financial inefficients; and so the game goes on. You might be inclined to ask what this has to do with dock combination. If so, you ask because you cannot see the point—and, we are sorry for you. As a rule, docks are run with public money, precisely as applies with the poor-rate and its administration. That same old public has the reputation of being unable to see a hole in a ladder, until it has toppled over on their collective heads—and judging by their long-suffering conduct, we are not going to argue that supposition away, not us. Anyhow, our readers will surely remember reading of London Dock Amalgamation ere this, for it is a hardy annual, and comes in with the depleted balance sheets, nearly every year. Personally, we see no reason why the London dock folk shouldn't have their little flutter in this direction. Do you? If you were the self-respecting official attached to the financial department of a given dock company, and when dividend time came around, were to find that you merely had a metaphorical four-and-tuppence with which to pay a seven shilling bill, wouldn't you like to be allowed to stave off adverse criticism by prattling of amalgamation? Of course, you would. It stands to reason. You would run out the four-and-tuppence to the first comers, and the other fellows—well, as they would naturally need something, you would just spin them a tale. Then, if you had found by past experience, that the amalgamation tale worked like a charm, would you be so misguided as to promise that you intended to agitate for a filling in of the docks, so that the natives might use them as allotment gardens, and grow lovely potatoes therein—or thereon? You wouldn't—unless you were exceptionally silly. Everybody knows—once more—that agricultural pursuits are not what they were; that the public has been filled to overflowing with the claim that farmering in all its branches is "off"; so there is no possible chance in winning sympathy from a generally cold, and unfeeling world, by offering to fill in the London docks for potato-raising purposes; hence, we come back to the amalgamation wheeze. What are they going to amalgamate? Go away! Don't be foolish! They are not going to amalgamate anything, really. Do you suppose that merely because the different shows prattle of combination, that, therefore, they mean it? Mind you, we feel sure that either would be willing to "absorb" the other; but until the stock-holders insist, that "absorption" will never come off. Does it stand to reason that it should? With amalgamation, there would necessarily be a wholesale paying off of a number of good souls who have come to regard their jobs as an annuity, and what would they do then, poor things? Of course, the amalgamation would mean cheaper administration; but who is going to fuss around about cheapness in this connection? London—as the hub of the universal world—must have something in the way of docks, especially as the city still makes some little pretence of being a "seaport"; and in view of that "must," well, somebody must also foot the bill. That's clear enough, isn't it? You see, men may come and men may go, but London's prestige must go on for ever—aye, even if prestige and overwhelming debts are all that remain. Besides, there was once a man who hung an awful fate up against London. In a spirit of prophesy—concerning quite another matter—that prophet remarked about a time, "when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," and the London man ever has that vision before him! Furthermore, the same prophesy has been worked off by different seers, although generally in different words, and thus it comes about that the amiable cockney hangs on to his docks like all that, although he sometimes fancies that he could have a much better fit-out for about one tenth of the cost. But then, that New Zealand tourist has to be kept off as long as possible, so the docks are annually white-washed—oh, yes, and "amalgamated" in spirit. You will probably see the hugeness of the latest attempt in this direction, when you understand that the offer has been made in connection with a butter firm! Now, butter is an all-'round necessity, we admit; but 'tis awfully greasy stuff, isn't it? Almost as greasy as some of the London dock amalgamation schemes, what? Anyhow, it would appear that the Danish United Steamship Company have been approached (fine word, that!) for the purpose of persuading them to alter their existing route, and change Parkeston for London. But, lor' bless you, that Danish Company—supposing it still hangs on to the brains which has made it famous—will keep clear of London and its fog. We mustn't be subjected to the risk of having our butter a day late for market, and that is the risk on London's river. In the old days, time didn't count, so London forged ahead. These are not the old days—and time does count. If the good souls will "under-pin" London docks so that they'll float, they might find a purchaser in South Wales. There's a new timber float needed, not far from here. Tip for you, dears!

THE DECK LOAD WRANGLE.

ON Friday last, the Shivering Bill—no, no, the Shipping Bill—came up for a further consideration. Poor thing! We are almost developing sorrow both for the Bill, and for its putative papa. For a start, the Friday discussion dealt with pork when supplied at sea. Presumably, this was because Friday is pork-and-peas-soup day? And in view of his acknowledged ability as a wielder of the Flunk's serviette—did they favour serviettes though, in the vessels which 'Aavelock flunkied, or were ordinary towels *de riguer*?—Mr. Wilson, M.P., wanted to include a proviso that pork should be of the boneless variety.

R.M.S. "SAXON."

PROMENADE DECK.

BUT the Board of Trade's Parliamentary Secretary declared that it was impossible to entirely eliminate bone from either beef or pork—and some of the gentlemen laughed! Still, we didn't start out to consider pig-meat. That will keep for a later date. Our attention was claimed more by what we have termed the deck load wrangle, and principally because of the peculiar line of alleged argument adopted by the good souls who have been entrusted with this feature of the Bill.

FOR a possibly sinister reason, deck-loads in future, may be carried to a height of seven feet, where the vessel's bulwarks are that high. This might be putting a premium on death-traps; it might not. But we shall not be surprised to see some hoggy-looking packets in future, for where the regular exponents of the timber trade do not appear at present with seven feet of bulwarks—well, the ingenuity of legislation-dodgers will come in, you'll find.

OF course, Mr. Lloyd-George advised his audience that the subject of deck-loads had been carefully considered, and he was satisfied that the proposals mentioned, involved no special danger to the lives or limbs of seamen. When all is said on the subject, it is fairly easy for Mr. Lloyd-George to be satisfied on a given nautical point. He hasn't to sail the seas, either with a deck load or without. And when a number of unfortunate whales are dodging around the coast, on a vessel which is on her beam-ends because of that deck load—well, "Georgie" will be snugly ashore in bed, with never a dream to disturb his peaceful slumbers?

THEN, Mr. Bonar Law came in with the encouraging remark that the deck load was raised from three to seven feet, for the reason that modern vessels could carry the latter height with at least as much safety as older types could carry the three feet. Peculiar, isn't it? Every sailorman on earth is willing to admit that the deck of a vessel is no place for cargo anyhow, and yet with a tweedledum and tweedledee line of argument, the legislature is prepared to first give a bigger immersion to a ship, and then to raise her deck load by the whole of four feet! No wonder that the amiable foreigner looks on approvingly at this liberal concatenation of wisdom with which poor old Albion is blessed, or otherwise?

On being assured that vessels had been lost through deck cargoes, Mr. Bonar Law sapiently asked if any trade could be mentioned in which vessels had not been lost. Clever argument, wasn't it? It isn't so much a case of safeguarding the lives and limbs of his Majesty's subjects in an unequivocal manner, as it is a case of establishing some kind of comparative safety. Writing in an unprejudiced manner, we should like to take Mr. Bonar Law for one trip on a timber-laden steamer, carrying only three feet of deck load. We don't mind betting biggish money that, on his return, he would plump solid for the abolition of all deck cargo.

And here is a bit of beautiful bunkum: "As a matter of fact, the risk of loss of a ship is greater when the cargo is grain than it is when it is timber!" Why that line of argument? Is it based on the assumption that as timber won't sink, the vessel carrying it must continue afloat? Presumably so, and the alleged argument conclusively shows how little these law-makers know about the subject. It ever appears to be a case of "loss of the ship"; her crew are not to be considered. Why doesn't Mr. Bonar Law look up the statistics on this most vital question?

R.M.S. "Saxon."

First-Class Cabin.

In that event, he would be able to see that, ship for ship, the grain veesel, properly laden, is about the safest thing afloat. We are willing to admit that if a grain vessel is allowed to sail for a Continental port, with her shifting boards of such a character that they wouldn't stop cabbages; with her bagging totally disregarded; and her holds run up with lightning-like rapidity and an utter carelessness for any kind of trimming worth the name; then that vessel is likely to be a trap of a deathly character.

But all things being equal, the grain vessel knocks the stuffing out of the poor timber droguer, which, at the best, wobbles around the face of the waters on her bilges; and which, at the slightest provocation, is in such parlous state that nothing but a sharp axe and a clear conscience will save her. Why is it that so many vessels come home with their deck loads missing? And why is the deck load supposed to be a cover for all sins of omission in the matter of tallying cargo? Well, because nobody expects a deck cargo to come home, intact. If it does so come, then the arrival is numbered among the miracles of sea-life—and the short tallying is still tacked on to the deck load that didn't wash away!

Naturally, Mr. Bonar Law has but a poor appreciation of all these little points. He has gleaned his wisdom along the line of least resistance—generally from some solon having an axe to grind. Why not make a change in the style and manner of your gleaning? A change is supposed to be as good as a spell? With that before you, why not question a few dependable sailormen who are not on a timber ship, but who have been there? When you question the man actually in charge, his evidence is surely discounted by the remembrance that his wife and kiddies depend on the lie he will tell. But if you ask the man who has been there, yet has no pressing need to tell a lie, then, you might get the truth.

For a start, come down and ask us. We have sailed timber ships, and know, from personal experience, that they are the rottenest kind of death-trap imaginable. That if they do not kill you outright, you have every opportunity of coming home *minus* a leg, or with your ribs crushed flat. Don't platitudinise about these matters Mr. Bonar Law. Chip into the subject after the fashion which is usually ascribed to a Briton. Go into it with a determination to learn all about it, so that when called upon, you might be in a position to speak the truth, and shame he of whom you might otherwise wot, to your eternal undoing.

We quite understand that risk may not be avoided. But it may be brought down to a minimum where, at present, the Government is laying itself out to obtain the maximum. What with increased immersion, and increased deck loads—does the present legislature imagine that the men who preceded them, and brought a maritimely supreme nation along for the exploitation of the present lot, were all fools? They weren't, for their works remain. The country is maritimely supreme. With two winters under the new style, what is going to happen? Well, the less said about the resultant supremacy then, the better, you'll find. Possibly that is why a premium is placed upon the alien seamen? The Government means to deplete the mob of foreign foes in a quiet and unobtrusive manner! The worst of it is, that a number of Britons will go along with the gang; hence our warning.

POOR JACK!

THERE are times when we can hardly decide as to whether the sailor, out of pity, is deserving the epithet written above; or rather from a sarcastic consideration. We do know that he is deserving of pity because of his generally uncared-for lot; we also know that he puts himself outside the pale of that same pity, when he is so far left to himself, as to give a patient ear to the vapourings of a number of agitators who are winning a precarious living at his expense.

A FAIRLY-EXTENDED acquaintance with the British sailor has convinced us that he is a humorous individual: also that the humour in his composition is altogether misunderstood by his 'longshore friends. For example, the exponent is, in a charitable spirit; for he straightway lays claim to the supposed fact that it is all "for the cause." Of course, practical seamen know differently. Realise that the whole push is bunkum of the most pronounced kind. And marvel as to why the 'longshoreman can put any faith in the fit-out. The practical sailor knows that when a group of seamen are marching around a given corner in search of employment, any mortal thing which eases the tedium of the job will be welcomed by the marchers. Thus it comes about that the "union" delegate manages to exist.

AGAIN, than the latter, there is probably no unit of the community who better understands the blessings of adver-

R.M.S. "SAXON."

FIRST-CLASS SALOON.

of some particular branch of a moribund "union" comes on the scene, dragging an "official" chair. The chair is plumped down in a convenient corner, and the apparent owner thereof mounts in statuesque style, waves his arms after the manner of the windmills tilted at by Don Quixote, and orders all and sundry to "Close up, boys."

THE "boys," scenting a little entertainment, do "close up," and then, for half-an-hour or so, they literally enjoy the tub-thumping which follows! 'Longshore lookers-on, seeing the crowd, imagine that this particular "union" is a marvellous affair; that it is a power in the land; and must be reckoned with. Jack understands that he is witnessing this peroration, much in the same light that he would view a musical hall entertainment; and as a consequence, he doesn't take it seriously. If the shrieking-fakir has been especially pathetic in his hold-forth, Jack, providing he has a few coppers left, will anté up to that extent—purely out of the largeness of his heart, and from mistaken charity.

BUT the shrieking genius—in the pride of his heart—will not accept the dole in the spirit in which it is given—that tisement, although disinclined to pay therefor, and thus retain a modicum of self respect. Any peg is good enough upon which to hang a growl, for the growl will assuredly meet the eye of some potential paymaster who, "seeing the thing in print," will instantly attach an importance thereto, which the circumstances never warranted, but which means more precarious sustenance for the "gintlemin in the chair, begobs!" There is a grave responsibility attaching to those misguided pressmen who, for one reason and other, give the gas-bagging speeches of these hangers-on-to-the-profession a gratuitous run.

FOR, in the absence of that free run, the "cause" would surely die a natural death, to the ultimate satisfaction of all those with the interests of their country at heart. Heaven knows that the sailorman has a number of disadvantages with which he must wage continual war; but his chief disadvantage—an exploiting "union"—he treats indulgently, and drops a few occasional coppers in its collective hat, as an acknowledgment that he has been amused, and wishes to pay for his amusement! If the

subject were less pathetically dangerous, one could well smile at it; aye, and hie forth to the corner favoured by the chaired-orator, for the purpose of comparing his lung power with that of the man who, on Saturday night, will exhort the visitors to the local market-place, to invest in his Universal Pills that Cure All Ills!

A case in point. The "committee" of the sailors' "union" at Newport has been concerning itself with the letters recently written to the *Times*, by that zealous champion of the seafarer, Mr. W. Clark Russell. The letters were given to the public, and were, therefore, public property. Being so, and seeing that they contain—as is usual with the able writer referred to—the straight tip, Shipping Federation has thought it worth while to reprint those public-propertied letters, and sling them around the earth, broadcast. There's a sin—to the committee referred to! So much so, that they have had the impertinence to write to Mr. Clark Russell, asking if he had given permission—ye gods and tiny tadpoles—for the reproduction of those letters!

It naturally occurs to us to ask whether that precious committee saw nothing of the letters until Shipping Federation started to throw them around over the landscape; and if not, to further ask how they reconcile their partial blindness with their claim to attend to the seafarers' welfare? They accept "subscriptions" for some reason or other? What is that reason? We, in company with a few hundreds of thousands of persons, saw the letters on their original appearance, and neither ourselves nor the hundreds of thousands referred to have any capital in that "union." But if we, with never an interest at stake, saw the letters, how comes it that the committee men failed to see letters which now appear of such vital importance? Surely there must be slackness here, what?

However, it appears that the said committee (which is a somewhat vague term, *n'est-ce-pas*?) would like Mr. Clark Russell to be a bit more above-board and specific (which is a good word, remembering its source?) in the charges alluded to, and for our part, this is where we have to smile. Our readers will, doubtless, remember the letters to which we are alluding, and the man who wanted anything more "above board" or "specific" than that, would be hard to please? Still, there are depths of impertinence beyond that which we have already written, for that "committee" is of opinion that Mr. Clark Russell is being used as a tool by the Shipping Federation! It also "believes" that the veteran writer knows "little or nothing about modern conditions of sea life and work."

For our part, we have no intention of attempting the defence of Mr. Clark Russell, and mainly for the reason that we have a very pressing belief—based on his writings—that he is eminently capable of taking care of himself. The whole shipping community knows—and appreciates—Mr. Clark Russell, but who knows this precious "committee" that is thus obtaining a little brief notoriety through the misguided kindness of the local press?

Does that "committee" contain one genuine sailorman—who is versed in nautical lore, either ancient or modern? Who are they? What are their qualifications to take the field in this impudent manner? Are they mainly tub-thumpers and chair-draggers? Corner orators? Did they ever "steer the binnacle," or were they ever shipmates with a man "who stole his shipmate's whack of duff in a squall?" Can either of them knot a ropeyarn, turn-in a dead eye, put a grommet in a fire bucket—or any other really nautical job? This is the "above-board and specific" information for which we are seeking. We are prepared to accept evidence of any of the jobs enumerated, after which, we shall be equally prepared to render justifiable assistance. But we object to any gulling by possible guff-pots, "sailors for sailors" being one of our mottoes.

R.M.S. "Saxon."

Second-Class Smoking Room.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Nov. 8th, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

14,706/05—WHITTLE—*Improvements in and connected with ships' progress indicators.*

The object of this invention is to provide improvements in indicators for exhibiting at any moment the progress and position of a steamship upon its course. For this purpose a geographical map is set up with a track marked on it shewing the route to be taken. An indicator movable along this track is provided and may be actuated by connections to the engines of the vessel or to a wheel turned by a log drawn through the water, the indicator may also be advanced, stopped, retracted or reversed independently of the ships' engines by suitable electrical contrivances.

20,771/05—BROADHURST—*Improved hauling apparatus.*

This invention relates to apparatus for hauling on chains wherein the propelling force is applied directly to the chain by means of a pawl adapted to engage the chain positively so that the necessity of winding the chain upon a sprocket wheel or the like is obviated. The chain is led over a pulley which is free to rotate about an axis which serves also as a fulcrum for a lever to which a driving pawl is pivoted at such a point that on the lever being moved in a clockwise direction about its fulcrum, the pawl will engage with the first two teeth of the chain, and will grip the chain against the periphery of the pulley whereupon the continued movement of the lever will cause the pulley to rotate and carry the chain with it. A detent pawl is provided, which, by engaging between the links of the chain, prevents backward movement.

21,193/05—EVANS—*Improvements in and relating to winches for derricks and the like.*

The object of this invention is the provision of means whereby the boom of a derrick may be manipulated by the driver of the winch. For this purpose a drum, driven from one of the motive shafts of the winch by means of a clutch and put in and out of action by means of a lever is provided. A rope is wound about this drum and is taken round the necessary riding pulleys to the boom of the derrick to swing the derrick from side to side. When the winchman is raising a load from a ship's hold he pulls in the clutch when the load is high enough to clear the hatch, and the winch gradually swings the boom to the position from which the load is to be lowered.

22,192/05—WEST—*Improvements in rollers for carrying and guiding hauling cables and also in the frames for same.*

The object of this invention is to provide rollers which run freely and are easily lubricated. To this end a metal spindle is made and the portions of two ball races formed thereon, and balls forming ball bearings inserted in the ball races. The roller is made with flanged ends on which bosses are formed, the latter being cupped out to form the halves on the ball races corresponding to those on the spindle. The frame supporting the roller and spindle is made of two metal brackets arranged to carry the ends of the spindle.

23,315/05—DONNELLY—*Improvements in and relating to the propulsion of vessels.*

This invention relates to a system of supplying power to a fleet of transport vessels in such a manner that while receiving power from a common source they are free to use that power independently for navigation purposes. In one of the vessels an electric generating plant is located which supplies electricity to motors provided in each of the other vessels so that each vessel is driven independently.

23,848/05—BAIRD—*Improvements relating to collapsible berths.*

According to this invention the vertical posts of berths only extend as high as the lee-rails of the upper tier of berths instead of from the deck below to the deck beams above. These posts are connected by linkages at the head and foot of the berths, and are provided with deep socket fittings and lee-rails with corresponding fittings to keep the head uprights parallel to the foot uprights.

23,908/05—DAVEY—*Improvements in fog-horns and fog whistles and signals.*

The object of this invention is to prolong the blast obtained from fog-horns and the like. To effect this improvement a controlling and checking air chamber is provided between the cylinder of the fog-horn and the whistle. This chamber may be of any convenient size so that the quantity of air admitted through the orifice is just sufficient to properly act on the whistle and at the same time check the rush of air forced through by the plunger working in the cylinder so that only a certain quantity can pass through at the given time. By this means a blast of much longer duration may be obtained.

3,945/06—YONDAM AND TINSLEY—*Improvements in devices for supporting colliery cages in case of accidents.*

This invention has for its object the simplification of the construction of gripping devices intended to seize the conductors of colliery cages in case the winding rope should break. For this purpose four standards to which the four chains carrying the cage are secured and having their opposite ends attached to the winding rope are fixed upon the cage. Each standard carries a double ended lever pointing to the centre of the cage and capable of turning down from the horizontal position upon the joint pins. The shorter ends of these levers are constructed with an eye to encircle the conductor rods. If the winding rope breaks the chains fall upon the cage carrying down the long ends of the levers, thus causing the eyes at the short ends to grip the conductor and support the falling cage.

7,987/06—YOUNG—*Feathering paddle wheels.*

This invention relates to paddle wheels for propelling vessels of that class wherein the paddles are axially movable and wherein guides and tripping devices are provided to effect the entrance into and withdrawal from the water of the paddles in an edgewise position. The novelty of the invention consists in providing a wheel of this kind with a fixed guiding member, and a number of movable guide members adapted to co-operate with the fixed guide member and paddles in guiding the latter during their decent and ascent. Also intermediate supports are provided for the paddles consisting of rings within which the paddles turn on roller bearings.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending December 24th.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *November 21, 1906.*

IN view of the fact that the amiable miner did not receive his demanded rise in wages—a decision which has been recorded since our last—it might be taken as a foregone conclusion that conditions in the coal trade are in no whit the better than heretofore. Of course, the decision referred to might not convince you; but even so, there is no getting away from the fact that there is no improvement in evidence. In short, and to put the thing as briefly as possible, the present state of the local staple is deplorable in the extreme.

THE immediate cause of this stagnation is, doubtless, ascribable to the shortage in tonnage supplies, for at the time of writing, the docks are in a most forlorn condition with reference to this feature. But there is no getting away from the fact that the shortage in tonnage, is altogether due to an absence in demand for coal. For when there is any demand, it can be taken for granted that tonnage will be along with monotonous regularity.

No! There is nothing to speak of in the way of demand, and thus it comes about that an industrial tax upsets at both ends of its existence. It mucks up trade when instituted; it is equally dire in its effects, even at the moment of its expiration. The intelligent buyer attempts to anticipate the incidence of a coal tax; he is equally clever in anticipating the results of its removal. Needless to say, he is wrong on both occasions, and thus the merry world wags.

REMEMBERING the foregoing, then, you will readily understand that coal prices have no chance to rise in the world, for, with a restriction in demand; a shortage of tonnage for that which has been sold; and a general don't-know-what-to-do in evidence; stocks will go on mounting up. Stocks have a nasty habit of mounting—when the buyer has called a halt in his dealings. And mounting stocks mean filled wagons, while filled wagons are a mortifying of the flesh. When wagons are full, prices must slump—if the slightest temptation is in evidence.

THUS, then, the actual values may only be gauged, when the buyer means business and has a ship precisely where, according to the seller, she should be. That, of course, is in dock and under an adjacent coal tip. When the conditions are as suggested, then is the time for the buyer to sail in. He can easily knock chips off that arrangement named quotation, aye, and he can romp off with all his requirements filled, at prices which—a few weeks ago—seemed impossible.

AT the same time, don't forget that a prompt stem is a *sine quâ non* in this case. For forward shipment, the coalman isn't bothering anything to speak of—he has a far more pressing trouble in mind. The present release of his wagons is of more consequence to him, than ever was the probable price at some time after Christmas. There is another item worthy of remembrance here, too. The buyer hasn't the prompt stem, for, as we have already remarked, tonnage supplies are slack. Very well, then. What is to be done? Nothing, much! Nothing more than hope on, hope for ever—as the saying runs.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d, 16s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 4½d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od., 14s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. od	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	12s. 9d.
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 7½ l.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Seconds ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	8s. od.	9s. od	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. od.	8s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d	8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. od., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	23s. od., 24s. od.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od., 24s. od.
Ordinary ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 9d.
Furnace Coke ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.,	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Patent Fuel ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. o.l., 27s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *November 21, 1906.*

THE condition of the market, here, for the period under review, has undergone no change. Collieries, in the majority of cases, are in a sufficiently good position to enable them to still keep prices running at about their recent levels, despite the fact that there is not much doing outside of present engagements. Tonnage supplies have been rather scarce, but this has not affected the market unduly at present, as prompt coals are by no means plentiful. But while it may be so, and prices may be maintained, there is likely to be no immediate improvement. On the other hand unless tonnage comes along more freely, an easiness may be expected—at least, for the time being.

ANTHRACITE COALS are being steadily quoted at last prices. There is a fairly good enquiry also for forward shipment. BESTS and also BIG VEIN, show no alteration. MACHINE MADE COALS still keep firm, being in good demand. In fact demand is about all that there is just now, as there is but a limited quantity of the stuff available. CULM and DUFF show no change, either in an upward or downward direction.

STEAMS are weak for prompt shipment. BESTS are fairly steady; but even here the quotation is surrounded by no firmness, and can be discounted without difficulty. SECONDS are plentiful, with prices dependent upon the position.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	19s. od., 20s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Seconds do. ...	17s. od.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. od., 18s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od	18s. o l	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ..	22s. od., 22s. 6d.	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3 l.	21s. 9d., 22s. 3d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od.	6s. od.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.	6s. od.
Duff ...	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. od	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending November 21, 1906

N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Aden, *Nairn,* 5,200 tons, 9s. 6d.
Steamer, 9s. 3d.
Colombo, *Bedouin,* 10s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Trelvon,* 12s. 10½d.
Huron, or sub., 3,400 3,800 tons, 13s.
Las Palmas, *King Bleddyn,* 5,400 tons, 6s. 6d. option Cape Verdes, 7s.
Para, *Crathorne,* 3,200 tons, 12s. 6d.
Dakar, *T. M. Werner,* 2,100 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel.
Ariel, 2,100 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel.
Imari, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel.
Cape Verdes, *White Jacket, or sub.,* 5,000 tons, 7s.
Port Limon, *Craigendoran,* 10s. 6d.
Madeira, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Hillmere,* 4,400 tons, 13s. 6d.
Santos, *Puritan,* 5,300 tons, 13s. 6d. with 1,000 dely.
Loanda, Steamer, about 3,500 tons, 13s. 3d. 250.
St. Michaels, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d., 250. option Fayal.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Beethoven,* 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Clarissa Radcliffe, 6,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Coniscliffe, 5,800 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Alton, 4,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Genoa, *El Saito,* 3,500 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s.
Oakdale, 1,500 tons, 7s. 4½d. option Savona Leghorn or Spezzia ; with optn. Civita Vecchia, 7s. 7½d. (s)
Ontaneda, 4,700 tons, 7s. 3d. option Savona or Spezzia.
Naples, *Wladimir Reitz,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 3d. 800.
Moness, 3,000 tons, 7s. 800.
Republic, 1,300 tons, 6s. 1,000.
Venice, *Pagassari,* 4,500 tons, 8s. 500.
Eolo, 5,000 tons, 8s. 500.
Tullochmoor, 5,000 tons, 8s. 500.
Sofia Bradli, 3,300 tons, 8s. 1½d. 500.
Alexandria, *Orkia,* 2,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Marseilles, *Hanley,* 4,300 tons, 7'25 fcs. spot.
Kan, 1,100 tons, 7'25 fcs.
Mervanian, 2,500 tons, 7'50 fcs. (s).
Segontian, or sub., 1,400 tons, 7'25 fcs. (s).
Salonica, *Loyal Briton,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d. ppt.
Salerno, *Sarah Radcliffe,* 2,600 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Barcelona, *Abasolo,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel. (s).
Savona, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 4½d. 350.
Leghorn, *Wearmouth,* 5,100 tons, 7s. 3d. 500, 10d.
J. C. Jacobsen, 1,200 tons, 7s. 4½d. (s).
Smyrna, *Antonio,* 5s. 10½d (N).
Palma, *Gardeper,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Philippeville, *Irmgard Horn,* 2,200 tons, 9'25 fcs. fuel, (N)
Porto Empedocle, *George Fisher,* 1,500 tons, s.
Catania, *Marie,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 6d. ppt.
Bona, *Therese,* 1,600 tons, 8'25 fcs. coal, 9'25 fcs. fuel, option Philippeville, 8'50 fcs. coal, 9'50 fcs. coke, (s).
Fiume, *Byron,* 2,600 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Villa Real, *Clarence or Yukon,* 1,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bilbao, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Gibraltar, *Naranja,* 1,400 tons, 6s. (N).
Ruabon, 2,500 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty)
Prado, 3,000 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Lisbon, *Activo,* 1,850 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
James Westoll, 2,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Crimdon, 2,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5s. 6d. (c. or N.)
Stakesby, 1,650 tons, 5s. 6d. spot.
Liverpool, 1,350 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Cadiz, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 5s. 6d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Limhamn, *Enid,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 5d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Santiago,* 2,800 tons, 5'50 fcs.
Claremont, 2,300 tons, 5'50 fcs. option St. Nazaire, 5'25 fcs. (s).
Isidoro, 3,000 tons, 5'37½ fcs.
Sierre, 1,850 tons, 5'75 fcs. (N).
Tonnay-Charente, *Rocio,* 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. option Rochefort, 0'25 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Cliveden,* 2,200 tons, 5 fcs. ppt.
Steamer, 2,600 tons, 5 fcs.
Ivanhoe, 3,000 tons, 5 fcs.
Rochefort, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6'25 fcs.
Charente, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6 fcs.
Nantes, *Baracaldo,* 1,500 tons, 6 fcs.
Pena Augustina, 2,300 tons, 6 fcs.
Chantenay, *Ida,* 1,500 tons, 6'25 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Portsmouth, Steamer, 780 tons, 4s. 6d.
Falmouth, *Sneyd,* 4s.
Fowey, *Sneyd,* 3s. 9d. (N).
Belfast, *Supply,* 240 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Waterford, Steamer, 380 tons, 3s. 10½d. (N).
Dublin, *Sarah Brough,* 320 tons, 4s. (s).
St. Malo, *Argus, or sub.,* 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.
St. Brieuc, *James Speir,* 620 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *Bishop Rock, or sub.,* 600 tons, 6s. (s).
Dunkirk, *Surrey,* 1,050 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Curran,* 1,350 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Lovart, 1,300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Seagull,* 750 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Rosella, 1,750 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Devonia, 1,900 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Solent, 950 tons, 6s. 4½d. (N).
Galtee, 640 tons, 6s. 6d. fuel, (coal terms). (s).
Henry Brand, 900 tons, 6s. 4½d. (s).
Curran or *Maywood,* 1,500 1,600 tons, 6s. 3d.
Calais, *F. D. Lambert,* 3,200 tons, 5s. ppt., optn. Dunkirk.
Enterprize, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.
Havre, *Greenhill,* 2,600 tons, 5s. ppt.
Ely, 1,500 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Dunmail, 1,150 tons, 5s. 3d. (P.T.)
Cornelia, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Carn Brea, 2,100 tons, 5s. (N).
Harburg, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. (s).
Hamburg, *Joseph Davis,* 2,800 tons, 5s.
Caen, *Congress,* 1,450 tons, 5s. 9d.

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Cardiff, Steamer, 6s. 1½d.
Bilbao ,, ,, *Ereaga,* option *Ural,* 3,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Ely,* 800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bilbao to Britonferry, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. ppt.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

"THE wine cup, the wine cup bring hither, and fill it full to the brim. May the wreath Nelson gave never wither . . . Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue." But really, it is red, white and purple, yes. What is? The circ'lar letter, look you. Which circ'lar letter? Why, that which accompanies the prospectus of the about-to-be-floated-after-many-moons-steamer *Ferndale*. Fine name—Ferndale. Suggestive of bosky dells, umbrageous foliage, summer skies, silk blouses, and things. Also suggestive of messy coal, noisy shunting, ribald railwaymen, and more things. This, by way of introduction. You pay your money; you take your choice.

+ + +

SOMETIMES, you can take your choice without paying your money. Read on, and then decide. But getting into our stride over that circ'lar letter, indeed, we find that we are "respectfully invited" to give attention to the prospectus referred to, and being appealed to in such a gentlemanly manner, we hasten to oblige. We note that as a steamer *Rochdale* was "estimated" to carry 6,200 tons of coal but actually steamed away with 6,388 tons, then, by all the laws of spherical trigonometry, our *Ferndale* may be "expected to lift the same quantity." "Lift" is good, so we pass on.

+ + +

CONFINING ourselves to *Rochdale* as a fearful example, we are assured that as she panned out to a dividend of "nearly 13 per cent.," on her first voyage, then, the *Ferndale*, "being a sister ship in every respect, may be expected to show equally satisfactory results." This is where annoyance comes in for the very first time. Why should Messrs. Charles Radcliffe and Co. take so much for granted? Why assume that we are girls of that sort? Why attempt to convince us with the tale that because *Rochdale* does something fair-to-middling, *Ferndale* "may be expected to show equally satisfactory results," simply because they are sister ships?

+ + +

WHY, bless us in several places, we knew a lady who was happily married, and who lived with her husband with satisfactory results to all concerned. We knew another lady, also happily married, but who didn't live with her husband, although the results may still be satisfactory to some of those concerned. But the ladies were sisters, all the same. So much for the expectations built upon mere sisterhood. That plea will annex none of our money. We want more than sisterly business for our ooftish, so we do. But let us get on. When we are respectfully invited to give attention to a new company, we are not the people who intend to hang back.

+ + +

HERE'S a bit: "It may be of interest to mention that the s.s. *Peterston* of which our Mr. Charles Radcliffe is one of the managing directors, has been working for nearly fourteen years, and up to the last account" has left the "handsome nett profit" of so-and-so. But why drag in *Peterston*? On the top of the circular letter from which we quote, we note that Messrs. Charles Radcliffe and Co., are the fortunate managers of five steamers—exclusive of *Ferndale* which is scheduled as "(building)" They are *Reresby, Netherfield, Snowdon, Commonwealth, Rochdale* and *Ferndale*. There is never a *Peterston* among them!

+ + +

Now in our opinion—and it is an opinion shared in by many—it would have looked considerably better if no mention had been made of *Peterston*, seeing she is not included in the Charles Radcliffe and Co. bunch of steamers; and another of the firm's bits of management might have appeared instead. We have had the *Rochdale* metaphorically thrown at us; why not propound to us the beauties of, say, a *Commonwealth*? These be democratic days. Commonwealth is on every man's lips. Why not tell us of the splendid results accruing from your *Commonwealth*, Messrs. Charles Radcliffe and Co.? Is the theme too tender for the respectful invitation of our attention? Or do you prefer to blush unseen with regard to the bounding beauties of *Commonwealth*?

+ + +

PERSONALLY, we have a shrewd suspicion that bringing in the *Peterston* for the purpose of floating a *Ferndale* is just a bit on the side of the impertinent, for in this connection, the *Peterston* is surely like the flowers which bloom in the spring, and have nothing to do with the case? Who manages the *Peterston*? We fancy that the sublime results recorded in her favour, are mainly attributable to Messrs. Evan Thomas, Radcliffe and Co.? Have we been misinformed, and have "the brothers" buried the hatchet? "Charles" might easily be "one of the managing directors" of *Peterston*, but "Brother" appears to be the predominant director, what?

+ + +

As the circular referred to touchingly remarks: "We think it will be agreed that this (the *Peterston* results) is admirable working, and is a striking instance of what a carefully managed boat can do over a period of years." We think so, too, but seeing (as already remarked) her name appears not on the note-head of Charles Radcliffe and Co., we are at a loss to see how it can possibly concern them, or the hoped-for lifters of *Ferndale*. Of course, if it is intended to eventually pass *Ferndale* over to "Brother," then, there might be something in the plea? Otherwise—well, we have already remarked about its possible impertinence.

+ + +

LEAVING the circ'lar letter, whatever, come we—for a brief spell—to the prospectus. As a commencement, we find that "This company has been formed primarily to acquire the fine steel screw steamer to be named *Ferndale*," and "primarily" we believe it. But when we have struggled through the more or less indifferent printing before us, we eventually come to a paragraph touching an agreement which, among other items, provides for "Charles Radcliffe, William Jones Thomas, and Charles Henry Appleton, all of Cardiff, shipowners . . . being the directors and managers of the company, and for their remuneration."

+ + +

AND then we have some little misgiving as to the "primary" objects of the company. Why not plunk the thing out in an altogether gentlemanly manner? Why not say that "primarily," the promoters hope to add a little to their incomes by the new venture, and that, the fates being propitious, the shareholders will have a look in as time passes? To our mind, there is altogether too much of the "see the lovely chance we are giving you in this break out of ours," about the prospectus, and for that reason—but that comes in, later. For our part, we have been too long at Cardiff Docks, to have any undue belief in the beneficent intentions of these gatherers in of unconsidered cheques or other remittances.

+ + +

STILL, "the accounts will be made up and audited after the completion of each voyage"—which is a splendid method of doing business, and possibly unique? Yes, and "the Books and Vouchers will be open for inspection to Shareholders at the offices of the Company"—which

is anything but unique? Of course, the *Ferndale* will be "one of the cheapest and most economical vessels afloat," for that goes without saying. Nearly every new steamer is labelled in that manner, and nearly every investor believes it—at the start. Later on, some of them reconsider their first impressions, and wickedly suggest that—as far as they are concerned—she might have been quite the dearest, with never a bit of difference apparent in the net results.

✦ ✦ ✦

Equally of course, *Ferndale* will have "ample engine power and boiler pressure," and her coal consumption will be low. The power and pressure of the dividends? Don't be rude. She isn't afloat, as yet. One thing we cannot understand is, why all this nautical beauty should be offered to an unfeeling world. If we were floating such a desirable affair, we should keep all her superiorities to ourselves—and that's a fact. Why, "owing to her draft she will be able to trade to the shallow ports and rivers," although that doesn't necessarily apply to her prospectus and the circular letter? In the latter compendium of relevant and irrelevant matter, we read:

✦ ✦ ✦

"We hope we may have the pleasure of receiving an early application for shares," and while we are willing to counsel the promoters to "Hope on, hope ever," we yet feel it incumbent on us, as Christian writer chiels, to declare most emphatically, that if "owing to her draft (why 'owing to her draft,' by the way?) she will be able to trade to the shallow ports and rivers"—we are not so shallow that we can be traded on with the draft which we have before us. Mind you, we are not the only raisins in the duff. Not by any manner of means, and thus it comes about that we shall express no surprise if quite a goodly number of easier-satisfied persons ante up for the "primary" items which we have enumerated.

✦ ✦ ✦

At the same time, we have no compunction in stating that when we hunger for a really exhilarating bit of sport, pitch-and-toss with a respected female relative's best boy is good enough for us. You see, he allows us to win, once in a way, under fear that we might spoil him with the lady! Besides, if we keep our starboard eye on him at the right angle, we can usually see how he is tossing up the coin. For that—and sundry other reasons—we incline to the pitch-and-toss, and are not by way of venturing off on pastures new, so to speak, just because a trio of men to whom we have had no proper introduction, elect to break in upon our privacy with a "Dear sir or Madam," and a circular letter which starts us off with, "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"—although as already stated, the thing is "done" in red, white, purple and black. If we accepted the invitation; the "blue" might conceivably follow, and we are taking no chances, blue being a colour we can't abide, not us. Again, red, white, purple and black—if judiciously blended—will form a decent brown; and we hate brown worse, even than blue. Yes.

✦ ✦ ✦

We are in receipt of two voyage accounts in connection with steamers under the house flag of the Cardiff "Hall" Line—*Tredegar Hall* and *Whateley Hall*. In the case of the first-named, £1 10s. per £50 share has been paid (over 10 per cent., per annum), and after paying interest on debentures, there is a carry forward to reserve and redemption, of £424 18s. What is wrong with that, on a voyage of 84 days—her first trip? Coming to *Whateley Hall*, we find that as a result of voyage No. 9, the dividend cheque per £50 share, amounts to £2. This steamer has been running for some two years and three months, and in that time has returned £11 10s. per £50 share (about ten per cent. per annum, free of tax), carrying to reserve £3,479 7s. 9d. The total profit on her nine voyages amounts to £9,840 7s. 3d. These are "all-British steamers." What do you think of it—in these "bad times," too?

✦ ✦ ✦

One feature about these "Hall" Line voyage accounts is particularly worthy of note. It reads:

> We would caution shareholders in the Cardiff "Hall" Line of steamers, to absolutely ignore touting circulars sent them by persons calling themselves stockbrokers.
>
> These persons are not members of a Stock Exchange, but are dealers who quote prices of their own making in their own interest, for shares in which they are simply endeavouring to make business to their own advantage at the cost of the bona fide proprietor. The quotations of the Cardiff "Hall" Line shares, which have come under our notice, have been unreliable and unfair to shareholders.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is quite time that some public-spirited individual had a gird at these bucket-shop keepers. They have done more harm to the shipping industry than all the other miseries added together, and, at the best, the exponents of the game are nothing but financial pandars. They offer to put any ambitious chartering clerk "on our list," for a consideration, and in nine cases out of ten—there or thereabout—they end up by gulling both promoter and would-be investor. Such tricksters are a disgrace to the community, and the wonder is that reputable stock and share brokers do not move in their own interests, and for the purpose of giving a quietus to these hangers on. We have frequently devoted space to this class of harpy. On that account, we welcome the efforts of Messrs. Edward Nicholl and Co., in the same direction. Will some other reputable shipowners break a lance in the interest of their supporters? If so, they may depend on our solid assistance.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Midland Iron Company Ltd., as a result of the past year's working, are able to raise the dividend from 5 to 7½ per cent., which is the highest rate paid for the last five years. The profits amount to £7,000, this being an increase of £1,000, over 1905, and £3,000 above 1904. Considering the fluctuations in the price of raw materials, and the manner in which it has affected many companies of a similar nature, the management are to be congratulated on the successful result, of the year's trading. From the progress made by this company during the past few years, we are inclined to think that the next report will show still more satisfactory results.

✦ ✦ ✦

An interesting report is that issued by the *Irish Times*, and it affords a striking example of the returns which a newspaper is able to give to its proprietors. The accounts which are made up to September 30, show a profit for the year of £33,000. The dividend which the shareholders will receive, is at the rate of 10 per cent. for the year; this being an increase of 1 per cent. over the previous year, and 3 per cent. over 1904. The sum of £2,340 is set aside out of the profits for depreciation, and £1,000 is added to the existing reserve fund. The amount of the undivided profits has been increased by £741, and this fund now stands at £2,860. The *Freeman's Journal*, another Irish production, also knows how to pay dividends, and for many years it has allowed its proprietors a ten per cent. return on their investment.

✦ ✦ ✦

Last week we drew attention to a statement in the Glynhir Collieries prospectus, and also to a contradiction, which had been published in respect to that statement. Since then, there have been other disclaimers, among them being one from Messrs. H. C. Vivian and Co., which reads as follows: "Our attention having been called to the

Glynhir Collieries prospectus, we beg to advise that our Mr. Henry Chester Vivian and Mr. Frederick George Vivian are in no way connected with this undertaking." After all this, we are of the opinion that those said prospectuses require a little wholesome attention, and re-writing. We have an idea that there has been a certain amount of dreaming in connection with this company, and if disclaimers continue to pop up at the rate that they have been doing, we shall not be surprised to learn, that the concern will lose a number of probable friends. We do not suppose that the management have, as yet, seen fit to send conies of these disclaimers to applicants for shares? It might possibly alter their opinions a trifle?

✦ ✦ ✦

The remark dropped by one of our friends, "What do you think of that for a banana?" reminds us of a company registered on the 8th. inst., titled Pattinson's Fruit Foods, Ltd. The objects of this enterprising concern do not interest us to a great extent, but for our readers' information, we will just mention that they are to deal in banana flour, banana health salts and sundry other eatables, tacked on to that good old delicacy. The capital which has been fixed at £30,000, in £1 shares, is small enough, when we remember the many benefits promised by this seemingly philanthropic company. The price which the undertaking is to pay M. H. Pattinson for his business as a manufacturing chemist, is £9,000; and of this amount £8,000 is for goodwill; another example of moderation? The managing director, who is M. H. Pattinson, is to receive as remuneration, the sum of £400 per annum. For a man who has a business, the goodwill of which is worth £8,000, and the rest of it £1,000, this salary is indeed little enough. More philanthropy we presume? We have an idea that at some time or other, we saw the result of the analysis of the banana, and it was shown to contain about 75 per cent. of water. Bearing this in mind, it occurs to us that possibly there is a sort of relationship —but never mind; that's another story.

✦ ✦ ✦

For those who have too much "spare," and require an investment above the average, the debentures in Kynoch's, Ltd., appear to be worthy of notice. The issue is to be £100,000 four-per-cent. debentures at par, and the list which was opened on the 17th, will be closed on the 23rd, inst. The profits for the past five years have been sufficient to pay the interest on the debentures more than four times over, and the dividends on the ordinary shares, have reached the 10 per cent. mark, regularly, since 1897. Among the assets of the company, and these are the things that deb-holders have a leaning to, are 1980 acres of freehold land. It is stated that at a very ordinary price, this land would realise sufficient to clear the debentures, independently of the other assets. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has evidently made up his mind to be ready for the Trust?

✦ ✦ ✦

Underwriters have had a pleasant surprise owing to the refloating of the Allan Liner *Bavarian*, which went ashore twelve months ago in the St. Lawrence, on her homeward voyage to Liverpool. When the original salvors, after many attempts, failed to move this vessel off the rocks, and abandoned her, the underwriting fraternity looked upon her as a total loss, and paid up. The payment was the heaviest made on a single ship during 1905, and now many of them believe that they might have waited for a longer period, before parting. The *Bavarian* which has a gross register of 10,387 tons, might command a fairly decent figure when she is put on the market, but even then, the salvage people have a bill nearly as long as she is herself! We suppose, in these adverse times, that the underwriting gentlemen, are strict believers in the "Every little helps" doctrine, and thus their rejoicing?

The Sharpness New Docks and Gloucester and Birmingham Navigation Company have issued their accounts for the year ended September 25. The tonnage receipts show an increase of £615 when compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. Timber imports are larger by 8,283 tons, and sundries by 1,309 tons. The dividend recommended is a full half year's on the preference stock 'A,' a full year's on 'B' and 'C,' and 1 per cent. (free of tax) on the ordinary consolidated stock. In their report, the directors state that they have entered into an agreement with the Severn and Canal Carrying Co., whereby the latter agree to employ the company, to tow all their vessels on the canals; and on the Severn, between Gloucester and Stourport. A new venture is the purchase of the Carrying Company's five tugs, and the management state that they believe this will be a great advantage to the company and to traders.

✦ ✦ ✦

Copper prices are still on the increase, and the latest reports to hand show that the price for standard has appreciated by £2, to £99 15s. The floating cargoes from Chili have advanced from 1,600 to 3,100 tons. The Australian copper afloat, shows a decline, the figures being 3,500 to 2,700 tons. There has been very little change in the shipments from Spain and Portugal, while the North American exports are about the same as in the first half of October. We can imagine the builders who have taken forward contracts, and have not been prepared for the continued rise, muttering exhortations and praying for a drop. We understand that several of the engineering yards are having a rough time over the copper position, and there is a likelihood of a drop in the dividends of some of our neighbouring concerns.

✦ ✦ ✦

The authorities at Natal were a bit out, in their revenue estimates for the year ended June 30. The estimated amount of the revenue was £3.965,999, while the actual receipts were £3,665,989, a difference of £300,010—not much? All the world remembers the trouble of a few months ago with the natives, and remembering, it may interest them to know that the little affair cost £701,822 exclusive of compensation awards. Of course, we know well enough that this amount is but a trifle for a colony, but it is a bit galling to have to pay anything, when outsiders insist on telling you how you are to act before you pay. Never mind, Natal, it's going to cost the Orange River Colony a bit now for being humane with Ferreira; and then the Transvaal must have its turn!

✦ ✦ ✦

The official confirmation given by Lord Selbourne, of the Admiralty's decision to make Simonstown the headquarters of the combined Cape of Good Hope and East Indian squadrons, has acted like a tonic to the inhabitants of Cape Town. It should prove a benefit to the town anyhow, and we hope it will, for something is necessary to enliven business, a trifle. Already a move is being made to prove that the High Commissioner should be stationed at Capetown instead of Jo'burg, for it is contended that if South Africa is to be connected with the sea power, the proper place for the representative of our King, is the base. One thing is certain: A more appropriate spot than Simonstown, the capital of the old Colony, could not be found.

✦ ✦ ✦

The annual report of the Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen Colliery Co., Ltd., for the year ended September 30, shows a profit of £17,970. Last year the six per cent. mortgage debentures stood at £21,000, but these were redeemed on September 29, and in their place a new series of five per cent. debentures has been created, amounting to £75,000. Of this series, £14,800 was subscribed at the end of the financial year, and this amount has since been increased to

£15.000. We understand that this re-arrangement of the debenture capital has been rendered necessary, owing to the company's intention to develop the property, by sinking pits to the lower vein. Out of the profits, the directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 1s. 6d. per share, making, with the interim dividend, 10 per cent. for the year. For depreciation, £936 is set aside, and this account now stands at £6,000, while the carry forward amounts to £6,603.

+ + +

For some time past, our London contemporaries have been finding space for a quantity of poppycock assertion for and against the payment meted out to seamen in the Mercantile Marine. One of the make-shift combinations in Liverpool has been attempting to flog up a little free advertisement on the subject, but none of them, as yet, have managed to give a tabulated statement of fact that may not be gainsaid. With our usual thoroughness, we hasten to supply the missing facts, and as applicable to Cardiff-owned tonnage. The following figures were taken from the Board of Trade Register, and are, therefore, authentic.

Steamers	Monthly rates to Seamen.	Firemen.
Exmouth	£3 10s.	£3 15s.
Dunster	3 10s.	3 15s.
Sir W. T. Lewis	3 10s.	3 15s.
Glanhowy	3 10s.	3 10s.
Lesraulx	3 5s.	3 10s.
Camrose	3 15s	3 15s.
Afonwen	3 10s.	3 15s.
Duchess of Cornwall	3 15s.	3 15s.
Chiverstone	3 10s.	3 15s.

The foregoing were for the present month, while a few for the month of October were as follow :

Steamers	Monthly rates to Seamen.	Firemen.
Llanwen	£3 5s.	£3 10s.
Ethel Radcliffe	3 15s.	3 15s.
Tregurno	3 10s.	3 15s.
Aberdeenshire	3 5s.	3 10s.
Haulwen	3 15s.	3 15s.
Trenoglos	3 10s.	3 15s.

We have no wish to pass invidious distinctions anent the foregoing. The intelligent reader may supply all that on his own. At the same time, in view of the prattle which is frequently thrown around by the minions employed by the Shipping Federation, the foregoing list must prove instructive ? An ounce of fact is worth a ton of fiction, isn't it ? Well, the above is all fact, and yet there is one pleasing feature in it all. The vessels of the best-paying concern in Cardiff pay a uniform £4 per month to its seamen—and it is the only one so doing. Which firm is that ? Why, Messrs. Edward Nicholl and Company—who pay a monotonous 10 per cent. dividend on all their boats; sometimes over, but seldom under. This shows what good management, eked out with dependable servants can do. And Mr. Nicholl never pretends that his seamen are all saints. On the contrary, for he admits to having the same trouble with them, as do other owners. But as a set-off to the trouble, he has their advantages when once the ship is at sea. Hence the monotony of that 10 per cent. dividend. But we shall return to this again, next week.

+ + +

Much has, from time to time, been written about the iniquities of a certain well-known shoddy crowd of ship-owners, who compel their shipmasters to return a portion of their wages to "the firm." That is to say, the wage appears on the portage bill as being of the £20 per month variety, whereas in reality, it works out to £14—the odd £6 being turned over, with a choice assortment of "sweepings"—to the boss. A case comes under our notice in which the Articles have been faked in another manner and for another reason ; but we are not dealing with the subject just at the moment. That is a pleasure to come. All the same, and in view of the keenness of some of the local jackals, we are surprised to note that the faking referred to has escaped their notice. Especially when it is by no means unique. Cryptic, isn't it ?

THE NEW MODEL HAMMOND

No. 12. VISIBLE.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SIGHT ALL THE TIME.

Visibility

Simplicity

Durability

THIS instrument has all the very latest improvements and labor saving devices, including the *Bi-chrome Ribbon Attachment*, also a new *Variable Spacing Mechanism*, has five different widths of Carriages, twenty-eight languages on a single machine, also special Braille shuttle for the use of the blind. Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are written on a specially constructed instrument writing from right to left. If you would like to know more about it send to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

London Office: 50, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Manchester Office: 164, Deansgate, Manchester.

W. LEWIS, 22, DUKE STREET, CARDIFF.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock: Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

For High-class

BOOKBINDING

of every description, try

THE MARITIME REVIEW, Limited,

Clarence Road,

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

TYNESIDE ENGINE WORKS, Ltd.,
CARDIFF.
Engineers, Boilermakers, etc.,
BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.
Nat. Tel. Works, No. 18. Manager, No. 03550. Telegrams: "Tyneside."

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS AND CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

No. 4—NOW READY.

"The Shipmaster"

The first Publication to advocate, solely, the cause of the Mercantile Executive Officer and Engineer.

Of interest to all, but especially to those for whose particular protection it is published; and containing everything of the Brightest, Breeziest, and Best.

EVERY MONTH,
Single Copies, Tenpence.
Annual Subscription (Free in United Kingdom), 10s.

WILL YOU SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY?

Address:
"THE SHIPMASTER," LTD., *Docks, Cardiff.*

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

OUR SHIPYARD

With its accompanying Dry Docks and Works, was carefully designed, equipped, and completed for the construction and repairing in every detail of

Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Protected Cruisers,

Gun Boats, Torpedo Boats, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Submarine Boats,

Ocean Liners, Passenger Steamers, Freight Carriers, Etc., Etc.

NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.,

1, BROADWAY, NEW YORK—NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

Candide et Sincère

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 146. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1906. Threepence

WANTON BUTCHERY!

Killing the bird that lays the golden eggs—because it is a goose!

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone: No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—WANTON BUTCHERY!	35
MARITIME MURMURS	36
SHIPPING BILL AMENITIES	39
THE LATEST ROYAL COMMISSION	40
STOOPING TO CONQUER?	41
THE BUTE STREET ACCENT!	42
FACTS FOR FEDERATIONISTS	44
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	45
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	46
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	47
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	48

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

WE have ever looked upon the one and only 'Aavelock as something of a wag, and are inclined to the belief that we have mentioned the fact before. If we have, it doesn't really matter, for seeing that it is the truth, it will bear repetition. But on Thursday of last week, the amiable member for Puddlebrough—no, no, we were thinking of his puddler friends; really, the man is member for Middlesbrough, and is, no doubt proud of the fact—hence his strenuous efforts to dodge the Bankruptcy Court and save his seat? Still, on Thursday night of last week, 'Aavelock was as near convinced as made no odds, that shipowners had much to be grateful for, in the Shipping Bill enactments. About that phase of nautical economics, we have had a say elsewhere in this issue. But at the moment, we are somewhat concerned with Wilson's remarks about the dietary scale. It doesn't meet his wishes! Good heavens, but that is awful, and if Mr. Lloyd George doesn't attend to that bit of business right away, he will stand convicted of ingratitude toward his Parliamentary nautical adviser. Such an eminently religious man as the President of the Board of Trade will surely remember to let some droppings fall on his dear friend and colleague, Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, M.P.—if he isn't adjudged bankrupt between the times of writing this and its appearance in print?

BUT why doesn't the dietary scale meet the wishes of the ex-steward? Is he anticipating a return to the sea? We quite realise his danger of being turned down from Parliamentary work. We also have a shrewd suspicion that the sea-boy is a bit harder to work than formerly. You see, his coppers are less plentiful, since Wilson made it necessary for the country to be flooded with aliens; and with a scarcity of coppers, he is less able to anté up for the amusement which the "union" corner boy supplies from the lofty eminence of the "office" chair. Is that the reason why 'Aavelock has found it necessary to issue a frantic appeal to the executive officers and engineers, for their sweet consideration and financial assistance? It should have been "to the engineers and executive officers," for in many instances, the bumming appeal was forwarded to the chief engineer, and contained a polite request that he should hand it to the junior engineers and the mates—but that he must be quick! To the present moment, we haven't happened upon either an officer or engineer who so far forgot himself as to respond to that same frantic appeal. If we meet any such, we shall certainly talk seriously to them about it.

BUT after getting through with his objections to the dietary scale, 'Aavelock admitted that he was one of the "so-called sea-lawyers or sailors' friends." Never mind the sailors' friend part of the undertaking, steward. Opinions vary thereon. But as for your being a sea-lawyer, well, we believe there are no two opinions on that particular point. Furthermore, and to genuine seamen, the word sea-lawyer is one of opprobrium. No self-respecting seaman likes to be styled a sea-lawyer—at least, we never remember meeting one who did. Call the common or garden sailorman a b———, and, providing you give it the correct inflection, he will accept it as a compliment. Again, providing the accent is right, you might even call him a son-of-a-bit**. But if you undertake to tell him that he is a sea-lawyer, well, his baresark blood is up at once, and he wanders all over you in double quick time. However, Mr. Wilson has no such weaknesses—apparently. He admits the soft impeachment as to his sea-lawyerism. Possibly, that is why he became *persona grata* to the 'long-shore lawyer, Mr Lloyd George? That's it, and we are somewhat pleased to think we have found out the possible bond of sympathy between those two revolt-working personages!

STILL, having plunked out his right to be considered a sea-lawyer, 'Aavelock "claimed to have saved, through appearing for seamen at the office of the marine board in London, not less than £1,000 a year for them during the last ten years." That is one of the worst features of these heaven-sent, but self-sufficient "champions." They will claim any mortal kind of thing, and without ever a chance of being able to substantiate the claim. For our part, and basing the belief on actual experience, we doubt if 'Aavelock has "saved" as many shillings as he claims pounds. We quite know that a sea-lawyer—on occasion—will brow-beat a weak-kneed shipmaster into agreeing to what is unfair; but that the amount is ultimately saved to the sailor—"No, No, Nu!" And 'Aavelock's intervention (according to himself) had not increased legislation, but had "a precisely

opposite effect." By all this, you will see that the gentleman is a blessing in disguise—aye, even when his minions throw rocks at a departing vessel where the "union" has been contemptuously treated; or where a crowd of aliens have been sent down to ship, and the stock of English among the crowd amounted to "Meesa Wilsona mana, me!" Let's leave it.

Our congratulations to Mr. William Jones, on his appointment as managing director to the company which he has so ably pulled out of the financial mud—the Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Limited. The appointment was made at the half-yearly financial meeting held last week, in London, when it was also decided to pay an interim dividend on the ordinary shares, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, free of income tax. Mr. W. Jones has, in an innings of some eight years, completely reorganised and altered the whole face of the undertaking with which he is identified. We remember that, at the time of his taking over the position of manager, all manner of sapient prophetics were indulged in by the cognoscenti. The place was on its last legs; it couldn't last more than a few months; "Billie Jones" was stupid to throw up a certainty for THAT—and several more jeremiads of a similar character? The chief figure in the dispute laughed then, he is probably laughing now. The concern was surely on its last legs, for "Billie" set himself to work—and with remarkable success attending his efforts—to get it a new pair! As a matter of fact, it didn't last more than a few weeks—on the old-time miserable showing. But he laughs best who laughs last, and Mr. Jones will continue his active connection with the undertaking, being ably seconded by his first lieutenant (who also threw in his lot with "the Channel" at the same time) Mr. William Cocks, with Mr. W. E. Hamlett as secretary. More power to you, gentlemen! Go on raising *Hamlet*. It pays!

Once again, that hardy annual, the prevalence of alien officers on British ships comes up for consideration in the House of Lords. A night or two ago, Lord Ellenborough called attention to the danger—for heaven-knows-what number of times—and asked the Government one or two very pertinent questions. It will be remembered that the Admiralty intends to give "most elaborate instructions" for the guidance of merchant captains in time of war. At the first glance, this intention appears to be all very right and proper; but on further consideration, one is justified in asking what will happen if the alien shipmasters get hold of these "elaborations," and pass them over to the gentle enemy? Some such idea is exercising the mind of the noble Earl referred to, and following along the natural train of thought incidental to the occasion, he wished to know what punishments could be meted out to these possible traitors, in the event of their doing the human nature act? That is to say, if those aliens gave the show away, what, in the existing state of the law, could be given them by way of reward? And would the punishment in their case, be heavier, lighter, or in any, wise different to that which would apply in the case of native officers?

Of course, there was a reply ready for all this pregnant matter. Lord Tweedmouth declared that, in the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, and under the Law of High Treason, aliens who were British subjects (presumably if they were merely "six bob Britons"?) would be liable for communicating to an enemy, secret information to the prejudice of this country, wheresoever the offence happened to be committed. Naturally. Even a poor sailorman can see the force of that explanation. Nobody doubts the liability, and for our part, we are not going to believe that Lord Ellenborough meant to waste his time in any such tomfool manner. But leaving out the liability—which is admitted—can anybody tell us how the British Government is going to fit the punishment, if, as would surely happen, the traitorous alien did a quiet skip after he had sold his hospitable friends, the British? Why waste time in a consideration of such twankey—for that is all it amounts to? Somehow or other, the British Government acts as if its own people had the sole copyright of loyalty to country; that there is no patriotism in the foreigner; and that by the mere passing over of a paltry six shillings as a naturalisation fee, any alien will be prepared to forswear the land which gave him birth.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, and if the Government had a handful of men in their employ who had really spent a few years at sea, among the alien muck which is welcomed under the red ensign, then, that Government would know, even as do we, ourselves, that the average alien is fully as patriotic as the average Briton. Furthermore, they would know that the alien makes no bones about his intention to spoof the Briton, once the opportunity meanders along his way. Thus it comes about, that by giving "elaborate instructions" as to what shall be done in wartime, is merely giving the key of the citadel into the hands of the enemy. Far better to give no instructions; to trust to the providence which usually allows the Briton to muddle through; and to keep all the instructions for the use of the natives in the nation's employ. Mind you, we have a shrewd idea that it would be better still to pass a law which would exclude the dangerous alien altogether; but in connection with a Government which is too pusillanimous to admit of its sticking—for three days together—to anything, such a law is impossible. One of these odd days, the national sceptre will be wrested from us.

Then, the Government—as it meanders away in an out-of-work condition—will probably wish that it had consulted a few people who know about things, rather than a scratch lot who merely know how to put themselves right at the expense of the majority? We are further assured—on the word of Lord Tweedmouth—that there is no intention of giving great opportunities to captains of ships to distribute information as to the intentions of the Admiralty; but how this fits in with the "most elaborate instructions" idea, well, we leave it to you. This poor old land is beset on all sides with dangers, for in addition to seeing our grain ships run into ports of the enemy by the alien skippers and crews which have obtained charge thereof (on the trumped-up charge of cheapness), we are now to be faced with a premium on treason. According to the Government definition, "The idea is to have all the instructions drawn up, and, supposing that the necessity occurred, instructions for a particular voyage would be given to the captain of a ship, as to the course he ought to take in the case of danger in time of war." That's it, and the intelligent but traitorous (to us) alien, would simply pass the word along, when, under the Official Secrets Act he would cop sops—but meanwhile his compatriots would be raising Cain with the help of the information supplied!

Which king, Bezonian? He of Britannic and thrice-honoured fame, or merely the clerical sample which has recently purchased Lundy Island? The latter is surely a business man of no mean weight? We like to meet a businesslike cleric, and in the old days, and when steamer prospectuses were passed out to a certain congregation from the sacredness of a given vestry, we were suited down to the ground. Somehow or other, we sort of fancy that

the new purchaser of Lundy is just a bit too businesslike, for a man whose mission should be to counsel us to lay up treasures in heaven: even in the place where thieves get never an opportunity, and where the gentle blight of the moth and iron rust is not. We see it stated on fairly good authority, that the Rev. A. Wellesley Batson—the latest purchaser of Lundy—is not the kind of parson who is going to be lonely in his new kingdom. As far as that goes, our office kid opines that he was sort of wasted when put into the Church. Of course, you cannot put much faith in the opinions of an office kid, so when he suggests that the Rev. Batson would have posed as a splendid sample of the taggareen shop proprietor, well, we don't side in unduly with that kid. Still, he has a lot of justification on his side, when you come to think of it?

LUNDY ISLAND was sold for £30,000. The Admiralty was in the bidding. But feeling it incumbent on them to stop at about half the finished price, the clerical gentleman has been allowed to romp home a winner. He now sues the Government for daring to attempt the salving of the poor *Montagu*, and without receiving the permission of the "king" of the territorial waters. Guns to the value of £60,000 have been salved, and the reverend monarch is inclined to think that a third of that money belongs to himself. We are not particularly musical, but we remember hearing a song, away back in the halcyon days of our youth, which had a refrain something after this: "Don't you wish you may get it?" We commend that song to the new kinglet, for even if "there is enough steel and other valuable portions of the wreck to pay the purchase price of the island three times over;" and if "no one seemed to think of all these things at the auction sale"—well, it was possibly because the bidders were just ordinary business men. Don't tell us about Bible teaching, after this; about taking no thought for to-morrow; and of empty scrips, and things. Such teaching might have been good enough when sky-pilots kept an eye aloft. Since they took to scanning the beach, the old teaching is off—distinctly so! Let us get away from it. The call to prayer is in our ears. Mr. Batson, we take our hats off to you, sir. You are a business man—as well as a clerical gentleman. But don't do anything to Lundy Light, will you?

WITH further reference to our remarks last week, consider the case of the Woolwich arsenal, as an example of what will result from the latest alleged economies. In this instance, there are numbers of men who have endeavoured to lead decent lives: who have hoped to make that place their home; and who have, with that object in view, invested their meagre savings in house property. Are these men to be treated with scorn; to be cast aside like so many *Montagu* mountebanks; to be fired at; to be metaphorically torpedoed—even as the parental Government (which is making a fat thing out of its star jobs) so choses; and to be picked to bits, directly a different whim seizes the crowd? This is what it amounts to, and should be stopped, or the workers thereof served like the arsenal men—cleared out. Don't think we write this from trades union motives; we do not. We write from the Imperialism which every patriotic Briton should be imbued with. As we have already remarked, the Army is merely a plaything, the Navy is rapidly degenerating into a by-word, mutiny is rife on all sides, starvation stalks along shamefacedly in the land where, according to "Winnie," a record year has been experienced; and it is high time that somebody plunked the matter out in clear type. Retrenchment is the cant phrase that is fashionable, but labour leaders and party politicians are pulling in their thousands, while the men who sent them there are starving. Frankly, the proposition isn't good enough, and should be wiped away ere calamity befalls the nation.

WRITING further on Governmental ECONOMY (all in caps, please, Mr. Printer), the following is one of the latest emanating from head-quarters: "WAR DEPARTMENT PROPERTY. To be let on yearly tenancy, the property known as St. Helen's Fort, Spithead, situated about half a mile from the northern shore of the Isle of Wight, and connected with that Island at low tide. The building consists of two floors, containing seven rooms and numerous stores. At comparatively small outlay these could be converted into comfortable sitting and bed rooms, which would make unique marine quarters for yachtsmen, or, if a licence could be obtained, a small seaside hotel. An application for a licence would not be opposed by the War Department. Water is obtained from an artesian well."—But nothing is said about the whisky! What do you think of it? Nice and economical? Now, as no mention is made of the nationality of the possible occupiers, we are within our rights when assuming that here is a chance for any alien (especially as they are loved at headquarters), or foreign despot who might imagine that he requires a summerhouse of this description? Again, either of them might require a coign of 'vantage, for the collection of the latest stop-press gags, concerning Naval moves in the vicinity? Seeing that this particular fort constitutes a portion of the defences of Portsmouth; that it cost £141,000 to build; that it has casemates for two big guns; well, we can understand what a useful reconnoitring centre it would form, for any foreign agent. If the show were a bit nearer to our office, we would rent it, ourselves, and to show that it still remained an Imperial asset.

WE have before us a batch of printed matter emanating from the Collis-Griffiths Prospecting Syndicate Ltd., setting forth, (as these things usually do) the unequalled advantages to be gained by becoming a member of this bound-to-be-successful venture. Among other things, we learn that the main attraction about the directors is, that they are also directors of the Collis Diamond Syndicate. Surely a fine recommendation, but as far as we are concerned, this interesting fact might well have been omitted from the present invitation to subscribe. Our readers will probably remember what we had to say about the *Xema*—we cannot forget it! Glancing over to the other side of this interesting document, we learn that "on October 2nd, Mr. William Griffiths, who was then at Cape Town, cabled to Mr. Kenyon-Collis." Important to a degree, undoubtedly, but what was Mr. Griffiths doing in Cape Town? He was not stranded there with the *Xema*, was he?

COVERING the above batch of documents, is a letter from Giffin and Co. of 103, Bute Docks, Cardiff, informing the addressee that "samples of yellow and blue ground have arrived at the Syndicate's office, where they can be inspected at any time, and sample diamonds are now on their way from the mine." When are those diamonds expected to arrive? Apparently at some date after applications have been made for shares? It's no use, Messrs. Giffin and Co.; we shan't touch it. If the affair is such a cert. as one would imagine it to be from the contents of your epistle, why don't you, Sir Alexander Muir-Mackenzie, and a few of the others buy up the lot? The capital is only £25,000, you know! Later, in this piffley epistle, we find, "and whose shares I therefore consider are well worth your consideration." Before we leave you for this time, you might take it from us, that when writing as "Giffin and Co," "I" is not the correct pronoun to use, but rather "WE." Just one more tip. Advise your principals to obtain recent addresses, when posting the next batch of invitations.

Shipping Bill Amenities.

THERE is a quantity of entertainment derivable from the alleged discussion of "Georgie's" Bill. Whenever that incentive to contentious argument is brought before the House, "words, idle words" are bandied about in a most awe-inspiring manner, and if a looker-on isn't greatly amused at the whole farrago, then, we venture to submit that the said looker-on is singularly devoid of humour! We have consistently drawn your attention to these little matters. We shall continue until the Bill is either buried, or passed down to posterity as an Act—of renunciation of original beliefs.

HOWEVER, Thursday night's little consideration of the hacked-up thing was no exception to the general rule, and Mr. David Maciver, M.P., sensibly suggested that the measure should be rejected, in that it failed to accomplish what it was meant to. Personally, we do not go all the way with Mr. Maciver in that particular direction. You see, we are not so clear that the Bill doesn't accomplish all that it was meant to. If it were originally intended to make a bold effort to place British shipping on an equality with foreign tonnage using our ports and filching our trade, then, the Bill is a miserable fizzle.

BUT was it meant to accomplish any such thing? Or, rather, wasn't it merely a peg upon which to hang the talkee-talkee proclivities of its putative papa? For our part, we experience a very great difficulty in persuading ourselves that "Georgie" ever meant to get any measure of protection for British ships, or British seamen. If he did, then, we submit that his meaning has been most carefully kept in the dark? At the moment of writing, the wind is howling around in a really high-class November style. It is blowing a gale, and we quite realise that the morning's papers will contain any quantity of "fearful losses at sea."

BEING sailormen, we cannot help wondering how much of that will be resultant from "Georgie's" criminal folly in granting further immersion to the poor, battered crocks which, at the present moment, are making a bold effort to cross the Bay with an overdose of iron ore in their creaking holds? And if any of the "fearful losses" are on account of the extra immersion granted, will anything be done to "Georgie" for his error of judgment? Will his precious Board hale him up for trial, and having found him guilty, will it see to it that he is precluded from again interfering with an industry of which his ignorance is colossal?

WE realise, only too well, that in the gale which is hurtling around us at the moment, a number of deserving seamen are battling for life, and under conditions in which they have had never a word to say. Yet, if they come to grief, but save their lives, the professional politicians who brought about all this misery, will have the impertinence to order an inquiry—and then go out to dine with a friend. Dine on provender, every item of which, has been brought there by seamen! Friends, can't you see the idiocy of your conduct? Why take all this neglect and misery resulting therefrom, laying down?

THE country wouldn't lose a cent, if there never had been a Lloyd George filled with shipping industry destroying tactics: but without the sailor, the country cannot exist. Oh, the pity of it all! The blindness which makes a man face the present gale of wind, in an unspeakable old crock with all the chances against him; but with the insurance for the harpy who sends him out to die, aided and abetted by the President of the Board of Trade. Truly is there a bitter awakening in store for some of these exploiters of their fellow men. Their's is an ambition that will ultimately undo them—and let the fact be duly noted.

BUT harking back to Mr. Maciver's strictures on the Shivering Bill, we note that the hon. member had a tilt at the carriage of deck cargoes of light wood. He rightly considered the Bill unfair; said that it favoured one class of vessel against another—while the class favoured was mainly owned on the Government side of the House. As sailormen, we are proud to rank in with Mr. Maciver. Like him, we quite realise that the deck load clause was a sop to the crowd who have "helped their party," and must, therefore, receive some reward.

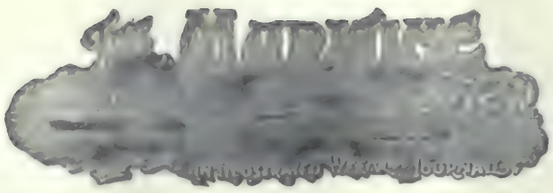
BUT Mr. Austin Taylor, M.P., considered that his Liverpudlian antagonist had made a most offensive imputation on the President of the Board of Trade. We sincerely hope that "Georgie" will bear his champion in mind, and suitably reward him at an early date. But the supposed imputation was, that the President of the Board of Bunglers had consulted certain shipowners on the Liberal side of the House, and "practically assisted these gentlemen to line their pockets at the expense of shipowners of a different kind of politics." Well, what about it, Mr. Taylor?

IN our opinion, you placed the cap only where it fitted, slightly. Mr. Maciver said no such thing, and we don't believe that he meant it. That same gentleman knows only too well, at whose expense the lining of the pocket will come about. The sailor will bear the expense, right enough. And anyhow, the thing couldn't be done at the expense of shipowners of a different kind of politics, and mainly for the reason that they own ships—not crocks. How many shipowners on the other side of the House are there, Mr. Taylor, who dabble in the sort of crock which a deck load will favour? Will you tell us? None, are there?

Per contra, how many so-called owners are there with the Government, who manage nothing else but unspeakable crocks—if viewed from a sailor's standpoint? And if the crock owners are going to benefit from a blatant piece of party legislation, does it matter a toss whether "Georgie" discussed the matter with the crowd, or rather that he indulged in a refreshing amount of intelligent anticipation, and decided that a seven-foot deck load would please his partisans—even if it drowned all their seamen?

AND here is another piece of Tayloresque brilliancy: "If cupidity is a vice of shipowners on the Liberal side, lucidity is certainly not a vice of those on the other." That's all very fine and large. But, where cupidity might be only another method of writing legalised murder, a lack of lucidity would hurt nobody, what? Never mind splitting straws about a lack of lucidity. At the best, such a subject is merely a matter of opinion. But cupidity is a matter of fact.

THERE is no getting away from this: A few months ago, a shipmaster was fined for overloading a given steamer, when her draft was fully three inches less than her legalised draft of the moment. At that time, most harrowing phrases were worked up by the Board's jackals, concerning the heinousness of the overloading. At that time, too, deck loads were not allowed to exceed three feet: with the new swindle on human life, the deck load may be seven feet. The majority of the timber droguers are managed by Liberal members of Parliament; the vessels which neither draft nor deck loads will affect adversely, are owned by "the other side." There is no getting away from this, so don't attempt to wax virtuously indignant, Mr. Taylor. The House is not a variety stage, and funniosities carried to an absurd length are apt to degenerate into imbecilities? The latter is supposed to be sufficient excuse for the Chiltern Hundreds—and Hanwell?



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1906.

THE LATEST ROYAL COMMISSION.

THE British nation is, notoriously, long-suffering. The phenomenon might be resultant from the queer samples of weather to which it is subjected—the fog, hail, rain, snow, and sunshine, which frequently appear within the space of one clear day; it might be because the Briton is naturally built that way; or it might be from some other, and not easily defined cause; but the fact remains that the long-suffering is there, in quite big lots. And when the trouble has eventuated into dimensions that will not be denied, there is a panacea ever-ready: one that might be relied on: and that will surely give satisfaction to the great majority—a Royal Commission. This is only as it should be, for in most instances, such a Commission is composed of men whose names are household words; who command respect on all sides; and who might be safely relied upon to do their level best in the labours which are detailed to their care. The trouble of the whole fit-out is, that after a Royal Commission has deliberated on a given subject, has sent in an unanimous report, and has then dispersed—well, the trouble with which they were concerned is, far too frequently, no nearer a settlement than in the beginning. The powers that be have got behind the Commission; its deliberations are thrown up against all future dissentients; the subject involved is supposed to be satisfactorily pigeon-holed—and there you are! We have no intention of particularising in this connection. Our readers are too well supplied with data which goes to prove our assertion. Especially with regard to Royal Commissions which have had to do with shipping subjects. There, is a perennial picnic, and until the shipping industry is managed on lines which sensibly apply to modern requirements, that same old picnic will remain. The main trouble is, that the legislature knows little or nothing about, ships and shipping—not even enough to gar them seek information in dependable quarters; and so, from time to time, a small revolution is imminent, when a Royal Commission is switched on, and the trick is done! It might be asked whose is the fault that the labours of these gatherings of real business men are negatived, in such bare-faced ways? If so, it is just as well to admit that the permanent officials of the Government are to blame. Those good folk are so hide-bound with bureaucratic methods (save the name), that nothing short of a national upheaval may be calculated to shake their smug superiority; their self-sufficiency; and their ten-to-four efforts. True, a restricted Exchequer might affect them, somewhat; although it is believable that with a shortage of national cash, the permanent gentry would be quite the last to suffer, seeing that salaries and emoluments have to pass through their own particular channels; and naturally enough, the outsider would have to wait until the man with a "vested interest" had received his screw. This is one of the peculiarities of permanent officialdom. Indeed, we much doubt if a better instance of the ca' canny trait could be found, than in Government offices. Sick leave, holidays, funeral-attending, football-match-sickness, cricketitis—style the "disease" what you will; but in either instance, you may be sure that the "departmental chief" will smile indulgently upon the demands of his under-strappers; and mainly for the reason that, having been an under-strapper, himself, ere promotion by seniority marked him for its own - well, he is inclined to be indulgent. It is ever thus, where old age instead of merit, raises a man's status, one. In the businesses which supply the taxes for the payment of the permanent gentlemen, merit alone counts for an increase in wages; but that, of course, is "in beastly commercial circles." Among the elect—and all permanent officials consider themselves elect, you'll find—merit is ruled off, and all that a lad has to do, once he is initiated into the charmed circle, is to sit tight, awaiting the advent of old age. At certain well-defined epochs in his life, he will "go up one." It won't matter whether he is of less utility then, than when he was a novitiate. Not at all. He has so many years seniority to his credit—or otherwise; he should, therefore, have the brains which old age is supposed to bring. You and ourselves, gentle reader, have to hustle—if we hope to forge ahead. The permanent official has merely to sit still, for with increasing years come increasing emoluments. Naturally, where such an absurd method obtains, efficiency is a mere name. With non-efficiency, comes trouble. With trouble—and as we have already stated—comes a Royal Commission. However, the latest, and which is to concern itself with "shipping rings," is a particularly strong combination. So much so, that we consider it little short of a sin to call together such a galaxy of business talent, merely for the purpose of covering up the inefficiencies of the permanent gentlemen thus openly discussed. With the subject of "shipping rings" we are not at present concerned. We have already dealt with them, most exhaustively. But that they will still be in full force, many years after the present Commission has handed in its report—whether that report be unanimous or with a minority proviso—goes without saying. When all is said, shipowners are distinctly human, and if they find that they can get away with a sample of trading which glorifies themselves, while stultifying the other fellow—well, what about it? Such conduct is distinctly wicked, of course; but it is distinctly human—as already remarked; and if those permanent gentlemen knew mutton from goat in a manner of writing, they would be in a position to spot-bar all the pernicious leanings of the "ringists," without having to shelter themselves behind the names which go to make up a Royal Commission. That the shipping ring agitation is an important one, is evidenced by the gentlemen who have been persuaded to attend thereto; and it is an open question whether any previous Commission has been supplied with such giant intellects as will buckle-to, in this particular instance. The evidence which will be collected, will prove interesting reading: and if, to the nautical mind, there will be little of the new and strange about it all, the interested 'longshore reader might ultimately experience a few eye-openers, as to the manner in which these little undertakings are worked. Welshmen will be glad to know that their veteran Royal Commissioner—Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart.—has been included in the list, a fact, which, in itself, proves the importance of the deliberations which are ahead of the Commission. Your permanent official thoroughly realises the advantages accruing from a strong cast, so to put it, and when such experienced Commissioners as Sir William are prevailed on to give time and knowledge for the consideration of a given question, then, we may safely take it for granted, that the position is serious. The coming occasion will be the seventh on which the Grand 'Old Man of Wales has officiated at a Royal Commission, and as seven is supposed to be a lucky number, something out of the ordinary run of things might, conceivably, happen in the way of amelioration. Gainsay it who will, African freights have been worked on trust lines, and although it is useless to blame the exponents of the business (in view of their human nature), it will be a big triumph if some easement is given to the British merchant who has found his foreign competitor placed on more favourable terms, when catering for the trade of a British Colony. This is distinctly an instance of the truth of that old saw which says, "The power to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done." Will this latest Royal Commission do away with that power?

STOOPING TO CONQUER?

GOOD old "soap trust!" It is labelled as "dead and gone!" With the exception of the good souls who rank in under the title of Tired Tim or Weary Willie, everybody appears to be glad. "Don't you touch our soap," has resounded over hill and dale; the would-be mergers have been frightened by the soulful cry; much free advertisement has been accorded to the combining firms; and now—even as the circles which follow the dropping of a stone into a placid sheet of water—the ripples are dying down, leaving "Peace, perfect peace," behind!

At least, that is mainly how the matter is tabulated by the superficial observers among us. The great public voice resounded in no uncertain manner; trusts were ear-marked as having an origin with the devil; the manufacturer, realising his dependence upon public support, laid his playthings all away; the British matron—and her forceful spouse—is now wreathed in a virtuous and you-can't-fool-us sort of smile; but are things really what they seem? Or are there visions about?

Perhaps it is a weakness on our part; possibly our experience of the combining merchant has been unfortunate; it might be that we have been just a bit too far South; but whatsoever the cause, we cannot believe altogether in the peaceful dying away of those ripples already referred to. We have mixed with quite a quantity of water, you know. Not, perhaps with just the amount which is sometimes found masquerading as "a pound of soap;" but still with a goodly proportion. Having done so, we are somewhat inclined to be sceptical.

We cannot suppose that the brains which established the soaperies that were to be combined, went into the thing without a careful consideration of all the factors. In other words, we are not going to believe that either of the trust pushes imagined that they were to be allowed a simple walk over; a seven-days-go-as-you-please dodge along with the nation's soap; so, when we hear these tales of unconditional surrender, our natural caution comes on top, and we are constrained to ask if the would-be trustites are merely stooping to conquer?

Of course, we note that there is no secret understanding between the high contracting parties, and although we are sorry for the inability that is with us, we have just a shade of disinclination to accept all that piff-niff. In the first place, we quite realise that if the world were taken into the soapmakers' confidence, then, there would be no secret about it. What everybody knows, isn't a secret. Is it now? Again, it is all very well to lay claim to the non-existence of that secret understanding; but if the published statements are to be believed, then, there must be a secret understanding of a sort.

That is to say, if there is nothing of the stoop to conquer about it all, the trusting individuals who have lately squandered such a pile of money in their combining efforts, must have the secret understanding that they have been awfully sold? And if that bit of secresy is about, mayn't we easily suppose that there are traces of another kind on the *tapis*? Of course we may! For the matter of that, we do, and anyhow, the lady who deigns to attend to a portion of the cleanliness of these offices, assures us that "soap has gone up a ha'penny a tablet." And the said soap is even that of the cotton-seed-oil-and-water (more water than cotton-seed oil, as far as our analysis goes) brand!

To our mind, there was too much beating of drums before the trust notion was allowed to leak out. Some, at least, of the would-be mergers, laid just a taste too much accent on their philanthropy, for our taste. We quite admire an estimable gentleman who takes his employés for an extended and somewhat expensive tour over a portion of the world. Especially, if we can screw up the belief that he is disinterested. But then, a disinterested man—in our opinion—would keep those little tours to himself; wouldn't be at all pleased to see piffley reports thereon, in all the papers which are favoured with his advertisements?

In the abstract, the British nation accepted all these little japes about Continental tours made by soap-making talent; smiled indulgently—once again—at the tales of model villages, and exemplary municipal management thereof. That was just as it should be—according to the British nation. Furthermore, the same conglomeration of by-no-means silly people, had a shrewd suspicion that the profits on soap-making must be fairly good, when all these excursions afield could be liquidated, and the boss men still remain millionaires.

Those profits, too, had come out of the British nation—in the main; and if a few outsiders—but enterprising men, withal—realising the advantages of soap for millionaire-making, elected to have a cut-in at the business, was that any concern of the public's? Obviously, and in view of the final (or apparently final) results, it was not. In effect, those fortunate gentlemen who had been making much ooftish out of the uncleanliness of human nature, imagined that they had a lien on the Empire. That they had a sort of "Outside our own sacred phalanx, no man shall practice at the mixing of water with saponified fat."

All the portents go to show that they were wrong. Soap-making is not to be a pocket industry. The national voice decrees that it shall be free as the water which helps to make up the weight of the "full pound tablet;" and with becoming humility, the would-be freezers out of possibly better men accept the situation. They declare that they realise that it is in their interest to stand well with the public as well as with the trade, and we declare that the materialisation of any such a belief is somewhat belated, and out-of-place, in connection with men who have previously proved that they are no slouches at catering to public delusions.

We can quite understand that Mr. Austen Chamberlain should incline to scepticism in this connection. He is by no means unique in this respect. The claim that there is no secret understanding might be a play upon words, or otherwise; but the public will be well-advised to carefully note the trend of these prize-giving-and-touring combinations. Some few weeks ago, and when the trust job was looming quite tall in the public eye, we undertook to give a nautical tale about trusts as understood at sea, and by seamen.

You'll probably remember about that mate who was held, face downward, over the lee bulwarks of a rapidly-moving sailing ship? You might also remember that his enforced contemplation of the spray and foam which passed along beneath him, cured all his trust notions of obedience? That poor foolish mate had developed the idea that he was the only living creature worthy of attention; but his little public had other ideas. The latter were willing to concede to the mate his fair share of the bossing that was about; but there was a well-defined line beyond which he could not safely go. Perhaps, the trust men of soap have been thinking over our allegory?

We hope they have. And having thought, it will be just as well if they act thereon. There may be no lee bulwarks handy for their undoing; but there are any number of capable soap-makers about: and any amount of public money waiting investment. Get the public back up over the deal, you saponified people, and it won't be two or three new chums you'll have to fight. They'll surround you in dozens—and then where will your tours and "free prizes" come in? Why, men, it's awful to contemplate!

The Bute Street Accent!

IN a recent Police Court case in Cardiff, when Mr. Harold Lloyd appeared on behalf of the master of the *Eton* (whose officers had been accused of ill-treating a highly-respected Arab gentleman-cinder-worrier), the learned Stipendiary dismissed the case with the remark that while it was difficult to get at the truth with English-speaking witnesses, the difficulty was very much increased when the witnesses spoke the various languages "with a Bute Street accent!"

We are not concerning ourselves with the merits or otherwise of the case. Were we to indulge in any such pastime, our sympathies would surely go out to the unfortunate officers who had to combat with that same peculiar accent, and over the extended length of a deep-water voyage. The Cardiff Stipendiary had enough of the "bat," just for a simple police court case; therefore, it is easily understandable as to what the tribulations of the officers involved must have been?

But although we are all inclined to treat that phase of life known as the "Bute Street accent" with a certain amount of good-natured levity, the fact remains that it is gradually undermining the stability of the British Empire. For (and let the fact not be forgotten) every seaport has its "Bute Road"—or an equivalent therefor; a gathering ground for every foreign undesirable to which a supine Government will offer sanctuary.

This state of affairs is anything but a matter for levity, and as showing the ignorance of sections of the community, we note that a correspondent wrote an up-town news sheet, for a definition of "Tiger Bay"—a near-to portion of the district around Bute Street. As far as we have seen, our contemporary gave no reply to his correspondent—who signed himself "a resident of Bute Town"; was this from ignorance, or rather that he didn't care to pose as popular educator on that occasion?

Anyhow, and for the purpose of pointing our moral, we do not object to constitute ourselves mentor for the nonce; especially as The Maritime Review is quite the only authority on nautical matters, anywhere in the district; and the name "Tiger Bay" is distinctly nautical. For the matter of that, it is anything but a high-sounding appellation, and we have frequently been constrained to smile, when hearing the words bandied about by pretty lips that would certainly be better employed in dealing with more refined phases of life!

Moreover, and seeing that our contemporary found space for the plaintive demand of "a resident of Bute Town," being unable to answer it meanwhile, we have every reason to lean to a belief in the ignorance already suggested. Plunking the matter out in plain language, "Tiger Bay" is a name which originated with the people who go to make up that portion of the community which speaks with a Bute Street accent—not necessarily confined to Cardiff, you'll observe.

The sailor is a somewhat imaginative creature, and when possible, will eschew the language favoured by his 'longshore brethren. Thus it comes about, that where a polite fellow citizen would speak of a female as being a *demi-mondaine*, Jack would classify her among the "tigers!"

R.M.S. "Saxon."

Staircase and Entrance to First-Class Saloon.

Broadly speaking, there is not an undue amount of imagination about Jack's nomenclature on this occasion, for the *demi-mondaine* which hangs out in the vicinity of a "Tiger Bay," may be considered as a hundred-fold more dangerous to the community, than a real tiger.

Be that as it may, the title originated for the reasons adduced, and without posing as experts on other than the language portion of the query, truth compels us to admit that we have never yet visited a fair-sized seaport, without hearing about the happenings of its own particular "Tiger Bay." As to the exact spot in "Bute Town," opinions vary. Suffice it to say that wheresoever the lower orders of the submerged tenth are to be found, there, according to Jack, is "Tiger Bay." He, unsophisticated mortal, would never be satisfied to speak of a street as such—with one or two exceptions, and which need not be referred to, here: hence the word "bay."

New York has its "Tiger Bay." Valparaiso, San Francisco (had it), Antwerp, Bremen, Naples—every seaport has been similarly favoured; or otherwise—according to how the reader views the thing. And in nautical society, it is considered as scarcely right and proper, for a female of the "straight" persuasion to be heard discoursing about such very questionable localities, as a "Tiger Bay." That, is only left for the poor unfortunates whom an unkind fate—and their own weakness—has cursed with a Bute Street accent.

But reverting to the latter phase of life, isn't it evident that the danger is of most alarming proportions? For a stroll down Bute Street, at about 10 p.m., would convince the most sceptical that the so-called nice foreign seaman is quite twenty degrees lower in the scale of merit, than is a dog of the most mongrel propensity. We admit that it would take a fair amount of courage on the part of a respectable inhabitant of our city, to undertake a walk in that locality at the time mentioned, and alone.

At the same time, the experiment is worthy a trial—supposing any of you are inclined to size up the merits of the foreign seaman, on your own. The safest plan, we admit, would be to get on the soft side of a police officer whose duties call him thither. He would be in a position to give you points that would beggar anything that you have ever read in a sensational novel. But we can assure you that it would be an experience worthy of remembrance, if you would undertake it "on your own."

We do not mean that you should go to the canal bridge, and then rush through the length of the street to the Pier Head, in record time. Not at all. Just meander down, and keeping your eyes and ears open, observe the inherent beauties of the situation. Having observed, hie back to your comfortable home, and size up the lying claims of nautical superiority which have been given you by interested persons, concerning the alien scum which you have been considering.

As a wind up to the undertaking, try to assimilate the true significance of what would happen, if a war should transpire, and your streets were incontinently filled with the same kind of accented rubbish, dumped ashore from steamers entering the port, and laying up, pending a cessation of hostilities. We venture to say that you would agree with us in our frequent strictures in this direction. You would rapidly realise the danger that is before you, for in the suggested event, it would take you all your time to protect your home and hearth, from these alien vampires who, under properly constituted laws, would never be allowed in your midst.

As a bit of Police Court raillery, the Bute Street accent is permissable and funny. As a very pressing danger; and one that is crying aloud for your attention, there is nothing funny about it. Don't beguile yourself with the notion that the authorities should attend to the trouble. You, personally, are the only authority in a Constitutionally governed country; and when the trouble eventuates, you, personally will have to face the situation. If you are wise, you will do a little bit now. You will not wait until the festering sore has gathered enough force to destroy you and yours. And don't take our word for it. Take the suggested stroll down Bute Street. That will convince more than will our writing, although we would fain hope that even our humble attempts will do a little in that direction.

R.M.S. "Saxon."

A Corner of the First-Class Smoke Room.

FACTS FOR FEDERATIONISTS.

THERE is a tremendous amount of piffle going the rounds, in connection with the suggested new federation for miners. The old hands—the deluded souls who, through being left pretty much to their own devices—having come to the belief that whatever they decree is good: must stand; be obeyed: and all that sort of tommy rot; are now faced with a new phase of economical working. Needless to say, they are losing their hands; are waxing virtuously indignant; are threatening all manner of condign punishments to the daring few; but, bless you, that will make but little difference to the final result.

SOMEHOW or other, there appears to be a curse hanging around combinations—whether of masters or men. Everybody is willing to admit that unionism is a grand ideal—and but little else! If it were possible to remake human nature, the chances are that unionism could be brought out of the ideal, and into the real. But it is impossible to remake human nature, and thus it comes about that unionism is only a so-so sort of undertaking; one that needs constant renewal: and which must not be left for too lengthy a period, in one set of hands, so to speak.

THE tendency of mankind is upward. The tendency of mankind, that is, outside of the ranks of the labour leading fraternity, for, in their case, retrogression is usually in evidence; at the best, a stand still is all that may be hoped for, there! But the workmen are in constant receipt of increased educational facilities, and thus it comes about that with the rising generation, the labourer seeks more than was good enough for his father. It is only the "leader" who stands still. Look where you will, and each combination continues to support the same leaders. Men may come, and men may go, but the alleged "leader" goes on until death claims him. Hence, the birth of new combinations.

WHY is this? Mainly because of the cabals that are for ever in evidence, and also because in the majority of instances, the "leader" works harder in consolidating his position as "leader," than he does in attending to the needs of the men who pay him his salary. That's why! You needn't take our word for it. Look around for yourself, when you will quickly realise the force of our remarks. "Labour leading" is a profession, just as much as bricklaying is a trade. Now, the bricklayer seldom bothers his head about the quality of the bricks upon which he is engaged, being more intent on laying the requisite number which shall be considered a day's work?

IN like measure, the "labour leader" seldom cares a toss for the state of his paymasters' conditions, being more intent on watching the tactics of the other fellows who are after his labour-leading job. It is idle to pretend that common human jealousies do not intrude into labour-leading, for they are thicker there, than anywhere else. You see, anybody with decent lungs and a fair amount of conceit, may successfully pose as an agitator, when, if genuine labouring skill were demanded—well, the less said about it the better. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and you can't make a decent workman out of an incorrigibly tired labourer. At the best, you may merely hope to effect a compromise.

REMEMBERING all this, it is cause for no wonder that workmen are continually becoming disgusted with the stuff which affects to lead them; or that the said stuff is aghast at contemplation of the base ingratitude (as they grandiosely term it) which is meted out to their efforts. As we have frequently remarked, the labour leader who is still about, might have been a fairly-decent exponent of the business when the world was younger and weaker. When he first elected to pose as an uplifter of the down-trodden, that is. But while the times have advanced, that same "leader" has stood still, so that now, he is of very equivocal value as a leader of anything save babies and imbeciles.

OF course, you can't make him see it, for of all the units of human life, your average "labour leader" is far and away the most conceited. So much so, that he will privately inform you that his lambs are "ahl mugs," meaning, by gentle implication, that he is the genius among the crowd! Time passes, and the mug-maker has it borne in upon him that he was, in reality, the mug; but will he alter his tricks? No. He is unable to alter anything—not excepting the rotten conditions which apply among those whom he has elected to represent! Instead of altering his tactics; of making himself fit to represent his altered clique of supporters; of bringing himself into line with modern requirements; he simply inveighs against all and sundry; and cajoles a weak-minded editor to give him a free run, for a time!

AND yet, if the poor misguided wretch would put but half of that effort into bringing himself into line with the times, he would be an unqualified success. Of course, he can't, for that is the main disability which made him a labour leader—save the name. Consider the arguments of these gentlemen. Did you ever find one of them admitting he was wrong? Of course, not. He foolishly imagines that if he were to admit that he is humanly fallible, his paymasters would shove off, leaving him in the lurch. At the same time, those paymasters do eventually shove off, for notwithstanding the fact that some of these labour leaders handle a pile of money at one time and another, they seldom die rich.

IN the majority of instances too, this is not because they are unduly burdened with qualms of conscience; but rather that, in their maturer years, they are merely tolerated without being trusted. You see, the leading cult has a snug little coterie of its own; has its own aims and ambitions; its own aspirations; and when all is said, the labourer is merely looked upon as the milch cow—in a manner of speaking—that shall supply the cream which is essential for the labour leader's business enterprises. The latter occasionally sets up a bogey of his own, so that by knocking it down again, he might cause a little enthusiasm in the ranks of the led.

MEANWHILE, the world pursues the even tenour of its way. One man takes to politics as a means of livelihood; another goes in for bricklaying; yet another takes to "leading" the bricklayer—and poses as a demi-god. The pose is his stock in trade. He has to depend thereon for the means of dodging the workhouse—or the chokee! We quite realise that this is no very exalted summing up of the situation. At the same time, it is that which careful observation has convinced us is the correct one. The miners have become tired of the old fake; they are out for a new. The bosses of the old, instead of trying a few fresh tacks, are lugubriously labouring the subject.

IN the end, we shall see a new federation. A combination carried out on modern lines. One that will do as much good in the present era, as the old one did some twenty years ago. For when all is said, the present miners' combination has outlived its utility. Is obsolete. Has been out-classed. This is not the fault of either the men or their leaders. It is simply a case of evolution. The old hands cannot realise that this is 1906; the new hands will not believe that it is 1886. The old hands haven't any money; the new hands are earning the wherewithal. Considered any way, the new will prevail; the old will drop out. Its human. Its irrevocable. So why prattle about it? And anyhow, the old hands had a very decent time—while it lasted? This being so, why grumble, or enact the rôle of a labouring Cambyses?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Nov. 15th, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

21,974 05 — GRANT — ***Improvements in apparatus for transmitting orders, notifications and the like from one part of a navigable vessel to another and analagous purposes.***

This invention relates to apparatus for communication between one part of a ship and another, the transmission of the orders being effected by means of shafting and toothed gearing which are rotated. According to this invention the order transmitting apparatus can be operated from several stations, an intermediate actuating mechanism being employed between the extremities of the shafting, this mechanism having an actuating part adapted to operate the shaft and be thrown in or out of gear with it by means of a clutch, and also an indicator mechanism connected with and operated from the shafting.

23,607 05—HADBURN—***Improvements in apparatus for communicating and transmitting notifications and the like from one part of a ship to another.***

This invention relates to electrically operating ships' telegraphs. For this purpose, a transmitter, operated by hand is provided with a number of contacts corresponding to the number of orders to be transmitted whilst a receiver is provided with three solenoids, arranged radially around an axis, the solenoid plungers being connected to a cranked indicator spindle. The magnets of the solenoids are connected with the contacts in the transmitter, and current is supplied so that it passes to the different contacts, and thence to the wires connecting them with the magnets of the solenoids which operate the indicator crank. When the transmitter handle is moved on to a contact, the solenoid connected therewith is energized and its plunger moves, thus moving the crank through a certain angle and with it the pointer which remains in this position until a fresh contact is made.

23,959 05—MACKAY—***Improvements in sliding bottoms for coal tubs or wagons, and means for actuating same.***

This invention relates to sliding bottoms for coal tubs, and has for its object the reduction of the projecting length of the slide when fully open. The sliding bottom of the tub is made in two parts arranged so that one part will slide or telescope over the other. A hinged catch is provided on the underside of the first half of the slide and this comes into contact with a stop provided between the rails of the track, thus arresting the progress of this part so that continued movement of the tub slides this half of the slide over the other with the result that the second half of the slide is arrested also, the bottom being opened and the contents discharged. On the return journey of the tub the opening is closed, the opposite action occurring.

24,570 05—MOORLEY—***Improvements in and relating to rock boring machines.***

This invention has reference to that class of rock-boring machines which are worked by hand with a ratchet lever, and the improvement consists in the substitution of a continuous driving motion in place of an intermittent one. In the case of an ordinary screw-feed boring machine a sprocket wheel takes the place of the ratchet lever and at a suitable distance from it, a short shaft also having a sprocket wheel and a crank handle for driving is supported on a vertical standard the two sprocket wheels being connected by an endless drive-chain.

26,487 05 — FOCKETYN — ***Improvements in life belt apparatus.***

This invention relates to that class of life belt apparatus which has back and front floating members. In this invention the floating members consist of two cushion shaped bags made of canvas and filled with some buoyant substance that will not absorb water. These bags are connected by two adjustable shoulder straps and are worn at about the height of the chin. The lower part of each floating member is provided with a body band which, in conjunction with the shoulder straps, keeps the floating members in place. The body band extends partially round each side of the body, the ends of the back band overlapping the ends of the front band near the front of the body.

25,956 05—RICHARDS—***Improvements in rotary tipping boxes or skips.***

This invention relates to skips or the like receptacles employed in transporting material from one place to another where it is required to be dumped, and consists in improvements whereby the same hanger or springs serve for any number of successively used ships. With this object the springs are carried by the hanger having one end fixed thereto whilst the other end is free and provided with means for engaging the skip when the latter is tipped. A similar hook or projection on the spring is adapted to engage a stop or projection on the hanger so as to maintain the free end of the spring in a definite position when the tipping operation is not in progress. The arms of the hanger can close together and support the skip pivotally when under their own weight, and disengage when the crane is lowered to take the load off the hanger.

1,375 06—ROBINSON—***Improvements in safety suspending or retaining apparatus for miners' pit cages, elevators and the like.***

The object of this invention is to provide an effective emergency apparatus by means of which the cages in a colliery may be prevented from falling in the event of one or both of the hauling ropes breaking. For this purpose, duplicate pulleys are provided in addition to and on the same shaft as the ordinary winding ones. Below these pulleys a stronger brake pulley is fixed with its axis at right angles to the other pulleys. A safety rope is passed over the duplicate pulleys and around the brake pulley, the ends of the rope being secured to the two cages. The brake pulley is carried on pedestals capable of a vertical sliding motion and provided with springs to keep them down under normal conditions, but which allow in the event of a rope breaking of the brake pulley being lifted up by the safety rope, and so brought into contact with a fixed brake block with sufficient force to keep the cages in suspension.

4,656 06—POWELL—***Improvements in skip or bucket apparatus for loading and discharging material.***

This invention relates to skip apparatus and for loading and discharging material, and has for its object the prevention of breakage of the material. The skip is pivoted in a handle and provided with stops so that it may be tilted by means of a rope attached to the bucket and a fixed point.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending December 31st.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, **Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN,** Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, **Bute Docks, Cardiff.**

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *November 28, 1906.*

THE condition of the market which is concerned with Cardiff (and other) Coals and since our last time of writing has undergone no change for the happier side of circumstances. As a matter of fact, the indications are all in favour of the belief that there is an uncomfortable feeling surrounding those whose business it is to sell, and a I-don't-know-what-to-do-about-it with those who, if things were brighter, would buy.

THE uncomfortability—if you'll excuse the word- referred to, is more pronounced where business of a prompt description is concerned; and for very obvious reasons. You see, the continual limitations in the prevailing supply of tonnage is getting its fell work in, for, as we have often reminded you, scarcity of tonnage plays Old Harry with the colliery man's arrangements. So much so, that at the present moment—well, we will not go to the extent of declaring that you may have your coal for the mere asking.

ANY such statement would be unkind. But if you are buying, are in a position to guarantee prompt shipment, and can take a decent quantity of the commodity at one hit—then, don't bother your head with that wife-of-the-old-gentleman, named quotations. They don't apply, for every potential buyer under the conditions shadowed out, is a coal market to himself. He may put on nearly as many airs as please him; can strut it around in fine style; indeed, and on a push, he can put on nearly as much "side" as the secretary to a monopolist gas company—which takes a lot of beating, you'll find!

ANYHOW, the date of shipment is the all-important one with the coalowner at the moment. For once in his nimble career, he is inclined to bother less with price than with mere days of the month. Of course, his attention to price will not be altogether laid away. He must still see that the army of workers up the hills have a look in once a fortnight, or Mr. Brace would be writing about it in an up-town news-sheet. Even as things are, the gentleman bemoans the fact that the miner merely gets a paltry eighteen-pence per ton and his percentage.

YE gods! If the poor colliery company could depend on getting that eighteen-pence clear, on each ton that it disposes of, we have a shrewd suspicion that it would be willing to forego the percentage, yes. But that is one of the peculiarities of life in this district. The amiable miner must have all the mercies—or his butty writes to the Press! The mere fact that stocks are accumulating everywhere, counts for nothing. Colliery concerns (to the mind of Dai, look you) are only instituted so that stocks may accumulate!

AND if the stocks do not mean money in the bank, as a set off against pay-day, then the manager may have the unspeakable bliss of pawning his spats, say, or his boots for that matter; in short, he may do anything—save grumble—as long as Dai romps off with his wages, look you. That is the situation now. Big stocks; full wagons; congestion; but little tonnage—and prices all over the shop. As they are, we give them below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	16s. od.	15s 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 3d	15s. 3d.	15s. od	15s. od.	14s. 9d., 15s. od.	14s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. od., 14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od., 14s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	14s. od.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 4½d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.	13s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 4½d.
Best House Coal ,, ..	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ..	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ..	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ..	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 1½d.
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ..	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.
Seconds ..	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. od.	9s. od	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.
Best Newport ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Seconds ...	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d..	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 3d.	24s. 3d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.
Ordinary ...	21s. od.	21s. 9d.	21s. 0½., 22s. 0½.	21s. 6d.	22s. od.	22s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	18s. od.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.,	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	27s. od.	27s. od.	27s. 6d	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od., 28s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *November 28, 1906.*

WHILE the tone of the market, here, for the period under review has been easy, it is pleasing to be able to record that there has been no great change in prices, which have been fairly well maintained, notwithstanding the fact that tonnage supplies keep in rather a limited state. The fact is, that collieries have had sufficient in dock to keep them comfortably employed; and being also in the enjoyment of good engagements, they have been adhering to their quotations pretty firmly. Here and there, it is naturally possible, to improve upon the demanded figure—according to the position; but generally speaking there is no weakness.

ANTHRACITE COALS are in receipt of a satisfactory enquiry; stems are also well filled; and there is by no means a great quantity of free stuff at the moment. Hence quotations are keeping very steady. BESTS and top SECOND MALTING varieties particularly so. BIG VEIN qualities are, however, more plentiful; and although prices are unchanged, a firm offer at 3d. under the demanded figure would not be refused—for prompt shipment. RED VEIN is ruling at much about the same as of late, and values for DUFF, show no alteration. MACHINE MADE COALS are about as scarce as they can be, and values are, therefore, very firm.

STEAMS are rather inclined to weakness especially for anything like early shipment, for which position stems are easy. This is more or less general. For next month, quotations are higher.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.
Seconds do. ..	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ..	16s. od.	16s 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s od.
Red ,, ,, ..	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0½., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ..	22s. 0d.	22s. od.	22s. od., 23s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. od., 23s. od.
,, ,, Peas ..	14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.
Duff ..	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od.	5s. od.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	15s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ..	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od., 14s. 6d.	14s. od., 14s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ..	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ..	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending November 28, 1906

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Hong Kong, *Riverton*, 4,000 tons, 14s.
Newton Hall, 5,800 tons, 14s. (Admiralty).
Bombay, *Hindustan*, 10s.
Singapore, *Aboukir*, 5,100 tons, 11s. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 13s.
Steamer, 13s. 2d., option Rio de Janeiro, 13s. 6d.
Dakar, *Sicilian*, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel.
Las Palmas, *Graf Stroganoff*, 4,300 tons, 6s. 6d. option Cape Verdes, 7s. ppt.
Uskmoor, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 6s. 6d. option St. Vincent, 7s.
Arranmoor, 3,900 tons, 6s. 6d. option Cape Verdes, 7s.
Several Steamers, 6s. 6d. option Cape Verdes, 7s.
Benshaw, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d. 200.
Monte Video, Steamer, 12s. 7½d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Peterston*, 3,700 tons, 7s.
Adelina Patti, 4,300 tons, 7s.
Dartmouth, 4,300 tons, 7s.
Palestrina, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Llandrindod, 5,500 tons, 7s.
Hendonhall, 5,800 tons, 7s.
Genoa, *Everest*, 1,900 tons, 8s., 350.
Forest Castle, 4,300 tons, 7s. 9d. option Savona.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 9d. option Savona or Spezzia.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s.
Castlegarth, 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 500, option Savona.
Steamer, 6,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Torrington, 6,500 tons, 7s. discharge guaranteed.
Spyros Vallianos, 6,000 tons, 7s. 6d. 500
Romsdalen, 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 500, spot. optn. Savona
Alexandria, *Thorndale*, 3,600 tons, 7s. ppt.
Blenheim, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Fallodon Hall, 4,800 tons, 7s. spot.
Queenborough, 3,700 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 6s. 10½d.
Venice, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 400.
Szechenyi, 1,700 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Violin, 4,600 tons, 8s. 7½d. option Porto Ferraio, 7s. 3d. 500.
Naples, *Oratios Couppas*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 800.
Thistledhu, 5,800 tons, 7s. 700, spot.
Constantinople, *Penmount*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Nethermoor, 2,200 tons, 7s.
Kustendje, *Hawnby*, 2,400 tons, 7s. 4½d. coal, 10s. 4½d. coke.
Savona, *Gem*, 2,700 tons, 8s. 500, spot.
Algiers, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7 fcs.
White Sea, 2,500 tons, 7 fcs. 700.
Crimea, 2,300 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Kirkwall, 2,700 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Marseilles, *Anna Eugenie*, 3,000 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8 fcs.
Edmond Gustav, 3,600 tons, 8 fcs. ppt.
Piræus, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Leonidas and Eleni, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Syra, *Anthony Radcliffe*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d. optn. Piræus.
Civita Vecchia, *Teesdale*, 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Almeria, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Torre, *Haxby*, 4,000 tons, 8s. 400.
Messina, *Whinfield*, 3,400 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Barcelona, *Luque*, 1,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cangannan, or sub., 1,300 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Spezzia, *Armenia*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option Leghorn.
Leghorn, *Havtor*, 1,650 tons, 7s. 6d. 400.
Bona, *Dahra*, 2,600 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Malta, *Thornley*, 4,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Italiana, 3,600 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Jessie, 6s.
Dulcie, 2,800 tons, 6s. (c. or N).
Terra, 3,200 tons, 6s.
Duke of Cornwall, 2,200 tons, 6s.
Freida, 2,500 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Gibraltar, *Kildonan*, 3,200 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Leersum, 2,100 tons, 6s. option Lisbon, 5s. 6d.
Cambro, 3,200 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty)
Cordova, 2,800 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Orbo, 2,200 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Ailsa, 950 tons, 6s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Marna*, 1,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Vigo, *Clarence*, 1,450 tons, 6s.
Hazelmere, 1,450 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Sarp*, 700 tons, 6s.

BAY, Etc.

Bayonne, *Mersey*, 550 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel, (s).
Charente, *Kai*, 1,750 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Chantenay, Steamer, 2,300 tons, 6 fcs. optn. Port Talbot or Swansea loading, same rate.
Ely Rise, 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Discovery, 3,000 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
La Rochelle, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5·25 fcs.
St. Nazaire, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 5·25 fcs. ppt.
Mangara, 2,300 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
Steamer, 1,500/3,000 tons, 5 fcs. option Chantenay, 5·50 fcs., twelve voyages.
Cosmo, 3,200 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)
Collivaud, 1,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. spot.
Rochefort, *Dalbeatie*, 1,800 tons, 6·50 fcs. 250. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Portland, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Devonport, *Greenhill*, 2,000 tons, 3s. 3d. „
Falmouth, *Augusta*, 580 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dublin, *Ferrum*, 250 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Newry, *Mayflower*, 220 tons, 4s. (s).
Guernsey, *Corporal*, 289 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Shoreham, Steamer, 500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Caen, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
St. Servan, *James Spier*, 620 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Treport, *Christine Sell*, 1,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.
Rouen, *Ragusa*, 2,000 tons, 6s. special terms.
Havre, *Dunelm*, 950 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Elgin, 1,500 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Calais, *Nordkap*, 2,900 tons, 5s.
Dieppe, *Skeldon*, 5s. 1½d.
Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Abermaed, 1,400 tons, 5s. 1½d.
St. Malo, *Juno*, 5s. 9d.
Speedwell, 1,250 tons, 5s.
Ghent, *St. Kevin*, 500 tons, 5s. 9d.

HOMEWARD.

Bayonne to Port Talbot, *Springbok*, 350 n, 8s. ppt.
„ „ **Swansea,** *Ely Rise*, 1,200 tons, 8s. 9d.
„ „ „ *Gwalie*, 836 n, 8s. 9d. ppt.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Uriarte No. 5*, 4s. 7½d.
Almeria „ „ *Sud*, 1,606 n, 5s. 9d. ppt.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

There is no getting away from the fact that a number of our readers are inclined to be inquisitive! They "want to know, you know," and at the same time appear to think that we have all the information of the shipping world up a capacious sleeve. Without laying ourselves out to give actual quotations, we yet may remark that a batch of correspondence has come our way, with reference to the hoped-for flotation of the steamer *Ferndale* referred to in our last. "What is the remuneration of the promoters to be?" That, in terse form, is the gist of the queries.

✦ ✦ ✦

Now, is it likely that we are telepathic enough to state what that remuneration shall be, when the promoters dismiss the subject with remarks about an agreement that shall give three very estimable gentlemen the directorship and management, and "for their remuneration?" Great angles and sheer-strakes! Remuneration is a beautifully elastic term, and might easily mean anything—aye, or nothing. And for all that *Ferndale's* prospectus says to the contrary, that remuneration might easily mean the whole of the ship as a guerdon of reward, or nodings, simply nodings!

✦ ✦ ✦

Indeed, that was mainly the reason why we viewed the *Ferndale* flotation with disfavour. To our mind, there was too much of the "pig in a poke" about the thing, and we endeavoured to make our ideas plain and understandable. We were "respectfully invited" to consider the latent beauties of the projected undertaking, and after wading through a considerable amount of promises of a good time coming, we were unable to see what the would-be benefactors were likely to pull in, as a reward for their apparently disinterested offer.

✦ ✦ ✦

By implication—and because a sister ship had done it—we were counselled to expect anything up to 13 per cent. on our money; but we were airily dismissed with the word remuneration, when salaries and emoluments were under review. For that reason, we would have none of the thing, and wrote it as plainly as possible. We are not the sort of people who expect a trio of strangers to give us a possible 13 per cent., without a clear understanding as to what they are going to receive for their efforts. Besides, that 13 per cent. was purely problematical, and as a natural result, we decided that there might be a quantity of the same kind of effort about that remuneration. Trusting that our correspondents will be satisfied with this explanation, turn we now to pleasanter themes.

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear, dear! Still they come—those steamer prospectuses! There is another effort before us as we write, and we might as well say, right out, that it appeals to us most favourably. Why? Simply for the reason that it is a gentlemanly production; that it is fair and above-board; that—without compelling us to wade through a quantity of piffle—it gives us all the information to which we, as possible investors, have a right. And above all, it is markedly clear of that spread-eagle literature which is so common with those who have a great desire to print a number of words, without giving very much information.

It's name? The Manoravon Steamship Company, Ltd. It's objects? Well, hold on, a bit. From the memorandum of association we note that the principle object of the company is to "adopt and carry into effect an agreement . . . for, amongst other things the purchase of a steamship." That is clear enough, and there are no "primarilies" there, you'll observe! Very well. Harking back to the letter which accompanies the prospectus—and which latter gives us a very decent reproduction of the steamer which we are asked to support—we learn, straight away, that we have here submitted to us, a "few of the particulars relating to a thoroughly efficient and up-to-date steamer." That interests us.

✦ ✦ ✦

Reading further, we happen upon the following: "In submitting for your consideration the enclosed prospectus, permit us to draw your attention to a few items which, we venture to think, will prove of interest to you, and, at the same time, will show our justification in approaching you." Now, one has to admit that in the foregoing there is nothing of the blatant self-sufficiency which is so disgustingly common with the steamer prospectus as we usually know it. Furthermore, the letter is printed in plain black, and without any of the meretricious aids which are supposed to belong to three-colour effects, but which, in reality, provoke one to the remark that a plain tale plainly told is best, while colour schemes are best left to the vendors of New Zealand lamb, and "broken leaf" tea!

✦ ✦ ✦

Indeed, we have an idea that the same intelligence which caused the promotors of the Manoravon Steamship Company to approach us on gentlemanly lines, will also materially assist them in earning a good dividend, once the steamer is at work. For, gainsay it who will, the gentlemanly trait counts to-day, more than ever it did, and the investor is quite too well-posted to be gulled by mere colour. He wants fact, for he realises that even in hair-dressing, "barbers' poles" have been relegated to the limbo of forgotten arts and devices—save by the exponents of, say, third-rate methods. However, reading along to the "few items" already referred to, we note that—and with reference to Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis and Co., the promoters of the Manoravon Steamship Company.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Both members of the firm are well-known in commercial circles, and have been favoured with exceptional opportunities for the gaining of valuable experience in all matters appertaining to the shipping industry. Mr. E. T. Griffiths has, for many years, held responsible positions with important shipping firms . . . Having been thus closely identified with the commercial side of shipping, he has become thoroughly conversant with the practical management of steamers, and in the varied trades of the world. Captain Lewis, with a record of upwards of twenty years in command of various steamers, is in a position to bring valuable professional knowledge, both as regards the handling of steamers and cargoes, the requirements and possibilities of different trades, and an economical supervision of the steamer's up-keep under all circumstances."

✦ ✦ ✦

There you are! It is mainly for the reasons set out in the preceding paragraph, that we admit that this flotation appeals to us, most favourably. There would appear to be nothing of the dilettante here. No callow youth attempting to cajole the patient investor into supplying a sum of money that may be used for the purpose of educating the callow one. Instead, we have

two experienced men who, between them, have secured a cheap ship—she works out to an inclusive price of about £5 18s. per ton; have "considerably more than" the £5,000 which admits of their going to allotment; and they openly admit that "the remainder is now offered to the public."

✦ ✦ ✦

One other item in this little effort appeals to us. Here it is: "With the trade revival which—in the opinion of those best qualified to judge—is now commencing, the *Manoravon* with her manifest advantages over other and older steamers is, we venture to say, worthy of your attention and support." See? There is nothing of the "we" and "our," here; we are not even stuffed with the old, old jape that "under the circumstances, our steamer is bound to prove a remunerative investment." The facts are stated; we are shown the advantages of the vessel; and are then asked if she isn't worthy of our attention and support?

✦ ✦ ✦

Yet another quotation: "When negotiating for the *Manoravon*, we could have contracted for an apparently cheaper steamer, but our best efforts were directed towards the attainment of a well-built and completely up-to-date vessel, with which the word 'extras' would not apply. In other words, we have not contracted for a steamer in which the ostensible purchase-price is low, but where the so-called 'extras' will raise same to the extent of several thousands of pounds. As already stated, the *Manoravon's* contract price is based on a full specification, and is final in that there will be no expensive 'after thoughts.'"

✦ ✦ ✦

And too much cannot be made out of the foregoing, for most shipping investors will remember instances where, having paid-up for an apparently cheap ship, they have ultimately found out that when the "extras" had been supplied, the cheapness was utterly killed, and that the gentle crock was "dear at any price!" There be they among us, who have sarcastically asked if the funnel and propellor were "extra," in view of the manner in which the purchase price had increased after the prospectus had beguiled them into parting with their money. But where the price is "final in that there will be no expensive 'after thoughts,'" well, this is another reason for our favourable consideration, of this newest effort to increase Cardiff's already goodly-sized amount of steamer tonnage.

✦ ✦ ✦

Coming along to the capital of this latest concern, we find that it "has been fixed at the nominal sum of £27,000, this course appealing to us—in the interests of shareholders—as best. The remainder of the purchase price, being obtainable at a low rate of interest, affords a considerable saving, and better enables us to provide a redemption or reserve fund for gradually paying off the balance, thus serving, in an eminently satisfactory manner, as provision for depreciation." Of course, there is nothing new in this arrangement, for some of Cardiff's most successful steamer-managers have worked on the same lines. At the same time, it must be admitted that the majority of those who have not been successful—at least, to other than themselves—have worked on different lines!

✦ ✦ ✦

Anyhow, and writing in all seriousness, we have a shrewd suspicion that the supporters of the *Manoravon* will have nothing to grumble at, and if she isn't rapidly over-subscribed, then, we shall develope the belief that there is either a scarcity of cash about, or that existing investors do not recognise a good thing when it is offered them. Furthermore, our readers will admit that we are not of they who see good in every cock-and-bull yarn which is foisted upon the public. On the contrary, rather, for we have raised all manner of splenetic feelings in would-be company promoters, by our out-spoken strictures. At the same time, we have ever striven to give praise where it is due, as well as blame where necessary. For this reason, our friends are good enough to attach importance to our remarks.

✦ ✦ ✦

Before breaking away from this consideration of *Manoravon*, and for the purpose of spot-barring our inquisitive readers, we might as well state, right out, that the remuneration of the directors and managers—Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis and Co.—is tabled at 2½ per cent. on the gross earnings of the steamer, save when she is on time charter, in which case the payment will be 5 per cent. of the chartered freight. This payment will cover management and secretarial work, and as it ranks among the most favourable terms, nothing further need be said on this phase of the subject. Personally, we shall be glad to comment on the workings of this concern, when they are offering their sixth steamer to the public, and hope they will favour us with a prospectus when that time has arrived.

✦ ✦ ✦

The words "sixth steamer" reminds us of another piece of eminently good prophesy which is recorded in our favour. When The Maritime Review was just essaying its first voyage upon the troubled seas of journalism, Mr. Edward Nicholl was "doing likewise" in steamer management! Alone, among shipping exponents, this journal undertook to side in with "Teddy," as he was then familiarly styled. (We are not quite sure as to the precise word which passes current to-day, but in view of the success which has been his, we shouldn't be surprised to hear it pronounced "Meteoric!") However, when Mr. Nicholl started his untried work, the sapient leaders of London shipping thought affected to be funny at his expense; undertook to bandy banalities over his prospectus; and to-day, they are covered with confusion and repentance!

✦ ✦ ✦

You see, the tyro of that date has now six brass-plates outside his offices, and the cry is "still they come!" The immediate cause of the rapid accumulation of those brass-plates is, that the Cardiff "Hall" Line pays a ten per cent. dividend with monotonous regularity. Aye, and the ten per cent. dividend is one of the features which has converted the Cockney cavillers. When all is said, it is particularly easy to be wise after the fact; moreover, you do not need any undue amount of knowledge of your subject? But to pick out a given man at the commencement of his career; to state unequivocally that he is going to be a phenominal success; and to stick to your opinions in spite of all that your venerable rivals might predict in opposition; well, it augurs one of two things. You are either pig-headed, or know what you are writing about?

✦ ✦ ✦

In view of the rapid gathering of the clans—no, of the brass-plates referred to, we think that our knowledge was considerably above the average of our rivals. What do you think? Going further, we do not mind taking you into our confidence, yet a bit more. At the time when the "Hall" Line of to-day consisted of a single steamer, and she was merely in embryo, quite a number of would-be knowing ones attempted to pull our leg, we think it is styled by the vulgar. Anyhow, they tried to beguile us with the belief that "Teddy" was bound to make a mess of it. We asked why, of course, and the invariable answer was: "Because he will." We smiled,

are smiling now, and—best feature of all—we have a notion that Mr. Nicholl must join in the game, as he superintends the screwing on of the next name-plate!

✦ ✦ ✦

Now, why, think you, were the croakers so insistent? Merely out of jealousy! And if we had agreed to side in with them, we should have done much better—from a financial standpoint. On the other hand, you might ask why we were so firm in our belief that the tryer of that day would be the converter of the moment? If so, we don't mind stating that it was because we were sure that Mr. Nicholl knew his business; that he had learned it at sea, and also in the offices of some extremely progressive shipowners; that he wouldn't bite off more than he could chew, so to write; and that generally considered, he would keep a level head.

✦ ✦ ✦

Furthermore, we realised that as the result of knowledge gathered at sea, this same tryer would lean to his own countrymen; would employ them whenever possible; and our knowledge of the circumstances taught us that that way success lay. Six steamers in three years, and a ten per cent. dividend all 'round (to say nothing of decent reserves and paid-off debentures) is fairly good proof in our favour, what? There's a point here, for you, Messrs. Griffiths and Lewis. Patronise your own countrymen, and the "sixth boat" will be along ever so much quicker. We haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, and trust that you will forgive us for appearing to interfere with your business; but if you'll take the word of those who have "been there," patriotism does pay—the shareholder, whatsoever it might do to the steamer manager.

✦ ✦ ✦

On second thought, we remember that the Lewis of the combination is a shipmaster, so possibly he will be of the same opinion as ourselves—that it is eminently good business, when in a jamb, to be surrounded with your own countrymen? Anyhow, Mr. Nicholl has emphasised that—with practical knowledge in the office—it is best to have Britons attending to the seagoing end of the shipping undertaking. Last week, we tabulated a few of Cardiff's nautical triumphs, placing against them the wages paid their crews. One of these odd afternoons, and when we have time, we shall pick out the crew lists of those vessels—and the dividends which they pay, or don't pay, as the case might be; for both sorts are included in the list, don't forget.

✦ ✦ ✦

Meanwhile, we have set one of our young men to work, for the purpose of gleaning the amounts paid by the Cardiff "Hall" Line, for in view of the handsome dividend consistently paid by Messrs. Edward Nicholl and Co., some more fact will be worthy of attention. It is generally asserted that the times will not admit of a living wage to the seafarer; we have ever denied it; some of the wool-pulling fraternity affect to look wise and pity us for our lack of knowledge, even as they stuff our contemporaries with all manner of home-made yarns; and thus it comes about, that we consider the time ripe for a clear expression of the truth.

✦ ✦ ✦

We quite realise that a number of local "shipowners" would pay no dividend, supposing they obtained their crews for nothing. Personal expenses, and a roping in of a ripping banking account won't admit of it—in their case. We shall attend to them all as time passes, and shall show the shipping investor where the money goes that should be his, instead of the everlasting "regret" which comes to hand, with sickening regularity. If the times really are hard, then, they affect the Nicholl steamers equally with the others. If aliens are cheaper, why don't the others pay a dividend?

Aliens are cheaper—we admit it. They are cheaper to the "manager," who thus manages to rake in a bit more for himself; but that they are dearer to the shareholder—well, consider the tale which applies with a ten-per-cent. firm. We give it you, below, even as we apologise to Mr. Nicholl, for thus trotting out what he might be inclined to think are his own private affairs. Commencing with the Old Man, we find that he is paid £22 per month—instead of the usual £18-and-find-charts-and-chronometer; mate has to be satisfied with £10—instead of £9; second mate receives £8—and the boss is wicked in consequence, if we may attach any importance to his from-nothing-to-five-per-cent-dividend-paying competitors; "the flunk" walks off with £7 per month—and thus efficiently attends to the everlasting grub question.

✦ ✦ ✦

The cook has to be satisfied with £5 *per mensum* and the mess-room boy (that sometime wile of the devil!) is paid £2 per month. That presently *rara-avis*-among-modern-tramps, the bo's'n, is paid £5 per month, and is therefore an efficient and trustworthy petty officer; while the seamen are paid £4 per month, and are all-British. Compare this with the wages paid by the sorry stuff which has been trusted with your shekels hitherto, and decide as to whether you will go on with the bluff, or will rather insist on placing your money where a ten per cent. divvy is certain. Dropping along to the engine-room staff, we find that the chief, second, third and fourth engineers receive respectively, £16-and-a-bonus, £12, £8, and £6 per month.

✦ ✦ ✦

The uncertificated-but-boss-engineer—otherwise the donkeyman—is satisfied (presumably!) with £5 per month, while the cinder-worriers walk off with a consistent £4 per month, and, once more, they are all-British. On the boat where our researches were made (no, we aren't going to particularise, as this is our affair; we have a right to prosecute our researches whithersoever we please) there were six hands in the forecastle, and four apprentices. In other words, the apprentices didn't displace a sailor—for this reason, and according to the sweaters of the profession, Mr. Nicholl deserves hanging, at least!

✦ ✦ ✦

But according to the "boys" on his vessels? Well, we have gleaned some queer opinions about "the boss," and that's a fact! But every-man-Jack is loud in his beliefs that he deserves the very best, and—as we heard a Tyndal Street fireman remark in this connection a few days ago—"Begobs, he gits it, sorr!" But then, it is unnecessary for us to go to Tyndal Street for a definition of what happens, here. The voyage accounts show it, conclusively. Where a steamer is manned on whiteman lines, and still pays a ten per cent. divvy—well, it is obvious that the best is given? Good firing and straight steering; careful navigation and attention to the business side of the vessel's adventure.

✦ ✦ ✦

All of which goes to show that Christian treatment pays. Try it, some of you hitherto soul-less payers of anything from £3-upward. Try it, and then when our tabulated statement is eventually prepared, you might find yourselves—if only by a fluke—on the pleasing side of the column. Remember too, that we write to a large circle of readers, so, in self-interest, turn over from your exploiting ways, or be left high-and-dry on the rocks which abound in financial waters. And as a parting shot, Messrs. Griffiths and Lewis, let us exhort you to rank in on the side of the good owners (there are many about, even yet), although judging from the letter and prospectus to which we have already referred—as well as from some little investigations of our own, to eke the

other stuff out!—we believe that you are in no need of the exhortation. Otherwise, we should not wish you the success that, under existing circumstances, we undoubtedly do wish you.

✦ ✦ ✦

When the interim report of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company was issued in June. last, many of the shareholders feared that, owing to its pessimistic nature, the usual dividend of 13 per cent., would not be in evidence this year. Happily these fears have not been realised, and the rate of dividend paid since 1901 has been maintained. The report for the year has not yet reached us, and therefore, it is impossible to comment on the economies which have been effected, or on the progress of trade. Considering the difficulties which this company has had to contend with during the past year, the management is to be congratulated on the issue, and so too, are the shareholders. We hope that the current year will prove more encouraging for all concerned, than the period recently ended.

✦ ✦ ✦

The London and River Plate Banking Co., believe in doing things in the proper manner. The dividend recently announced is 20 per cent., and £100,000 is placed to reserve, making that fund up to £1,000,000. The account carried forward is £44,000, and £10,000 has been contributed to the pension fund. The capital at present issued, is £1,500,000, and of this amount £900,000 has been paid up, being at the rate of £15 per £25 share; of this £15, £5 per share has been paid out of profits. The directors now propose to issue the balance of the authorised capital– £500,000—and the shares are to be offered to the existing shareholders, at par. The rate now quoted for these issued shares is 63, and the present offer to shareholders, of one new share at par, for every three at present held, is a substantial bonus. Would that we were holders! Some people have all the luck!

The Insurance Amalgamation season is at present in full swing, and one of the latest propositions in this line, is that the "Royal" should take over the Northern Accident Company. The terms offered by the "Royal" are as follows: For every share in the Northern Co., the holders to receive £7 in cash, and a dividend of 20 per cent. for 1906, as against 12½ per cent. for last year; and in addition to this, an interim dividend of 2s. per share, for 1907. On the face of it, the inducement held out by the "Royal" seems tempting, but at the same time the "Northern" is a flourishing company, and has earned for itself a good name. We very much doubt that the members of the smaller company will agree to this proposed move. Personally, we fail to see why they should do so, for we cannot forget that as an accident company, the "Northern" has an enviable reputation.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Waredale Steel, Coal and Coke Company have had a drop in their profits of £11,000 for the past year, the decline being from £62,000 to £51,000. The profits admit of the payment of 6 per cent. on the deferred shares, but the carry-forward has been reduced from £34,200 to £17,000. The falling off is attributed to the low price of coal at the commencement of the year, and also to the fact that when the rise came, the contracts which at that time existed, prevented the company from reaping any benefits. The directors in their report, state that highly satisfactory results should be achieved in the immediate future. We have an idea that we have heard tales of this description from directors other than these particular gentlemen, and in many cases the "satisfactory results" have not made their appearance. Considering the ups and downs that iron and steel companies have recently experienced we can but hope, for the sake of those who have a holding in this particular company, that the recent developments will really improve the company's prospects.

THE NEW MODEL HAMMOND

No. 12. VISIBLE.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SIGHT ALL THE TIME.

Visibility

Simplicity

Durability

THIS instrument has all the very latest improvements and labor saving devices, including the *Bi-chrome Ribbon Attachment*, also a new *Variable Spacing Mechanism*, has five different widths of Carriages, twenty-eight languages on a single machine, also special Braille shuttle for the use of the blind. Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are written on a specially constructed instrument writing from right to left. If you would like to know more about it send to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

London Office: 50, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Manchester Office: 164, Deansgate, Manchester.

W. LEWIS, 22, DUKE STREET, CARDIFF.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

For High-class

BOOKBINDING

of every description, try

THE MARITIME REVIEW, Limited,

Clarence Road,

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

TYNESIDE ENGINE WORKS, Ltd.,
CARDIFF.
Engineers, Boilermakers, etc.,
BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.
Nat. Tel. Works, No. 18. Manager, No. 03550. Telegrams: "Tyneside."

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS AND CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

No. 5—NEARLY READY.

"The Shipmaster"

The first Publication to advocate, solely, the cause of the Mercantile Executive Officer and Engineer.

Of interest to all, but especially to those for whose particular protection it is published; and containing everything of the Brightest, Breeziest, and Best.

EVERY MONTH,
Single Copies, Tenpence.
Annual Subscription (Free in United Kingdom), 10s.

WILL YOU SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY?

Address:
"THE SHIPMASTER," LTD., *Docks, Cardiff.*

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

OUR SHIPYARD

With its accompanying Dry Docks and Works, was carefully designed, equipped, and completed for the construction and repairing in every detail of

Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Protected Cruisers,

Gun Boats, Torpedo Boats, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Submarine Boats,

Ocean Liners, Passenger Steamers, Freight Carriers, Etc., Etc.

NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.,

1, BROADWAY, NEW YORK—NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Registered as a Newspaper

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 147. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1906. Threepence

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

A Royal Commission—Looking for a British Seaman.

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE	52
MARITIME MURMURS	53
MALINGERING	57
SHIPREPAIRING AT CARDIFF (Illustrated)	58
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	64
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	65
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	66
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	67

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

OUR German contemporaries are letting themselves go, somewhat, over the *Wilhelm der Grosse-Orinoko* collision, and are eulogising the "unequalled care and conscientiousness" with which German "sea-going vessels" are handled. Verily doth charity begin at home—everywhere, save in free and happy England. It hath also been touchingly remarked, "Live and learn." But, poor us, in our abounding ignorance on these little items, we have ever been under the impression that most vessels were sea-going—with the bare exceptions of those of the Imperial pint (or quart) persuasion. For the matter of that, these latter require "unequalled care and conscientiousness" in their handling—after the sixth or seventh, what? But without wishing to split straws with our Teutonic contemporaries, and while willing to admit that the Sherman is no end of a white swan in his own country ships, we yet have to record that, when sailing in the vessels of the hated British, his "white" propensities are somewhat [illegible] by their absence. Of course, we ought not to [illegible] the truth in this open and above-board manner. Not by any manner of means, for we ought to pretend that for "unequalled care and conscientiousness," the alien of every breed, takes the bun, while the Briton is exactly the reverse.

As a matter of fact, we should pretend precisely as we have written above, were it not for the little item that we write from first-hand experience, rather than from the dictation of advertisers and their agents. We have no wish to wade through the Teutonic piffle which gravitates around the collision referred to above, and mainly for the reason that most of the stuff is piffle. When the German friend has been allowed to work up a mercantile marine that will be large enough to admit of his having a few more collisions to the square inch, so to speak, than obtain with him to-day—well, he will be in the same boat as the Briton. Familiarity will breed the inevitable contempt, and he will save his encomiums for his 'longshore friends. Meanwhile, he acts after the fashion of all people who are blessed or otherwise with a toy, or hobby. That is to say, he rides the latter to death, and paints the former until the original substance is altogether covered up with colouring matter. Presumably, the twankey referred to above, is a sample of the "jet of cold water" recommended to Britain, by another upholder of the Holy Roman Empire? The recommender on this occasion—one Herr Lattman, Anti-Semite and Pan-German—had been concerning himself with a colonial tour. German colonial tour, you know.

THE gentleman's "jet of cold water" was the outcome of a consideration of the little frictions which arise over African colonising dodges, carried out by Britain and Germany, respectively. You see, this would-be solon had been meandering around German West Africa. Had undertaken a tour of inspection. And like most of his kidney, he affected to have learnt more about the conditions and circumstances in a few weeks, than immeasurably better men could size-up in a life-time! The Africans had been giving the amiable Germans sops. Moreover, the former had been armed with ordinary trade guns, while the latter had fine military rifles. The trade guns and pot-leg ammunition had raised the bulge on the military riflemen, and as a natural (and German "explorer") consequence, the whole fit-out was attributable to perfidious Albion. As a result, the "jet of cold water" was suggested, presumably for the reason that cold water is supposed to put a damper on real, 'live gunpowder? One of these days, the German "pan-folk" will realise that while it is distinctly soul-satisfying to abuse a successful rival, it is ever so much better business to leave the abuse, even while a patient search is made for the items which tend towards failure with the abusers.

WHEN all is said on this little matter, the Briton hasn't forged ahead to his present proud position, as a result of anathematising all and sundry. On the contrary, for his is a distinct case of "to the victor belongs the spoil." If the Teutonic rival really wishes to girdle the earth with a span of coal-depôts, and colonies generally, he will stand a much better chance to succeed, by giving up his preponderating love of mere talk and personal advertisement, even while he goes in for deeds. Hitherto, our German friends have done much in the matter of gaining publicity, through judicious advertisement. The eyes of the world are on Germany, and the old-time advertisers are finding the position uncomfortable. They have the publicity, but are beginning to realise that they have hardly the merit which justifies that publicity. One of these odd afternoons, they

will quite realise the absence of justification, when it is highly probable that they will leave talk for work. When that time arrives, there will be need for no jets of cold water for the Briton; nor utility in prattling of the "unequalled care and conscientiousness" of the German sailor—or soldier. We who know him best—and as we have already remarked—prefer to keep an open mind on his conscientiousness, whether he be sailor, soldier, politician, coloniser, anti-Semite, or pan-German.

With a persistence worthy a better cause, many good men have risked (and lost) life and fortune, in brave but ineffectual efforts to discover the North Pole. The latest idea in this direction, is that a woman is organising an expedition, somewhere out in Alaska—ominous word! Her only companions are to be Eskimos, while the declared object of her contemplated excursion, is the discovery of the aforesaid terminal of Earth's axis. More power to the lady, we say, although we are somewhat inclined to think that she should stick to her own sex? You see, if she should succeed in wresting from Jack Frost, his hitherto well-kept secret, we should be extremely sorry to know—upon the return of the expedition—that some mere male Eskimos had "been there," you understand. Meanwhile, the vastness of the suggested enterprise, has moved our own "Alfred Austin" to something or other in the line poetic. 'Tis not for us to make an attempt to give our "Alfred" a severe dose of swelled head. Rather, we will give you his "poetry," and if you have tears, prepare to shed 'em now:

To find the North Pole has been the desire
Of Behring, of Nansen, of Peary;
Ships, money and men, go North till we tire,
But "the Pole" is still much of a query!

Now, comes to the 'fore, an Amazon, bold,
To fit out one more expedition
She'll brave ice and flood, and dangers untold,
To fake up "the Pole's" true position.

Then, take heart of grace, ye ladies who yell
For the vote that's so dear to your soul
That vote's a "sure cop" since we're able to tell,
Of a lady that's bound for "the Poll!"

Labour troubles notwithstanding, the Clyde shipbuilders appear to have a very big justification for shaking hands with themselves (and each other), on account of their record year for shipbuilding. We note that the Cardiffian doesn't patronise the Clyde shipbuilder anything worth speaking of—possibly this is because the gentle Scot is too cautious about letting the local man know of the abounding abilities which coruscate around the Converted Ditch; but, obviously, there are others. Anyhow, for the eleven months just finished, the Clyde has turned out 282 vessels, aggregating 550,878 tons, while, for the whole of Scotland—and in the same period—the figures are 391 vessels, with 603,920 tons. In actual figures, the increase is nothing much to brag about, for in connection with Clyde, these are 11,028 tons, and for the whole of Scotland, 15,988 tons. The figures are interesting as showing the amount of work that is yet possible with this effete old country of ours, and Lloyd's estimate of Clyde work under construction—to the end of September—was over 500,000 tons, as compared with 486,000-odd tons for the same period last year. Really, the increase doesn't amount to so very much after all? Not enough to justify the political tub-thumpers in their claims about the increase in trade?

Still, shipping is certainly on the boom—if only to a moderate extent; and if the novitiates will agree to ca' canny in their efforts to "lift" new stuff, the boom will certainly be accentuated. But when all is said, there is but little chance for the shipowner who is cursed with a choice lot of old crocks, and regardless of the idea as to whether they were originally cheap, or otherwise. Yet we notice that a number of callow folk are exploiting the shipping community with a more or less fine assortment of stuff that would be just as useful on the scrap heap! Of course, these good souls act in this manner, mainly because they are callow. They hustle around the sale-rooms of the world, and because their "bargains" appear to be composed of the lot-of-stuff-for-little-money variety, they cheat themselves with the belief that they are going to do something big with their undertaking. Needless to say, they will be disappointed—in the majority of instances; so will the good souls who take their bait, and invest! These unfortunates do not appear to have sufficient brains to know that if the old crock had been worth having—as a commercial venture—the late owners thereof would not have been inclined to part. Still, it is a great desideratum with some people—to write themselves "shipowner." Why, is among those things which no fellah can understand!

For, at best, their efforts merely take the phase of a flutter. They come out to-day, and go back to-morrow. In the meantime, they have enjoyed the transient notoriety which hangs about this class of business; and although a number of the "fancy" assure you that their ideas of "shipowning" is to run the vessel bare and get the repairs out of the underwriters—well, it is all the same, five years hence! They don't keep the ship for long enough to admit of their "running her bare," and anyhow underwriters have these kinds of people on their little lists! Thus it comes about that—providing the crocklet has a class—she is quoted at twelve to fifteen guineas; if she hasn't a class, the clubs gather her in, and repairs are paid for out of the main hatches of other of the crocks included in "our list." Funny way of working it, don't you think? You might be inclined to ask how any of the gang can manage to get a bit out of the undertaking; might suggest that the whole contraption is after the manner of taking the money from one pocket, and shifting it into the other? But it isn't. It all comes out of the same pocket, even supposing that it ultimately becomes distributed into quite a number of other pockets. Whose is the one pocket? Why, the shipping investors, to be sure! What do you think?

Of course, there is one little chance of obviating all this misery. The sane man puts his money on a new boat, and provided she is managed by folk who know their business, some sort of a dividend may be depended on. But where "the little packet" is handicapped from the start, with a big mortgage which reaches right up to her trucks; is for ever in need of repairs—because her late owners attempted to "run her bare and get the repairs out of the underwriters;" and costs more to run in a month, than an up-to-date vessel does in six months; then, you can easily see the futility of putting your shekels on a second-hand crocklet? We happen to know that, in connection with some recently-offered new tonnage, nobody would look at it—and yet it was cracked up as being cheap as all that; and is now on offer for sale by private tender! In these cases, the wily investor—if he is offered the chance—stands to come into a good thing. When a boat of this kind is offered for sale, she generally starts off on her career, at least £1,000 less than her contract price, and that is a consideration these days? The would-be floater forfeits his deposit, the builder merely hopes to get what she was originally worth—and there you are. True, in dodges of this kind, the ordinary investor is seldom asked to join—until the boat has got into the crocky and second-hand stage. Then, it is even as we have already written. Still, the Clyde is booming its ship-building ability.

The jape, "Norwich a Port," is still exercising the minds of the good people who are responsible for the idea, and the attempt that way. Some wicked wag has dared to say that unless a coalfield can be found "laying across its path," the hoped-for port is doomed: will never come out of the wished-for stage: and might just as well be treated as a lay-her-playthings-all-away notion. This has got the back—or the correspondence-power—of a Norwich gentleman up, and he has been easing himself in the columns of one of his local "dailies." That is alright, and is exactly as it should be. Daily papers are run, principally, for the purpose of supplying a sort of safety valve to their own little clientéles. Anyhow, the writer alluded to, after getting off on a series of negations against the misguided (in his opinion) souls who have dared to question the feasability of a ship canal up Norwich way; starts in to give reasons for his beliefs. He emphatically states that London has no coalfield in its path; neither has Southampton, Plymouth, and several other points of apparent nautical beauty. But why quote either of the three ports? Surely that corresponding gentleman wouldn't wish to work Norwich into a position analagous to London, Southampton, or Plymouth?

Why, the ports named have been in existence since the year one—there or thereabout—and instead of posing, to-day, as progressive seaports, they are merely diddering down the hill which leads to eventual oblivion. We believe that it has been seriously suggested that London's docks should be filled in with good fertile soil, so that the tuber of commerce ycleped the potato might be raised thereon; Southampton to be fitted with a covered way made of corrugated iron and glass, and fettled with a large-sized label reading "A Has-Been, and a Might-Have-Been"; while dear old Plymouth—well, nobody seems to know exactly what that "seaport" is best suited for; certainly not for a commercial undertaking as it is understood at present. However, the writing chiel who started us off on this consideration, admits that while the success of a port doesn't depend "primarily upon the presence or absence of a coalfield in its immediate neighbourhood," there are exceptions—one or two. For a start, we are asked to consider Cardiff as one. Having done so, we hasten along to this gem of reasoning-power: "Trade, like most things, follows the line of least resistance, and when it finds a suitable exchanging point, the trade stays there.

Fudge, sir. F-u-d-g-e. Trade doesn't find anything in the shape of a "suitable starting point." The exponents thereof have to get a hustle on for the purpose of convincing the holders of a given trade, that a given point is suitable from an exchanging consideration. In other words, that it is likely to be a suitably financial exchanging point if you'll forgive the simile. Where could you find a better "exchanging point" than Cardiff? Yet, it has taken the good souls who are responsible for its expansion, half-a-century to convince the other side of the proposition as to the undoubted truth of the argument. And Cardiff ever had the advantage of cheap bunkers, and outward cargoes in her favour. Going further, we are asked—in a metaphorical sense, of course—to "take Harbin in Manchuria." Personally, we wouldn't be so fool-hardy as to attempt to take any town in Manchuria, although we are willing to admit that "a few years ago, there was no such place"; also, "that a branch line of the Siberian Railway was built, running from Harbin to Port Arthur and Dalny in China"; with the result that "Russian trade from Moscow, Irkutsk, Vladivostock, Kumarsk, and a thousand other Russian towns met at that point," for the wholesale glorification of all concerned.

But what then? Norwich isn't in Manchuria; never was; and if we have a word to say on the subject, never will be. Norwich is in free and happy England; is grubbing along in quite a conventional manner; nobody has missed its beauties on account of its having no claim as a seaport, and—greatest point of all—there are already in existence, a thousand much better "exchanging points"—all of them at work. Most of which goes to show that, at best, the suggested canal will be but a speculation; that its promotors will have to do what the Manchurian push never needed to do—create a market; and while the few people who are responsible for the scheme might easily come out of it with flying colours and other items not necessarily connected therewith; where would the stockholders be—twenty years from now? Most of them would be in heaven. We are willing to admit that point. But where would their heirs or assigns be? Well, to put the matter in a brutally vulgar fashion, they would be up a financial tree, and that is about all there is to say in connection with the idea. Dear, dear, how one wishes to run on, when these Æsop-fabley young men get athwart one's hawse!

With further reference to that American Shipping Subsidy scheme, the gentlemen who, for reasons of their own, are whole-hoggers therein, offer some highly amusing "arguments" on behalf of their baby. Knowing that President Roosevelt is keen on creating a powerful Navy, the subsidists assure him that unless their bill becomes an Act, this ambition can never be realised. In their usually fatuous manner, they pretend that until America has a real, live mercantile marine with plenty and to spare of her own boys sailing in its vessels, a Navy is hopeless! What is the matter with Britain's Navy? She has a Fleet that will take some beating, and everybody knows that it has no possibility of receiving recruits from the Mercantile Marine, which is composed—chiefly—of aliens. According to Admiralty claims, there is quite a plethora of suitable lads offering for the Royal Navy, and although we are inclined to discount the statement (very seriously) the fact remains that the vessels are still at sea, in some shape or other. How does this fit in with the American's claim? As things are at present, a Navy doesn't at all depend on a Mercantile Marine, and, in peace time, it never will. It is only when war's alarms—to say nothing of its shot and shell—have brought the complement of Naval men below par, that a call will be made upon the Mercantile Marine.

Meanwhile, and continuing our consideration of the American claim for a Subsidy Bill, doesn't everybody know that if there is ultimately a Mercantile Marine faked up for Uncle Sam, it will have to be run almost exclusively by foreigners? In the first place, Sam has no sailors or navigators to speak of—mainly for the reason that, in the past, he had no need for them; next, his own boys—thanks to modern educational facilities—will see the Subsidy Schemers jiggered before they will go to sea under existing conditions, or any others that might be made; and finally, a subsidy never excelled in anything save bluffing the majority of a country's population, out of the shekels that are essential for the minority to become wealthy without work. When all is said on this particular point, we can understand that the schemists were prepared to "go nap," on their game. If the Bill runs through, two years will recoup them for all their previous outlay; two more years will make them rich; and by the end of other two years, the Act will be repealed—all ready for a different group to begin the game over again. So the merry trick continues, although it is impossible to awaken any real

interest on the subject in America, even as applies in Britain! They all dodge along on the line of least resistance!

It would be interesting to know the probable net result of the visit of the general manager of Bristol Docks, to Canada. We find that Mr. Girdlestone has travelled extensively in the Dominion; that he has spared no pains in ventilating the inherent beauties of Bristol, as an importing centre; and has assured some most "influential circles" that "Jarge idden relely azleep; only dozin'." In fact, the gentleman appears to have followed all the precedents which have been established in this direction; and having returned, he is now open to give the local pressmen his views of Canada. As far as we can see, those views are quite orthodox. Canada is a great country. It is experiencing a colossal wave of prosperity. Its inhabitants are most courteous and loyal. They receive every commercial traveller with the respect which his calling warrants. They promise to remember all the nice things which have been said about Cardiff—no, it's Bristol this time. And one of these days, when they really have an opportunity of looking the subject up, they might, if some big merchant in the Old Country is inclined to risk his money on the scheme, send a few cargoes to Bristol. Mr. Girdlestone has been explaining the land-purchase facilities in Canada. Why? Do the Bristol Docks people cogitate the purchase of a few cargoes of the stuff, so that they might fill in certain portions of the Avon therewith? Surely not?

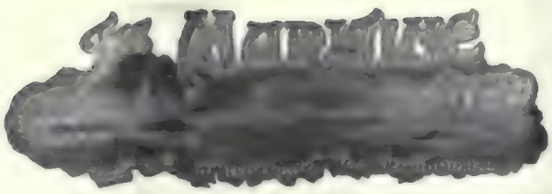
But considering Canada from a view-point outside of that set forth by Mr. Girdlestone, it would appear that it isn't at all a fine thing to be a Briton, thereaway—providing you come to earn a living, rather than to spend a portion of the proceeds of one already earned! The Canadian doesn't hanker after a full stock of Brother Britons. Not at all, for "there are large bodies of Canadian voters who do not want increased competition" —*vide* a Canadian "daily." And the mere fact that "Englishmen bear the brunt of this feeling," is really a compliment, for it shows that "Canadians regard them as the most dangerous competitors." Yea, lor'! So all you hard-ups on this side of the Atlantic, who have been reading those beautiful advertisements about "homesteads" in Homesteadville, reconsider your almost-decided-on-move to the Westward. As a means of putting up a fine living for so-called "emigration agents"—mostly East End Jews—those ads. possess potentialities; but if you are a particular sort of cuss in the matter of "homesteads," well, don't go out there among strangers. When you have to play the rôle of under dog, it is ever so much better to play it among your native surroundings: and if Canada is poetically known as "Our Lady of the Snows," please remember that poetry isn't at all filling—when you are hungry!

In a praiseworthy endeavour to explain the present situation in Naval matters, the *Morning Post* declares that "there is something wrong with the British Admiralty." There is! Something radically (no pun intended) wrong! So much so, that we are firmly convinced that if there is not a rapid change made in the constitution of the Board, trouble is not so very far ahead of the Old Land. However, in drawing the deductions which led our contemporary up to the admission of that "something wrong," the reader is taken over the salient features involved, and over the past year or so. "Some time ago," we read, "the Admiralty announced with a good deal of advertisement, two great changes of policy. There was to be a new scheme for the education of Naval officers and a new grouping of the King's ships into great fleets or squadrons . . . Then came a doubtful step. A great number of ships were got rid of, on the ground that they cost money to keep up. It seemed a strange reason for getting rid of men-of-war, because every man-of-war costs money to keep up, and the reason would justify the sale of the whole Navy at second-hand prices." Of course, it would, and we much doubt if anybody was beguiled with the alleged reason. The fact of the matter was, that instead of starting at the right end, and disposing of some of the fossils who footle around in authority, the ships were sacrificed.

To come down to bed-rock in this matter, the same reason applies to both Navy and Mercantile Marine: Both are suffering from the dry-rot which is inevitable, when control is vested in a number of irresponsible people. Off-hand, can any of you say who is responsible for the efficiency of the Fleet? Can you drop down on one man of whom a fearful example may be made, in the event of anything going unusually wrong? Not you! Each unit of the combination is in a position to shove the blame off on some other unit: the whole lot may go on cavilling about the "I said this, but So-and-so contradicted me;" theoretically, there is a head: in reality, there is none; and so the whole outfit ambles along from bad to worse, and there is—emphatically —"something wrong with the British Admiralty." In plain language, the affair is playing the game of "P'r'aps," and that, in connection with a nation's first (and only) line of defence, is dangerous in the extreme. There is but little need for us to go over the points which have led up to the present unenviable state of affairs; we have done so, repeatedly. Moreover, we have considered these items from the knowledge gained by actual experience.

But *dolce far niente* is the prevailing quotation. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow there's a football match —that is the spirit which is cankering out the nation's life. And professional politicians, in their regardless desire for vote-snatching, are pandering to the evil. Those professional politicians remind us of the bosses of some of the shipmasters' societies. Those worthies are so keen on retaining their salaries from the societies which they have engineered into being, that they have no time to attend to the grievances of their one-time professional brethren. They will say "Yes," to anything, as long as the annual subscription which gives them a living is brought along; and the shipmasters, poor deluded tools, are bluffed in accordance! As it is with these "societies," so is it with the Admiralty. It is only necessary to threaten a withdrawal of patronage, and a climb-down is on the way, at once. Oh the pity of it. Still, *Morning Post* is doing good by calling attention to this swindle on the nation. Every little helps, and one of these days, an alteration might be noticeable in the workings of these matters—although we haven't much faith in it.

At least, not until the nation has been brought so near to annihilation that it will be just a toss of a coin whether she wins through or not. Economy is a splendid thing—when kept on sensible lines; but for our part, we can see no economy in saving a million pounds through giving up so much defensive material, only to be immediately plunged in a war that will cost the nation several hundreds of millions of pounds. Besides, the economy—as usual—is all on the side of the defence of the land. Never in the matter of paying the salaries that are passed out to the horde of Government remittance men. If there is any real intention of working the show on economical lines, why not weed out the hangers-on, first? Give a man's work to the gentry who are now acting in gangs thereto. That is to say, the nation expects its Government to be carried out on lines similar to those which apply in huge industrial undertakings; instead, the thing works out as a charity affair; the "gentlemen" congregate in their thousands to do the work which would really be insufficient for hundreds; and in the end, much guff must be trotted around as to economy, where in truth, the thing is unknown.



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1906.

MALINGERING.

WHEN discussing the Compensation Bill last week, several of the hon. members interested in the affair had much to say for and against the prevalence of malingering. Naturally, their opinion was for or against, according to which side of the fence they patronised. Those with actual experience to guide them, were sure enough that malingering was as common as strawberries in September, while those who claimed to pose as "working men" (precisely for what reason was not stated) were equally sure that it was so uncommon that, practically, it was unworthy of attention. When all is said, compensation as based at present, is an absolute farce, and mainly for the reason that it will be a splendid annuity for the legal profession, without giving anything more than a shadow of compensation for the men. And the costs of the whole flangary will naturally come out of the employers, seeing that they yet continue in possession of a share of money, while the litigious workman does not. But with reference to the coal trade, Mr. Clifford Cory, M.P., was of opinion that the Compensation Act increased the cost of coal production, and made it more difficult for the native to compete successfully with the supplier abroad. Of course it does, and possibly that is one of the chief reasons why the Compensation Act was introduced in the first place? The supplier abroad has no vote that may be used for the would-be Parliamentarian, the British workman has. Again, while employers are in a minority, and, vote for vote, cannot compete with their own workmen, is it to be expected that they will count with politicians who merely look upon government as a profession? Certainly not. But coming down to malingering pure and simple, cannot practically every works-manager supply instances thereof? Why pretend that the workman is everything that is right and proper, while his employer is everything the other way? There are rotters among the employers—yes. Such a state of affairs is only to be expected, in view of the fact that employers are human equally with their men. But taking common humanity as the standpoint, then, seeing that the workman outnumbers the employer by heaven-knows-how-many-to-one, it naturally follows that the rotter is precisely in the same proportion, among the ranks of workmen? Everybody realises that, fortunately for the country, there is yet a good leavening of respectable workers about; everybody also realises that the other sort is rapidly on the increase—thanks to the exploiters who prattle of matters about which they know nothing, and who are allowed a free run, through the mistaken kindness of the masters. Consider the drydock industry here in South Wales, and having considered, say whether malingering doesn't exist to an appalling extent. Here is a typical instance: A man employed at a local dry dock makes no complaint of any accident while work is plentiful, and overtime is about in quite big proportions. But directly work becomes slack, he suddenly remembers that some six or seven weeks ago, he slipped on something which his own carelessness left laying about. What happens? Well, the man puts in a claim, based on the limit of time allowed, and although he has worked consistently from the time of the "accident" up to his stand-off, he expects to win his case. Needless to say, the employer has to "fight," and when he fights, he has to pay—no matter which way the case goes. It is useless expecting anything in the way of expenses from the "sick workman," for he is merely taking the thing up on the off chance, so to speak. If he wins, well, he will be so much the better off; if he loses, he will be merely where he was before, and the whole fit-out is as plain as the proverbial pike-staff. We note that Mr. Clifford Cory didn't accuse the working class as being worse than any other, as "in every class there are some liable to malingering, if something can be got out of it." Just so, and without paying any attention to this little side-touch of playing to the gallery, we yet are of opinion that it is the duty of the legislature to make an effort in simplifying the nation's laws. As the Compensation Act stands at present, there is absolutely nothing to go upon, for either side. It is all a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" for an employé—at least, in as far as costs are concerned. Malingering is as common as professional politicians for that matter, and one need not be particularly observant to note that quite a number of "old sojers" hang on to the fringe of every union. Men who are oftener on "benefit," than otherwise; while again, a bigger number show their ideas of independence, by refraining from benefit, even when they are eligible therefor. In other words, compensation from the master for accident to a servant, is exactly on a par with the "sick benefit" applying from a union. The good men are penalised so that the wasters may be wet-nursed, and the agitator's chief aim is to stand well with the wasters, seeing that, in most instances, they are the ones who make all the fuss at the "lodge meetings" of the society to which they belong. The good workmen simply call in on "lodge night," pay their dole, and pass out—thankful the ordeal is over; the wasters stay around until "chuck-out-time," and between them, make the agitator's life as miserable as his usually-thick-hide will admit of. So it is with the employers. They pay up for the purpose of keeping the peace, and so that they may be allowed to make an effort to stem the tide of destructive mediocrity which has set in. If any proof be needed in this direction, it is merely necessary to consider a few different workshops. Where the boss is what is designated a "hard case," he is left severely alone. He will submit to no shinnannakin, and as the agitators who encourage the malingerers ever pursue the line of least resistance, the "soft" employer is made a mark of. It is fairly easy to pick out a concern where accidents appear to be of almost daily occurrence, and the uninitiated would be justified in supposing that the gods had made a dead set at these particular concerns. As a matter of fact, they do not experience any more accidents to their workers than other concerns; but the management is "soft;" is accounted a "soft snap," and so the merry game is allowed to continue—aye, and with the connivance of the legislature. We note that Mr. Brace, M.P., and in connection with malingering, "had no hesitation in denying that there was anything like the quantity of malingering that they had been told existed." That is all very nice. But because a man has no hesitation in denying a given statement, makes no difference to the strength of that statement, does it? And what amount had been precisely tabled as existent among malingerers? However, Mr. Brace went on to remark, that "Far be it from me to say that you would not find here and there in a large number of working men, a man who was not as honourable as he ought to be, but he was an exception, and the House was asked to legislate for the rule, not for the exception." That's all right, but for our part, we had quite come to the conclusion that the House ever legislated for the exception: the tiny exception among us, of those who are members of Parliament? For our part, and we have a notion that we have had quite as much experience in these matters as Mr. Brace, we are inclined to believe that dishonourable workmen are about in quite big enough numbers, to make a Compensation Act a very grave peril to the nation. Particularly when it is run on the wheel-of-fortune lay.

Shiprepairing at Cardiff.

AMONG the drydocking and shiprepairing fraternity in the Bristol Channel, "big jobs" are so disgustingly common and frequent, that but few of those interested would turn a hair, if asked to tender for the repairs of "the largest ship afloat," and regardless of her name and nationality. Of course, we refer to the recognised drydocking and shiprepairing concerns. Not to those footering little concerns which, if asked to undertake a medium-sized job, would affect to "be blessed with a terrible amount of work on hand," even as they gracefully retired in favour of somebody who could really undertake the business.

GENERAL VIEW OF *S.S. GOTHIC.*

For it must not be supposed that it is only in the printing trade where a hanger-on will accept work that is altogether beyond him, and where a "trade printer" will carry out the contract, attaching the name of the hanger-on as an imprint of his own individual effort. Not at all, for we frequently note instances where the picayune tinker—the man whose facilities stretch quite to the extent of putting a point on a firing tool, or supplying a new cowl to a cabin ventilator—prevails on the serious drydock company "to see him through;" and for some altogether occult reason, the drydock company ultimately agrees to thus stultify itself.

One of these days, the millennium will be with us. On its arrival, we shall probably see the tinker relegated to tinkering, and the *bona fide* shiprepairer doing none but work which has been entrusted to him as a principal. Meanwhile, the "big jobs" come along; are attended to with more or less profit; and the amiable tinker draws up circular letters (and other "literature") which convincingly show that if he is no very great shakes at genuine repair-work, he yet takes some beating as a weaver of fairy-tales. Here comes in the principal trouble in the matter of Bristol Channel shiprepairing.

The genuine exponents of the art are so busily engaged about their legitimate work, that they have no time for the thinking-up of fairy tales; the tinkers have so little to do in connection with the legend which appears on their noteheads, that to drive away dull care (and to stuff the unthinking) they foist all manner of impertinences on the shipping world, with all the appearance of truth and ability hanging around it. It is amusing—to us, who look on; it must be most annoying to the proprietors of really efficient affairs which have cost huge sums to create, and which may not stoop to the meretricious vapourings of the small fry. At the same time, it is all the fault of the big concerns.

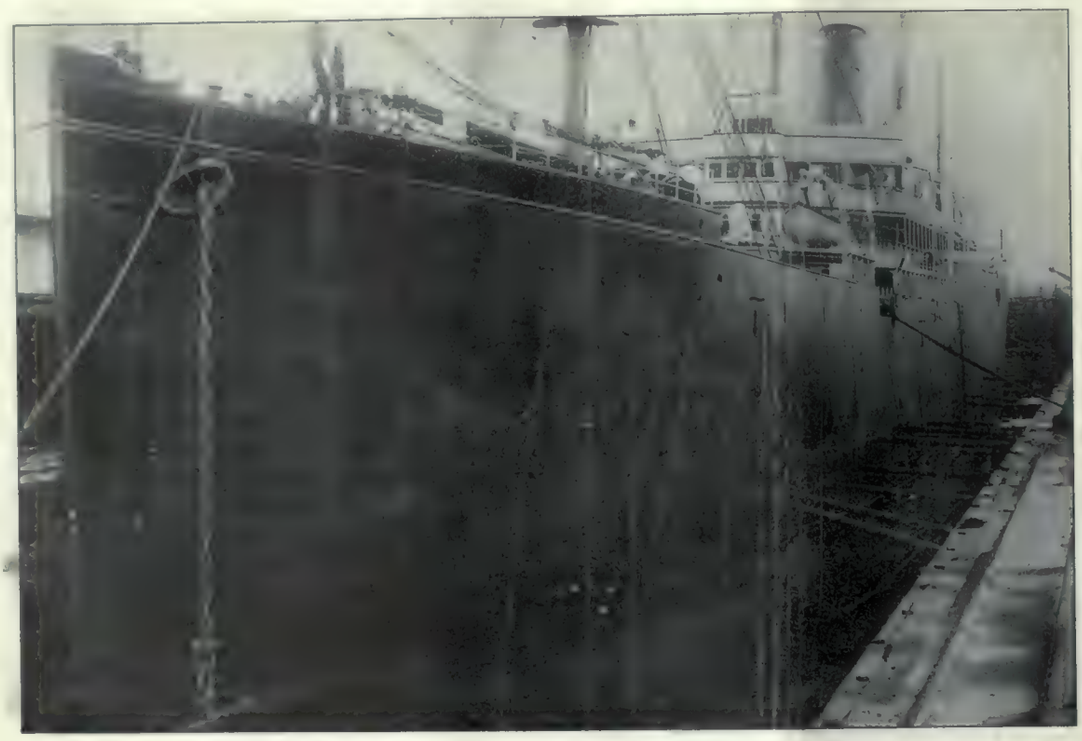
To put the matter in a nautical fashion, the man who is troubled with mosquitoes is moderately safe and comfortable—if he procures a mosquito net; but if he allows the water-side pest a free hand (or mouth), blindness and

ultimate decay is his portion, and, like the lady in the immortal song, "'E only 'as 'imself to blame!" It might be asked where shipowner comes in, in this little deal? If so, let us admit, at once, that he comes in all over. That is to say, if he is a proper shipowner—and there are many of that kind about as yet—he acts in a proper manner.

WHAT is the shipowner's proper manner in this connection? Need you ask? It is quite the manner which he ever adopts, and briefly put, consists in going to a *bona fide* shiprepairer, with a *bona fide* repair job. The shipowner who practices for a legitimate living, will take no chances by placing an obviously unsuitable job in the hands of a tinker whose chief claim to consideration, lays in the throwing around of moonshiney yarns. Shipowner, realising the value of time (and of sound work), will not get out on philanthropical lines, and, in a mad desire to deserve well of the tinker, patiently wait until his job is finished—any number of days or hours after time. Not he! Such tactics are usually pursued by the man who merely looks upon his "shipowning" as a blind; and who hopes to annex a much better living from by-products.

WE have a number of the latter kind in mind as we write. One of these days—and in the near future—we intend to give them a word of advice. Salutary advice, you understand. We know, beforehand, that they will not thank us—for they are a most ungrateful set of humans. Still, that won't keep us awake o' nights, for when seeking our virtuous couch, we have the satisfaction of knowing that every reputable shipowner regards us as friends; realises that we have the good of the shipping industry at heart; that our sole aim is to weed out the vampires; and that hitherto, we have practiced with signal success. But reverting to the genuine kind of shipowner and his repair jobs, we find that he invariably sends his work to recognised concerns: to undertakings which have proved their ability, and have, therefore, a reputation to maintain.

AND ere particularising, we feel that the merits of the case demand a few words as to underwriters and their subordinates who pose as "salvage experts"—although for why, is altogether beyond us. On various occasions we have touched on this phase of drydocking economics, and have asked if, when all is said, the underwriter's interests are best served by keeping a given vessel hanging about for a week or ten days (including, perhaps, two or three separate dockings), pending a decision as to who shall be trusted with the work. We remember discussing this subject, some few months ago, with a shipowner whose friendship we greatly esteem. He is a "white man," hence our respect and admiration for him. But in the course of a complaint about the delay which was given to his vessel—a delay which indubitably meant the sacrificing of a valuable charter—we suggested the advisability of his hurrying to London, for the purpose of working-up a personal interview with his underwriters who, to a man, were brother shipowners.



STEAMER *GOTHIC* IN BUTE DRY DOCK.

THE advice was accepted, and in a remarkably short space of time a wire was sent to the drydock implicated to "carry on." The shipowning underwriters—being business men—rapidly saw that their interests lay in getting the repairs carried out as quickly as possible: that time (as well as material charges) meant money to them; and as a result, our esteemed friend had the pleasure of seeing the repairs well underweigh, on his return to the Bristol Channel port where this happened. We are not going to pretend that the underwriters' men

were unduly pleased in consequence. They were not. And not to put too fine a point on the matter, nor to unduly labour the subject, we might as well admit, right away, that they were inclined to be—in the vulgar tongue —" ratty."

Have you ever happened upon a " ratty " underwriters' man ? No ? Then, you have a pleasure in store—also a splendid opportunity for studying human nature. That is to say, when an underwriters' man gets as suggested – and mainly because he is an underwriters' man—he throws up the job, at once. Disclaims all further responsibility. And asseverates that he wouldn't pass the new plates in A strake—no, not for Father Peter. But even so, you need not grow disconsolate. A beneficent providence has seen fit to give some samples of underwriters' men and the cat we wish to dispose of, much in common. Yes ! They both come back. The former, because a wire comes down from London : the latter, because a string comes off—the sack in which the drowning was scheduled to come off. Peculiar, isn't it ? Especially if you have disregarded this phase of nautical work. Very well.

And now, having discussed the matter in our own inimitable style, and in a more or less abstract manner, let us particularise a bit, as to the kind of drydock concern which is patronised by the reputable shipowner. There are quite a number thereof in the Bristol Channel and a few, not in the Bristol Channel : but as we cannot find room for all of them in one week's issue of The Maritime Review, we will, for this occasion, confine our attention to the Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering and Dry Dock Co., Ltd., whose business premises—as every unit of the shipping world already knows—are at the entrance to the Roath Basin, Cardiff. All declarations to the contrary notwithstanding, there is much in a name—but more in a situation. Particularly when time and (therefore) money, are under consideration.

For example, you do not need a quantity of explanation to convince you that in the matter of a repair job, most of the cards are in your favour when running about between workshop and work has been reduced to a minimum ? You quite realise the rate of progression that is usually indulged in by the 'orny 'anded, when his immediate boss is absent for a moment ? And if he is sent from the work for a given tool, and has to make a double journey approximating into, say, a mile, there or thereabout—well, you won't expect much value from the said tool, in one half day, will you ? And if you are taking an observant stroll around the docks, and notice a given gang of men apparently bent on seeing how slowly they can keep a given truck moving without actually stopping—then, if you are a shipowner, and have a "lame duck " undergoing repairs, you might easily begin to size up a few of the items which make the prices thereof, so apparently out of reason with regard to the work done.

AN AWFUL SMASH !

Perhaps the gang referred to belongs to a tinkery which claims all manner of impossible facilities—on paper. But if your ship is at " the Bute," then, there will be no undue (and expensive) running about on the part of the workmen who are seeing your " lame duck " through, in a manner of speaking. And that is solely because the workshops are conveniently situated on the dock-side, and if there is a big propeller, for instance, to lift out of the dock so that its shaft may be " tried on " in the fitting shop, the same big crane which lifts the propeller from the dock, will simply swing it into the fitting shop—and there you are ! As in the case of the propellor, so is it with each item which necessitates attention. There is no need for us to

particularise. You can supply the essential details, yourself.

Having done so, you will see with us, that where "running about time" has been eliminated, a big proportion of the charges which go to inflate the final bill, have been obviated. For this reason, promptness, economy and thoroughness have come to be associated with the work turned out by Mr. William Scott, the energetic and approachable general manager of "the Bute." One other item is worthy of passing attention, here. Seeing that the drydock is situated on the side of the wet dock—Roath Basin, that is—it follows that you haven't to bother with tides, tug-boats, or any of the expensive (and time wasting) luxuries which all-too-often apply. As soon as your "duck" is made whole, the dock folk simply unhook the West Port (really, it is the east gate, but we like to put the thing poetically) and your vessel may then, under her own steam, or by the mere aid of her own hawsers, proceed right under her tip in the loading berth.

Moreover, she won't have to seeshay about in an aimless manner, and with empty holds; for if your own particular broker has kept awake (and the Cardiff broker is usually a sleepless individual), there is a choice of tips right handy the entrance gates of "the Bute"; and possibly a few of these little items are responsible for the "big jobs" which meander along to this favoured undertaking? To us who know our Cardiff Docks, the choice of examples of "big jobs" handled here, is simply bewildering, and as we remarked in the commencement of this present writing, the said jobs are so frequent, that those concerned think but little of them. Still, we aren't all drydock men, and some of us like to be told briefly, of the repairs which have been manipulated to the credit of the dry-dock, the profit of the thousands of workmen depending thereon—to say nothing of the blessings which might, could, would, or should gravitate around the shipowner involved.

If we were inclined to hark back into the vistas of the past, we should tell about a *Takasago* which, for a brief stage in life, cajoled half the inhabitants of the Rhondda (and other) Valleys into paying the Japanese warship a visit. That warship, alas, is now no more. She met her doom in the Titanic struggle lately finished, and which shocked two hemispheres. But if her presence has passed away, the fame of her docking (all a-taunto) remains. We are not going into algebra for the purpose of sizing-up *Takasago*'s gross weight, for such work—in view of her end—would be supererogative. That she was "hefty," however, was emphasised by the amiable manner in which she went under, when the floating mine against which she struck, brought about her undoing.

"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

Moreover, seeing that *Takasago* was merely an evidence of the weight that could be safely entrusted to the dock-bottom at "the Bute," we need not pursue the theme. Her's was no big repair job. Merely an example of careful and efficient shoring, and although there was plenty of anxiety about at the time, and in connection with the good souls who were responsible for the work, it was only on account of the stability of the blocks, and the fear that such a wriggley-bottomed affair might easily prove too much for the shoring referred to. Particularly when it is remembered that her normal weight was considerably increased by a constantly-shifting crowd of human beings. But *Takasago*'s shoring stood all the tests. She came, was seen, and departed—even as in manner provided.

But then, this particular drydock has a reputation for taking on weighty vessels—a reputation which takes some earning, all pooh-poohing on the part of gangrened rivals notwithstanding. You see, it is comparatively easy to shore up an empty vessel, whereas, if a really heavy one is to be dealt with, then, there are quite a number of points which come not in with the empty affair. In the first instance, there is the question of saving to owner and underwriter. Obviously, if your ship can be docked right away, and without the delays, vexations and expenses which lay around discharging and storing a cargo, then, such a dry-dock has the bulge on the other fellow who—by reason of a dubious bottom-concreting or what-not—has to insist on an empty ship.

of the concern over whose destinies he presides; he would be equally at home selling candles, say, to the mate of a coal-loading steamer; indeed, this class of man is just a snap-shotter, where the other sort are the genuine photographers.

But writing of snap-shots and photographs reminds us. There is no need for us to go back into the vistas of a dead-and-gone age for examples of the work tackled at "the Bute." What's the matter with the natty little pictures which we are giving you, herewith? Nothing, is there? Moreover, they are recent adventures—those applying to one of the steamers *(Hillbrook)* are current, for she is still on the blocks of the drydock which we are discussing. But commencing with the *Gothic*, it will

ANOTHER AWFUL SMASH!

You may extract a bit of amusement here, too, an' you care to. Your friend of the tinkery—and who, possibly, couldn't dock a loaded dolly-tub—will assure you that "all this talk about So-and-So's drydocking feat is piffle, sir. Assure you that WE could take on a job twice as big, and wouldn't think we were doing anything." The assurance is right enough, too. Tinker would take on a job twice as big, and he wouldn't be doing anything, either! No, he would be undoing a very great deal—and that is mainly what raises his amiable back! That class of man is all about when photographing a crowd of men who, on some exceptional occasion, are supposed to represent the "staff"

be conceded that she is owned by reputable people, and that they know their way about—considerably? Right, then. The dock that can accommodate a *Gothic*, is by no means an amateurish affair? With a length of 490·7 ft.; a breadth of 53·2 ft.; and a depth of 33·5 ft.; this steamer needs a little space in which to show off her nautical beauties? Most 12,000-tonners do?

Yet you may see by the illustration dealing with this steamer, that there was ample room for all the disportation referred to - and a bit over! But there, it is the old, old cry at "the Bute." "Let 'em all come!" Dug-out, or warship: tramp or liner; wind-jammer or diamond-

hunter (!) —they all find their level in this dry-dock. Aye, and Mr. Scott accords to each the same amount of personal attention and care. Of course, he is supported by an able staff of assistants, and together, they pull a good stroke for those most concerned. Thus it comes about that a liner leaves the blocks, and a loaded steamer takes the place lately occupied by the liner.

Coming along to the *Hillbrook*, it will be remembered that she tried conclusions with the *Swainby*, somewhere down off 'Combe. We aren't troubling with *Swainby*, and mainly for the reason that we have no block treating with her present situation, while we have one or two dealing with the former vessel. It isn't for us to say who came off best in the setting-to-partners referred to: but we do not mind admitting that *Hillbrook* had a nasty wipe across the bows on that memorable occasion, for "she took a twist" right along to the forepeak bulkhead, the latter saving her nautical life. Now, when a steamer's stem is carried away aft, to a place where her builders never meant it to be, it naturally follows that somebody with sufficient knowledge must be requisitioned to "carry it forward," once more?

STEAMER *HILLBROOK* IN THE BUTE DRY DOCK.

Yes, and that is what brings *Hillbrook* into "the Bute." Mr. Scott has pledged his reputation—it is a lengthy, and well-earned one—that inside a given number of days, *Hillbrook's* stem will be where it was originally placed, while the remainder of the plating, etc., which belongs to the same vicinity, will be similarly dealt with. Nobody doubts that he will succeed, for when all is said on the subject, *Hillbrook* constitutes no sort of a record for "the Bute." At the same time, she approximates into a weight that may not be lightly played with. You see—or will see, after we have explained—the vessel contains a full cargo of sugar, and this added to the weight of the ship and her bunker coal, totals into some 8,000 tons. Quite an exhilarating amount of drydocking stuff, isn't it?

By the fact that the *Hillbrook* floated, practically on her forepeak bulkhead, it will be conceded that she was well-put-together at the start? She was. Eminently well-put-together. But we have an idea that she will be just as re-well-put-together at "the Bute" (and if you'll forgive us for placing the matter in that be-hyphened manner), and will be just as fit when she leaves Mr. Scott's hands, as on the occasion when she first faced old Neptune—for such is the invariable custom with the drydock with which we have thus briefly concerned ourselves. Accidents will happen, we know. When they occur in the vicinity of the Bristol Channel, then, Mr. Scott, we hope that your deserving merit will be called into requisition, for not every drydock on earth could accommodate 8,000 tons of deadweight, nor every drydock manager care to take the responsibility thereof. Of that there can be no two opinions. Later on, we shall deal with other of the Bristol Channel "big 'uns."

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Nov. 22nd, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

15,494 05—DEWEY—*Improvements in balanced floors for ships' cabins.*

This invention relates to self-levelling floors for ships' cabins, of the type in which the floor is pivoted and balanced by a weighted pendulum, and has for its object the counteracting of the rolling motion of the ship. Instead of attaching the pendulum to a shaft it is hung in separate bearings, the head of the pendulum being provided with lateral segments which are cut away at the sides and bottom to accommodate the pendulum and limit the amplitude of the swing. A cross head is fixed to the shaft in which the floor is secured and bears on the pendulum head so that the shaft and floor partake of the same movement as does the pendulum.

22,039 05—VAN DER MEERSCH & BAISSAC—*Process method, and means for making holes or passages in cement, concrete, and such like structures.*

The feature of this invention is the employment of removable cores for making holes in cement structures, and the method of removing such cores. The cores are made of flexible rope stretched between end plates, and ribbons of canvas are placed longitudinally around the core, and loosely tied to it. When the structure has set, the ribbon is pulled out, leaving the core loose in the hole from which it can then be easily removed.

25,025 05—WEDDERBURN, WEBBER & WEDDERBURN—*A cam actuated gripping device for ropes, cords, and the like.*

This invention provides means whereby a person being lowered by a rope may regulate the speed of descent. A traveller, formed of two cheeks connected by bolts with a pulley sheave between the cheeks, is attached to a rope passed through a pulley block suspended from above. The person to be lowered is suspended from the lower part of the traveller. The free end of the lowering rope is passed through the traveller and lies in the groove of the pulley sheave. A cam lever is pivotally mounted on the traveller so that the person being lowered can by the action of the cam apply the brake upon the rope and check the descent.

1,341 06—BARBOUR—*Improvements in or relating to belt or rope gearing.*

This invention has reference to improvements in belt or rope gearing for imparting a variable speed to a driven shaft by means of expanding pulleys, the object being to ensure an uniform tension of the driving belt. For this purpose an additional expanding pulley is employed and on the driving shaft is mounted a loose pulley. The endless band transmitting the variable speed motion passes from the driving pulley over the additional expanding pulley, the loose pulley, and then over the expanding pulley which imparts a variable speed to the shaft to be driven, and from thence back to the driving pulley. The pulleys may be contracted and expanded by means of a moveable framing provided with suitably shaped inclines which work in combination with the expanding pulleys so that when one is contracted the other is expanded, the sum of their diameters remaining constant.

9,639/05—BAIN—*An improved device applied to vehicles and ships for deadening the shocks.*

This invention relates to a device placed in front of motor cars for taking up shocks, but is also applicable to ships. Buffers are provided in front of the car attached to the rod of a piston working in a fluid tight cylinder whereby any shock is taken up.

13,859 03—SCHWAB—*Improved means for indicating the positions of wrecked vessels.*

This invention which has for its object the provision of means for indicating wrecks is constituted by a device for generating acetylene gas upon immersion, the generator of which is provided with a gas receiving pocket capable of development into a sphere, in such a manner that after immersion the apparatus becomes transformed automatically into a floating buoy.

17,276—PRESTWICK—*Improvements in or applicable to miners' safety lamps.*

This invention relates to that type of safety lamp wherein the wick is lighted by the direct application of a flame, the object of the invention being to dispense with screwed parts. For this purpose the lamp base and the oil chamber are made in one casting and with a flanged cover that fits accurately over a flange on the edge of the oil-chamber. The upper side of the cover is bored so that the glass will fit inside and rest on theinwardly projecting portion and an asbestos washer may be placed between the two.

20,594 06—ZOERKLER—*Improvements in means for opening and closing mine gates.*

The object of this invention is to provide means whereby the gates of mines may be opened by the drivers of mine cars before the car reaches the gate. A spring mechanism for opening and closing gates is operated by a lever on the car, so that by moving the lever the driver can operate the gate.

8,942 06—COLES—*Improvements in gear for working brakes on cranes.*

This invention has reference to a method of transmitting motion for working brakes wherein one part is fixed to a revolving structure. On the depression of a lever the motion is transmitted by means of a rod to a ring and this in turn transmits the motion to the levers working the brake.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending January 7th.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *December 5, 1906.*

WHILE the condition of the market during the past week has shown but an infinitesimal amount of actual change, that subtle something which is known to the trade as tone, may be safely scheduled as steadier. At the same time, there is yet a considerable amount of room for improvement, as there remains an uncomfortable easiness in prices for prompt shipment.

THAT is to say, anything of a spot character is favourably entertained by not a few of the colliery folk, and notwithstanding that for prompt handling alone is this the vogue, such a feature is cause for uneasiness. For business ahead, the buyer does not find matters all in his favour, even supposing that such a condition is more because the coalowner being glutted up with full wagons—is indifferent to forward business.

THE trouble with the seller, at the moment, is how to release his wagons, and rightly enough, he realises that stuff which may be wanted a month or so hence, can safely be left for future consideration. Because of this factor, forward business is more or less hung up, so to speak. And naturally, too, for thanks to the weather conditions—and other exasperating items—tonnage is conspicuous by its absence.

NATURALLY, there is tonnage at hand. But it is useless from a congestion-easing standpoint—at the colliery sidings. What can you expect? Look at the weather! Having looked, say what are the chances for a full dock. There aren't any chances, of course, and thus it comes about that for prompt stuff prices may be discounted considerably. True, all this will be altered directly.

AFTER a gale comes a calm—at least, the nautical profession declares that it is so. And with a calm will meander along all the new, second-hand, and absolutely old crocks which depend on coal freights for a continuance at work. With that meander, will come the inevitable congestion of tonnage; and with a congestion of tonnage, will come the hardening of the coalowner's heart—to say nothing of his prices.

YES, stocks are heavy, and until the bulk of these have been depleted, there may be little hope of a rise in prices. Heavy stocks mean plentiful supplies of coal, and with scant tonnage to troke the stuff away, dog-eat-dog is in evidence among the sellers! Thus it comes about, that for anything which may be dumped in quickly, prices are merely nominal. According to the buyers' gall, so is the ultimate price at which he buys!

CHARTERING, however, has been fairly active right along, and as the majority of the vessels involved, are due to load within the next week or so—well, unless old Boreas ordains matters to the contrary, wagons will soon be emptied, and *en route* for the collieries. Thus, then, with the arrival of presently delayed tonnage, eked out with the new charterings—things should soon look up in the local arena?

MEANWHILE, quotations—for what they are worth—may be accepted as under:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	14s. 10½d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d , 13s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	10s. 9 !.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ..	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 4½d.
Seconds ..	8s. 0d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	8s. 0d	7s. 9d	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	8s. 0d.	8s 0d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 0d.
Seconds ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ..	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ..	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special ...	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 0d., 23s. 0d	23s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ..	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Patent Fuel ..	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 0d., 26s. 6d.	26s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *December 5, 1906.*

BUSINESS at Swansea for the past week, has been satisfactory, and prices, considered in a general sense, have been fully maintained. Tonnage supplies show an improvement on those ruling of late, and that feeling of easiness which erstwhile hung 'round prices for prompt shipment, has more or less vanished.

TRANSACTIONS of a new description are also numerous, and there is every indication that this market is likely to remain steady for some little time to come—seeing that stems are well filled, forward.

ANTHRACITE LARGE COAL quotations have been well upheld, the demand for them being quite as good as of late.

BESTS and BIG VEIN qualities are remaining firm, and there is no change in the values of the others.

THERE is a better enquiry for CULM and DUFF, and their exponents are firm at the requested prices.

MACHINE MADE COALS are scarce and dear, the demand being above the available supply.

STEAMS still keep easy for prompt shipment, while for forward business, higher figures are being asked.

PATENT FUELS are easy in price and demand, business in them being inactive.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 0d , 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	15s. 9d.	15s 9d	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 3d	22s. 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 0d., 22s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. 0d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. 0d.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
Duff ...	4s. 9d., 5s. 0d	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	4s. 9d., 5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	14s. 6d	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 3d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending December 5, 1906

(N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Heslevside*, 3,600 tons, 13s. 6d.
Cape Verdes, *Hercules*, 2,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Las Palmas, *Secunda*, 2,300 tons, 6s. 6d. optn. Teneriffe.
Lord Londonderry, 3,700 tons, 6s. 7½d. optn. Teneriffe.
Teneriffe, *Elvaston*, 5,000/6,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Barbadoes, *Alumwell*, 3,000 tons, 8s.
Pernambuco, *Broomfield*, 3,000 tons, 13s. 3d.,
Monte Video, *Barrington Court*, 5,300 tons, 12s. 10½d.
Cairngorm, 4,000 tons, 13s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Fornebo*, 6,200 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Abbotsford, 7s.
Munificent, 4,300 tons, 7s.
Wagner, 4,850 tons, 6s. 9d.
Genoa, *Livietta*, 3,500 tons, 8s., 500.
Penarth, 4,500 tons, 8s.
Charles T. Jones, 3,000 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Eskside, 4,100 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Heronspool, 4,200 tons, 8s. 3d. option Savona.
Lorenzo, 3,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Alexandria, *O. H. Wiens*, 3,200 tons, 7s. 700.
Steamer, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Grmigaswald, 4,800 tons, 7s. (P.T.)
Normand, 3,[illegible] tons, 7s.
Polldhu, 3,700 tons, 7s.
Algiers, *Jeanne Conseil*, 2,500 tons, 7·25 fcs. spot.
St. Abbs, 2,200 tons, 8·62½ fcs. fuel, ppt. (N.R.)
Swaland, 2,8[illegible] tons, 7·50 fcs.
Marseilles, *Beeforth*, 3,800 tons, 8 fcs. ppt.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
Frascati, 2,7[illegible] tons, 8 fcs.
Dingwall, 2,6[illegible] tons, 8·50 fcs. spot.
Messina, *Ben Clune*, 2,400 tons, 8s. 6d. fuel, 400.
Carham, 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d. 600.
Venice, *Minerva*, 5,[illegible]00 tons, 8s. 6d. 500.
Steamer, 3,100 tons, 8s. 6d.
Parthenon, 4,400 tons, 8s. 3d. 500.
Valencia, *Allie*, 1,100 tons, 6s. 4½d. coal, 7s. 1½d. fuel, (s).
Naples, *Diciembre*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 800.
Michael, 3,[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d. 800.
City, 4,200 tons, 7s. 6d. 700. option Leghorn.
Therese Heymann, 3,100 tons, 7s. 9d. 600.
Barcelona, *Gorbea Mendi*, 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Holmlea, 2,1[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel. (s).
Fjordheim, 2,5[illegible] tons, 7s. 7½d.
Licata, *Heim*, 2,000 tons, 8s. or 8s. 6d., 200.
Seville, *Alassio*, 1,500 tons, 6s. 6d. (N).
Radnor, 1,[illegible] tons, 6s. 3d.
Smyrna, *Nellie*, 2,2[illegible] tons, 7s. 1½d. coal, 7s. 10½d. fuel.
Civita Vecchia, *Dewsland*, 2,000 tons, 8s. (s).
Carthagena, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel. (s).
Constantinople, *Treglisson*, 2,[illegible] tons, 7s.
Spezzia, *Photis*, 3,900 tons, 7s. 6d. 500, guaranteed.
Torre, *Cannell*, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Whitby, 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d. 800 spot.
Syra, *Katina*, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d. 650, optn. Piræus.
Steamer, 3,7[illegible] tons, 6s. 7½d. [illegible]00, " "
Trewalgan, 3,000 tons, 7s. 400. " "
Trefusis, 3,5[illegible] tons, 7s. 650. " "
Fiume, Steamer, 5,[illegible] tons, 8s. 3d.
Larne, 4,[illegible] tons, 8s. 9d.
B. Kenney, 3,600 tons, 8s.
Oran, *Jeanne*, 1,[illegible] tons, 3 fcs. (s).
Malaga, *Delamere*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Catania, *Isle of Hastings*, 4,[illegible] tons, 8s. 6d. fuel, (N.R.)
Salamis, *Penwearn*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Dunstaffnage*, 1,8[illegible] tons, 8s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Folda*, 1,600 tons, 6s. 1½d. (C. or N.)
Crimea, 1,300 tons, 6s. 3d. ppt.
Malta, *Powis*, 2,500 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Farringford, 4,400 tons, 5s. "
Bushmills, 3,300 tons, 5s. "
Melbourne, 5,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Marie Rose, 5s. 6d. (C. or N.)
Vigo, *Whimbrel*, 700 tons, 6s.
Hungarian, 1,600 tons, 6s. 9d. fuel.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Venus*, 1,500 tons, 7s. (s).
Freda, 1,500 tons, 7s. (s).
Albis, 1,700 tons, 7s. (s).
Marpessa, 2,000 tons, 7s. 1½d. ppt. (s).
Magnus Mail or *F. D. Lambert*, 3,000 tons, 7s. (s).
Drontheim, *Baldwin*, 1,200 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Harburg, *Skipjack*, 1,500 tons, 6s. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Westergate*, 2,800 tons, 6·50 fcs. 400.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6·50 fcs. 400.
Izaro, 2,300 tons, 6 fcs.
Uriarte No. 4, 5·50 fcs.
Uriarte No. 1, 4,000 tons, 5·25 fcs. (N).
La Rochelle, *Earl of Dumfries*, 2,000 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Aasta, 1,080 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Irma, 2,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·50 fcs.
Garth, 1,800 tons, 5·50 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Discovery*, 3,000 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Chantenay, 5·87½ fcs. (P.T.)
Havso, 5·12½ fcs. ppt.
Charente, *Axpe*, 1,650 tons, 6 fcs.
Rosehill, 5·75 fcs.
Nantes, *Cairnbahn*, 2,200 tons, 6 fcs.
Devonia, 2,000 tons, 6·12½ fcs. coal, 6·62½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Rochefort, *Lyra*, 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, *Sapphire*, 1,800 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Bayonne, *Adour*, 1,400 tons, 7 fcs. (s).
Lyng, 1,450 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Sables, *Botnia*, 1,350 tons, 6·25 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Portland, *Carn Marth*, 2,000 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
London, *Idlewild*, 1,050 tons, 4s. 6d. option Rochester, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Eppleton, 1,300 tons, 4s. 6d.
Falmouth, *William Rowlands*, 380 tons, 4s. 7½d. spot.
Haulbowline, *G. N. Wilkinson*, 800 tons, 3s. 6d. (Adm'lty).
Belfast, *Stainburn*, 450 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Jersey, *Taunton*, 350 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Brest, *Speedwell*, 1,300 tons, 5s. (s).
Rouen, *Rondo*, 1,400 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Blanchland, 1,150 tons, 6s. (s).
Rosella, 1,700 tons, 6s. (s).
Maywood, or sub., 1,500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Lycidas, 900 tons, 6s. 4½d. (s).
Steamer, 850 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Congress, 1,450 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Seagull, 780 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Dunelm*, 900 tons, 5s. 3d.
Dieppe, *Enterprize*, 1,500 tons, 5s.
Tyr, 750 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
British Empire, 620 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Augusta, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Caen, *Stokesley*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 10½d. spot. (s).
Ouse, 1,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Start, 700 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Honfleur, *Argus*, 1,450 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Antwerp, *Kingmoor*, 1,050 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Cardiff, *Sundet*, 509 n, 8s.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE reason put forward by the directors of John I. Thorneycroft and Co., for the non-payment of the usual interim preference dividend, appears to us to be a decidedly weak one, seeing that the amount required to do so, comes well under the £6,000 margin. We, personally, are not surprised, for we have not forgotten that last year, there was no distribution on the ordinary capital, and since then £100,000 of new five-and-a-half second debentures have been issued. Under these circumstances, the margin of profit available for the payment of preference dividends, is probably less than it was formerly, and the directors, are, presumably, exercising wisdom by waiting for the publication of the yearly accounts, before venturing to make any distribution. At the same time, we shall not be surprised to hear of a move on the part of the shareholders, which will put the company on such a basis, that "excuses" from headquarters will be things of the past.

\+ + +

MORE "regrets!" This time from Cooper, Cooper and Co., 1901. The loss as the result of the last year's trading, amounts to £3,921, and the accumulated deficiency runs into the respectable sum of £4,662. Seeing that the capital is £30,490, this is not such a bad percentage, and at the present rate of progress, it should not take long for the loss account to vie quite decently with the capital? We note that among the assets shown in the balance sheet, leases and trademarks stand at £1,992; investments £7,054 (this represents the cost, not market value); and preliminary expenses £3,770. Among the expenses are to be noted the amounts charged for managing director's salary, and directors' fees, these being set down at the modest amount of £1,200. We cannot vouch for the truth of the rumour that the shareholders are beginning to think that they are persons to be pitied!

\+ + +

WE note that the Bucknall Steamship Lines, Limited, has presented a petition for the reduction of its capital by £765,000, and that the necessary sanction for this alteration has been obtained. Among the reasons given for the reduction to Mr. Justice Warrington, were that the valuation of the company's steamers showed a loss of £543,234, and that owing to the late South African war, the goodwill had also depreciated. It is our humble opinion that the goodwill of some of our local concerns has also depreciated; that is, of course, when allowance has been made for their ever having had any; and the value of their steamers certainly has sunk to such a pitch, that if it were not for the fact that underwriters will seek trouble, well they wouldn't have any value. You know the type of vessels we mean, friends? Those that have their rust-eaten decks plugged with waste and cement? Not the sort of thing to enamour an up-to-date valuer?

\+ + +

THE report and accounts presented to the first annual meeting of A. Darracq and Co., are calculated to bring joy to the hearts of those who have a holding in this successful company. The profit, after deducting managing director's commission, bonuses to employés, depreciation and other charges, amounts to £220,020. The general charges absorb the whole of £14,982, and this sum notwithstanding, the increase in the turnover, shows a big reduction. The assets of the company apart from the goodwill, amount to nearly £780,000, and it is stated that this figure gives but a meagre estimate of their true worth, owing to the fact that certain shares are quoted at their par value, whereas their present price is nearly double that amount. A dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. has already been paid on the preferred ordinary shares, and 2s. per share on the ordinary. It is now recommended that a further distribution of 2s. per share be paid on the ordinary shares, together with a bonus of 1s. per share, making 25 per cent. for the year. Not much to grumble at in 25, is there?

\+ + +

WE have something before us, even better than the above, and that is the report of the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., for the year ending 31st October last. After writing off £25,000 for depreciation of plant and buildings, and £6,500 for depreciation of investments, a profit of £256,600 remains. For the first six months of the year, an interim dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. for the year, was paid on the ordinary shares, and now the directors recommend a further dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum, making, with the interim distribution, 27½ per cent. for the year. In addition to this, a bonus of 2s. 6d. per share is to be paid, and with the dividends, this will make a total distribution for the year, of 40 per cent. The directors recommend that a further sum of £25,000 should be added to the reserve fund, which will then stand at the very respectable sum of £225,000. There seems every prospect of the present year proving as successful as the past, and there is no doubt that the improved state of trade will make itself felt with this particular company.

\+ + +

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Co., are still moving onward. The increase of 128,000 dollars reported for the last nine days of November, follows one of 261,000 dollars for the corresponding period of last year. The total increase for the last month being 495,000 dollars, the shareholders have every reason to congratulate themselves on the current half-year's outlook. For the past five months, there has been a marked improvement in the gross earnings of this go-ahead company, amounting to about 5,683,000 dollars, following an increase of 3,080,000 dollars last year. There is no getting away from the fact, that the Canpacs are under the proper management, and there is no beating about the bush when a "deal" is on the board?

\+ + +

THE Prevention of Corruption Act comes into force with the beginning of the New Year, and right glad we are to see it. We have an idea that if it is successful, there will be sundry quakings in our neighbourhood, and perchance we shall hear the remark that it is a most unjust measure. The objects of the Act are to suppress secret commissions and bribes being given to agents, in order to mete out to the giver of these bribes, preferential treatment, as far as affects the business of a principal. But what's the use of trying to explain the meaning of a secret commission, when the country is reeking with it, and it is known to nearly every schoolboy? Sufficient to say that it is time that it was stopped, and we wish the League which has been formed to assist the Act, every success. We understand that the League will leave no stone unturned to prevent the discovery of one of the worst forms of bribery, so look out, Cardiff? It has been suggested to us that it might put an end to municipal trading, but more of that, anon!

THE report of the United Wire Works, Ltd., for the year ending September 30, has been issued, and the balance to the credit of profit and loss account is shown at £8,012, after providing for depreciation, reserve, all bad debts, and the management expenses. While allowing for the payment of the preference dividends, the management also recommend the payment of a dividend of 3 per cent. on the ordinary shares, free of tax. After payment of this dividend there will remain the sum of £2,132 to be carried forward, but of this amount £1,228 will be required to meet the dividend accrued on the preference shares, at September 30, last. The actual amount available for the carry-forward, being £904—a small enough sum anyhow?

+ + +

THE report of the Zinc Corporation, Ltd., shows that concern to be like many others—in need of cash. The management in the course of the report state that the major portion of the working capital has been absorbed by payments for tailings (we nearly wrote "tail shafts") and by the deposits lodged with the various companies, as guarantee for the purchase of tailings. It is now intended to increase the nominal capital by a further issue of 150,000 shares at £1 each, and in this new issue, the present shareholders will have the preference of obtaining one new share for every three at present held. It is proposed to issue the new shares at a premium of 5s. per share, and to obtain a guarantee of their being subscribed, by giving the underwriters a call for two years on the capital at present unissued.

A DECREASE of £429 is shown in the receipts—amounting to £30,609—of the Argentine Transandine Railway Company, for the year ended June 30, last. Under the working agreement with the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, the proportion of the receipts payable to the company, was £3,723. The balance of the revenue account, as was done in the previous year, has been transferred to the completion of works reserve account. This latter will be charged for five years with the interest on the "B" Debenture stock, as far as the ordinary revenue is sufficient to provide for the payment thereof. Resolutions to this effect have been passed at the meeting of the shareholders.

+ + +

THE British and Japanese Finance Corporation, Limited, have issued their report, from September 26, 1905 (the date of incorporation) to September 30, 1906. We cannot say that we have been able to detect anything startling in the effusion, except the regrets of the directors. Apparently, the rate of interest which the Japs have been willing to pay for loans, have not been up to the high standard expected by the philanthropic gentlemen at the head of this undertaking. The rate required must indeed have been high, for we learn that banks and financial houses have been giving terms to Japanese borrowers, which have left little or no margin of profit, and that the Japs have thus been encouraged to ask for impossible terms! With all this before us, we are not surprised to see that the funds of the Corporation have been placed at short loan, on the Stock Exchange, against high class securities.

THE NEW MODEL HAMMOND

No. 12. VISIBLE.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SIGHT ALL THE TIME.

Visibility

Simplicity

Durability

THIS instrument has all the very latest improvements and labor saving devices, including the *Bi-chrome Ribbon Attachment*, also a new *Variable Spacing Mechanism*, has five different widths of Carriages, twenty-eight languages on a single machine, also special Braille shuttle for the use of the blind. Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are written on a specially constructed instrument writing from right to left. If you would like to know more about it send to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

London Office: 50, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Manchester Office: 164, Deansgate, Manchester.

W. LEWIS, 22, DUKE STREET, CARDIFF.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & Co., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

For High-class

BOOKBINDING

of every description, try

THE MARITIME REVIEW, Limited,

Clarence Road,

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

TYNESIDE ENGINE WORKS, Ltd.,
CARDIFF.
Engineers, Boilermakers, etc.,
BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.
Nat. Tel. Works, No. 18. Manager, No. 03550. Telegrams: "Tyneside."

SHEARMAN, JOHN & Co., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS AND CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

No. 5—NEARLY READY.

"The Shipmaster"

The first Publication to advocate, solely, the cause of the Mercantile Executive Officer and Engineer.

Of interest to all, but especially to those for whose particular protection it is published; and containing everything of the Brightest, Breeziest, and Best.

EVERY MONTH,
Single Copies, Tenpence.
Annual Subscription (Free in United Kingdom), 10s.
WILL YOU SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY?
Address:
"THE SHIPMASTER," LTD., *Docks, Cardiff.*

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

OUR SHIPYARD

With its accompanying Dry Docks and Works, was carefully designed, equipped, and completed for the construction and repairing in every detail of

Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Protected Cruisers,

Gun Boats, Torpedo Boats, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Submarine Boats,

Ocean Liners, Passenger Steamers, Freight Carriers, Etc., Etc.

NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.,

1, BROADWAY, NEW YORK—NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPE

THE MARITIME REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XII.—No. 148. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1906. THREEPENCE.

ANOTHER SICK MAN?

DOCTOR: "The water *is* hot, but—well, I'm afraid it isn't hot enough! doesn't draw, you know; not enough mustard in it?"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone: No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—ANOTHER SICK MAN?...	69
MARITIME MURMURS	70
WELSH COAL AT HOME AND ABROAD	74
MORE SHIPREPAIRING AT CARDIFF (Illustrated)	75
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	81
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	82
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	83
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	84

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WITHOUT leaning to a desire to show that we are phenomenally original, we yet have to remark that this is a queer world! In fact, we are almost sure that the remark is not altogether original, for we remember hearing of a song which lilted along as, "Oh, this world is awfully rum, and it terribly puzzles a Quaker." Very well. Rum, queer, funny—what you will; and when Mr. W. Clark Russell was engaged in a noble attempt to raise the general status of the seafarer on his own preconceived lines, certain brands of "shipowner" elected to look upon him as an arch enemy. But now, when the veteran writer's efforts have about killed the so-called "union" which was gradually ruining the shipping industry (although those same "shipowners" hadn't *nous* enough to see it), he is little short of saint-like in his attributes. The mere fact that he has been consistent all through, counts for nothing; and mainly for the reason that "shipowner" has no undue affection for consistency, providing that, on the face of it, the effort appears to touch his pocket. This is mainly where the queerness alluded to, comes in. Genuine shipowners recognise the sterling merit of Mr. Clark Russell's efforts; have recognised it all along the line; at the moment, "shipowner" is developing a similar feeling. Very well, once more. But where comes in the "union" crowd? Really, they don't come in at all. They rather go out, and hence the trouble.

You see, Mr. Clark Russell undertook to write up a convincing statement of the trend of seamen's wages over a century or so; and although the writer stuck to his guns about the need of better pay, he also let off a broadside as to the absence of need of a sailors' "union" as constituted then. Needless to say, there is a flutter in the dove-cotes, and even the whole-hogging "organ" which can see no fault in the shipowner, is a bit foggy over the latest endeavour emanating from 9, Sydney Place, Bath. Going further, a number of 'Aavelock's lambs have undertaken the rôle of the literary bravo; have posed as the anonymous letter writer; and as the sailor is a travelling sort of critter, it follows that the anonymous twaddle comes from various places on earth's surface; aye, from places as divergent as Memel and Odessa. Of course, those letters contain all manner of "choice" remarks, but in the words of an immortal bard,

> "The squirms of these worms do the right story tell,
> Whether coming from Roosia, or Proosia, or hell."

What is the right story? Simply that the "union" is about numbered among the things which have been but are not; that a few of the "stalwarts" thereof have now to take to the sea, instead of to the corner-boy's orating job; that as the funds of the "union" are too low for practical purposes, "something" must be done; and that as there is no room for argument, the gutter-snipe's last resource (abuse) comes in.

WHY, our artist has been moved by the conditions surrounding these nauticalities! See his cartoon on our this week's front page. Having seen, don't tell us about the Sick Man of Europe. Rather tell us about a Sick Sindbad (no, we don't wish to write it Sinn'd Bad, not us, for we hate puns, almost as much as we hate sailors' exploiters.) This is not an instance of where he sits with his feet in the brook. On the contrary, for his pedal extremities are in decidedly hot water! It is all very well for our artist to claim an artist's licence, and mark the "spit kid" as a "drawing bath." Merely marking it as such, won't make it "draw" worth a cent., and that is the trouble about the whole situation. For our part, we should like to call Mr Joseph Havelock Wilson's attention to the indubitable truth of the following: You can fool some of the people all of the time; all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people, all the time. Oh, dear, no! That is none of our originality. Merely a quotation, dears. But as it is an incontrovertible truth, we don't mind immortalising it. And that reminds us of another incontrovertible truth. One of our young men rushed into these offices, last week, and in a more or less breathless fashion jerked out: "Cæsar, Wilson is haranguing a mob over at the corner!"

Fixing that young man with a stern, unbending glare, we snapped, "What about it?" "Nothing," he replied. "Just thought you'd like to hear of it; that's all." In a somewhat pitying manner, we remarked that if our young man wished to see the remarks of the ancient warhorse in cold linotyped matter, he had merely to wait until the next day, when, for one ha'penny, he could sit down at his leisure, and read the whole farrago. But, for once in our strenuous life, we were wrong. And glad are we to know that we were wrong. Sometimes, to be wrong, is to be wrath, but on this occasion, it was just the reverse. For when the ha'penny journal of commerce fails to take an orator seriously, then, surely has that orator fallen on evil days! Lay his playthings all away; he should never need them more; gone the worry of our lives; better men will take the floor. There it is, and in winding the little affair up, we beg to offer our sincere congratulations to our up-town-contemporaries, in that—even at a somewhat late date—they have decided to ignore the twiddley-widdley moonshine emanating from these alleged ameliorators of suffering mankind. Publicity is even as the breath of their nostrils. Deny them that, and their efforts will be as flat as the "four 'arf" so dear to some mouths, and which has stood in an open glass for a week.

Exchange or Zoo—that is the question? Thus one of our inimitable scribelets! Continuing, that young man says: "A turtle on 'Change is surely a new departure? And to what are we coming? Previously, there were bulls, bears, gulls, and things, in this Exchange; but now, with the advent of a real, 'live turtle—well, whither do we trend? What zoological specimen will next profane the sacred beauties of the place: who will introduce the next peculiarity; and who will feed 'em? No wonder that a number of anti-zoologists are out for a new Exchange; and in the matter of feeding these rare specimens, it is fairly certain that some buckets will have to be borrowed from the man 'outside?' It is interesting to note that this particular turtle has a shell which is an inch thick. This is by no means a record, surely? Common report hath it that quite a number of the other turtley affairs have a pretty thick hide, too. What do you think?" Personally, we think nothing at all about it. Moreover, we are somewhat surprised to note that one of our young men—and he young and fair!—could be so awfully rude. Fancy talking or writing—about the hides of the amiable folk, who wobble across "the Floor" on occasion. Anybody would think that the Exchange had been sold to the Cardiff Hide and Skin People! Of course, it hasn't, for in spite of all temptation, it belongs to the Welsh nation, and declares it won't turn turtle any more!

The report of the inquiry into the loss of the *Baron Huntly*—and as published by a Glasgow contemporary—makes the necessity for reform in these little matters, stand out with very marked distinctness. It appears that the third engineer, who was on watch at the time of the catastrophe, had to appear upon "the carpet." There can be no gainsaying the fact that he gave his evidence in a manner which showed conclusively, that he knew his subject; and that fact alone, should have convinced the gentle sheriff who helped in the adjudication, that the young man certainly had an opinion of his own, on the matter. For instance, that third engineer told how the water started to come into the engine room and in such volume, that it was impossible to keep it under with the ship's pumps. Finding the matter hopeless, he ultimately abandoned his post, and took his place in the boats with the remainder of the ship's company. The ship was, by that time, very much by the stern, and was settling rapidly. Right here, the learned sheriff chipped in with a question which certainly needs to be immortalised. The sheriffian wheeze took the form of. "Did you see any reason for leaving the ship?" That sheriff is somewhat of a wag, what? And after this, let no man attempt to persuade us that a Scot is a person who jokes wi' difficulty. We don't believe it.

What is a steamer traveller? We ask, because some person to whom we have had no introduction, has the hardihood to ask us to review the first issue of *The Steamship Traveller*. Very well, then, but tell us first of all, what the fellow is, and if he carries his sample-case with him? We have knocked about the world of waters quite a while, and in the course of our goings to and fro, have met many kinds of traveller. We have met the man who "drums" pirated novels and music in New York; the chap who travels in typewriters, tea, tripe and tallow; we have even met the man who is known as a globe-trotter. In the case of the latter, we were ever indulgent, for the globe is quite large enough to admit of quite a quantity of travel. But when it comes down to the steamship traveller—man, dear, a spry individual could travel all over the biggest steamer on the waters, inside of one hour-and-a-half—there or thereabout. We know that there isn't supposed to be much in a name, but our certes "Mac," where did you get it? Is it a playful attempt to flatter our up-to-date contemporary *The Shipmaster*, or did you work it off as a Christmas jape? Go to, thou merry wag, and someday in the future, you will more nearly approximate into the line of merit already achieved by your obvious pattern. At present——!

There is agitation in the air, concerning the desirability or otherwise of the Scottish ship canal, and of its being brought into line with modern requirements. There is much to be said in favour of its being made efficient for the passage of larger tonnage than has used it hitherto. But what will you? To make that canal into a really modern undertaking, would need a fabulous sum of money, and no end of labour. Furthermore, by the time it was finished to meet present requirements, the work would have to be commenced all over again, for by that time, it would be as much obsolete as it is at present! Our Nautical Growl opines that the canal should be deepened, and widened, as then, the Pentland Firth passage would be obviated. You see, he came to grief, on one occasion, when negotiating the Pentland; hence his soulful diatribes on the matter! When all is said, canal passengers are not very plentiful, these days; they would be just as scarce with a deeper and wider canal in canny Scotia. At the same time, for the transit of goods, a canal is rapidly being viewed with more favour. Still, the favour isn't all that is needed in this connection. It is essential to persuade the good souls who have the money; and in view of the amiable manner in which shekels have been squandered over past undertakings of the kind—well, it takes a quantity of persuasion.

Several paragraphs back, we were discussing boats. That reminds us of another new quiff in the boat line. We note that Mr. Holland has recently patented a new type of submersible vessel, and this is only as it should be, seeing that he is the inventor of the creepy abortion. But the new craft is not going to be so much of an abortion in itself. Rather is it intended to make the efforts of other warships abortive. We are not quite sure whether the

new fake is worked up on the lines suggested by the writer of the Great War Syndicate, a decade or so ago. In that case, submarines played old Harry with the warships. Simply sheered up under their counter, and with the aid of a "grab," disengaged the battleship's propeller and tail shaft. The quiff was good—on paper. But the Holland quiff is surely good from a humanitarian point of view, for with a few of the new affairs scattered about, it will be useless to send a hostile fleet to sea. So, buck up, oh, ye of the chicken-heart. In future, you will need no Dutch courage to prompt you into action—for which you will have to thank Holland! Praise de lor', and pass on!

DEAR, dear! After this, who is going to be heartless enough to blame poor King Leopold with gathering in shekels which are the price of countless dying niggers? Why, Leopold II., is not a Rubber King at all, according to himself—and surely he ought to know most about it? But if the gentleman isn't a rubber king, he is surely something of a wit? Anyhow, in giving an interview to a shrewd American, some few days ago, he commenced his deal by giving quite a sweet little taste of soft sawdor to the Americans, generally, who, he declared, were about the fairest set of *hombras*—or words to that effect—living. Then, approaching his interviewer, he asked had he a revolver concealed about his person, did he wear a suit of armour, and if not, didn't that interviewing man consider himself silly in tempting fortune in any such a ridiculous and risky manner? The American man smiled, and possibly thought even as have we, ourselves. That is to say, nobody need be unduly afraid of Leopold II, at home, in Brussels. They do not roast niggers, there. At that particular spot, is where they bank the proceeds of the roasting, for in spite of all the contradictions which may be bandied about, the Congo Free State is quite the hottest spot in a hot continent.

KING LEOPOLD might not be making his millions out of the Congo. He might be the impoverished individual which he claims to be. While, on the other hand, he might just as easily be receiving that £320,000 per annum from the "Domaine de la Couronne," as declared by Professor Gattier; and the £5,000,000 as stated by Mr. G. D. Morel, in his jungle book entitled "Red Rubber." But whichsoever tale is the true one, there is no getting away from the fact that the African nigger's life is a hell upon earth, and that its Hades-like condition has synchronised with the advent of the rubber robbers. King Leopold, in our opinion, would be better employed in seeking out the truth of the Congo situation, rather than to waste his time in posing as an amateur music hall comedian. The stay-at-home is prone to believe any of the tales which are brought to him by interested travellers. But the truth of the situation may only be found, by taking a look around on one's own. The Congo is no worse than other portions of the same cursed area. Square-face gin has been the stepping-stone—metaphorically—on which sundry British knighthoods have been reached; and the recipients thereof have posed as no end of good fellows—thanks to the amiable manner in which they purchase the good opinions of some of our journalistic confreres. Let us leave the unsavoury subject. It hums!

THE way of the average London "shipping" journal is altogether beyond the mind of the average Londoner—thank heaven! One of the cult in standing by a promise true—a promise which took the shape of, "I will believe—that the shipowner is the only perfect man on God's earth" has been affecting to gird at Mr. Clark Russell's crusade on behalf of Jack. The solon referred to—and after praising up the shipowner to a point which must be absolutely nauseating to the poor thing himself—says, with reference to the crusade alluded to: "We do not however suppose, for a moment, that they (the shipowners) will look upon the matter in that light, and we can imagine that Mr. Russell's noble words will be re-echoed and applauded in many a stuffy forecastle this winter." Dear us! Do not "we" however suppose? Isn't it pathetic—the assumption of nautical knowledge? Doesn't such piff-niff make your gorge rise? But look here, shipowner, how is it you indulgently give *Phoenix* a few advertisements, when it will callously admit that a forecastle can, by any manner of means, be "stuffy?" Isn't such an admission rank heresy and ingratitude? Do you "support" *Phoenix*, merely to see it come back on you in any such a low-down manner? The word "stuffy" is only the thin end of the wedge, mind. Later on, the same solon might be admitting that the whole bill as adduced by Mr. Clark Russell is true, and where will you then be?

CONTINUING further with this new mentor's lucubrations, we read that "Mr. Clark Russell asks British shipowners to increase their annual wages bill by thousands of pounds, 'just to prove their public spirit,' etc." Don't be silly, *Phoenix*. Mr. Clark Russell does nothing of the sort. In a thoroughly impartial manner, he states the case, trusting to shipowner's business acumen, to see where his neglect is leading him and his industry. When the time has arrived, there will be no asking for the increase, for it will be offered—slippy enough, you'll find. And think of the dangers which might be around, then. Why, in the increased expenditure, shipowner might find it incumbent on him to discontinue his advertisements in a certain sheet of which we—some few of us—wot. Never mind prattling about the "moieties" which successful novelists might be asked to forego. We have a shrewd idea that your knowledge of books, and the royalties thereon, are about on a par with your knowledge of shipping. And anyhow, stick to your mutton, *Phoenix*. Don't digress, and thereby work up the belief that you are a heaven sent genius. And above all, don't admit that a British forecastle can, by any possibility, be stuffy, for that way madness—if not pressing financial difficulty—lays. We hate to appear unkind, *Phoenix*, and we should equally hate to see your "six-pennorth" discontinued. You see it is a refreshingly innocent conglomeration, and writing personally, we could better spare a better bundle of comicalities. So long, dear. Be good, and let who will be pretty. Besides, you have forsaken the bilious paper of the "yellow press" kind. *Noblesse oblige*, you know—especially with white paper and blue ink.

JAPAN in the shipbuilding—as in other—trades is determined to make headway. The report of the American Consul General at Yokohama, to the Washington Bureau of Manufactures, more than confirms this opinion. It is stated that the war has been the means of giving new life to the shipping and dockyard industries, and that during the past few years, considerable progress has been made. At the close of the year 1903, Japan's total tonnage in steam was 657,000, and in sail 320,000 tons. In 1905 the steam tonnage had increased to 939,000, and sail to 336,000 tons. At present, the principal shipbuilding yards at Osaka, Kobe, and Nagasaki have more work than they know what to do with, and although they employ a large number of men, nevertheless the demand at present almost exceeds the supply. Here's a chance for some of our down-trodden builders to seek pastures new? Away to Japan, where the chances are that competition will not, slowly but surely, cripple you.

IRELAND has taken advantage of the Trade Marks Act of 1905, with a vengeance. On the 8th inst., the registration of an Irish trade mark was completed, and there are general rejoicings over the event. We believe that this is the first instance in which a country has taken the advantage of the Act, to enable it to apply a national registered trade mark to every article of manufacture or produce. Accustomed as we are, as a nation, to the "made in Germany" mark on nearly every alternate article we handle, it will be a pleasant relief to by chance hit upon the Irish equivalent for "made in Ireland." Anyhow we think it is quite time that every country should be compelled to affix a trade mark to the goods which it manufactures. It is a means of protection to the buyer, as well as to the (honest) seller, and it should prove a rich advert.—or otherwise—to its manufacturer.

THERE is before us a circular letter from the Secret Commissions and Bribery Protection League. The League has been formed with the object of working public opinion against illicit commissions, and to see that the Act "For the better Prevention of Corruption," 1906, is not allowed to become a dead letter. We hope that the gentlemen who are at the helm will meet with the success which they deserve, and that the Act will prove to be a real 'live measure. It is intended to assist members and subscribers in any action which may be considered by the Council necessary, to recover secret commissions paid or received, and this alone should prove an incentive to business men to support the league. If it were clear that the Act alone would be sufficient to prevent the extraordinary amount of corruption which prevails, then we should not advocate the formation of any league; but lively recollections of Acts of Parliament passed, and apparently forgotten, will obtrude. Not dead but sleeping! Who said the "Blacklist"?

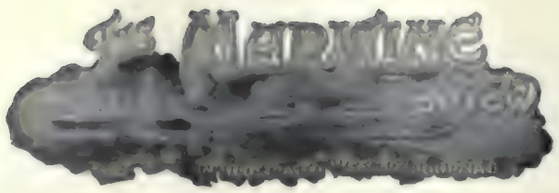
THE Victoria Falls (Zambesi) are not to be wasted for a much longer period, and the scheme to utilise them for taking electric power to the Rand, a distance of some 700 miles, is soon to be realised. A combination of English and German capitalists, under the auspices of the British South Africa Company are taking the matter up, and, shortly, we expect to see a huge company offering a one-and-only chance to the investing world. It is stated that the supply for the Rand will exceed the present one; that it will be much cheaper, and that a good margin for profit will be obtained by the promoters. A huge power station is to be erected on the Rand, and it is expected that this will be completed in two years. Still, the scheme should be carried through, for, at present, there are thousands of good workmen in South Africa on the verge of starvation, and this should prove the salvation of a number—for a period at any rate.

A GERMAN lady has entered a suit against the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, for damages caused by sea-sickness, whilst crossing the Atlantic in one of their steamers. The lady only decided to litigate in the matter, after a consultation with her lawyer. It appeals to us as being a bit of a forlorn hope, but of course it is all grist to the lawyer's mill, no matter should the final decision of the court be for or against the aggrieved female. Within the ken of our experience, and while at sea as one of the executive of a tramp steamer, we have, as you will readily understand, come across quite a number of cases of the dread *mal de mer*. Many of these unfortunate beings, have expressed a belief, when their suffering was at its keenest, that the only really practical "suit for sea-sickness," was a wooden one! The poor souls should, of course, have said a canvas one, for that is the material that a coffin is made of at sea. Seriously, though, we think that the North German Lloyd Company's responsibilities are heavy enough as matters stand at present, without their being called to account because the Atlantic rollers upset the internal organisation of a person whom they had contracted to carry from Bremen to New York.

SHALL we never be rid of that awful blunder of Rojetsvenski's, the Dogger Bank affair? A lady balloonist, has been telling someone that shortly after the lamentable incident, the Russian Embassy communicated with her father with the object of getting him to "balloon" about in the air above the North Sea, and take photographs. They hoped that his negatives, when developed, would reveal, lying upon the ocean-bed, the remains of the torpedo-boat that the Mad Dog Fleet were supposed to have sunk. "The camera cannot lie," it has been said. That may be so, but even allowing that it has the same sterling qualities that have been attributed to George Washington, it is an easy matter for any clever (and unscrupulous) person to cast a slur upon its good name (and its negatives). Had the lady's father complied with the request of the Russian Embassy, and then handed the undeveloped plates over to them, it would have been very easy for them to have produced photos with the sunken torpedo-boat appearing in them. Some of our countrymen lost their lives through the wild haphazard gun-fire of Rojetsvenski's raw crews, and grants of money cannot alleviate the sorrow of the wives and kiddies; but as the man who led the most forlorn of all forlorn hopes, we yet have, somewhere 'way back in our mind, a bit of a sneaking regard for the Russian Admiral!

A LONDON "daily" has been listening to a tale of the sea. In this connection, it says, "It has long been a complaint with Naval men, that battleships and cruisers are lumbered with a number of boats that are never used at all, including great bulky sailing cutters which comparatively few bluejackets nowadays know how to handle under canvas. Modern warships being practically unsinkable through stress of weather, the majority of the boats are now not only not needed, but a source of danger." We are wondering what is meant by "Naval men?" Do they mean the class of men represented by the insubordinate stoker who lately paid the penalty for refusing to obey his officer? If such has been the case, we can understand the "complaint" part of the business. "Naval men" of that description, will find cause for complaint in any thing that spells w-o-r-k. We have plenty of them in the Merchant Service, mind you. And we cannot "quarter deck" them, either! They generally manage to run their face up against the officer's fist, the first day out—providing that is, that the said officer has the grit that he should possess. They, in most cases "live happily ever after," or at least to the end of the voyage. It is ever the same, though! You cannot persuade those writer-men to keep clear of the subjects upon which they are not conversant.

IT appears that Cammell, Laird and Co., are now actually working the Clyne Colliery, at Swansea. This being the case, it is to be hoped that the hitch in the negotiations pending with the owners of the land, on which it is proposed to establish the new works, will soon be overcome. It would be hard luck on Swansea, if they were now to lose the "chance of a lifetime!"



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1906.

WELSH COAL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT is a generally admitted axiom at the Docks, that if you best your business rival, the result is business; but if your rival bests you, then, it is bare-faced robbery. The jape cuts both ways, of course, and for that reason nothing much need be said about it. In other words, you may be the business man or the robber, according to which side of the fence you patronise. The foregoing occurs to us, after reading a quantity of piffley stuff concerning the treatment meted out to Welsh coal, by the South African Government. In effect, the Colonies are doing their best to protect their own industries and, according to the views of a number of eminently good souls who have gone south on oof-raising bent, that protection is all wrong. Indeed, it is worse than all wrong, for it is bare-faced robbery! Natal coal should not be favoured, say these would-be reformers of the African world: Welsh coal should not be "sweated." If you go into reasons, you are treated to quite a number of subtle explanations, and in the end, you are likely to be in the same position as the man of immortal memory, and of whom it was said, "'E dunno w'ere 'e are." Crystalised down into plain everyday words, we read that "The remarkable duty and charges levied on Welsh coal (in South Africa) are driving it entirely out of the market," and sadness is with us, in consequence. Poor old Welsh coal! It has our sympathy—which is considerably more than we accord to the good souls who scamper south, chock-a-block full of the notion that, thanks to the exploitation of that same Welsh coal, they are going to graduate as South African millionaires. You see, the Government-controlled railways make a difference in tariff all in favour of Natal coal, to the extent of an alleged two for one. Natal coal is carried around, at half the price which obtains for the imported variety, and then to make matters worse, an unfeeling Custom House cult have added a further charge of 3s. 4d. per ton against the admission of "Welsh." And yet a number of highly-esteemed Cardiff coal exporters, affect a whole-souled belief in the continued blessings of Free Trade! Makes you smile, doesn't it? Mind you, the theory of Free Trade is all very fine and large, and, in Utopia, would amount to a very great deal. Unfortunately, however, the land of Utopia is as yet undiscovered, and meanwhile the would-be Free Trader has to face the knock-out blows of Protectionist Colonies. To equalise the matter, those would-be Free Traders write piffley letters to their favourite news-sheets, and then hustle around on 'Change, in a busy endeavour to find a cheap steamer sailing under the flag of a Protectionist country—because the latter old crock, having no class to speak of, is thus enabled to accept a rate of freight appreciably lower than the British-owned vessel! Amusing, isn't it? Amusing, but anything save convincing. Mind you, there is no law against the exercise of the command, "Be kind to your ainsel'." Not at all, and thus it comes about that these newspaper correspondents have matters all in their own hands. At the same time, the "Be kind" idea is equally applicable to the man in the street, and thus it comes about that he is inclined to take the lucubrations referred to, with a very large pinch of salt. He mightn't jib at the claim that Natal coal is favoured—in Natal. As a matter of fact, he might reasonably decide that such a state should exist, for if the Natalian will not patronise his own product, who is likely to—outside? Again, that man in the street might be willing to concede that Natal coal, when compared with the sparkingly pure Welsh sample, is a delusion and a snare; is smokey all to Hades; that it poisons the otherwise ambient air of the veldt; that such tricks are distinctly against the Constitution of the British Empire—and the pockets of the would-be exploiters already referred to. But then, it is conclusively shown that Natal coal is good enough for the Natalian, and when a thing is good enough, it is merely a waste of better material, if that material is supplied. But generally considered, is the Welsh coal which frequently arrives at the Cape, any better than the native commodity? On the word of those who have handled large quantities of both, we believe that it is not, and herein lays the chief trouble of all. The Natalian argues thus: If I contract for Natal coal, I know that I shall receive it with all its disadvantages as an understood quantity. In that event, I shall be able to make my arrangements accordingly, and shall, therefore, have enough of the stuff on hand, at any given time, to enable me to complete a given amount of work. But if I listen to the voice of the Welsh charmer and, based on his assertions of all-'round purity and excellence, purchase a given quantity as sufficient for a given amount of work—where shall I come in at the end? Well, working on past experience, that same purchaser decides that he might have enough to go 'round, while again, he mightn't. In other words, the consignment might be up to contract, and it might be miles below it. The argumentative among us might remark, "But the man has his legal remedy, if he has been imposed upon," and the remark is quite within the bounds of possible politics. But then, legal remedies are costly affairs. Moreover, they necessitate a quantity of unproductive labour. And if a manufacturer has underestimated the manufacturing value of a given consignment of coal, while the source of a further supply happens to be some 20,000 miles away, well, he wont feel any the happier if you prattle to him of legal remedies, will he? Not by a very long way. And thus it comes about, that in South Africa—and where the smoke nuisance is not a national affair—the native is willing to muss around with Natal coal, although, ton for ton, it is disappointingly inferior to genuine Welsh. You see, although ton for ton, the native stuff is inferior, fifty pounds' worth of Natal coal will do more work than will fifty pounds' worth of Welsh—and this is the point which the corresponding gentlemen graciously overlook. As far as the trade is concerned, it doesn't really matter whether this superiority is brought about by rebates and Customs' charges which operate in favour of the native commodity; the one broad fact remains that to the Natalian, Natal coal is cheapest; and if the home coal exponent wishes to equalise matters, he should stir himself to work up the same measure of Protection which is blessing the Colony. But if he does so, he will then find himself unable to charter a cheap foreign crocklet, with which to oust the British-owned steamer. From which it will be seen, that all these dissentients who are for ever airing their voices, and trying to stuff us with a belief that each is a born orator, are only acting up to the teachings of that advice which saith, "Be kind to your ainsel'"? What is the real remedy? It is simple enough, if you care to think the matter over. Instead of pitchforking a number of hard-up and self-seeking politicians into Parliament; men who have never worked but who, none the less, have no money; pick out those men among us whose known wealth will keep them clear of all personal temptation, and who, as a result, will legislate on purely national lines. In other words give the steering of the nation over to those who have a solid stake therein—not to men who merely hope to secure a stake as the result of their political wire-pulling. Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be.

More Shiprepairing at Cardiff.

IN our last week's issue, we had something to say about this subject, and since then, we have been discussing the matter with some of our tinkering friends. Needless to say, there is a quantity of dissatisfaction at some of the views which we have expressed, but as we have become used to that dissatisfaction, it doesn't make much difference, one way or the other. You see, it is impossible to please everybody, be you never so careful of their little weaknesses.

S.S. AUGUSTE LEVERS ON PONTOON.

INDEED, the present is a "corney" age, and callosities are so terribly prevalent (and common) that step whithersoever you may, you are bound to light upon a sample or so! Thus it comes about that our remarks of last week and in a metaphorical sense, of course—worked out even as would a wholesale treading on the corns of an industry. The ancients who faked up an old yarn about Scylla and Charybdis, must have been looking a few thousands of years ahead. To the time, in fact, when the amiable tinker should be aping the gentle (but responsible) shiprepairer.

OF course, you are at liberty to consider either of them as the modern representative of Scylla; you are equally within your rights, if you do the same with regard to Charybdis. But in either instance, if you mean to avoid the one, you are simply bound to toboggan into the other—unless you happen to be built on the negative lines of some of our contemporaries, in which case, and in your struggles to be all things to everybody, you will indubitably end up by being nothing to nobody!

ANYHOW, the tinker is wrathy with us, in that we should claim a certain amount of professional skill, for the drydock manager who has the ability to land a loaded vessel on his drydock's blocks; and who can keep her there until she is once more fettled up, and in a solid position to again venture forth for a wrestle with a fate that might be adverse, or otherwise. According to tinker, there is no merit in any such tricks, but how tinker is in a position to know, we are unable to say. He certainly has had no opportunity of proving to the world, his abilities (supposing he has any) in this line? Tinkers do not usually drydock loaded vessels?

NOT considerably, for when they do succeed in persuading some by-producty shipowner into entrusting them with the work, they, as we have frequently remarked, go off to the drydockman to be "seen through." Very well, then. Of what use is it to bother with the lucubrations of the tinker? None, and we are somewhat surprised to think they should expect to be taken seriously in their complaints. That they do wish to be so taken, we have indubitable

proof, and this is precisely one of the occasions on which a little, faint, amusement comes into our monotonous life. Broadly considered, the indignant tinker is a sight to make the gods weep—if they have time to bother with such gentry.

Mr. Underwriter's own understudy, too, is inclined to be a bit niffy at our remarks. He wonders what these little matters have to do with us, forgetting that in our capacity as public mentors, everything of a shipping nature concerns us. There can be no gainsaying the fact that if underwriter were wise, he would pay-off a number of his satellites, for at the best, they are inclined to be expensive luxuries. When the cost of their maintenance is added on to the avoidable delays which they work up in an attempt to justify their existences—well, you can see, easily enough, where our strictures come in?

Besides, it is useless to pretend that all shipowners are rotters. They are not, by any manner of means, and thus it comes about that if the satellites referred to, happen upon one rotter, occasionally, surely that is no justification for the expense of their upkeep? If shipowners were all rotters, then, there might be some excuse for the establishment of these mysterious individuals, who appear to do all in their power to delay the essential work of repairs. There might be some excuse; we wrote, and the words were written advisedly. For this reason: Where underwriter knows that a man is a rotter, he assesses the rate that will cover first, the risk on the vessel; and then he adds the actuarial amount which will cover personal equation—which is a toney method of writing log-book faking.

So, considered in any fashion, there would appear to be but scant reason for the continuance of these big staffs of underwriting jackals—other than that they were in existence when the world was wickeder and weaker, and should therefore continue because of hoary tradition. For our part—and we have studied the subject to a very great extent—we are disinclined to believe that there is any useful purpose expressed, in saying that underwriters' men are a necessity to the shipping community. Wipe them away, and one of the reputable shipowner's chief annoyances would be gone; while by keeping them, there is only a bare possibility that they will happen upon a piece of fraudulency, once in the proverbial blue moon.

For personal experience has taught us that between the underwriter's man, and the gentlemen in blue, there is much in common. Neither of them appear to have any undue hankering after being present exactly when they are most wanted; and if a log-book has been faked for all it is worth (and a bit over), you may never be sure but that the man with the chief interest at stake, is employed elsewhere. For instance, and as we are treating of shiprepairing work, what is wrong with this little jape? It happened, and lilted along after the following. Two babes were born in the self-same town—no, no! That's all wrong. We meant, two boats were docked in the self-same town, on the very same bright day—and that is a poetical manner of putting it, don't you think?

But right there, the poetry ended, for the two boats had to have their tail shafts drawn "for examination." It was done—but not at the same precise moment. The first boat had a tail shaft which, for nautical value, was of but little account: but the other boat's shaft was o.k. However, the first was drawn, surveyed, and condemned, and the surveyors went off to attend to other, and distant,

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME STEAMER.

business. For the matter of that, number two's tail shaft was drawn—but instead of laying it bare for inspection, it was laid away in the sand of the drydock foundry, while the already condemned shaft from number one, was laid along in the tunnel of number two!

Needless to say, that shaft was again condemned, and thus it came about that the underwriters had to pay for two shafts—although but one was being supplied. How do we account for it? We don't. We merely give you the thing as it happened, and by way of illustrating the equivocal value of maintaining a staff of surveyors, unless you give them a gang which is sufficiently large to obviate those sudden callings away. The superman implicated in this "smart" piece of work is still practicing; nay, he is greatly respected, and looked-up to, generally; while the surveyors—well, surveyors are merely mortal, you know, and with all the good intentions in the world, it is impossible to be at two different places, at one and the same time?

words, she tried conclusions with the solid masonry which goes to make up the side of the Roath Basin, and as you might easily understand, the Teutonic vessel came off second best in the encounter. She didn't sink, or create a panic. Not at all. But she sustained what the doctors would term a compound fracture—and that, in her stem. As far as we can remember, the stem "picked it in," in two places, and there was trouble around on the breeze.

But one man's meat is another man's poison, so we are at liberty to suppose that the opposite rendering is equally good—or bad; and that what is one man's poison, is another man's meat, will fit the case, there or thereabout? Among its up-to-date facilities and equipments, the Bute Dry Dock Company ranks in a representative who, according to common report, never sleeps. Common report, of course, is a base perverter of the truth, for the man in question does sleep—although he is considerably awake, at times. When a possible repair job is scented to him from across

THE DAMAGED STEM.

Where did it happen? Gó vay! We are not underwriters' men. Don't even love them. So why should we give them points—for nothing—when they reckon they pay good wages for the nosing out of the same little dodges? But we do not mind assuring you of a place or so where it did not happen. It didn't happen at the drydock which formed the subject matter of our last week's little tale, for instance. And it didn't happen at the pontoon which is under the same management—which is to say, the Mercantile Pontoon. And that reminds us! We started out to pass a few remarks about the Mercantile Pontoon, and a decent job which it has lately turned out, in a pontoon manner.

Not so many days ago, there was a German steamer loaded in the Roath Dock, and when negotiating her way through the Roath Basin, the force of circumstances (at first) became too heavy for her; afterward, the force of the dock wall *plus* her stem became too heavy. In other

the way, for instance. Anyhow, he was awake on this particular occasion, and what is more to the point, he was soon "adjacent" to the scene of trouble.

But the Bute Dry Dock was already occupied; had a double dock-due-payer on the blocks; so this was another instance of where a double-barrelled concern came in with striking force (and no pun is intended, mind). What do we mean? Just this: As the dock was already occupied, and as "the Bute" is also responsible for the management of "the Mercantile," (which was not occupied), you can see, with half-an-eye, what happened? If you cannot, we hasten to assure you that *Auguste Levers*—the steamer in question—was hurriedly shaped along for a pontoon berth.

In writing the matter up, it is easy enough to state that a given steamer was hurriedly shaped along for a pontoon berth. But in practice, there is a wide difference. In the first, and most essential point or place, *Auguste Levers* happened to be a loaded vessel, having a displacement of

considerably over 4,000 tons. Now, in the present age of big tonnage, a 4,000-tons displacement is not unduly large —when it is afloat, and in good order and condition. But when that same amount of stuff is only partly afloat; has a fractured stem; and nobody seems to be quite clear as to what is going to transpire in the immediate future—well, the matter is by no means so easy.

You see, pontoons, even under the best regulated conditions, have a nasty habit of buckling; and if you take undue familiarities with one of the cult, you are nearly certain to be running for trouble. In this case, we were assured by a number of the good souls who claimed to know, that to attempt to place the *Auguste Levers* on the pontoon, was merely riding for serious trouble—not that of the common, or everyday sort. Not being in the dry-docking business, we passed no comment. Simply waited and watched. If there was to be trouble, then, we had an idea that our friend, Mr. Scott, general manager of "the Bute," was exactly the sort of individual who would handle it in a becomingly professional manner.

On the other hand, we realised that with his all 'round knowledge of the business, it was just possible that the contemplated trouble would be obviated. Some more watching and waiting on our part, convinced us that Mr. Scott knew too much about the work, to admit of his attempting to lift the whole of *Auguste Levers*; that quite a goodly portion of the German steamer was to be water-borne; and that as her bows alone had suffered in her encounter with the Roath Basin wall: well, all the betting was on a raising of the bows, only. The accompanying illustrations (taken on the spot, of course!) will exemplify that we were not a great way out in our reckoning.

While watching and waiting, we also listened. The result thereof, was that the Mercantile Pontoon had seven tanks, and that these could be pumped out independently of each other. That was alright, and we didn't doubt the statement. Why should we? We had witnessed the same feat in our seagoing days, and practical experience is ever good enough for us. Time passed, and we saw *Auguste* canoodled into a position between the submerged sides of the pontoon. Later, we saw those sides arising from out the vasty (and messy) depths of the Roath Dock. Incidentally, too, we saw the front end of *Auguste* rising with those sides, although her back parts remained even as before.

You might have noticed that we are of an inquisitive turn of mind. Again you might not have noticed it. But we wish it to be understood that, noticed or otherwise, we are

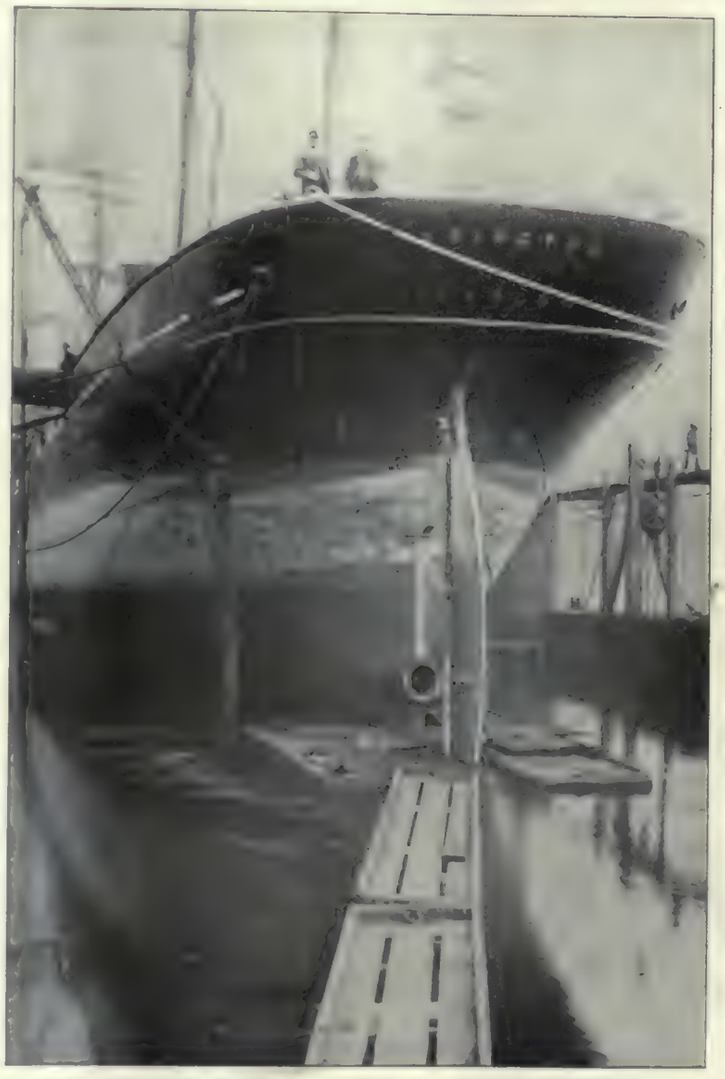
THE *HILLBROOK* SMASH.

as curious as makes no odds to anybody. Living up to our weakness, then, we sidled up to Mr. Scott, and asked him how it was done. He assured us that the whole was simple enough, and we smiled. We also remarked that it was simple—when you know all about it. That fetched him! He straightway began to explain how, if we were to keep the after tank full; allow No. 6 to pump out ·0012345 of its total capacity; No. 5 to ease itself of ·012345; No. 4 to the extent of ·12345; No. 3 to figure out at ·2345; to make No. 2 nearly empty, and No. 1 quite so—well, we should see things!

Mind you, the figures are given with all due reserve, for we were so worried with the immensity of the problem, that we incontinently dropped our note-book into the Roath Dock—in our admiration, and agitation. Still, the figures were near enough—for us. If you object to them, please work them out for yourselves, and we will offer never an objection thereto. We next asked as to how much of the vessel would be ultimately water-borne. The answer is in that note-book, and it is at the bottom of the Roath Dock. We also asked if the strain was unduly great on the pontoon, and the answer—to seven places of decimals—is in the same place!

Coming down to the practical side of the undertaking, we asked how it was decided as to whether the equilibrium of the thing, so to speak, was being maintained. The reply was, to show us a number of chalk marks on the different gauges which are fitted to each separate tank. Those gauges, of course, showed the water level inside the tanks. If the equilibrium was likely to be disturbed, it was merely necessary for the watch-on-deck (yes, they have watch and watch on a pontoon) to start the pumps as required; to keep an eye on the chalk-marks, say; and the whole thing was bound to work out according to the last place of decimals already referred to.

Beautifully simple, isn't it? Especially when you know all about it. At the same time, we frankly believe that the apparent absence of anxiety on both Mr. Scott, and on his able assistant, Mr. Phil Rusden (who is the Mercantile Pontoon's resident chief, so to speak), was merely bluff. We cannot see how it is possible for the heads of an undertaking to tackle such work—particularly when a slip would spell disaster—and never turn a hair, as the saying is. True, they wouldn't turn that hair in public. Neither of them are built that way. But we frankly believe that while *Auguste Levers* was on the pontoon (and yet not on it), was a time of great mental stress to both the gentlemen named.



ANOTHER STEAMER "PONTOONED."

At the time of writing, that German steamer has left for fresh adventures, for it was found that the essential repairs need only be of a temporary character, if great delay, and consequent loss of time and money were to be obviated. But on her return, she will be in sad need of a new stem, a quantity of new plating, and extensive repairs in her forepeak, and adjacent portions. We might remark that the length of the steamer was 277·5ft., and that she had a beam of 41ft., while, as already stated, her displacement ran into considerably more than 4,000 tons.

With the facilities such as we have touched on, at hand, one need not wonder that good old Cardiff has achieved a front rank position in the shiprepairing world; and in addition to the facilities, she is blessed with the services of men who are second to none in their particular professions. Under the circumstances, then, there is absolutely no reason why the drydocking industry should fall off as the years roll by. Of course, drydocking, like every other business, has its fluctuations; its runs of good times, and epochs of bad; but taking it all 'round, it is a good investment—having money in drydocks; and all harpings to the contrary notwithstanding.

Ere leaving this subject for this time, we wish to call attention to the very excellent reproduction of the smash of the *Hillbrook's* bows, and which was referred to at length, in our last. The photograph in question, was taken by one of the officers of the steamer, and while we do not wish to give that gentleman an undue feeling of puffiness about his own bows, we yet must admit that his efforts are extremely creditable to him: and that as an amateur photographer, he is well in front of the crowd. Indeed, we have handled a number of photographs from the cameras of professional warriors, which do not compare at all favourably with that from the camera of our seagoing friend.

To the uninitiated, the bows of the *Hillbrook* in its then crumpled state, might easily be suggestive of brown paper? But instead of that, it was composed of really good steel plates. Therefore, the force and destructiveness of an end-on blow, may be readily sized up. Truly has it been said that between the bows of an oncoming steamer, and the combined output of a battery of gatling guns, there is but little to choose. Anyhow, and while harking back to the *Hillbrook*, we might remark that her repairs are progressing in favourable style, and that the immensity of her work, forms its own comment on the jealousies which surround the unsuccessful wooers of the job.

In addition to being a risky undertaking, docking a loaded steamer is ever an expensive one. When it is remembered that the amiable diver has to disport himself beneath the waves, and while there, has to test each shore, to supply the essential wedge, and to muss around generally; also when it is remembered that if any miscalculations have been made, and as a result thereof, the vessel topples over into the dock—then, there is but one song fitting the occasion, as far as those responsible therefor are concerned. It mightn't be altogether a swan song. But as far as the tenour of office is concerned, it is likely to be "Fare ye well, Killavey, dear."

Nothing succeeds like success—in drydocking, as elsewhere. And nothing so effectually damns a man as a lack of success—no matter how deserving he might be. Queer world, isn't it? Which latter reasoning, might be considered as of the philosophical brand?

UP TOGETHER—*VULTURE* AND *VIOLANTE*.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Nov. 29th, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

24,700 05—TUCKFIELD AND GARLAND—*Improved means for actuating reversing screw propellers.*

This invention is designed for actuating screw propellers of the reversible blade and solid type. Along the hollow shaft are cut two slots through which project two ends of a cross spindle attached to the actuating rod and carried in a loose bush. On the shaft at each end of the slot a bush is fixed with a very quick thread having a nut thereon. One of the threads is cut right-handed and the other left-handed, and normally they revolve together, but on the application of a friction brake to either nut, the one acted upon is driven forward by the revolving thread pushing the loose collar and actuating rod along and thus reversing the blades.

188 06—JOHNSON—*An interconvertible boat and ships' ventilating cowl.*

The object of this invention is to provide ventilators on board ship which may be capable of use in emergency as life boats. According thereto the ventilator shaft can be detached from the deck, its bottom being then closed by a conical plug. The rear of the ventilator is provided with a keel and rudder while the forward side has attached to it a mast and sail which are normally turned down and lie close against the side of the ventilator. The mouth of the ventilator may be provided with a collapsible hood, normally turned down but which can be opened out when the ventilator is in the water so as to cover the mouth.

296 06—SPENCER & Co., AND GASKELL—*Improvements in and relating to elevators and the like.*

The object of this invention is to provide a continuous running elevator adapted to receive, raise, lower or deliver packages in quick succession. The elevator is provided with an endless band from which are pivotally suspended a number of guided tables formed with extending teeth, and at desired levels of the elevator shaft hinged tables which are also toothed, and are adapted to be swung into the path of the moving tables, the teeth of which then pass between the teeth of the hinged tables and either lift a load from or deposit a load upon one of them. Also each of the hinged tables upon which the goods are to be delivered by the descending tables of the hoist is inclined and provided with runners so that when a hinged delivery table is in action, the load deposited upon it passes out under gravity to a discharge chute.

1,127 06—EDMUNDSON—*Improvements in illuminating buoys and beacons.*

The object of this invention is to ensure perfect combustion in an oil illuminated buoy. At the bottom of the burner are three wick tubes enclosing a triangular space, and according to this invention, this space is closed, and three long slots are formed in the cone of the lamp to admit the air over the closed space from the body of the burner by splaying the three wick tubes so that air can be led from the outside of the flame to the centre.

1,660 06—RAYNOR AND THE HARDY PATENT PICK CO.—*A new or improved machine for washing coal, coke, minerals and the like.*

This invention relates to that class of machine for washing coal and the like in which the coal is conducted to an inclined trough up which a scraper conveyor moves slowly against a stream of water and admitted at the upper end. According to this invention means are provided whereby the scrapers are alternately raised one at a time from the bottom of the trough as they approach the upper end so as to subject the dirt collected to re-washing. The sides of the trough are perforated to admit air or water under pressure by which means the collected dirt is agitated sufficiently to liberate any particles of coal that may be embedded therein.

1,747 06—MONTGOLFIER—*Propelling and supporting arrangement and its applications for navigation of the air and water.*

This invention has reference to an arrangement for acting on a fluid so as to cause the propulsion and floating or supporting of a body in the fluid. The propelling arrangement presents in the direction of its movement sinuous channels the sides of which being alternately inclined to the right and to the left, constitute within a very small volume a very extensible action on the fluid, thus creating a very great resistance and causing a thrust in the direction contrary to the movement. To constitute a propeller this arrangement should be furnished at one of its extremities with a "hit or miss" slide permitting the opening or closing of the entrance to the sinuous channels, the propeller thus receiving a rapid to and fro movement. The propeller can be applied to produce the support of a body if placed vertically and divided into several equal pairs of apparatus giving alternate beats and having sufficient speed to equilibriate the weight to be supported.

8,131/06—LAKE—*Apparatus for taking observations from a submarine vessel.*

This invention relates to a periscope for carrying into effect an improved method of taking observations from a submarine vessel. The sighting tube which is operated by a piston working in a hydraulic cylinder which is connected to a compressed air apparatus, can be instantaneously rotated, elevated, and lowered without altering the depth of submergence.

20,889 06—LUIS AND WILLIAMSON—*Improvements in explosives.*

According to this invention a new explosive, the basis of which is green-oil, is produced. A small quantity of green-oil is mixed with a large quantity perchlorate of ammonium of potash to form this explosive.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending January 14th.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Marks, was advertised on December 5th, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending January 5th, 1907.

Class 4—*Eureka*.

287,195 COAL.—The firm of BROWN & CLAPSON, 4 Cleveland Road, Ilford, Essex, Coal and Coke Merchants, 22nd October, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *December 12, 1906.*

SINCE our last report, the market in Cardiff (and other) Coal has been characterised by more animation, and as a result, something of a firmness has materialised therein.

THIS improved feeling has been brought about mainly by increased tonnage arrivals, a goodly number of vessels having romped in during the week. These new arrivals, added on to those that were in evidence at our last time of writing—and which were awaiting cargo—have naturally enlivened the situation above a bit.

ANYHOW, shipments have been proceeding apace, there is a firmness in evidence, and the coal gentlemen have commenced to dispose of their lately-acquired hard look. Of course, they are disposing of coal at the same time, and although the look referred to has thinned away somewhat, it must not be supposed that it has altogether gone. Stocks have yet to be considered!

THAT is to say, it is impossible to clear off abnormally heavy stocks in one clear week, and that stocks were somewhat abnormal, may be taken as a foregone conclusion. Still, they are on the down trend, and as a natural consequence, there is a partial absence of that weakness for prompt shipment, of which we wrote in our last. In other words, the colliery man has hardened up his heart—and his quotations—for this position.

OF course, a hardening of quotations doesn't always mean that the price follows suit. Not at all, for quotations frequently go up while prices remain—out of sight! But it may be taken for granted that with the end of the present week, the big stocks will have relieved a fair amount of knocking, and what will happen then—well, we'll tell you about it in our next.

BUT you may take it as a foregone conclusion that all the present indications are in favour of the belief that quotations will be more than hard—they will have risen. Especially as stems are becoming somewhat full—not to say congested—for the remainder of the month.

MOREOVER, this hardening feature is accentuated by the near approach of the holidays, and everything at present points to the belief that the same old holy (or otherwise) rush will be in evidence, as usually applies at the period of alleged peace and goodwill. Funny, isn't it? The "fancy" might loll around considerably for the month preceding a general holiday, but once let the latter become within reasonable distance, and—phew! There is an awakening all 'round!

WHY is it? Ask us another. We are not in the prophetic vein, on this particular page. Merely state actualities. Being so, we can assure you that chartering has been somewhat active over the week, and the fact adds its quota of strength to the general situation. Still, current values have not unduly changed. They simply threaten to, in the near future. What they really stand at, may be sized up from the following list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 14s. 9d.	15s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 1½d.	14s. 1½d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Seconds ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 1½d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
Best Newport ...	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 1½d.	8s. 1½d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Seconds ...	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special ...	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	23s. 0d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 0d., 23s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	23s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	26s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *December 12, 1906.*

THERE is very little that is new to be recorded in connection with the Market, hereaway, since our last. Prices, considered generally, show but little change, but those current are ruling very steadily, if not firm. Collieries are keeping busy and there is a fairly good demand resulting for pretty well all the qualities, which naturally assists the seller in maintaining his quotations.

FOR 1907, collieries are demanding higher figures than those presently in vogue, but buyers are rather persuaded to hold off, and confine their attentions to their immediate and pressing requirements.

ANTHRACITE LARGE COALS are practically unaltered. Stems with the collieries are satisfactory, and with a good demand resulting, prices are ruling very steady. BIG and RED VEIN Coals are active, and are not lacking in enquiry either for prompt or forward shipment. Quotations are, therefore, being easily sustained in view of the present engagements of sellers. MACHINE MADE COALS keep as firm as ever, supplies being no more plentiful than of late. COBBLES, however, are the easy department.

STEAMS are firmer, thanks to increased business which has resulted for them. Collieries are busier on improved stems, which has caused sellers to put up their quotations. BUNKER qualities are very busy. PATENT FUELS are steadier, but prices show no improvement.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 9d	22s. 9d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 1½d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 3d.
Duff ...	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 0d	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending December 12, 1906

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Suakim, *Borderer,* 9s. 6d. ppt.
Hong Kong, *Drumgeith,* 5,100 tons, 14s. (Admiralty).
Colombo, *Langoe,* 10s., option Singapore, 10s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate. *William Broadley,* 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Parkgate, 1,500 tons, 14s.
Blagdon, 14s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 14s. 6d.
Westgate, 14s. 6d. option Rosario, 16s.
Eric, 3,300 tons, 14s. 6d.
Teneriffe. *Sidmouth,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Madeira, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 6s. 10½d. 200.
Las Palmas, *Hunteliff,* 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d. optn. Madeira.
Hermann Lerche, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 14s. option La Plata, (N).
Rosario, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 15s.
Etheldrytha, 4,000 tons, 14s. 3d.
Mauritius, *Caithness,* 12s. 3d.
Monte Video. *Stanfield,* 4,600 tons, 14s.
Para. *Thordisa,* 2,600 tons, 13s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Cyprian Prince,* 2,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Thornbeck, 5,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Edenhall, 3,400 tons, 7s.
Chamberhall, 5,300 tons, 7s.
Derwent, 4,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Genoa, *Hellas,* 5,100 tons, 8s.,
Paddijk, 3,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8s. 1½d. 500, or 8s. 6d. if 350.
Castlemoor, 5,300 tons, 7s. 9d. option Savona.
Steamer, 4,300 tons, 8s. 3d. option Savona or Spezzia
Castilla, 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Cunaxa, 8s. 3d.
Spennymoor, 3,600 3,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Almeria, 3,300 tons, 8s. 3d.
Dynas Powis, 2,700 tons, 8s. 3d.
Barry, 2,300 tons, 8s. 10½d. fuel.
Generoso, 3,800 tons, 8s. 3d.
Kilsyth, 3,400 tons, 8s. 6d. 500, or 8s. 10½d. for 350.
Alexandria, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. ppt.
Moorby, 3,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
John Cozzerdale, 7s. 6d.
Grangewood, 4,900 tons, 6s. 9d. 700.
Queenborough, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Constantinople, *Pendeen,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Valencia, *Whimbrel,* 650 tons, 7s.
Leghorn, *Lackenby,* 2,600 tons, 8s. 500, 6½d.
Panagh Vaghano, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d. 500, 10d.
Marseilles, *Coronel,* 4,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7·87½ fcs. ppt.
Ella Sayer, 3,800 tons, 8 fcs.
Savona, *Skodsborg,* 2,500 tons, 8s. 3d. ppt.
Porto Ferraio, *North Wales,* 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Barcelona, *Algarteno,* 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Rothesay, 2,450 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 2,700 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Cangaman, or sub., 1,350 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Cymrian, or sub., 1,350 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Algiers, *Blaenavon,* 2,600 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, 600 and 400.
Henry, 2,300 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel.
Warwick, 2,000 tons, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
La Vienne, 2,000 tons, 7·25 fcs. 600.
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
Naples, *Girgenti,* 2,800 tons, 7s. 4½d. 700. optn. Leghorn.
Torre, *Modena,* 2,600 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 8s.
Spezzia, *Keramiai,* 6,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Hansa, 1,500 tons, 8s. 9d.
Messina, *Rjukan,* 2,000 tons, 7s. 10½d. option Milazzo.
Palermo, *Eastfield,* 3,000 tons, 8s. 1½d., 400, spot.
St. Gothard, 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 400.
Sigurd, 2,000 tons, 8s. 6d. fuel, (N.R.)
Catania, *Penpol,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel. (s).
Bari, *Chatburn,* 2,300 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel. (s).
Bona, *Helios,* 2,000 tons, 8·75 fcs. coal, 9·75 fcs. fuel.
Syracuse, *Wilh Colding,* 2,000 tons, 8s. 9d. fuel, (N.R.)
Cagliari, *Ronsdal,* 1,750 tons, 7s. 6d.
Soller, *Breidablik,* 650 tons, 7s. 3d.
Sfax, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 8·75 fcs. coal, 9·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Aguilas, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 7s. 3d. (N).
Malta, *Trevorian,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 1½d. fuel, (Admiralty).
Cousins Arbil, 2,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Gibraltar, *Armourer,* 800 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Porthcawl, 2,200 tons, 3s. 10½d. (Admiralty).
Glitra, 1,100 tons, 6s. 1½d. (C. or N.)
Antwerpen, 1,500 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Valencia, 1,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Glenwood,* 2,400 tons, 5s. 3d. 350.
Eureka, 1,600 tons, 5s. 6d.
Louise, 1,750 tons, 5s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Dagmar,* 3,000 tons, 7s. (s).
Assens (Denmark), *Bauta,* 850 tons, 7s.

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Ydun,* 1,900 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Ragusa, 1,850 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *Nordstjernen,* 1,050 tons, 6·25 fcs. spot.
Gwalia, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs.
Gwentland, 1,950 tons, 6 fcs.
Nantes, *Rosario,* 2,800 tons, 6 fcs.
Sables, *Rocio,* 1,700 tons, 6 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Tyr,* 2,000 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bartolo, 4,000 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
La Pallice, *Prima,* 2,200 tons, 5·62½ fcs.
Charente, *Lena,* 1,700 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Rosehill, 1,650 tons, 6 fcs.
Chantenay, *Belgica,* 2,900 tons, 6 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Newent,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d.
Belfast, *Mayflower,* 3s. 9d.
Londonderry, —— *Fisher,* 500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Wexford, *Deansgate,* 5s. 9d.
Irvine, *Adam Smith,* 300 tons, 4s. 6d.
Waterford, *Trent,* 500 tons, 3s. 6d.
Littlehampton, *Clifton Grove,* 800 tons, 6s. (s).
Trouville, *Surrey,* 1,000 tons, 6s. (s).
Bremen, *Sarp,* 750 tons, 6s. (s).
Dieppe, *Kingsley,* 700 tons, 6s. (s).
James Spier, 650 tons, 6s.
Antwerp, *Elemore,* 1,100 tons, 6s. 3d. (P.T.)
St. Malo, *Abermaed,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Blanchland, 1,450 tons, 5s.
Brest, *Carn Marth,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Havre, *Dunelm,* 950 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Ely, 1,400 tons, 5s.
Rouen, *Augusta,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Seagull, 6s. 6d.

HOMEWARD.

Port Vendres to Cardiff, *Maria Vittoria,* 1,496 n, 6s.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 4s. 10½d.
" " " Steamer, 5s. ppt.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

CHARRON LIMITED. (C.G.V. Motor Cars)! That, readers, is the title of a prospectus which we have before us. We have read it, and have tried to fall in love with the many opportunities for increasing our wealth, offered by the enterprising firm from which the document emanates. Try like all that, we cannot work up sufficient enthusiasm to invest even a red cent. Seeing that we are always ready to help ourselves, whenever there seems the slightest prospect of being able to do so, some of our friends will no doubt wonder, why we cannot make up our minds to bite at the apparently choice bait, hanging from the end of the line held by Charron, Limited. Our determination to remain hungry is to be found in the prospectus itself. It has scared us just a trifle, but sufficiently to compel us to make fast the strings of our money bag; and once having put two half-hitches around the neck of that bag—well, it's closed for the day.

✦ ✦ ✦

You see it's this way. The "Société Anonyme Charron, Girardot et Voigt" was established in Paris in 1902, for the manufacture of motor cars. The business—according to the prospectus—has been successful, and we are really wondering why such a good thing is being so—no, given away! We will admit that, to a certain degree, the god of success has been hovering near it, for the turnover and the profits have been as follow:

1903—Turnover	£120,000	...	Profit	£16,641
1904 do.	£160,000	...	do.	£11,666
1905 do.	£217,000	...	do.	£42,577
1906 ten months	£208,000	...	not stated.	

Of course we note that the turnover for 1906 is for a period of ten months only, but mark you, it is for the best period of the motor year. We have an idea that the public are not too keen on buying cars during the "chilly" period, and we venture to predict that the sum will not be increased by any very substantial amount. The profits in comparison with the sales, appear to be somewhat erratic, but maybe after the floatation of the new concern, this little matter will be adjusted?

✦ ✦ ✦

On examining the report of the auditors, who certify to the above profits being correct, we notice the following: "These profits have been arrived at after charging against revenue, all maintenance and working expenses, but before charging director's remuneration, depreciation, or interest and commission on loans." Now it appears to us, that unless the director's remuneration, commission, etc. mentioned in the above report amounted to a very considerable and important sum, it would be in the interests of the proposed company, to show the profits after the amounts expended on these various accounts had been deducted? This, however, has not been done, and what can one infer? Obviously only one thing, and that is, if those items had been deducted, the profits would have been considerably smaller. For the same reason, the attraction for the shares of Charron, Ltd. would not be so great.

✦ ✦ ✦

Leaving the profits of the old concern for the time being, we come to the capital of the new company. This has been registered at £384,000, divided into 380,000 participating preferred shares of £1 each, and 80,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. The participating preferred ordinary (what a mouthful!) are entitled to receive in each year, a non-cumulative preferential dividend of 7 per cent. and in addition thereto 40 per cent. of the surplus net profits of the company available for dividend. The balance of such surplus, namely 60 per cent., is payable to the holders of the deferred shares. Prettily and trickily put, Messrs. Charron, Ltd., but although you may dislike it, we are not blind to the fact that the "preferreds" are entitled to a *non*-cumulative dividend of 7 per cent., and in fact they savour of the type generally known to the public as "ordinary." Supposing the profits do not pan out sufficiently to pay the 7 per cent. for any given year—well where's the benefit?

✦ ✦ ✦

To pay a dividend of 7 per cent. on £380,000 (the amount of the preferreds) the profit required would be £26,000, and to obtain this amount out of the earnings of any year previous to 1905 would prove a puzzle, in fact it would be more than a squeeze to obtain 3½ per cent. and we make no mention of the "deferreds." Strange, isn't it? But suppose we look at absolutely the brightest side of things, and take the 1905 profits as a standard, what happens? We find in this case that after paying the 7 per cent. on the preferreds, that there is a balance of £15,900 odd. It looks well, certainly, but remember, out of that sum will have to be deducted, directors' remuneration, depreciation, underwriters' commission, and last, but not least, the extra working expenses which will of necessity, be entailed by the new company. Candidly, in our opinion, the margin is far from being enough to ensure a substantial dividend on the new capital.

✦ ✦ ✦

As for the assets of the old company, we note that the "plant, machinery, freeholds, leaseholds, work in hand, etc.," have been valued by a French accountant at £180,000. What the "etc." is meant to cover, we certainly do not pretend to know; it has been suggested to us that it may be cash in hand. Of course it may be, but again it may not, seeing that the United Investment Corporation, Ltd., have advanced £20,000 in anticipation of the working capital to be provided out of this issue. Anyhow, we will let the fact that it has been necessary to borrow money, pass, and revert to the valued-at-£180,000 assets. In the first place, 80,000 preferreds are issued as fully paid up to the vendors; out of the present issue £100,000 in cash, less the amount required for the brokerage, registration and stamp duties, and the cost of the transfer of the property, will be set aside for the provision of working capital; £164,000 will be paid to the vendors on account of purchase money, and the balance will be utilised for the expenses of the issue, and the underwriting commission.

✦ ✦ ✦

By a rough calculation we find that the above balance to be utilised for commissions, etc., will amount to no less a sum than £40,000, and, as our chief says, "Phew"! In return for this £384,000 subscribed, what are the subscribers to obtain? Apparently, a business valued at £180,000 plus £100,000 cash as working capital, or rather what will be left of it, after payment of the amount required for "brokerage, registration, stamp duties and the cost of the transfer of the property." We have an idea that the last mentioned piece of business will cost no small amount, and to be mild we will put it down at £40,000, thus leaving £60,000 for the working capital. Now how do we stand? Well, there's the business £180,000 plus £60,000 working capital, a total of £240,000. What is to become of the remaining £144,000? Well there you are, and that dear friends is why we will not "bite" on the present occasion.

THE report of the Windsor Steam Coal Co., (1901) Limited, for the year ending June 30, 1906, is as usual, far from encouraging. The accounts show a debit to the profit and loss account, after charging all expenses and interest on debentures, of £28,394 2s. 1d. At the beginning of the year, it was anticipated that an increased output would help matters considerably, but those evergreen and unexpected difficulties have cropped up, and as is, alas! too often the case, disappointment has reigned supreme. It is pleasing to note that, according to the directors, the underground difficulties are being gradually overcome, and that the outlook for the current year is more promising. We shall not forget this, and when the next report is issued, we expect to learn that the tide has ceased to ebb. Mr. George F. Insole, one of the directors, retires from the board and is eligible for re-election. We understand that unless there is a change in the working of this company, the shareholders are going to have something more to say in the matter, than has been the case in the past. Time, too, isn't it? But more of this, anon.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE reports recently issued by Colliery Companies are far from encouraging, from the shareholders'—or, for the matter of that—any point of view. That of the Cardiff District Collieries, Limited, to October 30, last, contains the information that practically the only work done, has been in the matter of developement, and the fixing of the necessary mechanical installations for the regular working of the mine. When the regular working is commenced, it is to be hoped the results will justify the anticipations. We are continually hearing growls anent non-paying companies, and are a trifle weary of them. This being the case, it gives us additional pleasure to be able to report on paying and well managed concerns. In connection with the above company, nearly the whole of the unissued shares have been taken up privately, at par, on certain conditions as to payment. We hope that nobody has made a mistake?

THE Arniston Coal Company, Limited, has issued its report for the year ended September 30, last, and it is to be submitted to the meeting to be held on the 12th inst. After all charges against revenue have been met, £4,000 written off for depreciation, and the dividend paid on the preference shares, there remains £711 balance of profit on the year's working, and this sum the directors propose to carry forward. The report states that the Vogrie Colliery lease has been given up, as it was found impossible to work the coal at a profit. Seeing that the ordinary shareholders get nothing, presumably they are delighted to see an end put to this source of loss? It is mentioned that since the close of the financial year, trade has brightened a little, and we believe there are fervent prayers, that the movement may be continued. Owing to death, the Board loses the valuable services of Mr. James Haldane, C.A., and we trust that an energetic member will be elected to his late position.

✦ ✦ ✦

WE have had about enough of "regret" coal reports for the present, and it is with pleasure that we turn to the movements of the Norwich and London Accident Insurance Association. The dividend recently announced is £1 per share for the year ended August, and compares with 19s. for 1904-5, 18s. 1903-4 and 1902-3, and 17s. for 1901-2. The shares, which are £5 paid—and this mostly out of profits—have a further £5 liability, and the dividend represents 20 per cent. on the shares. The capital authorised and issued is £200,000, and of this sum £100,000 is paid up. In these days of competition (and rushing) it is quite refreshing to drop across companies which pay a decent dividend, and which give the shareholders something more than vaporous promises to exist upon. How many concerns are there, to-day, in which the shareholders have not had to pay up the full amount of the calls on their shares? Not many, if our memory serves us correctly, and it generally does, as instances of this description are few and far between.

THE NEW MODEL HAMMOND

No. 12. VISIBLE.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SIGHT ALL THE TIME.

Visibility

Simplicity

Durability

THIS instrument has all the very latest improvements and labor saving devices, including the *Bi-chrome Ribbon Attachment*, also a new *Variable Spacing Mechanism*, has five different widths of Carriages, twenty-eight languages on a single machine, also special Braille shuttle for the use of the blind. Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are written on a specially constructed instrument writing from right to left. If you would like to know more about it send to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

London Office: 50, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Manchester Office: 164, Deansgate, Manchester.

W. LEWIS, 22, DUKE STREET, CARDIFF.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF."; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock: Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

For High-class

BOOKBINDING

of every description, try

THE MARITIME REVIEW, Limited,

Clarence Road,

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

TYNESIDE ENGINE WORKS, Ltd.,
CARDIFF.
Engineers, Boilermakers, etc.,
BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.
Nat. Tel. Works, No. 18. Manager, No. 03550. Telegrams: "Tyneside."

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS AND CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

No. 5—NOW READY.

"The Shipmaster"

The first Publication to advocate, solely, the cause of the Mercantile Executive Officer and Engineer.

Of interest to all, but especially to those for whose particular protection it is published; and containing everything of the Brightest, Breeziest, and Best.

EVERY MONTH,
Single Copies, Tenpence.
Annual Subscription (Free in United Kingdom), 10s.

WILL YOU SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY?

Address:
"THE SHIPMASTER," LTD., *Docks, Cardiff.*

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

OUR SHIPYARD

With its accompanying Dry Docks and Works, was carefully designed, equipped, and completed for the construction and repairing in every detail of

Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Protected Cruisers,

Gun Boats, Torpedo Boats, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Submarine Boats,

Ocean Liners, Passenger Steamers, Freight Carriers, Etc., Etc.

NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.,

1, BROADWAY, NEW YORK—NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Registered as a Newspape

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 149. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1906. Threepence.

GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS?

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD., together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS?	86
MARITIME MURMURS	87
THE BOARD OF TRADE'S "FUNNY MAN" AGAIN!	91
CONCERNING THE CONGO	92
ONCE MORE, THE CULINARY ARTIST!	94
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	96
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	97
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	98
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	99

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

WE are becoming observant in our old age, and we don't care who knows it. That's what's the matter, and as next week is Christmas-tide, we are not going to pretend that anybody is going to take their shipping lotion seriously. They won't, for when peace and goodwill—in the abstract—is around, in anything like appreciable quantities, well, we wish to chip in with the crowd. To-day, with that idea on top, we allowed our usually stern glance to fall around in a beatific manner, and although there was nobody about intent on saving the pieces, we mean to tell you of some of the things which we noticed when that observant fit was on. The fit took us in Bute Street, and that is a place where sundry more or less knowing folk, pay for the exhibition of advertisements. First thing we noticed, was the ad. connected with a cheap tailor who had recently gone through the hoop, and where the public had noticed that the capital of his precious company, had panned out to seven golden sovereigns. Thinking of the halcyon days of our youth, when Mother Waggitt's wool had beauties in our sight, we left that cheap tailor's advertisement, and passed on. We couldn't have taken the ad. with us, for the blessed thing was painted on the wall. Essential—in Bute Street, for if a thing is moderately shiftable, there, well, you know what we mean?

WANDERING along, we conned assurances that certain pills would—well, if they wouldn't take the knots out of a wooden leg, they could be guaranteed to cure spots on the sun—er, the son; and, er, well, and things like that, you know. After pills, came greases of various sorts and consistencies; buffer-springs (what is a buffer spring, anyhow?); ventilators—of various sizes and colours, but all good; a splash of nasty bilious-looking yellow which called our attention to the alleged fact that a certain ha'porth of printed shaving paper was the best thing in London; some bold statements as to where we ought to go, when on the lookout for teeth that could be depended on to go through the best sorts of "ship's biscuit;" and right there, we came upon a find, if you like! Geewillikins! This is where we began to realise the beauties of the observant trait. What was it? Why, it was an enamelled plate. Iron plate, you know, and it had some antique-looking letters upon it, just as they use on tombstones, and other things of a dead or moribund nature. Of course, we read that advertisement, and after reading, carefully—the plate needed washing, a bit—we saw that the yarn was about some *Shipping Gazette;* that it was the oldest shipping paper; that it cost threepence daily; and that its home was somewhere in London!

As a matter of fact, we discontinued our scanning of cheap tailor ads.; gave up cogitating as to whether we should go in for those teeth; aye, even left all thoughts of purchasing palm-oil from the purveyors of grease already alluded to; for we are shipping people, and had received a rude shock. A number of our friends have assured us that THE MARITIME REVIEW is the only shipping paper extant; that all others are make-believes, more or less; and yet here is one that, albeit the "oldest shipping paper," still finds it necessary to tootle the fact around on the breeze, 'fore all the world as if the oldest shipping sheet was of no more importance, than a box of somebody's pills, or a suit of shoddy from a "sheep tailor, vat?" You can understand our feelings in the matter, can't you? Sadly thinking of the changes which had come over this mundane sphere, since "Shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground"—poor souls. We have often hoped the ground was dry and comfy.—we sprinted to the Free Library. We meant to see that *Shipping Gazette*, ere another day went over our unfortunate heads! Aye, supposing that something terrible happened to us after the sight. Of course, we couldn't "rise" to three-pence a day. Only millionaires could reach to those exalted heights. Millionaires—or people who have more money than they can conveniently carry about at one time?

WE can easily understand why the alleged "shipping journals" had to raise their prices to sixpence a week, after starting out at the 3d. mark. Anybody would naturally

think, that if a shipping man would willingly spend threepence a day for one paper, he could easily rise to sixpence a week for another? What? However, we arrived at the Free Library, and with a certain amount of trepidation—you see, we weren't quite sure whether that advertisement was the real thing, or merely an attempt to pull our leg, as well as the legs of others—we asked the young man in charge, whether he "took in" the *Shipping Gazette*. We fancied that "took in" would fix him up alright, and that he wouldn't think that we were on a voyage of discovery. You will have observed that most people speak of subscribing to a journal, as "we take it in." To level the matter up, somewhat, truth compels us to acknowledge, that the paper often takes them in—but that is a detail, and has nothing to do with our observations of this occasion. That young man at the library was quite a nice youth, and we cottoned to him, right away. In fact, we are strongly of opinion that the Corporation ought to raise his screw, and if they happen upon these words, and neglect the rise suggested, well, they will have to reckon with us one of these days—when we are out with a club. Yes!

Did he "take in" *Shipping Gazette*? Certainly! Had taken it in for quite a while. Could we see a sample copy? Of course, we could. We could see a whole file, an' we liked. Well, we did like. At least, we saw the issues for about a fortnight, and we don't mind admitting—now, that we have seen it—that if *Shipping Gazette* isn't really the oldest shipping journal extant, then, it looks it! That ought to be good enough. Mind you, it isn't at all grey, no, nor bald; but you can see antiquity leaking out of its every pore, so to write it; and it contains quite a bit of news! Not old news, but right bang up to the day before issue stuff. Some of it, indeed, bears the same date as appears on the top line of the paper, itself. Especially the letters that are given the hospitality of its columns. Some of them carried the date appearing on the top of the sheet, so we suppose the letters must have been written, after the baby had gone to bed—no, no, the paper had gone to press? Now, don't fidget about, please. It's Christmas week, and acting up to your beliefs in the matter of peace and goodwill, just you bear with us. We don't often ask favours of you. When we do, be Christian-like, and do the straight thing.

Particularly as we aren't going to bother you with a consideration of a number of different letters. Not at all. We shall simply deal with a subject which we have made familiar to you, and which these oldest shipping papers are now attempting to take over from our able hands. What is the subject? Well, it has to do with "seamen's wages." At least, one side of the correspondence had to do with the rise in seamen's wages, although we are blessed if we know what the other fellow was getting at. For that matter, we have an idea that the "one side" didn't know, although that is as may be. Perhaps, we had better let you know that the correspondence duel—it wasn't a duel, really. 'Twas too one-sided for that!—was between Mr. W. Clark Russell, and a young lady styling herself, for this time only, "Senex." We know it was a young lady, because a real man; one of the sort carrying a chin whisker, and several other genuine properties; couldn't write such bread-and-butter-miss nonsense. Mr. Clark Russell maintained that there is not the shortage in officers that was generally pretended, otherwise, wages would have to go up, all 'round. That as wages had merely increased in one or two instances, then, the "officer" brigade was kept up—presumably, by the wholesale importation of aliens. Isn't that it, sir?

Well, Miss Syntax—dern it. We meant to write Miss "Senex," and she couldn't understand—quite a number of things! It seemed to the lady that it is not true to say that the pay of officers in the merchant service remains unchanged, and for once, we side in with her. It isn't true to say that wages are unchanged. They are lower than ever before in the history of the nation. Here's a bit for your best boy, Miss "Senex." We sailed out of Cardiff, fifteen years ago, as mate of a 2,000 tons tramp steamer. Our honorarium (we don't like to write "screw," when addressing a female) on that occasion, amounted to nine golden sovereigns per month, and they were paid (if the owner hadn't bu'sted, meanwhile) at the end of the voyage. At the present moment, Miss, there are several 7,000-tonners in dock here, and they pay their mates £9 10s. per month. Isn't that a decrease? The large-souled owner has multiplied the responsibilities by practically four, and has offered a "rise" (save the word) of one eighteenth! Yet, these nautical suffragettes will seek an opening in the oldest shipping journal! Take our tip for it Miss Senile—er "Senex," and leave these little matters to those who have experienced them. Ourselves, and Mr. Clark Russell, for instance.

But, gosh! Here's a mistake! "Senex" isn't a lady. At least, Mr. Clark Russell doesn't think so, anyway, for in his next reply, he rakes old "Senex" after the following: "I must decline to fight with a phantom. You cannot 'draw claret' nor obscure the vision of a *vox et praeterea nihil*. If 'Senex' of Leadenhall Street, will kindly drop his pea-shooter (there's rude the clever novelist is!), and step out from behind the hedge into the King's highway, he will find me his man." So, "Senex" is a male, is he? Must be, or "he" couldn't have a pea-shooter? Of course, he isn't a man, for even in these degenerate days, men do not write anonymously on a national subject. That is left to—well, we had almost written hermaphrodites! Wonder what "Senex's" real name is? Does his front name begin with "C," we wonder. Might be, you know, for c-a-d spells—yes, it does, now, so no shinnannakin. And anyhow, we believe that only a cad would snivel away at better men, behind the cover supplied by a mis-quoted pen-name. Another tip for you, "Senex." Give up writing piffley letters. Chew beef. Plenty of it. That's what you need, and then, in the days that are near, you might develop the gall that is required to admit of your scrapping in the open. Wonder if "Senex" ever jumped into the Thames to save a sinking sailor—was it a sailor? Never mind. Let us get on with more *Shipping Gazette*. More oldest shipping journal.

The "ancient one" carries advertisements, even although it advertises itself in quite orthodox fashion. You give an ad. to *Shipping Gazette*, it reciprocates by giving itself another on your behalf. A shipmaster who wishes to buy a job, obviously believes in this particular (or not particular, if you'd rather have it that way) paper. We write obviously, because there is such an ad., in the back numbers which have been saved for our (and your) perusal, by that nice young man at the Free Library. We have no intention of bothering you with the announcement in question, for since leaving the Library, we have sort of decided that those berth-seeking-and-investing-therefor ads. are quite *en regle*. The one we noticed was plunked right in the middle of an ordinary column of "wanteds." Therefore, the ad. must be ordinary? But getting along to butter business—you'll remember that the "new scale" calls for butter for the crew; while, if margarine is patronised, the fact must be chalked up in plain sight of the Yahoos who masquerade as "British Seamen." We

are not going to pretend that margarine isn't good enough for the trash which has invaded the forecastles of the British Mercantile Marine. It is. In fact, it is too good, for at home, those genial patriots would be fed on bread and salt, at ordinary times, and bread and dripping, on "granda festas."

STILL, the *Shipping Gazette* advertises one particular brand which is "packed in hermetically sealed tins"; and this would appear to be for the use of the glorified 'longshore friend. Hope it fattens him up, good! The other sort—well, there are "various cheaper grades specially prepared for use on shipboard." See? "Various cheaper grades?" Now, advertisers don't waste time in telling you about the "cheap lines," unless there is a demand for them? Yet these "shipping papers" assure you that the sailor is fed quite generously, and some of the "owners" will assure you that "some people will growl at anything—especially when it is paid for by other people." A consumptive-looking misfit wrote us that on one occasion, and we tried hard, to persuade him to take a trip with us. He was a "fly" kid—as well as a consumptive one. Anyhow, he didn't go, so the mate had no opportunity of knocking the tuberculosis out of that sniveller, with the thick and hefty portion of a derrick-boom. Never mind. Better luck next time, for you never know when a derrick chain will break, or its span, for that matter? But really, we do not see that we need go over the ad. list in *Shipping Gazette*. You can easily see it at the library, or you might purchase a copy, as far as that goes. This is the time of peace and goodwill? Very well, then.

THE Channel Tunnel bogie has appeared again, and at a season when guys, spooks, and unrealities, generally, most do flutter across life's stage! The principal reason for its introduction at the moment, is the fact that this country is on friendly terms with *la belle France*. All very well, as an excuse, even if this mutual admiration business is going to last indefinitely—which we sincerely hope, it will. But seeing that the tunnel is going to cost a terrible pile of money—that is to say, supposing enough jays can be found to supply the wherewithal—won't it be best to hasten slowly in this connection? We are not among they who fear the breaking through of our insular position. Not at all, for all the tunnels in the world—if it were possible to romp them under the Silver Streak—would not destroy that. Everybody realises that a decent-sized charge of dynamite would about hash up the chances of the possible invader. But what's the matter with holding on until we see what the navigable balloon is going to turn into? The Channel Tunnel is estimated to use up ten good years in construction. Are we to believe that the airship will take longer than that, before it is fit enough to do the London/Paris trick in six hours? We have half a mind to ask the oldest shipping journal about it. Aye, or Mr. Cuthbert Laws, of Shipping Federation, Limited. Either of them might know something touching airships, or other gaseous bodies?

THE United States Government has been giving a great deal of attention to the subject of an increased Navy. They wish to do something in the "lick creation" line, and as far as we can see, they have about done it. Anyhow, after an extended consideration given to the matter, they have decided to build two battleships, and if that isn't a tall order, we should like to hear about it. During the Spanish-American War, an American citizen assured us that his Navy was the finest in the world. He might have believed it. Possibly, he was merely out upon a leg-pulling undertaking, and as an Americanism hath it; "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; joke, and you laugh alone." Perhaps our friend was joking, only—and thanks to his Scottish extraction—he did it wi' deefficulty! But on the subject of armour plates, the Secretary to the American Navy is of opinion that the only way in which the American Government may hope to dodge the native "trusts," is for the Government to start in on opposition lines, or to purchase from abroad. There may be something in it, for the "trust" fiend rules the roost "over there." And speaking of armour, reminds one of the Jungleosities. If the American Government does go in for armour plate making, we trust, for its own sake, there will be none of the Chicago idea about it!

THAT again reminds us. Isn't it about time that another set of fairy tales were unloaded on to the long-suffering public, concerning those awful atrocities which were said to have been worked up at the Chicago meat canneries? While it continued, the jape created nearly as much fuss, as did Rudyard Kipling's "Pay, pay, pay," screed. We beg its pardon, poetry. As far as we can see, the one theme is quite as dead as the other, but the whole outfit should convince the would-be trader, of the blessings of advertisement—in both instances. For a longish time—in both epochs—you could see but little else than "Absent-minded Beggar," and "Jungle-Jinks" (was that the name of the book, or was it merely *Jungle*?) But never mind. The country appears to have wearied of both japes, now, and not even *Red Rubber* can raise a ripple on the presently placid surface of public opinion. The real thing, we mean. Not the journal which meanders along under that title.

CHRISTMAS time usually savours of charity, gifts, and all sorts of nice things. This, of course, for the recipients, and a correspondent must have had this in mind, when he sent us the fortieth annual report of the Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital, the period covered being the year 1905. We are not quite sure even now, as to the idea which our friend had in his mind when he despatched that interesting booklet. It could not have been meant for a Christmas box; it might have been sent as a hint that our name is not on the list of subscribers; but yet, again, it might have been sent to call our attention to one or two points, which certainly do not agree with the too well known, but not sufficiently practised text, "and the greatest of these is charity." Anyhow we'll accept the "report" as a hint, and may be we shall someday see our way clear to help the institution—but subject, of course, to a few slight changes being made.

YOU see, it's this way. The Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital was established for the benefit of seamen of all nations, in the year of our Lord, 1866. A noble institution, and one which deserves the help and support, not only of those who go down to the sea in ships; not alone of the people who find the money for those ships; nor again of those who derive a benefit from them; for it is the duty of every individual who is in any way beholden to the powers of the deep for his living—and however magnificent or humble he be—to put his hand into his pocket and help this grand undertaking. If, perchance, there is nothing in that pocket, then the least he can do is to put his shoulder to the wheel, and give it the benefit of his weight. Many of our citizens have regarded this matter in the proper light, and we are glad to be able to observe in the list of patrons, men who have kindliness enough to admit of their seeing the necessity, utility, and charity, of assisting to provide medical aid for those toilers of the deep, who are unfortunate enough to need it.

Glancing over the report of the Executive Committee, we find that "the voluntary receipts from shipping at Cardiff, Barry, and Penarth Docks, have considerably decreased." This statement being made, it behoved us to turn up the working account, for the year, and we find that the subscriptions for Cardiff, Barry, and Penarth Docks, *plus* a moiety from the French shipping at the three ports, amount to £1,773 12s. 7d. These figures indeed are pitiful when one remembers the number of ships which frequent our local docks—and, at least, they should be doubled. Seeing the small amount of the subscription, we became inquisitive and cast our eyes over the "expenditure" side of the account. Passing by the necessary items we find that the "Dock Collectors' Commission" amounts to £87 1s. 11d., or 5 per cent. on the amount of the money subscribed by the ships which visit these ports!

We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that for a charitable institution of this description, anyone would have the temerity or audacity to even suggest a 5 per cent. commission for making a collection on its behalf. We hoped that these gentlemen might have returned the commissions received, by the way of a donation; but, alas! we have been unable to trace any sign of such action in any of the accounts. Pardon us, we may have erred! The Barry Railway Company, from its Cardiff Docks Office, has subscribed, per a collecting box, 1s. 2d.; the Penarth Dock Office has subscribed the magnificent sum of THREEPENCE! We are compelled to ask ourselves the question: Have any commissions been deducted from this amount? While we are on the question tack, we have a few others to ask. How do the dock collectors (you know, the 5 per cent. men) collect those subscriptions? During what hours are these collections made, and from whom do they get their authority to collect?

Scanning the list of those individuals and firms who have sent in subscriptions by the collecting box method, we are sorry to have to record that the names of most of the well-known shipping firms are conspicuous by their absence. But stay: we wrote "most of the well-known shipping firms:" we are merciful, for on taking another glance, we find that there is only one shipping company in the whole list which has been actuated by a feeling of charity. That firm, readers, is Elder, Dempster and Co. You know who we mean, the firm with the philanthropic Sir Alfred Jones at the helm: one of our largest and best known companies, and one which pays thousands per annum in salaries. Would you believe it, the staff of the local branch have denied themselves to such an extent that (it nearly stops our breath) out of the goodness of their hearts; filled as they have been with the milk of human kindness; they have contributed to this charitable institution, the enormous sum of fourpence! And how many of the members of that staff, will smoke sixpenny cigars during the holidays? Never mind, you did subscribe!

We have called attention to the subscriptions made through the collecting box medium. Now we have experience enough to know, that more than often, in an office which boasts a charity money box, the principal is sufficiently whole-hearted to go beyond that source of subscribing, and give his mite, first-hand. This has been so, in the present case, and in a few (very few) instances; but, nevertheless, the generosity of the donors has been marked. The sums given have been handsome, and it is a woeful pity that these gentlemen who have taken such an interest in the undertaking, have not been able to bring pressure to bear upon some of their neighbours. The new buildings will, we expect, require an additional amount of money, if they are to be kept going. They have been equipped with the most recent appliances and instruments, and we hope that the utility of the hospital will not be lessened, because, as we have seen, there is an amount of shilly-shally about, but which, we believe, can be removed.

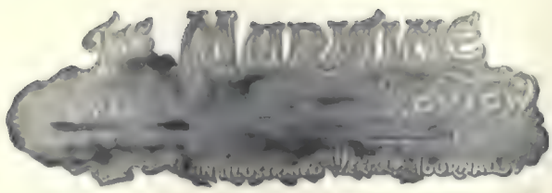
Diving a little deeper into the report, we find that the number of ships which sent in-patients and out-patients to be treated was 809; of this 809, Britain was accountable for 553, and foreign nations for the remainder—456. The number of in-patients admitted during the year was 405, of which 159 were British, and 246 foreigners. Seems as if British Jack were either on the downward grade, or is more immune from accidents than the foreign seaman! But that's by the way. These men have been treated, and treated well. Surely at this season of the year, the "Peace and goodwill" feeling should reign, and the collecting boxes with subscriptions would grow fat? Let us hear no more of fourpences—or of threepences, for that matter! Pay up, people, for you must remember that, after all, you owe something to Jack, even if, at times, he is not all that one would desire. He is the man who carries the food, and keeps you going. That's true, isn't it?

The commercial attaché to His Majesty's Embassy at Madrid, has sent home a report of a harbour that is to be built at Tolosa, near Bilbao. It is a £200,000 job, and some of the contracts have already been placed. There is certainly room for improvement in the harbour facilities in Bilbao Bay. Some of the "ports" such as Decido, Povena, and others are, as seafarers know, mere shoots built out from the cliff, as near as possible to the mine. The argument in favour of such places, is, that as there has been practically no expenditure over the construction of breakwaters, etc., the iron-ore is therefore, cheap. That is certainly a fact when bad weather does not prevent steamers from loading—for it is only possible to enter these delightful havens when the water is absolutely smooth. The ports referred to, are favoured because ships get the much sought after "quick turn," there; but there is always the possibility of a gale, and of the ships driving ashore and "remaining"—to quote the shipping casualty telegrams. At this season of the year, when the carol singing business is booming, it is the proper fashion to think well of everything, so we will be seasonable, and suppose that there will be good in the above mentioned ports—but not for the underwriter man!

The island of St. Helena seems to be in a bad way, since the withdrawal of the garrison. Prosperity left the place the same time as "Tommy," and accordingly the Christmas dinner of the majority of the residents, will be a very poor affair, indeed. St. Helena must be a hungry place, anyhow, for there was once a man incarcerated there, because his friends, who "conquered but to save" found it dangerous for him to be at large. In support of our theory that the place is (and was) "hungry" we find that when they came to take him away, all they got was the bony-part! Excuse us; this is the silly season, you know! Real hunger is not, however, a subject for alleged wit, for as seafarers, we have been hungry once or twice and can, therefore, sympathise with Tommy's "girl he left behind him," at St. Helena.

We note that an interesting presentation took place on Saturday afternoon, at the Barry Graving Docks, when Mr. E. S. Johnson—already referred to in these columns—was the recipient of a canteen of table silver, while his good lady was presented with a gold lever watch. The presentation had been carried out as a slight token of the respect in which Mr. Johnson is held by his old-time colleagues, and the speeches were pithy and to the point.

And now, the old, old wish: A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each one of you.



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1906.

THE BOARD OF TRADE'S "FUNNY MAN," AGAIN!

Now that Mr. Lloyd-George's speech at the Liverpool Shipbrokers' Benevolent Society has had time to sink in; seeing that some of our contemporaries who affect a knowledge of "shipping" have had their little run without a chance to prig nice pieces from THE MARITIME REVIEW; it remains for us to clinch the matter—as usual. One of our would-be competitors—practising in London—waxes positively jocular over the theme, and remarks, in connection with the alleged speech, that "to read the verbatim report reminds one of a lecture by Mark Twain, so frequently came the 'laughters,' 'cheers and laughter,' 'loud merriment,' etc., etc." Personally, we are somewhat of opinion that this is another of our friend's doubtful compliments to the shipping man, and as we remarked last week, the advertisements will probably suffer if, in a meritorious endeavour to see only the chirpy side of the shipowner, *Phoenix*—there, the name has slipped out!—doesn't attend to its little mannerisms. Of course, comic journals have to live up to their reputations. So, for the matter of that, have serious shipping papers. And although we are willing to admit that Mr. Lloyd-George might be the happy possessor of a pretty wit, we are prone to suggest that he deserves but little credit therefor. He has stuffed the shipowner in such a whole-hearted manner; has had such a beautifully clear run, for his talents (we like to be generous at Christmas-tide); and has humbugged up the industry which, before all others, he knew least about; that—well, the pretty wit is merely a commonplace possession. Naturally, our "shipping" contemporaries cannot see the joke. That would be to expect too much. However, pretty wit, or otherwise, the gentleman wasn't far wrong when he suggested that the shipowner, collectively, regarded the Board of Trade as a "visitation of Providence," and for his private delectation, we might remark that quite a number of our seafaring friends consider it, as a hot-potch of "emanations from 'ell!" There might not be a very great difference in the two terms—especially in as far as the results are concerned; so we let it pass. Let it pass, even as we plunk the thing out in plain English, and therefore, remark that, to all intents and purposes, the Board of Trade is usually considered by educated men, to be the bourne for all party inepts. Successive Governments seem to be imbued with the same idea. That is, the rule appears to be: "Shove him into the Board of Trade. He cannot do much harm there, for all the harm possible in that direction, was worked up generations ago." And it is even so! "The Party" receives the offices of a shouter; he is Whitehalled—and thereby whitewashed. Ultimately, he emerges therefrom, with a nice new coat of clean stuff spread upon him; furthermore, he has a number of honours and virtues (mostly of the negative kind) in evidence; and in the end, and providing he keeps his ickle nose clean, and does nothing to offend his immediate patron, he is pitchforked into a really important Government office—which he more or less adorns to the end of his days, or the ousting of his "Party," from power, whichsoever happens first. Here is a bit of bunkum quoted from the "authority" already mentioned: "In regard to the manning of the mercantile marine, the titular head (titular grandmother, friend) of British commerce takes a line that shows with refreshing distinctness that he is no panderer to the Havelock-Wilson modern school of politicians." How do you know that, *Phoenix*? Do you know anything at all about the subject, when all is said? Fancy our contemporary trying to stuff its patrons with any such twice-laid *panem!* Why, when "Georgie" first got into it, hadn't he the Wilson warhorse as a nautical expert? And if it hadn't been for Wilson, would "Georgie" have been quite clear at the moment, as to which end of a ship really goes first? Not that such ignorance is a drawback—judging by some of the trash which is allowed to pass muster as "shipping intelligence." Here's another bit of real jam: "Instead of applauding 'poor Jack.' Mr. Lloyd-George pluckily maintains that the Scandinavian seaman is quite as good, if not actually a better man, than the British sailor." But what does Mr. Lloyd-George know about it, anyhow? As an authority on the indelibility of different kinds of black ink used by conveyancing lawyers down in Wild Wales, "Georgie" might be accepted as of some little value. But when it comes down to ships and shipmen—well, we would as soon accept the opinion of the genius who prattles for *Phoenix!* We would, really! We are assured that "Georgie" deplores the necessity that British shipowners find for employing foreigners, "but he does not go to the ridiculouse extreme of suggesting that only seamen of British nationality should have a place in vessels flying the old country's flag." Doesn't he? Then, we sincerely trust that his constituency will bear the fact in mind, when next he is seeking their support. If—as *Phoenix* states—"Georgie" doesn't go to the "ridiculouse *(sic)* extreme of suggesting that" British ships should be for British seamen, then, the same "ridiculousey" claim must hold good (or otherwise) in connection with Board of Trade appointments, collieries, agriculture, aye, and the editorial offices of some of the alleged "shipping papers" which we could mention! To our mind, there is quite a quantity of the "lousey" in this business. Far more than meets the eye—even supposing it works up a nasty, creepy sort of feeling between the shoulder blades? Still, getting away from the "ridiculouse," we find that our cryptic friend is inclined to think that, "In other words Mr. Lloyd-George appears to have quite correctly (there's for 'oo Georgie! Quite correctly!) realised that the lack of British sailors is a national affair, and should be made a national concern." Jack, old ship, take our advice. Refuse to fetch any paper to these islands, unless a perfectly clear manifest convinces you that the stuff will only be used on genuinely British journals. Don't go on pandering to the questionable prattlers that would ruin the Empire, as long as they succeed in making a precarious livelihood through spreading fifth-rate writing, and tenth-rate printing for the edification of the shoddy shipowner. You see, the genuine samples realise the danger of the scarcity of British seamen. The parasite doesn't. *Ergo*, the only one to benefit by the bathos which we have quoted, is the vampire who is gradually ruining his country? But why should the scarcity of British seamen be treated as a national subject? If the country is short of bricklayers, are we to consider such shortage a national concern? If *Phoenix* suspended publication, because its shipowning supporters became ratty at having their forecastles written of as "stuffy," and their "Head of the Board of Trade" likened to the star comic in a music hall, and therefore, withdrew their "esteemed announcements"—would that be a national calamity? We know one or two persons who are willing to say that the suspension indicated would be a blessing of the first magnitude; and that it is mainly because of the Phoenix-brand of "literature," that Britain is rapidly becoming lower and lower in the scale of potential power. We know that the down trend has not yet been openly marked. But that is merely for the reason that outsiders have shown insufficient gall to try a stroke in the required direction. Once the drums beat for war, and what will happen? Well, the Phoenix-things will be among the first to yell, "Oh, Mister Jack. Save us!"

CONCERNING THE CONGO.

FROM time to time, we have animadverted on the miseries (and grabberies) which surround that euphemistically-named Congo Free State. The man in the street has been inclined to believe that the word "Free" in this connection, means the freedom of the native, from all that is barbarous and uncivilised. As a matter of fact, however, there never was a greater misnomer—if humanitarianism and progress are to be the watchwords.

In reality, Congo Free State means, that the rakings and scrapings of every Continental scrap-heap is free to go there, and on arrival, to follow the dictates of his very low-down sample of heart. So much had this come to be acknowledged, that the world had almost given up hoping for amelioration for the Congo nigger. Even when the Belgian Chamber agreed to work up a debate on the subject, nobody attached much importance to the item.

P. and O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Squaring up for Tilbury Docks.

Somehow or other, the travelled Briton has but a poor opinion of the colonising abilities of the Continental brother—and mainly because his travelling has convinced him that, with few exceptions, the Continental friend is more in need of a missionary and colonising benefits, than is the nigger man of the Congo, and elsewhere. When all is said, the Belgian—equally with the German—is a mighty poor colonist.

The reason for this disability is not far to seek, for in connection with nations that plump solid for militarism, initial ability is strangled at birth. The good souls might be born with the same ability as other—and happier circumstanced—nationalities; but by the time they have grown up, and have been "ordered" through every phase of life, there is but little other than a machine-like precision left about them.

Now, to be a good colonist, it is essential that the men engaging in the business, shall be filled right up with personal resourcefulness; shall not await the word of command; and shall go off "on their own," right from the beginning. If proof of this truth be needed, it is merely essential to consider the Briton—who is, far and away, the best colonist living; and after him, the American, who runs him fairly close in the undertaking here considered.

If proof of the uselessness of the military-made nations be sought, then, it is merely essential to consider the German as a colonist; and after him, the Belgian, who believes that the destinies of the Congo have been committed to his alleged care. Anyhow, the condition of things Congowards had become so bad—and remained so much in the same condition—that the Belgian Chamber, on November 28, last, undertook a consideration of the difficulties which surround this problem.

The alleged debate continued intermittently, until Friday, of last week, and now the good people who are interested in the subject, are wondering what the outcome of that debate is likely to be. Obviously, the said outcome will benefit the Congo nigger but very little, for the most optimistic among us can hardly believe that the average Belgian cares considerably, about anybody with a black face—and other parts.

For the matter of that, your true Belgian cares but little about anybody—outside his own personal front parlour. How can he? Cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd in every particular of life; told when to move to the right; when to put his eyes in a given direction; when to walk; and when to run; how can he be expected to govern a crowd of heathen gentlemen, with anything like humanitarian methods? He cannot, of course. And when to this constitutional disability, is added the temptation of handling a quantity of easily-acquired wealth—well, you can see how it is likely to be, can't you?

Your Belgian colonist acts exactly as does the school-

boy who has suddenly found that his pedagogue is dead, or has decamped. Unexpected freedom intervenes, and the youthful hero, being unaccustomed thereto, straightway runs amuck. But here the simile ends. In the case of the schoolboy, another pedagogue rapidly appears; a licking into shape follows; and the boy who was in danger of going right straight to Hades, is rounded up; is saved from himself; and ultimately, becomes a useful member of the community.

With the soldier-run colonist, however, no such happy treatment is possible. He leaves the Fatherland, chock-a-block full of the belief that his one care in life is to get rich quickly, so that, in the nearest possible touch of the future, he may return to his beloved Brussels where, in the smug respectability of middle-class Belgian life, he may pose as a good citizen. In short, the average Continental colonist is Jesuitical, in that he believes that the end justifies the means.

Smug superiority is the end. Despoiling—and torturing—a few thousand niggers is the means. Under the circumstances, then, of what use is it to wonder about it? And who cares a toss about a few thousands of niggers? Obviously, their spirits will not penetrate into the gaieties of bonny Brussels; none of the other one-time colonists—for reasons of their own which will be apparent—care to give the game away; the king of that swampy land elects to pose as the Good Samaritan, and declares that he has lost money (an item with which he was not unduly blessed ere the Congo Free State entered the arena of Belgium's politics); so why fuss about it?

Trade guns are more or less prohibited—by Treaty. Square-face gin is supposed to be *tabu*. Bibles are at a premium. So what will you christianising gentlemen have? You see, if you give the niggers a few guns, they might be in a position to protect themselves against "Christian barbarity," even as the niggers in South West Africa have done against the Kaiser's gallant band. While if you sell them too much square-face gin, they will become so drunk that they will neglect to bring in rubber. And the Congo district is the natural home of the rubber industry—for King Leopold has decreed it as such.

We have no intention of traversing the pros and cons of the debate alluded to above. It is altogether unnecessary, for at this late date, there is but two opinions concerning Congo carnage. One—and that the opinion based on personal knowledge—is that the half of the wickednesses perpetrated there, has never been told. The other—and that based on the assurances of those who wish to deceive—that the Congo is no worse, and no better, than dozens of other white-man exploited chunks of territory. The recent debate will not affect the two beliefs—either one way or the other. In the former instance, personal knowledge of the circumstances will preclude the possibility of any other belief than that written; in the latter, personal ignorance will operate even as it ever does.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate "mokes" must go on sharing their portion of the black-man's burden. Must "Bring in rubber or be flogged to death." Must give up Ju-Ju—with its comparatively harmless ceremonial; and embrace the Christian religion, which is offered at the point of a military rifle, even while the about-to-be-converted is denied a dog's chance—and a trade gun. When all is said on this subject, Belgium claims the prescriptive right to pursue her nigger-torturing way. If any other nation objects, then, they have to knock it out of her.

Objecting nations ask themselves—and each other—if a figurative handful of nigger heathens are worth the price of much powder and shot (to say nothing of the lives of a few whites); the answer is an emphatic No; so Belgium rightly feels that the late debate meets the case, and—well, and there you are! Square-faces, trade-guns, and missionaries. Annexation—after refined torture. Good old civilisation! Makes you feel glad you were born after the civilisation had become an accomplished fact, doesn't it! Also that you weren't born a Congo nigger?

Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Promenade Deck (Looking Aft.)

Onee more, the Culinary Artist!

TRULY would it appear that the Compensation Act has a lot to answer for! For one thing, and with its advent into the realms of shipping, the need for a shipping federation—with its trumpery claim that it is a "benefit society"—will cease to exist. If only for this one fact, we are willing to see good in the new Shipping Bill, and if the introduction of that seemingly inept arrangement should sound the death-knell of Shipping Federation, Limited, then just for that amount of help to the national industry, Mr. Lloyd-George will deserve elevation to the House of Lords which, at the moment, he appears to hate with an abiding intensity of hatred.

PERSONALLY, we are glad to assist every deserving unit of the shipping industry. *Per contra*, we have absolutely no use for either of the units which were never deserving or having been deserving at one time, are now, through altered conditions, of the obsolete persuasion. Shipping Federation, Limited, is one of the organisations for which we have no use. For the matter of that, we are fully awake to the fact that but few seafarers have any use for it: also, that as it came into being at the birth of a militant sailors' union, it should also be laid away in lavender, on the demise of the militant idea in the said union.

NOBODY expects anything of the militant from any existent sailors' union, for the idea has been worked to death. Furthermore, the service is now so filled with those amiable, and loving square-heads and dagoes, that either a union or a federation is an unnecessary luxury. This being so, shipowners of the reputable kind are willing to declare that Shipping Federation, Limited, has outlived its utility, and there is now no further need for it. We know this, because certain of those reputable shipowners have assured us of the fact, and have calmly asked what benefit is accorded the shipping investor, in return for the "subscription" which is paid to keep Federation going. To-date, no answer has been given to that query.

IN the near future, we hope to see the executive officer sufficiently of one mind, to state unequivocally, that unless federation tricks are removed from the map, then their services will be withheld, indefinitely. That time is assuredly near. A survival of the fittest will ever apply, and if the shipmasters' "combinations" had been worth their salt, Shipping Federation would never have secured a hold upon the industry from which it collects a smug competency—for what? However, it is never too late to mend, and we have been assured that there is, at least, one combination which Federation will "fight tooth and nail," and we have smiled in anticipation of the scrap! At the same time, we are hardy enough to state that, in our frank and serious opinion, there will be no fight.

CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

WASHING DECKS.

THE whole thing will fizzle out into a foot-race, and something gars us think that Shipping Federation, Limited, will be ever ahead in the running. You see, to the present moment, no combination has had pluck enough to tackle the Would-be Nautical Juggernaut seriously. The job has been left to the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited the good old S.E.A. And you may take our word for it, that the same S.E.A. is going to swamp every insect which has hitherto thrived on the blood of the makers and upholders of the British Empire. Let there be no mistake about it. The writing is on the wall. And what "Keatings" does for 'longshore pests, the S.E.A. will do for the seagoing sample, ultimately winning the approbation of those good souls who, at first, gazed upon its advent with a puckered brow and in doubtful hope—the shipowner.

MEANWHILE, and as if to show its appreciation of the fact that the curfew has tolled its knell of the day, the local branch of Shipping Federation, Limited, has been holding a meeting, for the purpose of considering the

sea-cook. Needless to say, all the usual buncombe was indulged in; most of the stereotyped platitudes were bandied about: the "shipowners" who own nothing, were in great form; and the local pressman was duly impressed! Mind you, the whole fit-out has merely meandered along to the inquiry stage—precisely where it has existed ever since we first took to the sea, under the mistaken notion that it would give us a livelihood in return for much arduous labour.

The arduous labour was there, right enough. The livelihood was conspicuous by its absence. But the prattlings of the supposed cognoscenti were in evidence all the time. Anyhow, the inquiry stage of to-day, is to learn what arrangements can be made at the Sailors' Home or other public institution, "Where the Federation can undertake the teaching of sea-cooking, the Federation paying all expenses." We trust that the ribald portion of the community will not essay the remark that the only sort of sea-cooking understood by the majority of the good souls engaged in this latest piece of seeming philanthropy, is the cooking of log-books, because such an aspersion would be just that, and no more.

But, lor', what a vista is here opened out! We already have Federation owners, Federation ships, Federation crews (and don't we realise their utter uselessness!), Federation "benefits," a Federation scale of provisions, Federations coffins, Federation grave-yards, and now, hang it, we are to have Federation cooks—presumably, for the benefit of the coffin-makers and grave-diggers alluded to? The unfortunate part of the thing is, that there is now no possibility of working up a Federation Merchant Service. The engineers of the snug little Federationed sinecure have let their chances, like the sunbeams, pass them by, instead of scattering seeds of kindness for their reaping, by and bye. Don't weep, friends!

Of course, there is no reason why these mutually-admiring little bits of earthenware should not busy themselves during the few remaining months of their career. Especially as, while they are fussing around with dilettante cook-making, they are necessarily neglecting other, and more important items of nautical business? Eh, eh, and in the words of one Mr. Harry Bluff: "There's a fine time coming, soon there'll be a change: then, they'll come a cropper in a manner very strange"—and what will the Federation lilies do then, poor things? Will their alleged benefits extend to themselves, after their little show is laid away as one of the has-beens?

But getting back to the question of sea-cooks, it will be remembered that a similar dodge was attempted some years ago. The "fancy" pretended to wish for the establishment of a school for grub-spoilers. Such wish was contingent upon the assistance of the local education authority—who, rightly enough, would have none of it. Here is where the trouble ever eventuates. These babbling shipowners are merely pinchbeck philanthropists. Keen enough to suggest all manner of easements for their servants, as long as the public will foot the bill. Why should the public foot any more bills for "shipowner?" Doesn't that same long-suffering entity foot all the bills which enable a number of nonentities to write themselves "shipowner?"

However, the sea-cook training has got along to the inquiry stage, and although it was at the same notch, some two or three decades ago, something might come out of it this time, as Shipping Federation, Limited, should certainly realise that it is on its last passage; is "Homeward bound, and the breeze runs fair—Good-bye, fare-ye-well, Good-bye, fare-ye-well;" also that after arrival, the pay-off table is rigged, and ultimately, a new ship has to be sought! But never mind, Federation footlers. The S.E.A. might be induced to give you an out-door job, directly. A job where the work will be light—and the pay likewise. Don't despair, dears. Lots of really good men have, ere this, toboganned into the bricks, and the world went on just the same!

Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Staircase to Recreation Room.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Dec. 5th, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

20,813 05—HELVIN & WHITE—***Improvements in and connected with navigational sounding machines and especially for flying soundings.***

This invention which relates to a navigational sounding machine, has for its object the production of a machine which shall offer a constant resistance to the egress of a sounding wire coiled on a drum, for the purpose of getting flying soundings without the constant use of a depth guage. On one side of a reel is fitted a projecting rim in which is cut a V-groove and in this groove is laid a brake-cord having weights attached to its ends, one weight being much heavier than the other. The heavier weight is at the end which the cord tends to lift by means of its friction with the groove when the wire is running off the reel, and after this weight has been lifted a few centimetres, the light weight comes to rest and the tension of the cord ceases to be enough to lift the heavy weight further. The resistance offered to the reel at the radius of the V-groove is thus very nearly constant, being the difference in tension of the brake cords at the two ends, and of these tensions the larger is absolutely constant, while the smaller, though subject to frictional variations, always remains small, and so does not cause any important variation in the resistance against the rotation of the reel.

2[illegible]135 05 SMITH AND HARDY PATENT PICK CO.—***A fine coal or Schlamm Extractor for coal washing installations.***

The object of this invention is to avoid the use of settling ponds for extracting fine coal, and to provide apparatus for automatically performing this function. Accordingly, the water from the coal washers, carrying the fine coal with it, is conducted by a shoot to a tank provided with a scraper conveyor which moves slowly along the bottom of the tank and carries with it the sediment. At the discharge end of the tank is fitted an inclined tank, up which the conveyor works, allowing the water to drain back, and carrying the sediment to any suitable height for disposal as required.

908 06—BAILEY—***Improvements in apparatus for ventilating and regulating temperature in ships, buildings, mines, and the like.***

According to this invention, a horizontal frame on an elevated framework is mounted to revolve and carries an encased downcast fan. On each side of the fan is a wind wheel having pockets into which the wind is directed by a receiving funnel. By fixing a larger V-shaped shield in front of the fancasing the wind is directed into a larger V-shaped receiving funnel, by which means a large area of wind force is concentrated on two broad wind wheels on either side of the fan which they turn at great speed. As these wheels revolve the compressed air escapes from their pockets and is utilized on revolving wind wheels which act as rudders to turn the mouth of the funnel to face the wind. Should there be no wind blowing, the rudder wheels can be thrown out of gear, and the fan driven by a small motor.

2,470 06—VOJACEK—***Improvements in feathering paddle wheels.***

This invention relates to submerged feathering paddle wheels of the kind wherein the paddles are rotated by gearing in such wise that the whole system rotates about a central axis, while each paddle rotates simultaneously in the opposite direction about its own axis at half the angular velocity of the system. According to this invention a paddle wheel constructed on this principal may be used as an efficient rudder. The usual propeller is removed and replaced by a bevel wheel gearing with another bevel wheel co-axial with the paddle wheel the gearing being enclosed in a water-tight casing. Means are also provided whereby the paddle wheel may be used for propelling submarine boats.

3,953 06—SCALLEY—***Improved method and apparatus for conveying coal in mining.***

This invention relates to means for conveying coal from the coal face to the road ends by mechanical means. For this purpose, before bringing down the coal by blasting, conveying plates are inserted in the channel cut under the coal. These plates are provided with means for coupling them together and when the cutting operation is complete, the coal is brought down by the blast on to these plates. The cutting wheel and arms are removed from the cutting machine which is used as a hauling machine to draw the plates carrying the coal towards the road end.

5,490 06—RIGG & MEACOCK—***An Improved bucket for handling coal and other material.***

The object of this invention is to provide means for the self-acting discharge of the contents of a coal bucket when the latter has been lowered on to the coal heap or floor of the receptacle. A bucket is constructed with a double inclined bottom delivering outwards and two side hinged doors closed by gravitation and locked with pairs of side latches. Each pair of side latches are secured upon the ends of a cross spindle upon each of which is mounted a pair of curved hinged arms. When the bucket is lowered into contact with the heap, the arms are raised thus unlocking the side latches by releasing them from engagement with corresponding projecting pieces attached to the hinged doors. The material then gradually deposits itself upon the heap without breakage.

8,578 06—LOBNITZ—***Improvements in apparatus for breaking up or cutting rocks, stones, or earth under water or on land.***

This invention relates to apparatus for breaking up rocks and the like in which a heavy cutter is raised by a winch and wire rope arrangement, and is then allowed to fall on to the rock to be broken. According to this invention means are provided whereby the cutter is raised and dropped automatically and the winch clutch is automatically engaged and disengaged when the cutter has reached a certain height.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending January 31st.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Marks, was advertised on December 12th, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending January 12th, 1907.

Class 21—(*Including Naval appliances*).

No. 287,406—VIKING—for: all goods included in this class. Henry Wood & Co., Ltd., Dee Iron Works, Saltney, Flint, Manufacturers, 30th October, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *December 19, 1906.*

AT the time of writing, the firmness in the coal market continues, while there is every indication to warrant the belief that it will go on continuing at least for a time. This, consequent upon the rush which we anticipated in our last, and which is fairly common at this particular period of the year.

OF tonnage supplies—well, there is quite a plethora thereof. The stuff is in, in quite big quantities. Indeed, in too great quantities for the comfort and peace of mind of the officials at the docks where it is handled. The arrivals over the week have been heavy, and this amount, coupled with what was already in dock, have brought about a fairly good imitation of pressure.

AND of course, when tonnage supplies are plentiful, coal supplies are just the reverse. The present is certainly no exception to the rule, for there is precious little coal of any description about, or to be had for love, money, or other security, stated or implied. You will, therefore, understand that collieries are busy; that their stems are full to repletion: and all that sort of thing.

CERTAINLY, those collieries have enough to go on with, at present—aye, and for a week or so in advance. For the next week will hardly count in the politics of the coal market. "Officially," the miners are to take a clear three days spell. Unofficially, you may depend on that three days running into a clear week, for thus the little game is worked, these days.

AT the same time, stocks should be in no imminent danger of unduly mounting up, for with extremely full docks; with a loading berth by no means as common or easy of attainment as some good people would pretend; and a constant run on what coal is on hand—well, stocks do not usually mount under those conditions? Every berth occupied, and any number of old and new crocks waiting to follow the one now in the coveted position!

ALL of which goes to show, that there is a very pregnant reason for the hardening—aye, and for the advances—in prices which is now an accomplished fact. As a matter of fact, it is merely a matter of form to write out a schedule of prices. The real thing may only be worked out, when buyer meets seller with a demand for "something prompt." At that time, there is bound to be some haggling—and seller has the bulge.

ALL things considered, the bulge should be his, for he has had a quantity of waiting for some time past; and in this respect, the "regrets" trotted out with his balance sheets are not altogether to be wondered at. In some instances, yes—where "the manager" is a sort of Jack-of-all-trades and dabbles in anything from selling sea-boots to writing "poetry," say; but in the majority of instances, real hard luck has been responsible.

HOWEVER, such as matters are, we print them below. They will, on this occasion, give approximate values at least:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 10½d.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.	14s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d, 16s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 1½d.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	16s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.
Seconds ...	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. od., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Foundry Coke:						
Special ..	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 3d.	24s. od., 25s. od.
Ordinary ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	22s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.
Furnace Coke ..	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *December 19, 1906.*

THE condition of the Market at Swansea for the past week, has been that of firmness. Stems being very full for this week's shipment, coupled with the big demand that has been in existence for prompt coals, has made business very difficult. Prices taken generally, have not materially altered, but for anything that there is to spare, immediately, sellers have been able to book at considerably higher figures in view of the general scarcity of coals.

ANTHRACITE COALS show a firmness in quotations, and in a few instances they have been put up 3d. to 6d., per ton—according to the date of shipment. The demand has been active for secondary qualities, but although quotations may be higher, transactions have resulted mostly at round about the last figures.

MACHINE MADE COALS are still very strong, supplies remaining unequal to the demand. CULM and DUFF are much about the same; but for January, higher prices are being asked, although not always obtained.

STEAM COALS have improved, and values are much higher than of late. This, thanks to a greatly increased demand which has set in for prompt shipment. This has filled up stems, and the trouble, just now, is so get the stuff, price being a secondary matter. BESTS quotably, are ruling as high as 17s. BUNKER qualities are very scarce, and are practically unobtainable.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. od., 21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 21s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. 3d	23s. 3d.	23s. od., 23s. 6d.	23s. od., 23s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. od.	6s. od.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.
Duff ...	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. od.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ..	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. od.	15s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending December 19, 1906

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Singapore, *Drumgarth,* 10s. 6d. ppf. (Admiralty).
Loch Tay, 10s.
Bombay, *Knight Templar,* 10,000 tons, 8s. 9d. for part cargo 7,700 tons.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Pelham,* 4,500 tons, 14s. 6d.
Radley, 14s.
Auldmuir, 3,600 tons, 14s. 3d.
Drumeldrie, 14s. 4½d.
Star of Victoria, 14s.
Teneriffe, *Everingham,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Madeira, *Forest,* 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. 200.
Minerva, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 200.
Monte Video, *Ilderton,* 4,000 tons, 13s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 13s. 6d.
Cape Verdes, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Rosslea, 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 6,000 tons, 15s.
Drumcree, (Private terms).
Las Palmas, *Lovaine,* 6s. 9d. optn. St. Vincent, 7s. 3d.
Glenmoor, 2,400 tons, 6s. 9d. option Teneriffe.
Buenos Ayres, *Ariel,* 5,400 tons, 14s. option La Plata or Monte Video, 13s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Tremeadow,* 5,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Millvale, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Keresby, 4,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Genoa, *Dromonby,* 4,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Elorrio, 3,000 tons, 8s.
Camrose, 3,300 tons, 8s. option Savona.
Patria, or sub., 4,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Westfalen, 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d. ppt.
Joseph Davis, 2,800 tons, 8s. (P.T.)
Mountby, 4,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Dunrobin, 5,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Silverdale, 4,000 tons, 7s. 7½d. option Savona.
Lamyron, 3,200 tons, 8s. " "
Marie, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option Palermo, 7s. 6d. 400, or Messina, 7s. 800.
Alexandria, *Trestilian,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 4½d. 700.
Trevean, 4,000 tons, 6s. 4½d. 700.
Valencia, *Stuart,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. fuel, (s).
Zar, 800 tons, 6s.
Naples, *Marsala,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 4½d. 700. optn. Leghorn.
Hildawell, 3,100 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Carndon, 3,300 tons, 7s. 800.
Torre, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 10½d. 400, option Naples.
Constantinople, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Tre ——, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Zea, *Penare,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 6d. option Constantinople, 7s.
Savona, *Nordvest,* 1,800 tons, 8s. 7½d. 350, (s).
Leghorn, *Arno,* 1,300 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Oran, *Draupner,* 1,350 tons, 7·25 fcs. coal, 8·25 fcs. fuel, (s)
Brindisi, *Minterne,* 4,100 tons, 7s. 1½d. 500.
Catania, *Duchess of Cornwall,* 2,200 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Salonica, *Bremen,* 6s. 9d.
Arcachon, *Dordogne,* 1,000 tons, 7 fcs. (s).
Barcelona, *Dunsley,* 2,700 tons, 7s. 9d. 450.
Cygnus, 1,700 tons, 7s. 9d.
Concurrent, 850 tons, 7s. 10½d. 350.
Starlight, 1,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Tunis, *Advance,* 1,800 2,000 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Hesperus, 2,600 tons, 9·75 fcs. coal, 10·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Messina, *Valetta,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 800, 7s. 6d. if 600.
Algiers, *Gerent,* 2,800 tons, 8 fcs.
Drot, 2,400 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Comtesse de Flandria, 2,700 tons, 8·25 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Cap Spartel, 1,200 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Lesreaulx, 4,500 tons, 7·75 fcs. spot.
Loppersum, 1,900 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Marseilles, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Erandio, 4,000 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Palermo, *Phyllis,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d., 600, option Messina or Catania.
Fiume, *Newstead,* 3,650 tons, 8s. 6d.
Civita Vecchia, *Marie,* 2,800 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Shakespear, 2,200 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, 400, 10d. option Leghorn. (s).
Bizerta, *Deux Sevres,* 3,200 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Cagliari, *Pencalenick,* 2,250 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Trieste, *Selby,* 3,100 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel. (s).
Malta, *J. Y. Short,* 2,800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cheltonian, 3,600 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Teutonia, 4,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
Lisbon, *Clieveden,* 2,100 tons, 5s. 4½d. ppt.
Vigo, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d. fuel.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Earlwood,* 5·50 fcs. (s).
Pomaron, 1,900 tons, 5·75 fcs. coal, 6·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Ely Rise, 1,500 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Ingoldsby, 1,640 tons, 5 fcs.
Melrose Abbey, 1,500 tons, 5 fcs.
Chantenay, *Hector,* 600 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Auckland Castle, or sub., 1,400 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Scoresby,* 1,350 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Jarlot, 1,200 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Kai,* 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. coal, 6·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
La Pallice, *Otis,* 1,650 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·75 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Falmouth, *British Monarch, or sub.,* 500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Cork, *Emily,* 220 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Belfast, *Ardbeg,* 400 tons, 3s. 9d.
Harrington, 390 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Portaferry, *Mourne,* 210 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Guernsey, *Stock Force,* 650 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
G. Player, 750 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Progress, 5s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Speedwell,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
St. Brieuc, *Augusta,* 650 tons, 7s. (s).
Cherbourg, *Race Fisher,* 800 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *Alice M. Craig,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Raum, 1,750 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Trudvang, 1,300 tons, 6s. (s).
Christine Sell, 1,050 tons, 6s. 3d.
Moto, 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Lycidas, 970 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Dieppe, *Rive de Gier,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Abermald, 1,450 tons, 4s. 9d.
Havre, *Ely,* 1,550 tons, 5s. (s).
Caen, *Congress,* 1,450 tons, 6s.
Volscian, 700 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Rochefort, 1,100 tons, 5s. 7½d. ppt.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Britonferry, *Earl of Dumfries,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 6d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, Contract 25,000 tons, 4s. 6d. voyages March to August, 1907.
Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Thor,* 997 n, 6s.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Hazelmere,* 1,400 tons, 6s. ppt.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE report of the Commercial Bank of Scotland provides interesting reading and thinking matter for those who have a holding in the Bank, and for those who wish they had. The net profits for the year amounted to £240,064, and this is after providing for rebate of discount and interest, and setting aside an ample reserve for bad debts and contingencies. The balance brought forward from last year was £21,346, making a total of £261,410 available for dividend. An interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, was paid in July, absorbing £100,000; it is now recommended that a further dividend at the same rate shall be paid. After this has been done, it is proposed that £30,000 shall be set aside as a general provision against depreciation; £5,000 be written off bank buildings; the balance (£26,400) to be carried forward.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE Western Australian Bank is not far behind the one of which we have just written, in the matter of profits. The directors have resolved to pay a dividend of £1 per share for the half-year ended September 24, last, and this is at the rate of 20 per cent., per annum. The amount brought forward from the last half-year was £29,508, and the profit (after payment for all management expenses, interests on deposits, etc.) for the half-year under review is £24,058, a total of £53,566. The amount to be carried to reserve fund, is £25,000, and this will bring that fund up to the very respectable sum of £375,000. The amount to be carried forward is set down at £13,567, considerably less than the sum brought into the account, but we do not suppose the receivers of the twenty per cent., are the people to grumble?

✦ ✦ ✦

LIVING for the time being in a sort of Australian atmosphere, reminds us of the report of the National Bank of Australasia, Ltd., for the half-year ended September 30, last, and submitted to the meeting at Melbourne on the 7th ult. Unlike the Western Australian concern, there is nothing startling about the dividend, which is at the mild rate of 4½ per cent. per annum. The profit, including £6,149 brought forward, is £54,946, this figure representing the actual net. Great Britain and Australia, have drawn on this sum to the extent of £3,815 for note and income taxes. The reserve account, standing at £130,000, is raised to £140,000; the amount carried forward being £6,656, some £500 more than was brought into the account.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE recent unprecedented rises in Canpacs, the glowing newspaper accounts of the future which is before them, and which the investing public are almost compelled to read, are inclined to make us pause and wonder when the stop is to come. When it is remembered that during the past three weeks there has been a rise of over 20 points, it appears to us that, perhaps, there might be something more than a coincidence about the matter. While we are always ready to admit that the Canpac Co., is under really smart and businesslike management, nevertheless we cannot forget that there are other Canadian Railway Companies going ahead—then, opposition means competition, and competition—well, you cannot be sure where it will end. Up to the present, we believe that the course of this particular investment has not been set in the direction of Wall Street, but current events are making us look for the warning light. Sooner, perhaps, than is generally expected the good ship "Canpac" may be unloaded—and then?

✦ ✦ ✦

MANY of the brewery companies have been undergoing a rough passage during the past twelve months, and Showells are no exception to this rule. The total profit for the year ended September 29, last, amounted to £29,207. From this amount, £19,345 has to be provided for interest on debentures, £1,000 for directors' fees, £3,676 for compensation fund charge under the Licensing Act 1904, and the balance, £5,186, is ultilised to reduce the deficiency account, which now stands at £289,559. Two of the directors have retired from the Board, thus reducing their number to less than the minimum required by the articles of association. We understand that several of the shareholders have been approached with a view to their joining the Board, but at present they are "not having any."

✦ ✦ ✦

A SATISFACTORY improvement is shewn in the position of the Manchester Dry Docks. The report which is for the year ended October 30, last. The total profit available for distribution amounted to £15,800, and of this sum £2,500 was deducted, for the payment of the 2½ per cent. interim dividend, on the preference and ordinary shares. It is proposed to set aside out of the balance, £2,000 to depreciation, which is an increase of £500 over the amount allocated last year; the reserve fund is to be increased by £2,500, and the full dividend of 7½ per cent., is to be paid on the ordinary shares, to which rate they are entitled before any distribution is made on the founders' shares. After all payments have been made, (including a royalty to the Ship Canal Company) there remains a balance of £3,240. The ordinary shareholders are to benefit to the extent of a further 1¼ per cent., as are also the founders. Comparing the ordinary dividend, which is 8¾ per cent. with that of the previous year, we find it to be higher, to the extent of 1¾ per cent. This is better!

✦ ✦ ✦

MANY of the coal, iron, and steel industries, have recently made a move on the upward grade, and the Blaenavon Company is among the lucky number. Two years ago the shareholders of this company, were forced to content themselves with the usual mortifying "regrets;" last year their hearts were cheered to the extent of 5 per cent.; this year there is more cheer, for it is proposed to pay out at the not unsatisfactory rate of 10 per cent. The usual reserve and depreciation funds, have not been attacked in order to bring this about; it has simply been better trade and careful management. Provision for improvements, including alteration and addition to collieries, plant and furnaces, to the extent of £51,000, has been made out of revenue. The surplus of undivided profits has been raised by nearly £9,000, and taking all the circumstances into consideration, we congratulate the company on the success of the year's trading.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE report of the Provincial Tramway Company, for the year ended September 30, last, shows a satisfactory improvement. The net revenue received during the year amounted to £31,000, thereby surpassing that of the previous 12 months by nearly £7,000. The amount brought forward (£2,800), makes the balance available for distribution, £33,800; out of this sum there has to be deducted £9,000 for depreciation, the preference dividend, and the interim dividend on the ordinary shares; after these deductions have been made, a balance of £8,000

remains. It is proposed to pay a further dividend on the ordinary shares of 4s. 6d. per share, making 7s. 6d. for the year, and this is 6d. in advance of the dividend paid in 1905. With regard to the question of writing off lost capital, the directors state that this is still under consideration. In order to discharge the liabilities on capital account a series of £150,000, four-and-a-half first debentures have been issued. The shareholders will be offered the first chance of subscribing for these.

✦ ✦ ✦

Railway staff superannuation funds are, just at present, the cause of a heap of wonderment and "thinks" on the part of those fortunate (or otherwise) persons who have to contribute their mite, in order to make a provision for old age, and other contingencies. At the moment, the Midland Railway Company has something to digest over its superannuation fund, a recent actuarial report showing that, with a reserve of over £1,000,000, it is liable to be drained to the extent of insolvency within the next thirty years. This certainly is not a cheerful outlook for the contributors, and seeing that the authorities have decided to reduce the present scale of pension by 25 per cent., who wouldn't growl under the circumstances? We can understand the discontent, which is rife among the staff, and which is certainly not a good omen for the future of the company. You all know the tale of the divided house?

✦ ✦ ✦

Writing of superannuation funds reminds us that the London and North Western Company have also experienced difficulties in this direction. In this case, however, we understand that no alteration will be made in the scale of present benefits, owing to the company having acted the part of good samaritan, and guaranteed the payment of these benefits. There has been, and there is, at present, trouble with the funds to which many of our local railway people subscribe. Seeing that, owing to the actuarial report, the pension scales have frequently to be altered, and generally in the wrong direction for the contributors, we really think that these funds should be put on such a basis, that there would be no further need of altering and adjusting. We know of one or two bitter disappointments owing to the alteration of the pension scale. Surely the majority of the railway companies could afford a further mite, out of their dividends, to nourish the seeds which have been set for a sound pension scheme?

✦ ✦ ✦

From the return recently issued by the Treasury, of the total quantity of coal exported from the U. K., during the period that the coal tax held sway, we cull the following information. The tax was born in April, 1901 and died in October, 1906. During the period of its existence, Coal Tax was responsible for the collection of £11,125,100. This was obtained from 223,066,900 tons of coal, the proportion liable for duty out of an aggregate of 381,577,500 tons exported. Of this latter amount, 92,683,300 tons was bunker coal—an interesting item. The first year of its birth was the worst experienced by this infant, the last year being the best. In 1905-6, the total amount collected was £2,184,000, which is considerably above the average of £1,934,000 per year. From April 1 to October 31, in the current year, the yield equalled £2,628,300 per annum.

✦ ✦ ✦

Those present at the meeting of the Khedieval Mail Steamship and Graving Dock Company, held on the 14th inst., did not have an altogether promising report to discuss, and accept, as was the case in the previous year. For the year ended June 30, last, the profit on the trading amounted to £43,600, some £33,400 less than that of the previous year. The amount available for distribution this year is, however, only £1,900 less than last year, owing to the fact that two years arrears of preference dividend had then to be paid. This being the case, the distribution of 10 per cent. is maintained on the ordinary shares, and the amount carried forward is £15,500, or £1,800 less than was brought into the account. The prospects are reported to be brighter for the coming year, than they have been for some time. The shareholders at present have no need to be dissatisfied; they have received a respectable dividend, and probably, that is what they require more than anything else. It's a big drop from £77,000 profit to £43,600 in twelve months, and it certainly requires attention.

✦ ✦ ✦

Our firm conviction that the road to success lies through printers' ink, has time after time proved itself to be true, and now, again, we have an instance of the success of men, who sling that aforesaid printers' ink. The net profit for the year made by Waterlow and Sons, is returned at £142,000, and this sum when compared with the capital of the company which stands at £1,350,000, is quite satisfactory. The reserve fund which stood at £240,000, has been increased by £30,000, and the carry-forward is in excess of the amount brought into the account. The dividend has been raised to 14 per cent., being 1 per cent. in advance of that of last year, and 1½ per cent. over 1903-4. The return given by these shares, which now stand at about 25, is equal to 5¾ per cent. per annum. Our assertion that a couple of "bob" in a printery, is worth a "fiver" in steam, is more than substantiated by the above! Anybody going to contradict it?

✦ ✦ ✦

Last week we referred to the proposed Victoria Falls Power Company, and at last the prospectus of this huge concern has been issued. With a total share of debenture capital of £6,000,000, this should prove one of the most important in the engineering line, of any which have South Africa for its objective. This capital is made up of £2,000,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference; £1,000,000 ordinary £1 shares; and £3,000,000 five per cent. debentures. The African Concessions, Limited, have been allotted all the ordinary shares, the consideration being the transfer of the lease of the rights of the Falls. The amount which is now offered to the public for subscription is £625,000 of the preference shares. Preference in allotment will be granted to members of the Chartered Company to the extent of £312,500. On condition that the preference shares are allotted in full, £625,000 debentures at 95 have been guaranteed by banks and other financial concerns. We expect those preference shares will be allotted alright!

✦ ✦ ✦

With regard to the 6 per cent. preference shares, they are entitled to participate in the surplus profits with the ordinary shares, *pro rata*, up to a maximum of 10 per cent. The work which the company propose to put in hand, should find work for a large number of the unemployed, at present in South Africa. It is intended, as we stated last week, to build a large station near Johannesburg; in addition to this, there will be an auxiliary steam station at Vereeniging, and this should prove a boon to shareholders in the Vereeniging Estates. The plant of the General Electric Power Company which is at Germiston, will be taken over, and this should put the company in a position to supply the power required on the rand, immediately. With the facilities which this new gigantic undertaking will have at its disposal, there should be no difficulty in obtaining excellent markets for the disposal of its power.

While the above-mentioned works are in the course of construction, the preference shareholders will receive interest from the Chartered Company at the rate of 5 per cent., per annum, and we trust this will not be all that they will obtain. The profit required to pay the 6 per cent. interest on the preference capital, 5 per cent. on the debentures, and 5 per cent. on the "ordinaries," runs into the imposing sum of £320,000. Now, although we do not wish to be pessimistic, yet we cannot help thinking that there will have to be a large increase in the Rand output in order to allow the "Falls" company to supply sufficient electric power to enable it to earn a profit of £320,000. It's no mean sum, and will take a power of earning. One thing is certain, and that is, this company will be worth watching. Later on, we may have something more to say in the matter, but for the present, readers, remember that £320,000.

+ + +

For a small company, the United Steam Fishing Company, Aberdeen, Ltd., may be regarded as successful A fair amount has been set aside for depreciation on the company's fleet, and the amount carried into the next account is also of decent proportions. The dividend paid (free of income tax), is 2s. per share, equal to 20 per cent. per annum. The amount used for writing off expenses connected with the increase of capital was £59, but this sum was reduced by the premiums received on the shares, to £26. It is not a bit surprising to us that these small fishing companies are able to pay respectable dividends, as in most cases they are managed by keen business men; and the bane of commercial success, illicit commissions, are not so prominent as in many of the larger companies in the shipping world. The profit for the year amounted to £2,485, to which was added the carry-forward from last year, £402, a total of £2,887.

+ + +

A decrease of £881 is shown in the profits of the Grand Junction Canal, Ltd., for the half year ended June 30, last. The total receipts for the period were £49,547, and the expenditure £25,015, a decrease of £91, when compared with that for the same period of 1905. The profits, after providing for interest on the debentures, dividend on the preference shares, and the various expenses of the canal, amount to £18,720, which, when added to the unappropriated balance, leaves £34,312 for distribution. It is proposed to pay a dividend of £1 10s. per share (free of tax) and to carry forward £16,362. It is stated that the falling off in the receipts is due to the decrease in the local traffic from the London district. This is probably the case, but why should it fall off? Is it due to trade depression generally, or to the senders finding a better system for the transport of their goods? If the latter, then it is advisable for those having any interest in the undertaking to attend to it. There appears to be rather too much of a leaning to the "falling off" side, these days, and in many instances there is no doubt that a remedy could be found.

+ + +

Although the weather was not as favourable as it might have been for the shipping trade, nevertheless, there was a marked improvement in the Port Talbot Dock shipments for the last week. The increase of the tonnage over that of the previous week was 12,012, the total standing at the very respectable figure of 44,607 tons, some 400 tons below the record. We have frequently called attention to the fact that there is a bright future for this enterprising port, and we still believe it. While we know that the tonnage is comparatively small, nevertheless, taking all circumstances into consideration, the management are to be congratulated. Of the increase in the tonnage, exports were responsible for 11,674 tons, and imports 338 tons. The total shipments were made up as follows. Export—coal, coke, fuel, tinplates and general 41,374 tons. Imports—ballast, pitwood and grain 3,233 tons. We are pleased to be able to report on the steady increase in trade shown by this particular dock.

+ + +

The North Lonsdale Iron and Steel Company, Ltd., pay a dividend of 7 per cent. on the past year's working. The profit available for distribution is £18,652, and this is after deducting rather more than is usual for depreciation, the amount being £3,489. A proposition is on foot to add £5,000 to the works renewal account, in our opinion a wise measure. Owing to the favourable conditions of this particular trade during the period which the accounts cover, it was expected that a higher distribution than 7 per cent. would be made. The heavy foreign demand for pig-iron has inflated prices to a considerable extent, but whether this has affected the home demands is open to question. Seeing that this particular concern depends to a large extent on the home trade, the rise in high foreign prices may probably have had an adverse influence on the company's prosperity? Seven per cent. is despised by few, but still, to maintain that rate, every advantage should be taken of increased trade and prices. Business is not always flourishing, as many people are only too well aware.

+ + +

The annual report of the Hudson's Bay Company published in June, was not quite a correct prophet as to the amount of the interim dividend which would be paid. The report foretold an interim distribution of 10 per cent., per share, but happily for the contributories, this amount has been doubled. Last year 10s. per share was paid, so that the present distribution is particularly well received. This company has of late enjoyed an extraordinary amount of prosperity, and this fact has made itself felt in the price of the shares. When the result of the dividend was made known, there was an immediate rise in the price of these securities, the advance being from 121-4. We are inclined to believe that the present state of trade will allow this company to enjoy a more prosperous year than it has, for a long time past.

+ + +

The directors of the Lima Railway Company have published their half-yearly statement, and we are pleased to see an improvement in the net profits of the undertaking. The gross receipts have increased by the small sum of £150, but the profits, when compared with the corresponding period of 1905, have risen from £107 to £3,970. The working expenses have been reduced, owing, in a measure, to the suppression of passenger traffic on the Chorillos Section, and to various economies on the Callao line. When compared with the receipts, the expenditure works out at a remarkable high percentage. The shareholders will be gratified to learn that the negotiations for leasing the company's line to the Santa Rosa Electric Company, are proceeding most satisfactorily, and an application will be made to the Court for the necessary sanction to re-organise the finances immediately after the Christmas vacation. At the same time, the Court will be asked to confirm the scheme on behalf of the debenture holders.

+ + +

Provided that the new arrangement is carried through, a rental of £16,000 per annum will be received, and this will include £5,000 which is now being obtained from the Chorillos Electric Tramway Company. By means of a mutual arrangement with the Government of Peru, the station at San Juan is to be surrendered, and the Lima-Callao section, which the company at present hold on a

lease, will be granted to the latter in perpetuity. There is very little doubt but that the Court will grant the necessary sanction to enable the company to successfully carry out the above propositions; once having obtained the required consent, the new scheme should prove more beneficial to the interested parties than the old one has done. We should like to see it, anyhow!

✦ ✦ ✦

The Manx Electric Railway Co., Ltd., does not appear to have derived an immense amount of benefit from the fact that last season was a record for the Isle of Man. It is suggested that most of the increased number of visitors were day trippers, and that being so, they did not prove particularly remunerative to the Railway Company. Poor trippers, didn't they have any money, or didn't they like the railway? Anyhow, 34,000 more passengers were carried, than in the previous year! After payment of debenture interest, the cost of the Snaefell accident, the dividend on the preference shares and special expenditure, there remains a balance of £2,769, out of which £1,500 is to be placed to reserve for special renewals, and £1,269 carried forward. The total amount brought into the account was £2,205, and it appears to us to be a pity that this should have been so considerably reduced.

✦ ✦ ✦

A striking example of the fallacy of placing too much confidence on the estimated profits, as shown in prospectuses of about to be floated companies, is shown by the results of the first year and a half's working of the London and General Omnibus Company. The first annual report of the above company issued this week, shows a loss of nearly £17,000 on the period under review. Truly a cheerful start? The "regret" put forward is, the trouble with the contractors over the supply of the stipulated number of cars, and their failing to deliver them within the prescribed time, thereby losing for the company the benefits to be accrued from the summer traffic. Of course, the company has made a claim against the contractors for not completing their contract, and an arbitration is now proceeding, but even that doesn't get away from the £17,000. A loss such as the above, in our humble opinion, requires an amount of forgetting.

✦ ✦ ✦

You see we cannot forget the loss any more than we can forget the basis on which the expenditure was estimated in the prospectus. It was pointed out, in those "prospectussy" days, that the expenditure would not be above 77 per cent. of the gross earnings. The gross earnings have been some £15,000, and 80 per cent. of that, (we'll give in a few points, its easier to calculate) would amount to £12,000, leaving a profit of £3,000, that is, on the paper estimate. But, wonderful to relate, there is no profit, but a loss—and a large one; as we remarked, nearly £17,000! Of course, we know that the management had rough luck in their early days owing to want of 'busses, etc., but still not 'quite' as rough as the shareholders are going to have unless there is a change; a lightning one, too! Motor 'bus companies are risky undertakings anyhow, and they will be, until the authorities have made up their minds as to the exact type of 'bus that is required. When this is accomplished, then the manufacturers might be able to settle down, and, at the same time, lower their prices.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is interesting to note that the British Dredging Company have, as a result of the past fourteen months' working, been able to clear off the loss of £8,951, carried forward from last year's accounts. After doing this and making an allowance for depreciation, there ramains to the credit of the profit and loss account, the sum of £1,143. Several contracts have been entered into for the coming year, and they should prove remunerative. The prospect of a dividend at the end of the next twelve months, certainly seems encouraging?

THE NEW MODEL HAMMOND

No. 12. VISIBLE.

EVERY CHARACTER IN SIGHT ALL THE TIME.

Visibility

Simplicity

Durability

THIS instrument has all the very latest improvements and labor saving devices, including the *Bi-chrome Ribbon Attachment*, also a new *Variable Spacing Mechanism*, has five different widths of Carriages, twenty-eight languages on a single machine, also special Braille shuttle for the use of the blind. Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are written on a specially constructed instrument writing from right to left. If you would like to know more about it send to

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY

London Office: 50, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Manchester Office: 164, Deansgate, Manchester.

W. LEWIS, 22, DUKE STREET, CARDIFF.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & Co., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock: Swansea: Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

For High-class

BOOKBINDING

of every description, try

THE MARITIME REVIEW, Limited,

Clarence Road,

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

TYNESIDE ENGINE WORKS, Ltd.,
CARDIFF.
Engineers, Boilermakers, etc.,
BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.
Nat. Tel. Works, No. 18. Manager, No. 03550. Telegrams: "Tyneside."

SHEARMAN, JOHN & Co., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS AND Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

No. 5—NOW READY.

"The Shipmaster"

The first Publication to advocate, solely, the cause of the Mercantile Executive Officer and Engineer.

Of interest to all, but especially to those for whose particular protection it is published; and containing everything of the Brightest, Breeziest, and Best.

EVERY MONTH,
Single Copies, Tenpence.

Annual Subscription (Free in United Kingdom), 10s.

WILL YOU SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY?

Address:
"THE SHIPMASTER," LTD., *Docks, Cardiff.*

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

OUR SHIPYARD

With its accompanying Dry Docks and Works, was carefully designed, equipped, and completed for the construction and repairing in every detail of

Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Protected Cruisers, | **Gun Boats, Torpedo Boats, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Submarine Boats,** | **Ocean Liners, Passenger Steamers, Freight Carriers, Etc., Etc.**

NEWPORT NEWS SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK CO.,

1, BROADWAY, NEW YORK—NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 150. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1906. Threepence.

THE CAROL SINGERS: "God bless the master of this house—and help him to see the mistake he is making, ere it is too late!"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE CAROL SINGERS	103
MARITIME MURMURS	104
THE ILLS OF A "LIGHT-SHIP" PASSAGE	107
THE NEVER-NEVER LAND	108
MORE ABOUT MALINGERING	109
THE FATEFUL FATHERLAND	111
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	113
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	114
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	115
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	116

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WHAT is the Government really trying to do with the nation's war-fleet? Not content with hashing up the materiel side of the show, they now, out of a mortal fear of some of the "two cent" members of the Parliamentary picture-gallery, tackle the personnel! Is it to be believed that the late Portsmouth trials and "leniencies" are going to have other than a disastrous effect on the remainder of the Fleet? The censured officers might have been all that is said about them; might have sorely needed the reprimand which has been given out; but all that sort of piffle doesn't alter the fact that the mutinous stokers were mutinous; that they took the law into their own hands; and that their conduct is merely history repeating itself—a history which culminated in the Mutiny of the Nore? We have never unduly championed the officer side of the Naval undertaking, and mainly because, as practical men, we recognise the rottenness of the whole business. At the same time, the officers are merely victims of a system, and as such, are not to be altogether blamed. With the latest fiasco, they are to be pitied, and so are the others remaining afloat. The "mailed fist" is all that may be depended on to curb the unruly, where the gang outnumbers the representatives of law and order by about twenty to one.

THIS would appear to be a phase of life which is beyond the comprehension of the 'longshore friend who has made such a shouting match over the Portsmouth episode. In a 'longshore enterprise, if a labourer doesn't give satisfaction, it is moderately easy to give him the push, filling his late place with a better man. At sea, however, this is impossible. The useless one is there until the end of the trip, and if his uselessness is to be kept within workable bounds, *force majeure* alone will do it. You see, the more useless a man is, the more senseless is it to appeal to his finer feelings. Mainly for the reason that it is an absence of finer feelings which makes him useless. Of what use is it, then, to appeal to what doesn't exist? On shore, again, when there is a row toward, most of the crowd go off to look for a policeman. The man in blue is not a sea-going *hombra*. He has too much sense for any such trick. Indeed, he, all-too-frequently, gives up the sea to become a policeman. What is left for the executive officer, then? He has no policeman; his recalcitrants have no fine feelings; sense and reason is equally conspicuous by its absence; the ruck is as twenty to one to the after guard; what is left?

ONLY one thing. The fear of punishment. Time was, that the nation was stuffed with the belief that discipline in the Navy was a real eighteen-carat affair. That was before the advent of THE MARITIME REVIEW. Since our work commenced, we have done our level best to educate all hands up to the truth of the business, and yet, when a stoker mutiny crops up, quite a number of our contemporaries are surprised! Let us prophesy a bit. Prophesy on a line in which we claim expert knowledge. Here you are: If any more playing to the gallery is indulged in by the Admiralty—at the behest of the "party," or otherwise—this country is "in" for one of the biggest mutinies recorded in history. Throw out unpopular officers, if you like; but punish all offenders equally. As a man sows so must he reap. It applies with double force at sea, for when the drum beats for battle, there must be no risk of insubordination. Mutiny then, means the annihilation of the Empire, and that is too big a price to pay, so that a few malcontents may be allowed to win a little brief notoriety. "The cat" would give the notoriety just the same—and it would also save the Empire.

OF course, those so-called humanitarian humbugs argue differently. Wish to assure you that force is medicine for a mad dog, but never remember that the same applies with a mad human being—and the seafarer who will mutiny is quite as mad as the majority of those unfortunates who ultimately drift into a "mental hospital." For, when all is said, there is precious little of the "inhuman conduct" knocking about in real sea-life in our time. Generally quite the reverse, and we write out of the fulness of the experience gained from practically a life-time at sea, and

in every sort of crock that would sail salt (or fresh) water. Story books of a kind, assure us that the Captain Thunderbolts of life are many; that they positively gloat on suffering, and that if they haven't private cemeteries of their own, it is because they prefer to use those belonging to other people. It's all fudge, however. You do occasionally meet with a hard case—but even then, his crew idolises him, so what are you to think? No, until those "humanitarians" succeed in stationing a police boat at every fifth mile upon the sea's surface, there must be no condonation of mutiny. On the contrary, rather, for its punishment should be more severe, even as education (and a consequent knowledge of right and wrong) increases.

THE seaman who will endanger the lives of a whole ship's crew, through some fat-headed notion of his own wrongs, is not the man with whom you need to deal gently. Take that from us, and taking it, deal out punishments in a level-handed manner. Otherwise, you are riding for a fall. These be days when telegraphy gets its benign work in; they are also days when the malcontent—or sea-lawyer—is about in quite big numbers. The reason that he has not made himself more apparent hitherto, is because he is a cautious critter where his own hide comes in. He'll shout, but always from a safe distance. Once let him see that he will be moderately immune from the lash which tickles; that, in short, he is playing his game with a sort of double-headed halfpenny; and you are right up against the trouble of your lives. You know how the alleged "labour leader" has mussed up matters on shore? There is no room for him at sea—providing you mean the old land to continue as heretofore. A strike on shore is bad enough. One in the face of an enemy means disaster, and the soul-less but loud-voiced demagogue who pretends to lead his weaker brethren, wouldn't hesitate to proclaim a mutiny in face of the enemy. Not he! He plays with a double-headed ha'penny! Stands to win all; to lose but little, and at long odds. Even if he does lose, he is usually "downy" enough to lay the blame on other shoulders—and anyhow, Christmas is now past. Peace and goodwill—in the abstract—should be switched off until next December? Especially where mutineers come in.

THERE may be no gainsaying the fact that our persistent pegging away at the question of British crews for British ships is bringing in its reward. For some three years, now, we have ventilated the terrible danger which lays ahead of the nation in this direction, and as a reward, we see our remarks copied out in a most free and happy manner, and without the slightest attempt at acknowledgment. Never mind. Those copyists pay us a compliment, after all, and in the end the truth of the inspiration will out. When copying from our alleged "shipping" contemporaries, it is considered safest to acknowledge the source. The stuff might be wrong all to Hades, and if the said source is admitted, well, it will be a case of, "Oh, we didn't say it, you know! We merely gave you the words and the opinion of so-and-so. If he is wrong, you should club him, and leave us alone." On the other hand, our contemporaries know that if a given item is culled from the columns of THE MARITIME REVIEW, then, it is so, and there is no shinnannakin about it. Meanwhile, we pray for the advent of that day when a journalist will have a sufficiency of honour to constrain him to admit whence he procured his best bits of stuff. When that day has arrived, we shall willingly work him off other pieces of seafaring intelligence, and then, between us, we shall enlighten the world in a sufficiently conclusive manner.

WHAT made us start off as above? Well, a friend showed us a piece of piff-niff in *Western Mail*, concerning a guild which represents "some 10,000 British seamen." Time was, that this same piffley guild—which is nothing at all of the sort, being rather an arrangement which was apparently called into being to supply a decent living to the proprietor of a threatened cram-shop—claimed to represent "over 10,000 captains and officers." It would appear that the "over" has now been thrown up for "some." Why is this? And why doesn't *Western Mail* take sufficient pains to verify its figures? Otherwise, some of the ribald portions of the crowd will talk about leg-pulling, and things of that sort. Our esteemed contemporary wouldn't like to be blamed for undue ease where the pulling of its literary legs is concerned, what? Of course, not, and for that reason we hasten to supply a point or so for our friend's delectation. The annual subscription for inclusion among the phantom-like affairs which constitute that guild is: 25s. for a shipmaster, and 12s. 6d. for an officer. According to guild's last—and only, although practicing for some fourteen years—balance sheet, its income from subscriptions amounted to £6,009 18s. 4d. Now, 10,000 mates would give a total of £6,250?

BUT this precious guild—which costs its members £2,349-odd per annum, to collect the £6009 already mentioned—claims to represent captains and officers. Let us say half and half? Very well. We then find that 5,000 mates are worth to the guild, £3,125, and 5,000 shipmasters are worth, £6,250—or, together, £9,375. But guild admits that its "takings" are only £6,009-odd. How do you account for it, *Western Mail*? You can't, of course, so again we come to the rescue. The "takings" are tangible. Supposing the books have been "audited" there, or thereabout, the figures are good enough for us. Right you are, then! Mates usually predominate as two to one against skippers? They do, so there will need to be about twice as many mates as skippers "enrolled"—we believe they term the operation of extracting a subscription from an easy-going "whale." Let us consider the mates as 5,000, being worth to the guild salaried-ones, the sum of £3,125; let us also consider the skippers as 2,000, being worth as before, £2,500; then, mates and skippers in combination (and reckoned at 7,000 men), are worth to the guild, £5,625? This sum is just £384 less than the acknowledged receipts—and the difference may be safely considered as arrears left over from the previous year?

VERY well. According to the foregoing, "guild" really represent some 7,000 men, so why pretend that the number is "over" or merely "some" 10,000? If guild really has nothing to conceal, why not plunk the matter out in plain sight, so that he who runs may read? Furthermore, *Western Mail*, don't forget that guild has been "some" fourteen years in gathering in that 7,000 men. Seeing that there are upwards of 30,000 certificated men at large, simple division will show you how long guild is likely to be in roping in the lot—especially if you make due allowance for death, and disgust among existing members. You know, *Western Mail*, you ought not to give the light of your sublime countenance to these piffley little affairs. You cannot possibly help them, or save them from the early death which has already been written against them by destiny; and at the best, you do but mix yourself with a concern which might do you but little good. Why not inquire into these things, *Western Mail*? Don't accept the *ipse dixit* of every old whale who boards you with intent to bum a free lunch, or its equivalent. One of these days, *Western Mail*, you will have to give an account of your stewardship as an upholder of the nation. What are

you going to do about it, if you are faced with the fact that your "some 10,000" members, should be "some 7,000?"

We wish you well, you know, *Western Mail*, and that is mainly why we give you all this space for the purpose of putting you in the path of righteousness and veracity. You'd do as much for us, and we know it. Happy New Year to you, old ship. May your shadow never grow less—nor your ability for writing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But as a public mentor, you are expected to have more than the ability to write the truth. Some awful liars in our knowledge, have any amount of truthful ability. The trouble is, they lack the inclination. Of course, *Western Mail*, you aren't a girl of that sort, and we know it. In fact, you are no end of a nice family newspaper. For that matter, we don't know what we should do without you. And, yes—but did we wish you a happy New Year? 'Arf a mo'. We're looking back over this par. Yes! We did. Never mind. We wish it you again, and if you will stick to the truth, and see that no guild pulls your leg in future, we'll make it a bit harder. Will wish you a derned happy New Year, and hope you'll live to see many of 'em—in which case, you'll live long enough to see the error of some of your ways. So long, for this time. But keep your eye on "Georgie." We have counselled it for nearly twelve months. Hence, you and guild copying us, eh?

We are all proud of the men of our fishing fleets, having found from personal experience that there are quite a number of tough propositions amongst them. Hence our sorrow when we find that some of them have been accused of cowardly insubordination. The captain of a Grimsby trawler told the stipendiary that four of his men had refused duty, while the ship was trying conclusions with a hurricane. They went below, according to their own admissions, because there was a danger of their being washed overboard. Did it occur to them, we wonder, while they were down below suffering from "blue funk," that they would get "washed" without even the chance of a struggle, if all hands were to do even as they did? "Fine weather and no fish," is an adage that is well known amongst those who reap the harvest of the sea, so that there is nothing out of the ordinary, in being in a gale of wind in the North Sea. The fact of their offering to engage in fisticuffs with the captain, the next day, only appeals to us as being the ordinary cowardly bully's attempt to remove from the mind of his superior, that contempt for him, which he feels is bound to exist. Had this captain taken a good big club to them, he would have found that the remedy thus applied, would have been far more effectual than the heaviest fine that was ever imposed in a court of justice. A certain retired skipper that we are acquainted with, would have looked upon such a glowing opportunity, as one of the things that make life worth living!

A case has just gone through the courts, in which a traveller sued his former employer for salary due. What brought the case to our notice was the fact that the employer, in his evidence, said that Bank Holiday being near, he had sent his man to travel on the Continent, giving as his reason, that there were no Bank Holidays in Germany. We had a walk around the docks, on Saturday last, with a member of the Shipping Executive's Association, and we could not help thinking then, how much alike were the employer that we have just mentioned, and the shipowner that we will not. Here we saw discreet bullying, and indiscreet palm-oiling on the part of the said shipowner's representatives, in their feverish anxiety to carry out their instructions and "get her away before the holidays." "Time is money and money is time, but don't get time for getting it" is, we believe, a motto that appears in the school copy book. It is a great pity, nevertheless, that the Christmas dinner could not be eaten with seasonable content of mind, even if there did happen to be one of "our ships" lying in a home port over the holidays? Especially as a week's delay abroad is considered as of no moment, if "our ship" is still unfixed on arrival; aye, even supposing that with ordinary care and forethought, the fixing might have been arranged a month earlier. Funny world!

Much has been written about "Yellow Perils," "Immorality on the Rand," and so forth, all tending to arouse a strong anti-Chinese feeling among the "moralites" of the civilised world. Without wishing to excuse immorality, we may say that with the majority of human beings, including the poor heathen, who has never heard the truth (or spoken it!), environment is everything. If a man's surroundings are poor and dirty, he adapts himself, in most cases, to those conditions of life, and becomes in mind what his surroundings are in actuality. If Pekin is to be taken as an example, the Chinese Dragon is trying to tidy himself up a bit, and be a respectable, clean old chap. This leads to the conclusion that the most "unspeakable" Chinamen are to be found amongst those who have left their native land, to the great satisfaction of the China that they leave behind them. According to an account appearing in a contemporary sheet. Pekin has now, amongst other attractions, "a foreign hotel where one may see Chinese Princes and red-button magnates galore." That certainly ought to be a "draw" for the hotel company, but we have seen the same quiff tried by tea companies, here in happy England. Our writer friend goes on to say that "high mandarins may be seen driving about in every second street." The sinecure of office in China has often been held up to ridicule, but it cannot be such a soft job, after all, if, being a mandarin, you have to arrange yourselves, and drive about in every second street, for the edification of any "foreign devil" that Cook cares to send along? We may have mistaken the idea, but that is how the matter appeals to us, after reading our friend's screed. Life must be a dull affair, we think, for the people who live in the streets in between, or is it that they have attractions of their own? However, with all the improvements that are being made, the stay-at-home John Chinaman is bound to be a brighter individual—healthier in mind and body than he was before!

Germany is trying to make trouble between us and Uncle Sam, by persisting that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is responsible for the unyielding attitude of Japan in the matter of the San Francisco schools. Anyone who watched the incidents of the last war in the Far East, will recognise the utter foolishness of such a statement; and it is our opinion that should the trouble, which now exists between the United States and Japan, get to such a stage that the two Governments implicated find it essential to settle their differences on the field (and on the water) Japan will be found to be quite capable of looking after her own affairs; allowing, of course, that she only has America to deal with. In that case, Japan would have no need to look to England for support, or to anyone else, for that matter. This necessity, to look upon Japan as a Great Power, is a bitter pill for the "free born" who, until the close of the late war, classed Chinese and Japanese alike, and called them "chinks!" Germany, has, of course, an axe to grind in the matter, for she hopes to cause a lack of confidence to spring up between us and our cousin, 'way "across the pond." Not that either of the Great Powers have any great confidence in each other!

The Ills of a "Light-ship" Passage.

(Reprinted from *The Shipmaster*, November, 1906).

I'M but a simple sailor, an' me grammar p'ra'ps, is slack—
Which, see'n' I started youngish in me pose as British Jack
May not be much ag'in me, as I mean to pitch me tale
Quite troo'ful, like the 'arpooneer who owned 'e missed the whale!

. . . . . .

'Tis mos'ly thought, when sailormen lays out to hev a growl,
That grub is always sure to be the subjec' of the 'owl—
At least, the kindly 'longshoreman, when writin' deep-sea lore,
Preten's a lack of 'igh-clars food, alone, makes Jack feel sore.
But lor', the grub ain't nuffin', 'side of other ills we've got;
The wittles might be better, whiles they might be wuss—a lot!
An' when you comes to troof, sir, the hash 'as got to go,
For the UNDERLADEN steamer is the BIGGEST ill we know.
So, if you'd gain an inklin' of the times we get at sea,
When steamin' out "in ballast," well, list' awhile to me:
I'll tell you of a passage made in Eighteen-ninety-nine—
I'm fairly up-to-date, sir!—when we cut a proper shine.
Cardiff was where we sailed from—to Hampton Roads wer' bound—
An' a coffiner-lookin' packet no man could e'er 'a' found,
Than the *Empty Hold* which started, on one November day,
To scratch the North Atlantic, an' to git—well, wher' she may.

. . . . . .

She'd a side like an ole-time frigate—
'Ad the *Empty Hold*, you bet—
An' the skipper allowed he'd take 'er
Wherever the land was wet;
For the dew on a medder pasture,
Was *deep* to this modern "boat,"
As she started away "in ballast"—
Just one of a crowd afloat.

The boss of her screw wer'n't touchin'
The face of the Severn Sea,
So, when she encountered "weather"
Why think of the "fun" there'd be'
She'd her tanks an' a spare propeller,
A crank an' a tail-end shaft,
A'lashed on top of her only deck,
Which wer' flush right fore an' aft.

Wivout growlin' about our quarters—
Which wer' stiflin' 'ot an' damp,
Like is most times found in that triumph
Of nautical skill, a tramp—
I'll pass to the seeryus bis'ness,
Least', 'twas seeryus to "the clubs,"
Though they ain't desarvin' pity, while
They underwrite empty tubs.

But fate was kind to the *Empty Hold*,
For she scratched across the Bay,
When we shaped a course to the west'ard—
You've a better slant that way;
Then along on the "rollin' forties,"
For a fortnight still we bore,
By which time we'd burned 'er up so that
She rolled till all 'ands wer' sore.

. . . . . .

'Twas the midnight hour—but "the lone bleak moor,"
Worse luck, was quite far away!
An' the *Empty Hold*, as she pitched an' rolled,
Was covered wiv blindin' spray;
For the wind was 'igh, though a moonlit sky
Shone over the 'elpless craft,
'Er weary crew—in number, few
Re-lashed those tanks an' shaft

On the after deck, which was all a wreck,
Since the lashin's an' bolts 'ad broke
Wiv the fearful stress—lor' what a mess!
The thought of it makes me choke!
"Now curs'd be they," did the Old Man say,
An' 'is voice was stern an' cold,
"Who would send a crock from a British dock,
In the trim of the *Empty Hold*."

But the wind still 'ross, an' the salt sprays froze
As it splashed in the look-out's face,
While at every dip that was made by the ship,
We could feel 'er engines race.
There was naught but gloom in the engine-room,
Where a six-hour watch was kept,
An' since the day that we'd cleared the Bay,
'Twas little the "chief" 'ad slept.
"Ten turns ahead, then I stop 'er dead,
As the waters leave 'er aft,"
Said the engineer, "an' I greatly fear
We'll end wiv a broken shaft!
"A broken shaft!" an' the skipper laughed—
'Twas a creepy laugh to 'ear—
"There'd be broken law, an' a splinter'd jaw
If your 'super' was on'y 'ere."

. . . . . .

Now that night was long, an' the wind was strong,
As it moaned aroun' in a mournful song,
An' shiver'd the crew who wer' all wet through,
Wiv tryin' to fettle this sad to-do.
Then the mornin' came, but 'twas still the same
For the wind an' the waves kept up their game,
An' push'd the ship wiv many a slip
From crest to crest in an awful dip,
Till ther' came a bash an' a fearful crash
Which told the propeller 'ad gone to smash.
An' thus we lay at the break of day,
Each feelin' that he'd the devil to pay,
For like half-tide rock, lay the broke-down crock
That would never 'ave left a shelter'd dock,
If the B.T. knew what 'tis right to do,
When lookin' at ships from a sailor's view.

. . . . . .

The *Empty Hold* now drifted, aroun' as a 'elpless wreck,
An' rolled so much that ne'er a man could walk upon her deck.
'Er masts wer' stumps; no sails 'ad she, so when the tail-shaft split
Instead of an A1 vessel, she was on'y an ole misfit.
A week she lay at the mercy of ev'ry wind an' wave
Until all hands decided they'd secure a watery grave,
For in that time we'd 'ad no sleep, and precious little grub—
The smashed up galley pots an' pans was 'bout our 'ardest rub!
We pass'd the time 'tween 'oldin' on, wiv ev'ry roll she guv',
An' preachin' to each other "gags" of "owner" brother's luv'.
At larst, the wevver smoothened an' a steamer made us out,
Just when we'd come to think as we was really "up the spout."
Wiv many a back an' fill an' shout, the stranger passed his line,
Then warily 'e started off—an' didn't 'e do it fine!
O' course, we 'ad the usual bits of broken tow-rope drill,
An' narrow 'scapes an' accidents, enough a book to fill,
But still, we got to Hampton Roads; the underwriters paid;
Six-thousand-odd it 'mounted to before "the ghost was laid,"
By which you'll see the ownerman need never care a bit—
It pays 'im if 'e manages an A1 or misfit;
In other words, the on'y ones who by a break-down suffer,
Are sailors an' insurance men—an' now I've spun me cuffer.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1906.

THE NEVER-NEVER LAND.

FROM time to time, we have concerned ourselves with the modern history of Australia—sometimes to the advantage of the island-continent, sometimes otherwise. But on each occasion, we have written from personal knowledge of the land and its people—or rather, should we write, its lack of people? And while writing, we have realised, only too well, that we are not the only ones on earth who have a personal knowledge of the Commonwealth, or of its resources for a wide-awake set of human beings. There is the Japanese friend, for instance. Consider his knowledge of the country which lays—wide open—at his very doors. We have no concern in the twaddley tales which pretend to assure us of the contempt for which the Jap is presently noted, when dealing with the white. Any such tales are twaddley in the extreme—as are most travellers' yarns. Getting down to the root of the impending trouble—for trouble thereaway, is impending—Japan is rapidly becoming over-populated while Australia increases in an almost inappreciable manner. Furthermore, the Australian acts after the fashion of his forbears, and they—in the lump—were hardly the stuff of which go-ahead colonies were likely to be made? There is no use in cloaking the facts underlaying this matter, for if they are cloaked over at the moment, the time is not far distant when they will have to be faced for all they are worth. When all is said, the sparsely-populated islands under consideration, are "laboured" well nigh to extinction, and when the labourer is allowed to have more than his just share of the bossing of a given industry (be it considered in either a metaphorical or a real sense), then that industry is surely on the down grade. Thus it comes about, that at the present moment, shipping in Australia is merely a name, for the labourer-legislators—being unable to see further than their noses, which are mostly of the snub variety—have humbugged capital until it has practically taken wings unto itself, and flown to more favoured lands. Yet, Australia is an island, and depends absolutely on its shipping for any progress that may be made! Obviously, that progress will not be unduly apparent, until the humbugging referred to is removed. But, even if a free stem were given to all hands who desired an entry, the population would not increase thereaway, at anything like the same ratio which applies with Japan; and when all is said on the subject, population solves every problem with which human nature is bothered. Moreover, it doesn't unduly matter what the colour of that population happens to be, for given a sufficient number, the yellow men will eat up the white—or *vice versa*. One would be justified in believing that in the present enlightened stage of the world, colour was discounted right down to its last notch; but it isn't, for you may still find enthusiasts who will attempt to persuade you that a white man is equal to quite a dozen niggers—and merely because the first-named is white! In the "good old days," and when weapons were somewhat crude, we admit that the white man usually had the bulge on the nigger. In those days, "breed" counted, and so did that other white man's possession—pluck. But in the present era of the world, breed and pluck count for very little in the political scheme. You see, a trained monkey may fire a machine gun—with almost as much rapidity as the much-vaunted white man; and when the weapon starts spluttering, its bullets will mow down the enemy, regardless of who started the initial shot which brings the automatic business into operation. When nations annihilate each other at a mile (or more) range, individual pluck is off, and mere numbers win in the end. Isn't that so? Yes, and that is mainly why Japan (or other Asiatic combination) is going to take over the Never-Never Land, when the need is sufficiently pressing therefor. Now, this little fact is fairly obvious, and yet we ask each other what the Australian friend is doing in the matter. What is he doing? Well, in the main, he is just cackling. Is out for economy, and spreads fairy tales as to what he intends doing—at sometime in the future. He realises that he is a youngster at Government; that he knows about as much (and no more than) other youngsters; but so that the remainder of the world may not size up the brutal truth of the subject, he just talks—and talks! Indeed, your thoroughbred Cornstalk is a beggar for talking! Hitherto, his talk has stood him in good stead, principally for the reason that his dam bears a ripping good name as a fighter. But as evolution brings along the inevitable changes in the distribution of people, that same dam will have her hands full much nearer home; will have no time to devote to her capricious, and somewhat impertinent children at the Antipodes. What will happen, then, think you? Well, again, the inevitable will happen, of course. Australia will be snapped up by those who didn't talk; merely worked, you understand; and in the end, the labour-loving white will give place to a mixed-up crowd of half-castes, and thus will the world be treated to another hybrid race of human beings. Viewing it dispassionately, you must admit that this is bound to come. The Cornstalk will not listen to reason. He is emulating the schoolboy who has "broken up" for a holiday. That is to say, he spurns all advice; will not be trammelled by his betters; and is, generally, running with the pride which goes before a fall. Australia has been spoken of as a "manless land," and the definition is sufficiently good for all practical purposes. Of course, there are a few men there. In the Far North, for instance, you may find—with the help of a microscope, and after patient toil—one man for every seven hundred square miles. It can hardly be offered as an "effectively occupied" land, under those conditions, can it now? And if the Jap, or even our old friend Ah Sin, should make up a hurried mind to have a dig at this (to him) Promised Land, the job wouldn't be at all large, or inconvenient? You know, a few hundreds of thousands of Japs could easily skin in between the scattered population as it now stands, and nobody be a bit the wiser—for a time? When you have a possible hundred or so of miles of distance between two men (even supposing they are of the whitest kind of white), it wouldn't be difficult to squeeze in between them, on the quiet? Not at all, and yet, this is exactly the condition of Australia. It has practically no population, and the relatively few who are there, work up all manner of "immigration restriction" dodges, thereby hoping by such asinine tricks to keep back the hungry horde which is viewing the land with a hungry eye. Reminds one of dear old Mrs. Partington, that time when she attempted to keep the Atlantic Ocean out of her ground-floor kitchen, with the help of a medium-sized broom. The one thing—population—which is going to save Australia, is precisely that against which the native jibs. It hasn't *nous* enough to know that a Jap who settles there will, in a matter of ten years, love the new land better than his old; that he will have raised little Jappies who will speak of Australia as "home;" and who will, therefore, win the old man's heart even by those tactics. No, no! It is only the white man who is capable of such dodges. An Australian-born white might reasonably be supposed to shed his last drop of blood for his homeland: but a Jap would be a Jap, wheresoever he is born! Makes you smile, doesn't it? Also, just a bit tired? That's how it makes us feel.

More about Malingering.

TELL us not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream—for there's many a Labour leader, using "cap. I," as his theme! Yes, and without any undue amount of apology to the long-suffering world in which he is, more or less, an ornament. Why do we reason thus? Well, it's like this. *Western Mail*—which is a daily paper emanating from somewhere at the Docks' end of St. Mary Street, Cardiff—has acquired a habit, or so.

ONE of the said habits is to trot out stuff which, at one time, was labelled "workmen's notes," although quite a number of good people could see no reason for the title. Not that their inability mattered very much, for a screed more or less in a "daily," and which is covered with a certain amount of ambiguity, is of no very great moment to anybody. You just pay your penny—and you take your choice. If you are "fly," you make some other fellow pay the penny—but still you take your choice.

VERY well. The "workmen's notes" applied in other, and less opulent days. When the writer wasn't unduly removed from the working field. Before he had his honours thick upon him, aye, and before the incipient drawl of the Parliamentary hand had been given a chance to germinate. In the present halcyon times, the stuff is labelled according to the fancy of the writer thereof—a Mr. William Brace, M.P. for somewhere, here, locally.

WELL, one of the latest batches of this class of "copy" (is it styled?) which comes our way—through the officious kindness of an apparent (but woefully misguided) well-wisher—is marked off as "malingering and compensation." The title is good enough, and at the first glance, we were inclined to pass along without comment. But on getting down into the run of the thing, we cannot refrain from a good-tempered quotation therefrom, as the "cap I" is big, right through it.

LET us explain, even as we give you a quotation: "I wonder if the Engineering Employers' Federation and the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation expected to convert me to their way of thinking when they sent me their circular opposing the proposed amendments to the Workmen's Compensation Act relative to the qualifying period." Ye gods. Aye, and tiny tadpoles! Do you wonder at our poetical break at the commencement of this writing? Isn't there provocation enough for twice the amount of "poetry," what?

WE hate to appear unkind in our criticisms, but somehow or other, we have a pregnant belief that neither of the sets of employers referred to, care a cheap and inconsequent swear-word (which, vulgarly written, would be a tuppenny d——) as to whether Mr. Brace is converted on a capital I sequence, or merely with a repetition of the word ME (in two caps.) For the matter of that, we shouldn't be surprised to learn that the said employers had a most pronounced indifference to the conversion, or to Mr. Brace staying exactly as he is.

IN our humble opinion, it will be all the same, ten years hence, for by that time, we much doubt if it will matter considerably—and to those outside of his family circle—as to whether Mr. Brace remains among the earth-folk, or has gone to join the angels, "peaceful, ever more." Brutally put, whether he is alive or dead. And we have a right to our opinion, haven't we? We should like to be able to work up a belief that Mr. Brace's Parliamentary work is of national importance; but we cannot.

You see, we have studied the workings of the labouring mind, and the outcome of that study has convinced us that there is no more unreliable source of transient power on earth. The labouring minds will endow a given man with a halo a foot wide to-day—and while the glamour of his oratory is thick upon them for the first time; but, once

P. & O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

RECREATION ROOM.

familiarity has bred the inevitable contempt which follows these matters, the working mind wouldn't supply a halo of a sixteenth of an inch thick, no, not for Father Peter. It's awful. And awfully true!

But coming back to those employers and their circular letter, we are not going to believe that they wished to convert Mr. Brace, or were idiotic enough to imagine that such conversion is possible—at least, as long as he sits on his present side of the hedge. Fancy trying to convert a man against the interests of those who pay for his alleged honours! Don't be silly. Why, if you were to pose as a converted man, Mr. Brace, we frankly believe that your share of the Parliamentary "levy," would be cut off even while you are in the flower of your youth and beauty, yes.

And if we frankly believe any such thing, you may be sure that the Employers' Associations—which include some very long-headed individuals—have much the same

P. and O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Cabin.

beliefs. As we read it, the circular was printed for free distribution. Mr. Brace, for the time being, happens to be a local member of Parliament. It is supposed to be an act of courtesy to present that class of individual with all free literature—as well as with samples of soap, hair restorer, cocoa, bile beans, or other article of domestic use? So why the recipient should get off on an "I wonder" lay, is somewhat difficult to determine.

Mind you, the query is somewhat refreshing, if not altogether convincing. Refreshing, because of the glorious *sang froid* exhibited; convincing, in that it suggests the idea that Mr. Brace takes himself seriously, whatsoever might be the state of affairs in connection with the majority of the community. We have heard it said in no uncertain tones, that the said community is just a little bit tired of this particular shining light; and that it is asking what precise ray therefrom, ever acted in the interests of his fellow man. When a community gets off on interrogatories of that kind, the "poetry" is apt to become changed.

"Lay his playthings all away," might easily take the place of "Tell us not in mournful numbers," etc. Especially, etc. At the present moment, we have no concern with the talked-of amendments to the Compensation Act. We dealt with them, *in extenso*, a fortnight ago, and our remarks won for themselves the discussion which is usually given to items appearing in The Maritime Review. What we are presently concerned with, is the egotism of the gentleman who has given up "workmen's notes," for the more aristocratic style already commented upon in this writing.

So that you might not be inclined to overlook the exact point to which we are alluding here, we will repeat that Mr. Brace wonders—no, we'll give it you in his own words. Will show you that he commenced a full column screed with the cap. I, which won our original smile; and that in some three lines of linotyped matter, he had a cap. I, and two "me's!" "I wonder if the Engineering Employers' Federation, and Shipbuilding Employers' Federation expected to convert me . . . when they sent me their circular letter."

Seriously, though, what does Mr Brace know about engineering or shipbuilding needs? We don't forget the amiable manner in which this "labour leader's" leg was pulled, over the suggested sending of vessels to sea with plating as thick as a sixpence, and affairs of that kind. The cobbler shouldn't go beyond his last, and by the same token, a pitman shouldn't go beyond the digging of coal—which is purely a labourer's job. If conversion is offered by a cluster of brainy men, why wax sarcastic? Such conduct only reminds us of that old song, "They can't diddle me!" There 'tis, again. Me!

The Fateful Fatherland!

THERE is trouble in the Fatherland! Some of the good people over there, are beginning to appreciate the fact that a Napoleon may only exist, where benighted ignorance reigns supreme; and that the spread of free education is altogether against the operation of the "mailed fist"—if such "mailey" tricks are hoped to be worked with impunity. Somehow or other, there is only one kind of "Divine right" believed in, these days. And that is the right of the fittest, to pose as Divine.

WE much doubt if there is one Briton who is other than prepared to go out and give a thick ear to any misguided square-head who dared to say a thing up against King Edward VII. If there is such an one, we should like to hear about him, for in that event, we should know of at least one Briton who had lived too long; aye, and we should be prepared to think up means for sending him to join the angels.

BUT then, King Edward has endeared himself to every Briton the world over—and, eh, sirs, their number is passing great—by his absolute fitness for his Kingly berth. He doesn't prattle about his "Divine right," being rather inclined to accept the right which is accorded by his people's love. Thus it comes about, that when a gathering of his loyal subjects come to that portion of the programme which gives an opportunity for all to join in "God Save the King," all hands stand up, spontaneously, and with that creepy feeling up and down each individual spine, "Send Him Victorious" goes forth upon the ambient air.

YOU don't need to ask if the prayer is real. You know it is. And although far too many of the crowd have never had an opportunity of seeing the exalted one with whom the prayer deals, each one takes it as a matter of course that he is just the best man living, for the job which he is running. Because of that wholesale belief, God sends him victorious—everywhere and always. Furthermore, as long as the same creepy feeling meanders over our collective spine, at sound of the words already quoted, we are safe in betting all our money on a continuance of the victorious business.

THE Vaterland, however, is not so happily circumstanced and thus it comes about that a handful of niggers may successfully burst up the show, and without as much as firing off another charge of pot-leg. When all is said on this momentous subject, the average German cannot colonise—for pussy, as the boy said. A number of the friends thereaway, are aware of the fact—indeed, most of them know it; but the Kaiser is hard to convince! So much so, that when his Reichstag declines to put up any more money for colonising frivols; objects to be taxed, merely for the fun of seeing a number of "sojer officers" pitchforked into swagger positions which they by no means adorn, or glorify; well, Cæsar works up a Napoleonic dodge!

AND he doesn't at all work the oracle on Napoleonic lines. Not he! Instead of proroguing that Parliament in a kingly fashion—albeit in a manner which suggests more of sorrow than of anger; he starts off like some old forecastle-head whale, and declares that he is going to sweep the whole gang to Hades. Yea, lor'! Petulant, did you say? And non-majestic? Very well. A hundred years ago, sweeping a gang to Hades was a first-class method of disposing of them. Times, however, have changed. And most of the said gang have a notion that when the brush is around, well, they are past masters in the sweeping art.

THUS it comes about, that quite a number of our

P. AND O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

CABIN—ANOTHER STYLE.

Teutonic friends are inclined to meet in out-of-the-way corners, even while they ask if the "Divine right" idea will preclude a bleeding at the nose, supposing a biff of exceeding might be delivered on the extremity thereof. Going further, they query whether the same right would continue, and the breath which accompanies it, providing the Cæsaric head were held under the waves for ten clear minutes. Somebody has assured them, No, in both instances. That blood would follow the biff, and death the under water séance. As a consequence, the voters of much ooftish declare that a biff would only bleed each of them; and a continued immersion kill them—so where, oh, where, comes in the "Divine right?"

This is exactly what one has a right to expect, where a country is ruled by the sword, rather than by the love of a people. In Christian countries, there is an old jape which declares that he who lives by the sword, shall perish thereby—and as long as the said jape is worked off against our neighbours, we subscribe to it readily enough. The trouble of it is, that as the other fellow is our neighbour, we, also, are a neighbour to him, and so the little saying cuts equally with both. All of which goes to show, that there is trouble ahead of the Fatherland—unless wiser counsels prevail. The soft answer turneth away wrath, and a real, eighteen carat king, has more sense than to work up Drury Lane effects in his government. He leaves that for bona fide members of *the* profession.

Time and again, we are assured that Germany is the best-educated country on the face of the earth, and once in a way, we are inclined to believe the statement. But when that country's Headman starts off on a bendo which would have passed muster a hundred years ago, and which would be fittingly placed even with the history of that date, rather than as a stern fact of the moment—well, the decision as to Germany's education needs a reconsideration? Force is supposed to be a medicine for a mad dog, and there isn't much education underlying the hide of a mad dog, you'll find. Yet force—of a sort—is about all the remedy which the average German understands, and he brings it in for the purpose of curing every ill which Teutonic flesh is heir to. Ain'd dot so?

Anyhow, you have a Governmental rippit, and the whole push is consigned to Hades—no less a place! If the same rippit comes on with a fresh Government—that push will follow along on the path taken by its predecessor. And so, on, right along the line, until ultimately, the German nation will find itself supping with that gentleman who is said to necessitate the use of a long spoon! What will happen then? Will the Immortal One end up by "going right along with the gang?" We should hate to think that such an untoward fate would befall the poor gentleman, because, according to those who have looked in over the hedge, Hades is not at all a nice place to live in. Unter den Lindens is much better—in our opinion.

Meanwhile, the trouble is spreading. One has a right to expect nothing else, for if those who are blessed in the possession of a "Divine right" elect to act as a common or garden whale, it is useless to blame the common or garden whale, when he elects to act like his Kaiser?

P. and O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Dining Saloon.

Anyhow, there is a difference of opinion between the Association of Hamburg Shipowners, and the Union of German Captains and Officers. The former—secure in their share of the "Divine right"—have forbidden their servants to belong to that union; they have also refused several other interesting items. Silly, did you say? Idiotic, we think. Great Scott! Germany can easily get along without the Association of Hamburg Shipowners; but seeing that the country's future is on the sea—well, it cannot get along without the skippers and mates, what?

At the same time, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good? In view of the "We have spoken" methods now *en regle*, those patriotic souls who are now engaged in running steamers for the perfidious Briton, will be harking back to der Vaterland. That will make vacancies in our own vessels. Good old Germany! Everything in your favour, and yet you allow internecine warfare to hash up you dear little goose! Makes us tired, and for that reason (and because we are at the bottom of the page) we leave it.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Dec. 13th, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

23,638 05—GAINES REVERSIBLE PROPELLER CO., & RANKIN—*Improvements in reversing reversible propellers driven by internal combustion engines.*

This invention relates to improvements in internal combustion engines and has for its object to ensure that when the propeller is being varied in its working condition the engine shall be disconnected therefrom. According to this invention the lever by which the working condition of the propeller is varied is locked to a catch, so connected to a clutch connecting the engine to the propeller in such a manner that the clutch is out before the lever is unlocked. A roller is loosely mounted on the adjusting lever and connected to the lock lever so that it is raised with the lock bolt, and so raises a lever connected to the clutch, the end of the clutch lever being so curved that the roller runs along it when the adjusting lever is operated without further operating it.

23,713 05—BURNETT—*Improvements in apparatus for washing and grading coal and other minerals especially applicable to fine coal.*

This invention relates to apparatus for coal washing of the type in which endless cleaning belts work in fixed troughs. According to this invention a plurality of longitudinal partitions are provided in the trough for the purpose of grading the coal. The fine coal is carried into a settling tank along which a scraper conveyor travels raising the fine coal from the tanks and delivering it into trucks.

23,989 05—INGERSOLL-RAND CO.—*Improvements in fluid compressors for use in connection with rock drills and the like.*

This invention relates to improvements in that type of fluid pressor which is used for reciprocating a rock drill, and in which the fluid pressure may be raised from time to time by the agency of the pressor itself. According to this invention the raising of the pressure is accomplished by establishing communication between the pressor cylinder and the pipes leading to the rock drill cylinder. As the piston is reciprocated the pressor will act as a compressor, and the pressure may then be raised to the desired amount.

24,143 05—NOLDNER—*Acetylene miners' lamp.*

This invention has reference to acetylene miners' lamps in which a water reservoir is mounted inside a carbide receptacle, and consists in means for adjusting the burner and reflector. According to this invention the burner arm, which also supports the reflector is pivoted in the plane of the edge of the carbide receptacle so that it can be turned with the reflector through an angle of 180°, thus enabling the side walls and bottom of the mine to be illuminated without the lamp being held obliquely.

3,390 06—MELLER—*Improvements in life-buoys.*

This invention relates to that class of night life-buoys which comprise a buoyant ring, a mast connected to the ring, and a cartridge holding the materials for the generation of illuminant at the lower end of the mast, the cartridge being ripped open on throwing out the buoy for the ingress of water, and subsequent generation of illuminating gas, which is automatically lighted at the top of the mast. According to the present invention a perforated cylinder is located inside the cartridge, and inside this cylinder is an axially moveable tube, connected to another tube which limits the downward direction of the former tube. The upper end of the axially moveable tube carries a float valve which normally rests on the dividing wall, but which, on the inrush of waters when the buoy is thrown into the water being lifted from its seat by the filling of the tube, prevents the entrance of more water into the cartridge than is sufficient to generate the gas required.

3,821 06—HOUGHTON—*Improvements in or connected with safety fences or gates for mining cages and the like.*

According to this invention at each side of the entrance to a mine cage uprights are placed, each upright being provided with a plurality of swellings in pairs, the size of these swellings decreasing from the top. When it is desired to open the gate the lower bar is raised, and this in turn raises the one above, and so on, until the whole of the cross bars are raised to their highest position, whereupon they may be temporarily secured by a suitable clip. On releasing the horizontal bars, they fall to their proper positions and so form the gate.

6,556 06—BEST & BEST—*Improvements in or connected with miners' safety lamps.*

This invention relates to miners' safety lamps of that class in which there is an upper and a lower portion connected by vertical pillars, and has for its object the construction of a lamp that will throw light vertically upwards, as well as horizontally around the lamp. Accordingly the lamp is provided with a cylindrical open-ended gauge on the upper end of which is mounted an annular frame carrying a lens. The upper part of the lamp bonnet is formed with a central aperture immediately above the lens, while the hood is provided with a pivoted plate adapted to swivel either over or away from the central aperture. When the latter takes place, the upward passage of light through the lens and the aperture in the bonnet is unimpeded.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending January 28th.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks, were advertised on December 19th, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending January 19th, 1907.

Class 4. Coal.

283,646—INSOLE'S MERTHYR SMOKELESS STEAM COAL—Burnyeat Brown and Co., Ltd., 5, Bute Crescent, Cardiff; Colliery Proprietors. –8th June, 1906.

The said Trade Mark has been used by the applicants and their predecessors in business in respect of the said goods continuously since before 13th August, 1875.

284,301—INSOLE'S ABERGORKI LOCO-STEAM COAL—Burnyeat Brown and Co., Ltd., 5, Bute Crescent, Cardiff; Colliery Proprietors.—3rd July, 1906.

The said Trade Mark has been used by the applicants and their predecessors in business in respect of the said goods continuously since 10 years before 13th August, 1875.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *December 26, 1906.*

WITHOUT wishing to make it appear that our own especial coal expert is a perverter of the truth, we yet are of opinion that he is somewhat of a romancer when he assures us that there is something of a coal market ranging along locally, at present. There will be, next week, yes. Quite a big slice of coal market, you'll find. But at the moment of writing—well, the genial coalowner is more concerned with getting indigestion out of his house!

THAT is one of the drawbacks of the festive season, and it was never allowed for in the beginning of the dodge. Mankind (and womankind, for that matter) was persuaded that, with the end of the third week—there or thereabout—in December, he should lay in "grub," 'fore all the world as if he were about to undergo a siege. Moreover, that same "grub" had to be consumed in a ridiculously short period of time, and in the majority of instances, the persuasion is followed—right up to the hilt.

BUT there was one little hitch in the proceedings. The food was suggested—and came; while the "Little Mary's" remained as heretofore! The natural result is, that each of the latter become laden up with about twice their natural carrying capacity load; there is a prosecution for overloading; Nature inflicts a fine; and coal—as well as other) markets are "off," for a time. Simple enough, when you view the matter in an unprejudiced manner?

ANYHOW, with the advent of the Big Feed—Anglicé Christmas—work has been conspicuous by its absence; but even while the longshore friend has been bottling up all sorts and conditions of eatables and drinkables, the local docks have been following suit with tonnage large and small. That tonnage is "in" for cargo. Its owners are saying unkind things about the "beastly delays." And yet in a little while, there will be a stirring in the local camps, when some of the Christmas losses will be made good.

MIND you, there is ever a bit of market about, even if it is only of the traditional kind. Some of the boys have to come to the docks—if only for the purpose of working off the ill effects consequent on feeding not wisely but too well. And as they are "down," well, as a matter of course, they look in on 'Change. At the same time, we are bound to admit—as truthful historians—that the talk on 'Change has most to do with what she said, or did. Aye, and on this occasion, the she isn't a steamer, don't forget. Not by a very great deal!

SOME people—particularly those whose regard for strict veracity is a bit below par—will assure you that there has been but a three days' holiday, this week. Our own especial already referred to, is one of them. We take his word for it, as far as subjoined list is concerned; but personal observation has convinced us that if the present isn't a full week's holiday, then, it is about the finest imitation which we have tobogganned into, for ages. Indeed, we feel that we are being unduly handicapped, in that we are about the only folk who deign to work during the Christmas.

NEVER mind, good people. We don't, anyhow, for by working, we have successfully dodged dyspepsia, and are also in a position to do you a good turn as exemplified below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:-

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d	Quotations only Nominal.	HOLIDAY.	HOLIDAY.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.			
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.			
Drys ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d	15s. od., 15s. 6d.			
Best Newport ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.			
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s 6d.	15s. 3d.			
Seconds ,, ...	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.			
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.			
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.			
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.			
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.			
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.			
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.			
Seconds ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.			
Ordinaries ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.			
Best Newport ...	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.			
Seconds ...	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.			
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 9d.	9s. od	9s. 3d.			
,, No. 3 ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. od.			
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. od., 25s. od.			
Ordinary ...	22s. od.	22s. 6d	22s. 6d.			
Furnace Coke ...	18s. od.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.			
Patent Fuel ...	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.			
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	21s. 9d.			

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *December 26, 1906.*

EVEN as are the facts in connection with the Cardiff market, so are they here, at Swansea. Who among us is going to bother his head with anthracites, when he may successfully engineer a good time with the next-door little boy's youthful auntie—er, that's not quite the thing we wished to write about. But never mind. Anthracite coal, during the present week, is a lost commodity, and the fact might just as well be admitted.

PRACTICALLY, the same thing applies with CULM and DUFF, with STEAMS—with everything which has carbon as a sort of basis. They are "off," and we don't care who knows it. Personally, we know quite a number of local celebrities who are more engaged or concerned in finding out a practical cooler, than they are in the matter of steam (and heat) raisers! For—here, let us whisper it—some of the whisky down this way is bad, at all times; but the stuff appears to have a special run at Christmas!

PERHAPS it is because so many of the hill men come down? One never knows, for sailors' boarding houses mightn't have the sole copyright of those sorts of dodges. "Take away the cheese, and bring in the grind-stone. The sailors are all drunk," might easily have its counterpart in Swansea pub. life? However, you can read the writing on the wall—or in the schedule—below:

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—				Quotations only Nominal.	HOLIDAY.	HOLIDAY.
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. od., 20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od.			
Seconds do. ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.			
Big Vein Large ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.			
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.			
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.			
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. 6d., 23s. 6d.			
,, ,, Peas ...	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.			
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 6d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.			
Duff ...	5s. od.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.			
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.			
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.			
Seconds ,, ...	15s. od	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.			
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.			
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.			

Coal Freights & Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending December 26, 1906

(N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, P. T. Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Spithead*, 9s. 3d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Marstonmoor*, 3,750 tons, 15s.
Stagpool, 6,000 tons, 16s. fuel.
Millpool, 5,000/5,300 tons, 14s. coal.
Buenos Ayres, *Maritime*, 3,806 tons, 13s. 9d. option Rosario, 15s.
Monte Video, *Abaris*, 3,500 4,000 tons, 13s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Iddesleigh*, 5,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Genoa, *Hilding*, 2,400 tons, 7s. 3d.
Dunbarmoon, 5,100 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Steamer, 5,300 tons, 7s.
St. Wandrille, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Pola, 4,300 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 7s.
Lindsden, 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d. option Savona.
Alexandria, *Trenoglos*, 5,300 tons, 6s. 1½d. 700.
Naples, *Rom*, 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d. 800.
Newburn, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d. 800.
Elswick House, 5,300 tons, 7s. 3d. 800, spot.
Marseilles, *Woodville*, 3,400 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Coranian, 1,400 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Algiers, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7 fcs.
Monnac, 2,600 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Palermo, *Frode*, 2,300 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Seville, *Radyr*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bona, *Taurus*, 1,850 tons, 9·50 fcs. fuel.
Arzew, *Saphir*, 1,800 tons, 7·25 fcs. coal, 8·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Gibraltar, *Rukard Nordraak*, 1,350 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Ruabon, 2,300 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
G. Sundt, 1,300 tons, 6s.
Malta, *Boynton*, 3,000 tons, 5s. 3d. fuel, (Admiralty).
Arosa Bay. *Cairnsla*, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).

BAY, Etc.

Blaye. *Rio de Gier*, 1,400 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Pauillac, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Hanna*, 3,100 tons, 5·50 fcs. (c. or P.T.)
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)
La Rochelle, *Gwalia*, 1,800 tons, 5 fcs.
Bayonne, *Cairnross*, 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Sables, *Abertawe*, 1,700 tons, 6 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Brest, *Whimbrel*, 700 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Caen, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Skeldon*, 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *Harriet*, 520 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Granville, *Topaz*, 700 tons, 5s. 9d.
St. Brieuc, *Christina*, 6s. 9d.
St. Servan, *Iron King*, 500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, *Pomaron*, 2,000 tons, 5s.
Port Vendres to Cardiff, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 5s. 4½d.

MARITIME MURMURS—Continued from page 106.

OUR artist about touched the spot last week, for, viewed from any standpoint, the Merchant Shipping Bill is a white elephant? At the same time, the cartoon appearing on our front page was a pretty conceit, for we can hardly imagine a shell-back taking the trouble to hang his stocking up, in readiness for Santa Claus. Moreover, we shouldn't like to awaken from a moist and clammy sleep, to find "Georgie" masquerading as a saint, not us. It might be rude, but we should certainly think we were under the influence of a night-mare. At the same time, we remember hanging up our stocking at sea, on one occasion. Needless to say, we were young at the time. Very young, for it was quite our first adventure afloat. We don't mind admitting that we had altogether outgrown the childish belief in old Santa—but we had a newly-awakened love for the fragrant weed. In addition to the newly-awakened love, we had a pressing inability to satisfy same, for our Old Man of that date, was a singularly unimpressionable "whale," and had an idea that nobody under thirty years of age, should be trusted with a pound of tobacco. With such idiotic beliefs as that surrounding us, you can easily see that our chances of a fair-and-open draw at the pipe, were extremely remote—can't you, now?

So much so, that we worked up the belief that by hanging up a stocking, we might thereby prevail upon some of our shipmates to anté up to the desired end—seeing that tobacco was quite all the luxury which came their way. In due course, then, the stocking (it was a sock, really, although such a detail is neither here nor there) was suspended from a lovely scupper-nail, and we turned in to dream of future Lloyd-Georges, and other wizards of the deep. In due course, an unhandsome member of the watch on deck came down to light the slush lamp which was accounted good enough for the embryo sailor of that day, even as he commanded all and sundry to "show a leg." The unhandsome one was treated to some varied samples of language, and, for our part, we hastened to feel—albeit in a surreptitious manner—the sock with which we had essayed to tempt the gods—er—our shipmates. Joy! The sock was simply bulging out with produce of a kind. We sniggered, and felt that this was where our native wit had served us in good stead. We could already feel the comforting glow from our little clay pipe, and we didn't care as to who shouted the dire words "show a leg," not us! But—alas the word—our sniggering was a bit previous! Emotion—even at this late date—compels us to put the sequel in a paragraph to itself.

WHAT was the sequel? Well, the sequel might have been anything, as far as we are concerned. But the contents of that poor sock worked out as: A fairly hard chunk of oakum; one serving board; one piece of pork rhine; several fathoms of tarry spun-yarn; quite a quantity of ashes from the forecastle bogey-stove; and the remains of several used up chews of tobacco! There wasn't even the vestige of anything useful or ornamental within that "trotter cover." Do you know why the episode occurs to us, with such terrible force, to-day? You don't? Then, let us tell you. The stocking-filling supplied by Mr. L. George, will be exactly of the same kind. For some twelve months, past, the President of the Board of Trade has been using all the machinery at his command—and it is an expensive lot of machinery, you'll find—for the purpose of faking up something or other in the Merchant Shipping Bill line. Precisely why he was allowed to tinker around with the undertaking, we have no means of finding out. The gentleman is neither soldier nor sailor; wouldn't appear to be even an ordinary business man, and is noted chiefly for his loud exhortations toward mutiny. Yet, he was entrusted with the work which would have given pause to a full committee of thorough-going sailormen.

MOST of his alleged improvements were to come into force on the first day of January, and practically the whole of the shipping industry has been unhinged, because of the doubt surrounding the date, and its possibilities. We are but a few days off the "glorious first," and so far, the Bill is merely a hotch-potch of ineptitudes. Is, in short, a sort of sock filled with oakum, serving boards (in the metaphorical sense), ashes, spun (very much) yarn, and we are half inclined to believe that there isn't as much as an "old dog" among the whole combination. Meanwhile, the fit-out is praised by one set of time-servers; is anathematised by another; and is openly laughed at by the very men for whom it was supposed to be a Magna Charta—the sailor. This being so, do you wonder that we wax reminiscent over the business? Of course, not. When you remember that we are not shrieking lawyers; that we are practical seamen; that we have learned our business at sea, and far from the Tammanied haunts of political men; well, you can see how we are likely to feel about it? One of these odd afternoons, the nautical profession will realise how they are being exploited, and—you take it from us—there is going to be about as bad a quarter of an hour for some of the exploiters, as will make no odds. White elephants are not negotiable these days. And the negotiators—or would-be negotiators—thereof, will surely sip sorrow. Aye, and with a very small spoon—in which event, the sorrow will be well spun out?

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

ON New Year's day, the new wages agreement for the federated mining districts in England and North Wales will come into force. At a meeting of the Coal Conciliation Board held last week, the agreement was signed, to cover a period of three years. At a previous meeting of the Board, the terms were practically settled, and those accepted are identical with those provisionally agreed upon. The signatories on the owners' behalf were Mr. Alfred Hewlett, and Mr. Ratcliffe Ellis, while for the men, Mr. Enoch Edwards, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Ashton appended their signatures. At this meeting there was very little business to be transacted as the general body on both sides had, to all intents and purposes, previously agreed upon the main points at issue. On the miners' behalf, the representatives asked for the period of notice at the termination of the agreement, to be reduced from six to three months, and after some discussion on this matter, the owners acceded to the request.

✦ ✦ ✦

IN the event of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill becoming law, it is provided that the agreement may be terminated by either party on a six months' notice. Among the provisions of the new contract, it is stipulated that for three years from the first of the new year, and until the agreement is put an end to by either party giving a three months' notice, the rate of wages shall not be below 37½ per cent. or more than 60 per cent., above the rate of wages existing in 1888. The standard wages are to be increased by 5 per cent., as from the first making-up day of January, but the advance will not be allowed to interfere with the relations at present existing between the wages rate and selling prices. It is believed that there is a rising market, and the advance is to be given on these grounds, and also in consideration of the renewal of the Conciliation Board.

✦ ✦ ✦

R. AND J. PULLMAN, LTD., the leather people—pardon us, the leather merchants—have, we are pleased to note, had a more encouraging year than was the case in 1904-5. The report on the year ended September 30, and submitted to the meeting held last week, shows an increase in the net profits of £1,500. Last year the "net" was £2,900, this time £4,400. The extra profit is more worthy of notice, owing to the fact that there was a loss of £565 on the realisation of an investment of £5,000 in Natal 3 per cent. Consuls, and this loss was entirely written off the present year's profits. In addition to this loss, the sum of £3,250 was written off particular stocks used formerly for the supply of accoutrements for the War Department. We understand that the directors have had an anxious time during the period covered by the report, having to reduce expenses in many directions, and also to re-arrange the management.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE high price of raw materials has done its share to keep this company, from benefitting to any great extent, although increased business has been done. During the past three years, new departments have been added, and these have justified themselves, as they are slowly but surely developing, and moreover, they show great promise of adding to the company's revenue. It is pleasing to observe that the directors, as promised last year, have refrained from accepting any fees during the current period. The profits have been used to pay the preference shareholders their full five per cent. dividend, and also 1 per cent. of the arrears carried forward from last year. The balance, £284, will be taken into the next account. Negotiations are in progress for removing the company's head office and warehouses from Greek Street to a more convenient site, and one which will be more suitable for the extension of the business, which is confidently looked forward to. The management of this undertaking is evidently determined to make a success of the business, and we shall not be surprised if the next report confirms this idea.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE net profit of the New Zealand and River Plate Land Mortgage Company, Ltd., for the year ending October 31, amounts to £34,212, and it shows a decrease of £942 when compared with that of the previous year. The amount brought into the account was £2,096, thus bringing the balance to the credit of profit and loss up to £36,308. The interim dividend for the half year to April 30, was 3½ per cent., and appropriated £10,500. The directors now recommend that the balance of £25,808 shall be appropriated for the following purposes: To pay a further dividend of 3½ per cent. making 7 per cent. for the year; to add to the existing reserve fund £13,000, making a total of £228,000, and to carry into the next account £2,308. In the case of companies of this description, it is most necessary that the investments should be carefully valued. We trust that, in this particular case, they are quite satisfactory, and that due attention is being paid thereto.

✦ ✦ ✦

AFTER payment of the debenture and other interest, the Australasian Mortgage and Agency Company, proclaim a profit of £24,900 for the year ended May 26, last. Comparing this with the profit of the previous year, we find that it shows an increase of £18,200. This extraordinary improvement is due to the fact that the revenue from one of the company's largest stations, which was sold almost at the close of the financial year, has been included in the accounts. Seeing that this station will no longer prove a source of revenue, we are doubtful as to the merits of the increase. The sale did not conclude the stock, but simply the station itself, and the chances are, that when the stock is realised, it might prove a source (a small one perhaps) of additional revenue. The stock at present has been distributed among the company's other stations. The realisation account has, during the period under review, been charged with £181,600 and of this sum £140,000 has been used to reduce the debenture debt, and £35,000 to reduce the bank overdraft. Both these reductions should favourably affect the profit for the current year, owing to the interest payable being reduced to a considerable extent.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE report of the African Banking Corporation has been issued, the period covered being for the year ended September last. The profit shown is £91,500, and compares with £96,900 for the previous year. The decrease of £5,400 is not so noticeable as it might be, as £4,100 was brought into account more than in the previous year, making the actual decline in the available balance, £1,300. The staff guarantee and saving fund last year appropriated £2,000; this year there is nothing to take its place and the result is that the "P & L" account reaps the benefit. After deducting expenses, and subject to the above mentioned £2,000, the decline is transformed into the gain of £1,400 in the disposable balance. The rate of dividend is to remain at the

6 per cent. stage, and the gain in the balance is to be added to the carry forward. It certainly might be used for a worse purpose.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE Consul-General for Japan, in London, has issued an interesting return as to the amount of the Japanese foreign trade, from January to October, in the present year. The figures given as to the total amount of commerce—the exports and the imports—are startling, and they, undoubtedly, point to the general improvement obtaining with this enterprising nation. The imports show a decrease, when compared with the corresponding period of 1905, but this might be expected, as it is obviously unfair to compare them with a period, which, certainly, would be suffering from the effects of the war. When that war was raging, the imports, naturally, went up by leaps and bounds, while the exports gradually declined. When peace was restored, then, for some considerable time the import trade was brisk: it had to be, in order to make up for the havoc which had been caused throughout the country. Having this before us, we do not think that the comparison with 1905 should be taken quite in the light of a fair comparison. The next two years will, more than likely, prove themselves to be records, as regards Japanese trade.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE liabilities of the Yenisei Copper Company, Limited, are, according to the latest report, still on the upward grade. There has been an additional expenditure on the development of the mines and administration, of £4,801. The major portion of this amount has been used for the payment of Government taxes in connection with the final concessions, and also for financing the company and erecting smelting works. It is stated that arrangements have been made for the provision of working capital, until a profit earning stage has been reached. When is this to be expected, anyhow? We note the directors' expectation—that a few months successful working will yield sufficient profit to pay off all the floating debts; but you have to get to the successful working stage? It is about time that a move were made in that direction, so that the shareholders may see in the dim future, the ray of light for which they have been watching.

✦ ✦ ✦

LAST week we touched on the loss made by the London Power Omnibus Company, Ltd., and since then we have been requested to give a little further information with regard to motor omnibus companies in general, our correspondent, presumably, having in his mind the chances of the proposed Motor Bus Combine, as a speculation. Up to the time of writing it is our opinion that not one of the companies are even worth thinking about, as dividend earners. We shall continue to hold that idea until some really sound argument is put before us; something that will convince us that there is indeed a chance of the companies paying; and we really cannot refrain from believing that it would be essential for us to see a real live dividend paid, before counselling our friends to put their hands into their pockets. Promises are becoming (in fact they have become) a bit wearying, and the old adage about promises being made to be broken, appeals to us more every day.

✦ ✦ ✦

FROM the information which we have obtained, it appears that the Vanguard Co., has been about the most successful of the whole five. The first account issued covered a period of eighteen months to June 30, last, and they show a profit of £15,700. Just £700 more than is necessary to pay the 6 per cent. on the cumulative preference shares, and 5 per cent. on the ordinary, with nothing for the deferred shares, but £700 to carry forward. The question which appeals to the investing public is: Is this a sufficient margin of profit? Our answer is "No." We have had some experience of the manner in which these particular "assets" depreciate, and in none of the companies whose accounts we have seen, does sufficient seem to have been set aside. Again, with this company, the directors express regret with reference to the terrible accident at Handross; is that finished with, or is it to cost the company anything? Anyhow, contingencies will arise, and provision might have been made. You never know what will happen! But there! It would have reduced the available profit?

✦ ✦ ✦

SCANNING the list of the better known undertakings, we have alighted on the Vanguard, Arrow, London Power, Pilot, and London and Provincial Companies. There you are readers, you have the names of five undertakings which, if expectation had been realised, would have provided the shareholders with sufficient return to enable them to feel, that at least, the investment was equal to a pension. That's the "promise" part of the business. "Prospectussy" might, ere long, be synonymous, but that by the way! What has actually taken place in the matter of dividend distributions? We have carefully inquired into the doings of these companies, and we can find very little to enlighten in the way of accounts or reports. Even people whom we know as shareholders, are reticent about the matter, and in a solemn sort of manner are almost ready to admit that they have backed a "wrong-un."

✦ ✦ ✦

WITH regard to the remaining companies, no accounts seem to have been published except, of course, in the case of the London Power Co., Ltd., and in this one it would have been almost as acceptable to the members, if none had been published, seeing that the loss was nearly £17,000! What does this silence on the part of the companies, mean? It is common knowledge that when an undertaking is being successfully run, the management are only too anxious to inform *tout le monde* of its abilities. These concerns are not all infants. The Arrow Co., has been on the board since March 1905, and surely sufficient time has elapsed to allow the management to prepare a statement of the year's working? Really, when we put our thinking cap on, we can come to but one conclusion: They are not worth touching—at any rate for the present. We wish we could think otherwise; we cannot; but we are open to be disillusioned!

✦ ✦ ✦

IT has more than once occurred to us that in connection with marine insurance, the assured pays premiums to underwriters, the financial standing of whom they are almost entirely ignorant. Of course, we are well acquainted with the old saw that ignorance is bliss, and there is very little doubt that in this particular instance, it certainly is. If it were otherwise, we can picture to ourselves sleepless nights on the part of those fortunate or otherwise individuals, who have an "interest" in our Mercantile Navy. The interest we refer to, is not the one in which a managing owners' commission alone is involved, but the one which means to the interested party his "all." It is well known that in thousands of instances the investor in a shipping company is a person who, by sheer hard work and saving, has scraped together a sum of money, the return from which, it is hoped will keep the wolf from the door, when father Time comes along with his never failing follower—inability.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE investor referred to above, is the individual whom we had in our minds when we used the term "assured." The shareholder is the "assured" right through the

piece, and we really believe that something more than "reputation"—which is liable to come a cropper at any time—should be forthcoming; something which would prove, and if not actually prove, enlighten those who, directly or indirectly, pay premiums to the underwriting gentlemen at Lloyd's. While making this suggestion, we have not lost sight of the fact that the committee of Lloyd's sees to it that a deposit is forthcoming from the underwriter, which will, in a measure, be a guarantee for the discharge of his liabilities. We wrote "in a measure," and (pardon our conceit) wisely too, for we firmly believe that, at times, the total probable obligations (nor yet a portion of them) of the various "members," could not be discharged by the amount of the deposit demanded by the house committee.

+ + +

These risks accepted by the underwriters are undoubtedly great, but familiarity has in this, as it has done in other channels, bred contempt. The rates which are at times quoted, are undoubtedly low, and quite inadequate for the nature of the risk involved, but that is the underwriters look out, not ours. We have frequently seen instances of the manner in which the fraternity have been "done brown" by unscrupulous individuals, and that is again a risk that has to be borne in mind. This is diverting a little from the path we intended to tread, but nevertheless, it is necessary to refer to it as low premiums and big risks, are not good foundations for the building of a sound insurance undertaking. This being the case, there is all the more reason why the assured are entitled to (and should demand) something financially sounder than mere reputation from the assurer.

+ + +

Arguments have often been put before us as to the risk that we personally take when we insure our frail bodies with life companies, either on the endowment principle, or the old fashioned stone-dead method. We are quite ready to admit that we do take a risk. Don't think that the paltry £20,000 which the life company has to deposit with the Court before it is allowed to commence business, influences us in any particular. On the face of it, it is absurd, as one not-very-extraordinary claim would wipe out that amount or, as a matter of fact, the £40,000 fund accumulated from premiums which it is necessary for the company to amass, before it can demand the return of such deposit. Deposits, therefore, are put on the shelf, but there is another source of protection which the ordinary life insurer enjoys, and that is the outcome of the Life Insurance Companies Act. Even this might be bettered, but nevertheless, some benefits are enjoyed by the individuals who have the pleasure of paying the premiums.

+ + +

The points which appeal especially to us, are: At the expiration of each financial year, the company has to prepare a statement of its revenue account, and of its balance sheet. Not in the manner which appeals to the company as being most favourable, but in the forms scheduled by the Act, and that alone is worthy of notice. Again, at intervals of five years, if the company is formed after 1870, and ten years if previous to that date, (or at shorter intervals, if specially stated in the instrument constituting the company) an investigation has to be made into the financial condition of the company, and an idea thereon ascertained. These two items are important, and they afford not only the assured but intending assurer, the means of ascertaining to a certain degree, the financial condition of the undertaking in which he is going to invest his money.

We cannot do otherwise than acknowledge that the security of the majority of the policies issued by Lloyd's are unassailable, but there are nevertheless risks, and occasionally big ones, which are bound to hit, and hit hard. More than one case of "putting the shutters up" is on record, and we fear that the main cause of this undesirable and fatal state of things, has been brought about to a very great extent, by too much reliance having been placed on the "reputation" of the business as an asset. Underwriting of British ships has placed the associations in a position which naturally exceeds, as does the tonnage, that of foreigners, (we won't write competitors, for it savours of the ridiculous), and this being so, additional faith is placed in the soundness of their positions. We don't wish to see that position upset, and for that reason we should like to know (and so would others) the financial status of those members of the underwriting fraternity who, on numerous occasions, pick up risky "risks."

+ + +

For when all is said on this particular subject, there is just as much of the bucket-shop in certain units of marine insurance, as there ever was (or will be) in connection with certain brands of "stock and share" broking business, say, at Cardiff. As most investors now understand, there are quite a number of self-constituted "advisers" as to the alleged value of shipping property. Harpies who would have been better served, if drowned at birth—like superfluous kittens! Most of us remember instances of where this class of second-hand tout has assured us that "we" have offers for this, that, or the other steamer, at a figure ridiculously below current values? Of course, we do.

+ + +

Furthermore, quite a number of us realise that such touts are merely devilling for a shady shipowner who doesn't wish to appear in the deal himself; but who, nevertheless, wishes to win the chance of buying in the scrip of the *Festive Fanny*—at low rates, and because she has also been blessed with a lovely reserve fund. Naturally, the devil on this deal, will win a nice little solatium for his widow-besting tricks, and we are wondering if the new Secret Commissions Act will put a stop to the gentleman's little dodges? If so, then that same Act will not have come in vain, for it is a moot point as to who is the shipping industry's greater enemy: The bucket-shop man, or the soul-less "shipowner" who cares for nobody's interests save his own. Possibly, the honours are about equally divided, and for our part, we shall carefully watch the operation of the Act alluded to.

+ + +

Especially as indications are all in favour of a fine time ahead for the industries of the Empire. Somehow or other, we have a feeling that the long-looked-for turn in the tide is about due; an epoch in which money will be fairly plentiful. On those occasions, it is well to look out for Mr. Buckets—that confidence-man who assures you that (for a consideration) he will place your name on his list; a list which is scarcely worth the paper upon which it is printed! We know 'em; have had dealings with 'em—in the abstract; and have wondered how it came about that such arrant rotters could succeed in stuffing the genuine head of a genuine business concern. That the stuffing is really about, at times, may not be gainsaid; and we have seen old—middle-aged and young, for that matter—Buckets go off on those occasions, with his fangs well covered, his chapelosity well in sight, and his paws receiving their eternal wash with invisible soap. Bah! Let us get away from it!

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 151. FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1907. Threepence.

IS IT THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER YEAR?

FATHER TIME (*log.*): "Best give these chaps a bit of a show. Let 1907 stand out good in shipping history."

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone: No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—IS IT THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER YEAR?...	119
MARITIME MURMURS	120
SEA	123
THE ANNUAL JOKE—SEASONABLE WISHES!	124
MARITIME LOSSES	125
MORE PROSPERITY FOR GALLANT LITTLE WALES	127
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	129
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	130
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	131
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	132

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

REALLY, it isn't at all a nice sort of subject for the New Year, but we had certainly come to the conclusion that the "Harriett Lane" scare had died a natural death. Mr. Sinclair's book had received the regulation amount of prominence; the world had forsaken the question as to whether "first cousins should marry," and if "blind dogs should be operated upon;" and everything was proceeding as in manner provided; when, in the final days of the bad old year which worked up the Chicago cackle, along came dessicated "Harriett" for, we trust, a final flutter. Anyhow, the American packers have started the new year in quite the orthodox manner, and imbued with brightest hope for a successful time to come, they are hustling with the intention of winning back for themselves once more, the bouilli-beef trade. Well, let 'em. When all is said on the subject, it is open to doubt as to whether the American puts more toe and finger in his meaty comestible than packers of other nationalities; or, whether the latter deserves the biscuit—to put the matter in a somewhat vulgar manner. The fact remains that during our seagoing period, we managed to put away quite a quantity of "preserved meat," and at this late date, we should hate to think that there was too much finger to the square inch therein. Frankly, some of that preserved meat was good. Equally frankly, some of it, wasn't.

NOT that we lay claim to anything of the connoiseur in the business. The flunk assured us that the stuff was good; it wasn't any more smelly than usual; our appetite was fair to middling; and—well, the stuff went the way intended by the purveyor thereof. But you needn't think that the large quantity suggested in the preceding paragraph happened along in a hurry. It didn't. It was spread over many years, and the latter fact probably accounts for our still being among you, good people. We have foregathered with samples of bouilli-beef which, if taken in anything like generous portions, would have sent the partaker to join the angels, peaceful evermore. But as preserved meat day didn't synchronise with our perpetual times of hunger; came along as a sort of granda festa day, you understand: well, you can see how it is without our flogging the subject? However, we note that the genial gentleman who represents the American Consular service at Cardiff—Mr. D. Williams—has been sending reports to his Government on the subject, and, among other interesting items, states that "the British are learning to like American meats." Precisely what is meant by the remark, we shouldn't like to say. Hitherto, we had quite decided that as meat was a natural food, the liking therefor came naturally. Obviously, we have been labouring under a misapprehension?

IF there is anything in the report of Mr. Williams, the taste for American meat must be even as that for tomatoes—acquired? This opens up large vistas of discussion! If the meat is natural, why have to learn to like it? If not natural, why bother about the waste of good time used in the learning, when the real Simon Pure is obtainable, and which you may sit down to and eat—right away, and with a smug feeling of enjoyment concealed about your person? Of course, we have no means of knowing what our Consular friend had in mind, when he assured his paternal Government that we poor Britons are learning to like American meat. All the facts at our disposal tend to an opposite belief. We do know that Dai or Shon—up the hills—would see all the Chicago crowd hanged, drawn and quartered, before they would risk indigestion on anything less succulent than prime English beef. Of course, there are others. But we haven't happened upon them, unduly. Mind you, that may be all our own loss, but we feel fairly safe in remarking that if the British are learning to like American beef—no, meats—then the process is uncommonly slow. So slow, indeed, that Uncle Sam will be quite in the sere and yellow leaf, ere he notices the old-time sales approached, yes.

THAT *Jungle* yarn might have given the show away, we admit; but then, bless you, the man and the book were not entirely to blame for the results. You see, the stuff had become niffy, so to speak, and the yarn merely put the finishing touches on a situation which the sailorman re-

cognised for all it was worth, whole ages ago. If the land lubber was a bit easy on the point, it was more because he had no need to fill his Little Mary with any such questionable garbage. And as margarine is specially put up in cheap lines for use on shipboard, well, the same thing might easily happen with regard to meat? Let us hope so, and that might then account for the portions of Polish Jew which we have occasionally met with, when the tin was opened, and the beautiful smell came forth! Mind you, the American Consul is doing all that is expected of him attending to his countrymen's weal. But that doesn't excuse him for saying things up against the local game dealer. The latter worthy is blamed because among his wares, "ice is used sparingly." All a matter of education, sir. Yank uses ice so freely, that if you ship a crowd of nigger firemen at, say, Newport News, they will refuse to take on work, until "deyse shown whar de ice watah is." Take that from us, and remember that a nigger fireman is inclined to hum, if kept off the ice too long!

But writing of ice—aye, its chilly the noo?—reminds us that our Consular mentor should roll along a bit slowly. The game dealer might, as suggested by Mr. Williams, be a bit easy where "peculiar odours" are about. For the matter of that, he might be nothing at all of the sort, and the 'Murrican Consul might merely be out for a bit of cheap notoriety? But in either instance, we use ice much more to the purpose than do our American friends. With the latter, he must have the glacial substitute, aye, even if he gathers it from around a "back lot's pond," where everything queer and questionable is tipped. And having gathered his ice, he affects to kerflump it around everywhere, and on everything. At the same time, the Yankee friend does nothing of the kind. He, invariably places his ice where it is of least avail, and that is where the trouble eventuates. In our opinion, Mr. Williams is sort of nigged at the successful manner in which we utilise the freezing power of the inappreciable amount of ice which is vouchsafed to us. Ain't that so, sirree? We would respectfully point out to our friend that, in this free and happy country, it is unnecessary to put ice in our beer. We have our faults. Openly we admit it. Moreover, it is the blessed truth that "ice is used very sparingly." But even so, we put every kerchunk of it in the precise spot where it will do most good. Did our friend ever consider the amiable manner in which the Briton is able to freeze out a trust? Say, a soap trust? Give 'em the straight tip over there, Mr. Williams. Never mind the game. We like it high. But soap—well, we like it low. That's where we put the ice, wotto!

Dear, dear! More American stuff. The State Department over there, has pledged itself to support Great Britain in any steps that it might take to better the condition of things in the Congo Free State. That is very good of them. Good, and friendly. It is reassuring, too, to find that our esteemed cousins are getting over their race hatred in any such an amiable manner. Many a time and oft, have we been present at a race trouble pow-wow, and have heard much of a controversial nature, concerning the justification, or otherwise, of the treatment meted out by the almighty white man, against the nigger. The adjective nigger, that is. The latter, and mainly because in his own inimitable manner, his hair is wooly, and "bekase his pow is brack!" Our experience teaches us that the average American workman takes advantage of every possible opportunity to assure you that he has a vote. If you remind him that the nigger man is similarly fortunate or otherwise— then, Mr. White gets his dander riz'd. Says things up against you and the moke, and usually imagines that he clinches his argument by asking if you would like a daughter or sister, to marry a full-blooded Ethiopian. We have frankly stated that we should not, but that wouldn't probably influence the lady, and if the moke is a man for all that—carries a vote as well as a razor—well, well, you can see the possibilities?

A few years ago, America was suffering from an extremely bad attack of "race fever," and a certain professor (you buy 'em by the hundred over there, and they throw in a yaffle for luck!) broke out into figures on the subject. He assured his countrymen, in a voice filled with pathos and other things, that there were 600 black piccanninnies born in the U-nited Staits every day. That was a decentish sort of birth-rate, but at that time—well, things were different than applies now. A man could do as he liked with his own, and all that sort of thing. There were no Trusts then, and that is mainly why the business fluked out. Still, that pro-fessor pointed out the terrible danger to the white population, if that increase were allowed to go on without let or hindrance. Nobody seemed to realise that if it were bad for the white, it was good for the nig., and that if he happened to have a "brack face," yet his heart was much about the colour of the white man's. However, as there was a distant danger of the black checkmating the white in several distinct moves, deportation schemes were worked for all they were worth. Our professional friend gazed around at Afric's burning strand, and attempted to espy a *pied a terre* where a "free state" or so could be bungled up on the cheap.

There was no getting away from the fact that West Africa was a "durned ap-propriate" spot, but, unfortunately for the scheme, most of the desirable property thereaway, was under the "protection" of this, that, or the other U-ropean country. This was awful—especially as the "mailed fist" was not about in any big lots, over there. You see, with the advent of a mailed fist, some of those pesky Europers might have been turned aout! That brings us right on to the point at issue. Has our American friend an idea that if he goes right along with the gang over this Congo confloption; if he allows the Britisher to romp in and clean the place up, some; the latter might then extend the hand of fellowship to his esteemed cousin who pledged support in the beginning, and thus comes off the colonisation dodge? Never know, you know—where a brainy Yank is around. Don't tell us about ice, or its small uses. If Sammy can rely on our noted gratitude for having supported us in the nick of time, then, when the claims come to be pegged out, what is wrong with bringing off that "free state" negotiation? Mind you, really successful colonisation on the part of the American brother would be good to see, for their administration of the Phillipines and Cuba certainly leave much to be desired. The islands have been brought from comparative prosperity, into a state that is—to say the least—most unenviable.

But even if the *coup* comes off, and Uncle Sam receives a large-sized chunk of Mother Earth, *Africanus* sort, he will be no nearer a settlement of the "race fever" business than he is now. Is anybody willing to believe that a free born nigger is going to be asinine enough to leave a comfortable country like America—for, all our jokes notwithstanding, America is a comfortable country—so that he may rust away to the grave, in a land for which he is no longer suited? Of course, not! The nigger might have originally come from West Africa, but the time was so long ago, that all that is now left him of his original birthright, is a black face. He is more American than a goodly number of the Lobskis, and Shoveloffs, who have been

lately imported. Not only is he more American, for he is a considerably more liberal minded animal. And, greatest fact of all, he has developed too much sense to admit of his leaving a real, eighteen carat spot, so that he may be immured in a scrap-heap of a place in Equatorial Africa—and where there is absolutely no "ice-watah," and mighty few "mellyuns." No, sirs, the race question is a tough handful. Probably it will work out its own salvation: but ere that working out is an accomplished fact, much blood will have been shed, and any number of "professors" will have spouted themselves into a sore throat. Take that from us who have studied the subject.

THERE would appear to be a great difficulty in arranging the fate of the old War Office, now that a newer affair has sprung into existence, and as a natural consequence, everybody is primed with a more or less impossible scheme to that end. Funny thing! There is a similar trouble here, in the City of Cardiff! The poor old Town Hall, after doing its humdrum duty for a long period, has now gone out of fashion, giving the cake to its palatial successor in Cathays Park. What will be the ultimate fate of No. Something-or-Other, St. Mary Street? Hard to say, isn't it? Especially in such a cosmopolitan place as Cardiff, and where no two men appear to have the same idea or, for the matter of that, the same birthplace! Still, ideas abound! Of that, you may be sure. One would-be clever one has suggested that the Old Hall be turned into a Municipal College for the instruction of budding navigators. Others, again, are keen on working it off as a theatre. Well, the poor old place has been—in the past—the scene of many a comedy worked off *a la* law; it has also been the setting of the final scene in many a tragedy. But reverting to the Navigation School idea, this somewhat commends itself to us.

THE Old Town Hall would be by no means too imposing a place—or building—for the purpose, taking into consideration the fact that the City depends, to a very great extent, for its future prosperity, upon the ability of the navigators who sail from the port. The promoters of the scheme, however, should go warily, for when out upon a joint of this kind, there is no knowing what evils may follow in the train thereof. In Liverpool, the municipal people founded such a college, which naturally bursted the smaller, and two-cent arrangements which aimed at following the same line of procedure. The principals of one of the latter (we write this as a grave warning) then incontinently went out, and worked up a something which they named a guild—or thereafter—for one section of the seafaring community; a sort of one-eyed gharry, as we have heard it named. This one-ideaed affair was originated, for the purpose of "making two ends meet." That it has fulfilled this object, with particular satisfaction to the founder, no one may successfully gainsay. It is now about to reverse its gentle propeller, and meet its end! That's the worst of letting these amateur people tackle really Imperial subjects. They usually make a mucker of it, and the last case of their would-be patrons is worse than the first. Poor old guild. R. I. P.

FROM accounts to hand, we find that the first section of the new quay at "Rio" was opened on November 8, by the president of the Brazilian Republic. These improvements are certainly a step in the right direction. They have taken some time, but the story about "better late than never" applies in this instance. It has been said by "Aunt" someone, in "Forget-a-lot," or some such "afternoon tea" paper, that perfumes recall a past incident more readily than anything else. We have proved "Auntie's" confidential chat to be true by practical experience on our own account. Thus, if a sailor-man has a handkerchief with a liberal saturation of patchouli, thrust under his nose, he almost invariably starts in to tell a yarn about No. 9 Schiedam Street, or a similar locality. Also, everyone has heard the story of the Scotchman who is credited with having said "Sweet Edinburgh, I smell tha' noo." It is even the same with us, for if the cart from the local fertiliser factory happens to pass us at any time, it recalls sweet (?) memories of the flour mill berth in "Rio" harbour. Those who are responsible for the sanitation and other improvements there, have a splendid object lesson at their very door, so to speak, in the model colony that is run on an island in the harbour by a French company.

WE have had a story sprung upon us, about some sailors who were unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked on the shores of Lake Superior, but who were refused admission to the only warm quarters that were available. The general impression seems to be that the sailors told the American pressmen a bit of a fib, to use an expression that we remember from our nursery days. We go one better, and suggest that the whole story was concocted by the said pressmen themselves, for sensation and "playing to the gallery" is the breath of life of the American "yellow" press. We have no doubt that the incident would run into two or three columns in some of the papers as we remember them. That a great deal of suffering follows in the train of shipwreck, is one of the things that are sure, and quite a number of our seafaring readers will be able to testify to that surety, having had some little experiences of their own in that direction. In this instance however, the story is so "tall" about the refusal of admission to shelter, that we ask someone to pass the salt! Jack has always been a bit of a romancer, and has been credited with those questionable abilities, but the Yankee reporter can go one better, every time!

THE Jewish colonisation idea seems to have taken root at last, and sympathy has been enlisted in the matter in Europe, America, and Australia. The people of England have felt strongly in the matter, though the leaders of the community have held aloof from the affair because they thought it contained difficulties that were almost insurmountable. The cases that have evoked the most sympathy, are those of the Jews in Russia and Roumania. As an author Mr. I. Zangwill is a man who has made a name for himself, and may be safely said to be the only one who can pilot the Jewish colonisation scheme to a successful issue. One of the difficulties lays in the fact that subsidised immigration is against the American law. Because America has been called "God's country," is no reason why it should be considered to be the only substitute for Palestine, that is to be found. There is another feature in the affair, and that is, can the Jews be "colonised" in the strict sense of the word? We have all heard of the "Wandering Jew." May that not be taken to be something more than a name? For the tendency to wander, is a very strong Yiddisher trait, when the opportunity offers.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE has experienced a troublesome motor tour through France, owing to the snow; and it is probable that his golfing at Biarritz will have to be postponed. Poor chap! We wonder what some of our "rags" would have to say, if he should, by chance, experience half-a-gale off the Longships in one of the overladen tramps that he loves so well? Golf indeed!

SEA.

THAT'S it. The one word. In fairly big capital letters. Eh? Where did we see it? On top of a piffley—if not worse—circular issued by that won't-somebody-bury-it concern ycleped Shipping Federation, Limited. Now, if we were weak enough to covet the smiles, or to curry the favour of that metaphorical Old Man of the Sea, we should pretend that the circular referred to was quite the thing: that the heaven (or other place) sent genius who faked it up was an universal benefactor; and we should have worked up the smug smile which is usually meted out to the contraption—and its alleged manager would possibly have been graciously pleased to throw us a benign smirk.

But we don't covet the smiles of the arrangement—neither do we fear its enmity. Let that fact not be forgotten. Indeed, we make no secret of the fact that we are up against it at every turn in the wheel, and are also sanguine enough to believe that we shall be in a position to drop a tear over the final sod which will cover it, and its hereditary spoof. Time will show, and we thought we'd just mention it. Meanwhile, and as an earnest of what our intentions happen to be, we wish to ask a few straight questions concerning the circular which should offend the sight and intelligence of every sailor before whose eyes it passes.

In the first place, what have the authorities to say to this bait: "The present wages of Able Seamen in the Merchant Service, average £4 10s. per month on steamships, with rations?" Do they allow Shipping Federation, Limited, or any of its officials, to attempt to romp in "boy sailors" under false pretences? The average wages of A.B.'s has never been £4 10s. per month, and if Shipping Federation knows no better than that, then, we are of opinion that its knowledge of shipping, and its ability to cater for those problematical "boy sailors" doesn't amount to much.

Writing as sailormen, we unhesitatingly state that the average of wages paid to A.B.'s, and at any time since the institution of this federation, has never exceeded £3 15s. per month, so why are they allowed to print statements which will not bear investigation? As stated in our issue of November 23, last, the actual wages paid on vessels signing-on at Cardiff, amounted, in the case of six steamers, to £3 10s. each A.B. per month; one steamer paid £3 5s.; and yet another paid £3 15s. Only in one instance, and in connection with one fleet of steamers was £4 paid, so where is the £4 10s. average to come from?

What's that? It might be a mistake? An oversight? Might it? In that case, an apology should be issued, and anyhow, Shipping Federation, Limited, loves to pose as a nautical authority. Moreover, if the claim is a mistake, then is it on the side of the Modern Inquisition—which should be an abomination in the sight of all true Britons. If the wording of that claim isn't tantamount to attempting to win raw youths under false pretences, then we want to know about it. We are quite prepared to hear the federated gentlemen claim that their meaning is an average of £4 10s. per month, when the value of the rations are included with the wages actually paid.

But that is no concern of ours, or of the "boy sailors" which it is intended to entice away to sea. We are quite willing to admit that the wording of the circular referred to is in rotten style, and that it leaves much to be desired as a piece of King's English. At the same time, we are not going to admit that its ambiguity is accidental. And we maintain that the majority of the readers of that circular will accept its meaning as it appears—that A.B.'s receive an average of £4 10s. per month, *plus* rations. Very well. The authorities should put a stopper on that class of literature?

Besides, Federation must mean £4 10s. exclusive of rations, for in another portion of the same literary concoction (heaven save the phrase!) we read: "The term of service will be three years, and the pay will be about 12s., rising to 30s. per month, with rations." And as you cannot feed a "boy sailor" on much less than ninepence per day, you may easily reckon it up as 22s. 6d. per month—a price which may not be included within that "about 12s." And why "about 12s."? Is the Federation so abnormally busy, that it is unable to assess the precise inducement with which it is hoped to win those "boy sailors"?

In plain words, there is too much of the "about" in the circular which we are discussing, and any parent or guardian who wittingly sends a boy to sea under the ægis of this peculiar lash-up, deserves all that he may get. "No premium will be charged." How nice! How too-too kind, and fatherly! Premium for what, anyhow? For humping a lad of "good character," and who comes up to a given "standard of measurements," into a low-down crock of a tramp, there leaving him to grub along for three years, at anything but the work which should be included in the curriculum of a seaman?

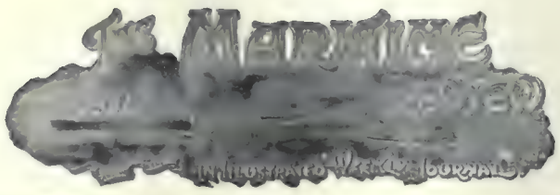
"No premium will be charged," forsooth! And here's another little bit of poppycock: "Boy Sailors will be enrolled, free, in the Benefit Fund of the Shipping Federation." How much good will that do him? And with the advent of the Compensation Act, is that benefit fund permissable? For the matter of that, is there any assessable value attached to that same benefit fund, or isn't it rather another of the delusions on which the Federation has fattened for quite a number of years? We opine that it is, and we write by the book, as having had charge of that modern abortion, a "federation ship." Don't tell us about the benefit fund. If we left an English port with a full crew of "federation seamen"—mostly Greeks, don't forget—and either of those dagoes cleared out at a foreign port, leaving us to pick up any sort of man: then, if the substitute wasn't also a federation seaman, we forfeited any claim to the alleged benefit.

For one clause suggests that all our crew must be federation wallabys, and on the benefit fund, before we may hope to participate therein. Right you are, then. We write from inside knowledge, you observe, and freely, because we have no fear of the federation boss, or of his shipowning dupe. One of these days, that dupe will cease to be so, and then boy sailors will come along to sea, aye, and they will stay there. An item which they seldom do, when engineered by the Modern Inquisition already referred to.

However, let us give you all the federation "inducements." "On the conclusion of his service the Boy Sailor will be entitled to the rating and pay of an Ordinary Seaman (£2 15s. per month, don't forget), and after a further year at sea, to the rating and pay of Able Seaman"—or £3 15s. per month, if he strikes a good firm.

But what an ass a boy would be to go to sea under such disabilities! By keeping clear of the Federation, he may start off at 30s. per month; be Ordinary Seaman in two years, at £2 15s., per month; and in three years, A.B. at £3 15s. per month. We know, because we did the thing in precisely that manner, and that was before a Shipping Federation attempted to take itself, or to gar others to take it, seriously, to the ultimate undoing of the British Empire.

We can quite understand that "An Officer of The Shipping Federation will visit the district for the purpose of examining applicants as to their suitability for employment," but what we wish to know is: Who is going to examine the "Federation Officer," ahem? Anybody tell us? Doubtful, very!



FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1907.

THE ANNUAL JOKE—SEASONABLE WISHES!

THIS is the time when the humourist—unconscious or otherwise—hies him forth to work off his "wishes" on an unsuspecting (?) world. He (or she) works off those wishes on the favourite morning paper, and having attended to that portion of the annual undertaking, invests in diaries of different size and value, and whose front pages are to be adorned with the "resolutions" which will be forgotten in a week! The chronically-late-to-work friend starts off with the legend, "I will come early to-morrow," and—well, you know that to-morrow never comes! The "wet" member of society resolves that, as a New Year's tribute, he will take no more than is good for him, evermore—but as he has an open mind as to the precise amount which is "good for him," it were as well as if the resolution had never been written. The politician swears that now he is in power, he will eschew all those questionable dodges which got him there—and he does, for quite twenty minutes. New Year has to be attended to, and truth compels us to state that it generally is. Even our friend, the shipowner, is to the 'fore with his resolutions and acts of grace, for even supposing that the dividends to his shareholders are of the scantiest kind; if his treatment to his servants is vile in the extreme; if his name—after the New Year—is smelly all over; still, the spirit of the moment will surely knock him out. He will donate, more or less, to deserving or other sorts of charities—as long as he is duly advertised; and if he thereafter, straightway acts as if his momentary weakness were anathema, and he at once switches on the old-time selfishness for which he has become noted, what will you? The "spirit of the time" has softened up the organ which he terms a heart, aye, for one glorious moment, and if the result is noticeable only in one grand burst of charitableness—what will you, again? He might have continued on his selfishness without let or hindrance; might have wasted his "gift" in more unworthy ways; so even to him, the New Year is a time of happiness and pleasure—albeit of a most evanescent character. He resolutes, pays, and passes. That in his style! True, he'll sweat his seagoing serfs a shade harder than heretofore—if only for the purpose of winning back the amount which a momentary weakness made him shell out, and if such whole-souled gentlemen could be prevailed on to develop the diary habit, then, a perusal of the various entries would be interesting. For ourselves, we wish them all a Happy New Year, and for their sakes could devoutly pray that the year extended for three months only, in which case they might have quite four times as many good deeds written against their eternal account by a busy recording angel. Seasonable wishes! Why they are everywhere—just now. The Press is simply full of them, and look where you may, it is impossible to dodge their sweet seductiveness. One of the best which appeals to us, is contained in a letter to *Daily Express*, and is from the pen of Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle. The best, because he emphasises in one New Year's burst, the facts which we have laboriously gathered up for the whole of the fifty-two weeks of the past year—and for other similar numbers of weeks in previous years. Our readers will recognise as old friends, the strictures passed by the gallant Admiral, who, while admitting that it is unpleasant to sound a jarring note, rightly feels that it is incumbent on someone to dare the devil, if the British Empire is to continue at its old-time notch. We are assured that there is a chorus of Admiralty apologists who tell us that all is well with the Navy; that reductions are reconstructions; and that we were never so strong afloat, both in *materiel* and *personnel*. We, who know the sea, and its varying moods, know also that the claim is piffley in the extreme. That the country was never so prone to successful attack by outsiders as at the present moment. That the *materiel* side of the nautical undertaking is parlous in the extreme, and that the spirit of mutiny is so rife among the *personnel*, that nothing but ancient tradition is keeping back the trouble. Because of these indubitable facts, Admiral Fremantle is constrained to admit that there "are uneasy misgivings in many quarters that all is not well with our first and only line of defence." Of course, all is not well. On the contrary, rather, for all is ill. The Portsmouth debâcle is to be viewed in merely the light of an episode where all is wrong. As a metaphorical straw, thrown out to test the strength of the current—which is rushing us along to annihilation. Yet, in the words of our gallant mentor, "We have practically withdrawn from the Pacific and the West Indies, while all foreign squadrons have been much reduced. We are recalling ships from the sea-going squadrons to form a half-manned, inefficient Home Fleet"—think of it. The foregoing is from a man who has qualified through all the subordinate ranks to Admiral. They do not emanate from a professional politician, reared, as likely as not, in the workhouse which you and ourselves helped to maintain. You have a half-manned, inefficient Home Fleet—and no available source for bringing it into a fully manned condition. After this, don't think that we merely lay these items out for sensational purposes. We are actuated by the same love of country, as predominates with Admiral Fremantle. We have repeatedly written for the purpose of showing you that "we are recalling ships from the sea-going squadrons to form a half-manned, inefficient Home Fleet;" and we have also assured you that "dockyard discharges have been carried to such an extent that they cannot keep pace with the repairs, so that many of our battleships are out of order." When the trouble is thick upon us, who is going to receive the blame and the punishment for such traitorous conduct? Not the "make haste" crowd who have been hustled into power, and who, realising that they are there for but a short while, are intent on "economising" out of the defence money, so that sinecure (and highly paid) jobs shall be at their disposal, by way of New Year's gifts to the sycophants who shout them into power. Don't go on deceiving yourselves any longer. New Year's wishes are all very pretty, but human nature is ever the same. If you will put a number of inefficient (but mouthy) nonentities into power, you must expect only the natural outcome of such action. Human nature will out, and defence may go to Old Nick, if its cost is likely to take away oof from the pockets of those who merely go into politics for what it will bring them in the way of guerdon of a substantial character. The nation might withdraw from everywhere; ships might be recalled galore; dockyards might be denuded of able workers; cruisers might be scrapped *ad lib;* and battleships might be reduced to the position of painted mockeries; but you will still find that the professional politician is receiving about ten times as much salary as he is worth. Meanwhile, you thank the fates that you are not as other countries; are not Tammanied or something worse; develop the diary habit; write resolutions; and fondly believe that everything will come right, if you only shriek "Rule Britannia" at the next social function. In conclusion, let us ask you to digest Admiral Fremantle's closing remarks: "A cheap Navy is not an economical one, and periods of reduction have always been followed by times of panic and extravagance." In other words, the professional politician ropes in his whack of shekels under pretence that all is well with the world, and when his greed is satisfied, he works up a panic so that you shall anté up the essential millions for defence.

MARITIME LOSSES.

PERIODICALLY, the above legend appears in the various journals which affect a knowledge of ships and shipping, but beyond the bare quotations received from one of the Registry concerns, nothing is said. True, the reader—if he has patience to wade through the casualties enumerated—will learn that so many sailers have gone under; also that so many steamers have followed suit. Furthermore, and if he cares to, he may know precisely the number of each nationality, and then he will turn over to the poetical bathos shown up in the "funny column," or—well, he might go out to see a lady about a dog, or a picture post-card.

ANYHOW, the foregoing occurs to us after reading the list of casualties published by the Bureau Veritas, and for the month of November. Those losses included 61 sailing ships—probably all preventable losses: while steamers romped into 32. Among the sailers, were 6 American, 10 Norwegian, 7 Russian, and 23 British. It is fairly safe to assume that the Norwegian contingent were one-time Britishers, so that the land of the free put up a total of 33 sailers, out of the 46 enumerated.

COMING along to the steamers, we note that only 11 out of 32 losses were British; while twenty of that number were strandings, and only 3 put down to foundering. At the first glance, this shows a splendid immunity from foundering, but it would be far more interesting to the lay mind, if it were stated how many steamers were stranded, to save them from foundering. With a piece of shore handy, it is open to suppose that a foundering will not be a spot job? Therefore, we are inclined to believe that the figures should be reconstructed, in which case founderings would show up much more strongly, while strandings would be inappreciable.

IN the matter of losses through fire, this amounted to but one victim, so that most of the old clap-trap which goes around concerning the dangers of a fire at sea, is just clap-trap, and no more. It can hardly be considered a danger, where in one month, and with more than 20,000,000 tons of shipping, one unit, only, succumbed through fire? No! And yet fire is a great source of loss to the underwriting fraternity. You see, the usual sorts of fire are merely of the amateurish kind. Burn like all that—under control! But without dropping the furnaces which carries them!

THE vessel usually returns, and if the resultant bill of costs is a big one, and the dangers of the late crew are written in big letters, the only ones who suffer anything to speak of, are the gentlemen who have agreed to take a line on the stuff which, ultimately, burned—or was scorched. No wonder that the irritated underwriter is for ever agitating for the inclusion of an up-to-date fire extinguishing appliance on the vessels which he covers—in an insurance sense. Agitation notwithstanding, however, the fire extinguishing appliances usually take the form of a leaky canvas hose, and a few leaky buckets.

BUT, as the underwriter knows this as well as do we, ourselves, there is but little gain in labouring the subject. Happy-go-lucky, is the prevailing habit in marine insurance. While it continues, the premium on sharp practices will remain. And as far as underwriter is concerned, it doesn't appear to matter unduly whether his risk is laden with dynamite, or merely with cotton. Indeed, all the chances are in favour of the dynamite-laden vessel, which speaks well

P. AND O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

A VIEW OF DINING SALOON.

for the human nature that is about? One seldom hears of a fire on a really combustible lot of stuff. It is generally on the crock which should be safe from anything of an untoward nature.

Out of the maritime losses over the month considered, there were but 5 steamers lost to the Registry through the condemned act. This conclusively shows that the underwriter is a careless individual, for if in all the tonnage afloat, but 5 units have been considered worthy of withdrawal from active service, then, one is constrained to wonder how bad a steamer really must be, before an underwriter will refuse her as a risk? Writing generally, we have an idea that quite a fifth of the tramp steamers afloat are unseaworthy from one or another cause; and if they do succeed in wobbling out and home without casualty, it merely emphasises the fact that there is a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft—and does things as in manner provided.

P. and O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Drawing Room.

It certainly doesn't show that the crocks are seaworthy, and when one comes to view the matter dispassionately, one is constrained to admit that there cannot be such awful dangers at sea, after all. Or, stay! Is it because of the indomitable pluck and resourcefulness of the men who navigate those old crocks? Perhaps, that is the main reason for their immunity from disaster. Come to think of it, we believe it is. At the same time, we are perfectly sure that the underwriter wouldn't admit any such thing. Not they, for quite a number of the "fancy" are "shipowners," and take risks, even as they play billiards—in a gambling spirit.

But leaving the actual, and ascertained losses of the month of November, what is the betting that December and January will not double the little lot? You all know that we have had some toughish kinds of weather over December. Some of you realise that a crock or so has gone under—sometimes with all hands, sometimes not. But how many of those disasters have come about through the heaven-sent mercies vouchsafed to shipowner, through the advent into the Whitehall whirlpool, of a lawyer who scarcely knew which end of a ship went first? You all know about the extra inches that were granted as a sop to the nautical Cerberus. Some of you deplored it at the time, and most of the manly among you, have reverted to the old scale as being of more use, and more Christianlike.

True, a number of long-headed owners saw nothing but loss in sinking a nine-knot steamer several inches deeper than her engines were intended for at the start. And seeing that loss, they kept clear of the delusion, thereby earning the good wishes and blessings of the men who took those vessels to sea. But others—the owners of the crocklets which were merely purchased for loss—sunk their vessels down to the new depth, and then worried their skippers with admonitions that, "in the present hard times, it is a positive disgrace for a master to leave port with his vessel underladen." Which is a quotation.

And don't forget that the quotation is but half written. Its complement was: "At the same time, however, it must be distinctly understood that we shall countenance no over-loading, which will be indulged in at your own peril." Tricky people, aren't they? And just the kind of stuff which will loom tall in the public eye, as the donators to this, that, or the other charity? Bide a wee, friends; Surely will they reap their reward—and it will be a nasty, and an uncomfortable one, at that. Just you wait! All sense of proportion has not evaporated from among us, and quite a number of decent men object to bathos which ambles along under the guise of pathos.

Meanwhile, keep your weather eye on the recorded losses for December and January. They might prove instructive to you, and will also show you that we do not write our strictures from malice prepense, but rather from a sense of the responsibility which rests upon us as truthful historians. Champagne suppers affect not the opinions inserted in The Maritime Review, you'll find.

More Prosperity for Gallant Little Wales.

THE British workman is a peculiarly constructed individual, and although there may be nothing very original in the remark, there is an awful amount of truth therein. Some three years ago a number of him objected to agree with the terms offered by the trustees of the late Lord Bute, in connection with the working of the Bute-Merthyr Collieries, at Treherbert. The mere fact that the terms referred to were identical with those obtaining at a neighbouring colliery, had nothing to do with the case.

THE 'orny 'anded (and 'eaded) had been persuaded that this was an instance of where he should "hold out." His advisers—as usual—knew more about the property than its owners. And as the pits could not be worked at other than a great loss, there was nothing for it but to close down. Then were wails heard in Wales. The wicked capitalist was anything but a saint. And the miners were poor down-trodden worms, of the wormiest kind!

BUT the facts are, that the Bute pit was the first to be sunk to the steam coal in the Rhondda Valley—a characteristic of Bute enterprise, which never lets I dare not wait upon I would. Previous to the sinking of the pit, the Taff Vale Railway Company had offered a premium for sinking to the steam coal—another bit of characteristic enterprise on their part! Without troubling about that premium, however, the Bute trustees undertook the work in the interests of the district, and when they had proved the steam coal, were satisfied, without claiming the premium.

UNDER such praiseworthy conditions, one would have imagined that the men of Treherbert—to say nothing of the women, who have most to say in hill politics, and all suffragette nonsense to the contrary notwithstanding—would have girded up their loins; have been grateful for the opportunity thus afforded them; and with an earnest desire to see that such a manifestation of public spirit should be no loser by its action; would have brought up as much coal as possible. But that is where imagination would have been at fault.

THOSE men had been jockeyed into believing that this was an instance of where the old list should not apply; that if they stuck to it "like men"—which is another method of writing "like asses"—the management would have to give in; that as many thousands of pounds had been spent in sinking the pit, it stood to reason that the proprietors wern't going to leave it there, indefinitely; and all the specious "argument" germane to these occasions. Needless to say, this was an instance of where those men were up against the real thing, and so the working of the suggested quiff was postponed for some three years.

P. & O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

BAKERY

IN the interval, the colliers had to mortify their flesh—and waste an awful quantity of muscular effort—in walking long distances to other collieries; and the vexing part of the undertaking was, that their perversity made no appreciable difference to the scheme of creation. The sun continued to rise and set; babies were born and lasses were given in marriage—perhaps that should have been transposed, while, perhaps, it might just as well remain as written: the Bute trustees pursued the even tenour of their way; and the circumstances were awkward in the extreme.

MEETINGS were held. The men were exhorted to be firm. And in the first flush of the undertaking, they were firm! But when winter succeeds winter, and there is the same old wintry walk to indulge in before the distant colliery is reached—well, even the 'orny 'anded, under those conditions, are prone to wonder if things are really what they seem. Now, when the 'orny 'anded commences to reason

things out for himself, he is usually by way of a settlement. He is inclined to be a bit dogged, we know ; but then, his doggedness is his salvation.

Moreover, the same trait is likely to cut both ways, for if he is stuffed by the agitator—and stuffed successfully—he doggedly adheres to the results of the stuffing. The same thing applies, when the stuffing wears out, and the gentleman commences to use his inviolable right—to think for himself. You see, at the commencement of the job, and while his soul is seething with the indignation that has been worked up by Mr. Agitator, our friend Dai or Shon is inclined to view his early morning trudges in the light of a martyr's crown—if you'll forgive the metaphor !

But it is possible to have too much crown—aye, especially if, in reality, it is a broken chilblain ! And thus it came about that deputations waited upon Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., the visible head of the trusteeship. Sir William—always patient and courteous—was doubly so

P. & O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Gymnasium.

in this instance. More in sorrow than in anger, he showed them the mistake they were making. Assured them that it was utterly impossible to work the Treherbert pits under any but the suggested terms. Showed his willingness to forget and forgive. But Dai wouldn't have it.

Indications were all in favour of the belief that Dai was willing enough, but he was under the thrall of the agitator —who had no need to indulge in those winter morning walks, which is where the joke materialises. And so the merry game continued. Deputation followed deputation. Assurances followed assurances. Aye, and winter's mornings followed winter's mornings. So much so, that the men gradually came to the belief that if the Ocean Collieries were worked on the identical lines offered for the Bute Merthyr Collieries, there couldn't be much against the management of the latter. But agitator wouldn't have it.

He assured Dai that there was a difference. That Ocean was Ocean, while Bute-Merthyr was Bute-Merthyr, and the truthfulness of this not being possible of denial, Dai grumblingly pursued those lengthy walks to work. But there comes a time when Dai is prepared to swear that black is not black, even supposing that Ocean is Ocean. Black isn't black—when Dai has finished tubbing before the kitchen fire ; what was wrong with tubbing—in effect—the Bute-Merthyr trouble ? Nothing ! Especially as the suggested tubbing might easily wash away all misunderstandings, and show the Bute trustees in their true light. Show them as public spirited men who, out of the fulness of their many avocations, were prepared to accept a little return for a very large outlay.

Very well. Mr. Agitator was relegated to his proper niche in the scheme of creation ; the men took their own destinies in their own hands ; waited upon Sir William once more ; and with a little less of the haughty demagogue in evidence, were prepared to treat, in a sensible manner. Needless to say, the result was pleasing in the extreme. It ever is under such propitious circumstances. The much-abused list has been acceded to. Work is to commence on the lines suggested and offered three years ago ; and we are wondering where the agitator will come in, now ?

We said above, that the British workman is a peculiarly constructed individual. We repeat it. For on Monday last, when the men had sense enough to see the force of circumstances ; to accept the terms which have been open to them for the past three years ; to, in short, take shorter walks ere starting work ; they, unanimously, gave three cheers for Sir William, " for sending them such a beautiful New Year's gift ! " Is it any wonder that Mr. Agitator finds a soft snap in such childish people ? The gift was open for acceptance any time over the past three years. It has been accepted, and thus is there more prosperity for gallant little Wales. Long may it continue.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on Dec. 27th, 1906, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

26,411 05—HAILWOOD—*Improvements in and relating to brushes for cleaning miners' safety lamps, bottles or the like.*

This invention relates to that class of brush for cleaning miners' lamps in which a metal spindle carries a detachable brush end. According to this invention a metal spindle carries at its upper extremity a metal box shaped structure with rectangular walls. Into this box is inserted the lug of a detachable brush end, secured by having the walls of the box sloping inwards so as to grip the lug. Other means are described for securing the lug.

26,653 05—HOLLINGS—*Improvements in locking devices for securing colliery corves or wagons.*

To fix a colliery corve in position in a pit cage according to this invention suitable supports and bearings are fixed on the floor of the cage to carry a tumbler catch and its axis, the upper part being of sufficient length to catch against the axle of the corve, and the part below the axis being of sufficient weight to act as a counterbalance. In order to lock the catch a rocking shaft is fixed below the tram rails and upon this shaft is fixed a locking arm which can be turned horizontally so as to form a stop against the lower part of the tumbler catch.

6,535 06—KAISER—*A new or improved transportable floating bridge.*

This invention relates to a transportable floating bridge consisting essentially of a floating wharf with adjustable intermediary members with the necessary strengthening members consisting each of two supporting beams with the strengthening rods between them thus forming a frame above which floor planks and below which india-rubber pontoons are arranged.

11,142 06 SCOTTS' SHIPBUILDING AND ENGINEERING CO., LTD., AND WILLIAM GALLAGHER—*Improvements in and relating to storm valves for ships.*

This invention has reference to storm valves for ships for the purpose of rendering them more accessible for repair. The valve chest is formed with a short neck at the upper part to be connected to the outlet pipe, and a discharge mouth at right angles to the neck flanged for securing the sides of the ship. The flap valve is hinged to a ring flanged at its inner end and slipped from the back into the outlet mouth which is formed with a shoulder to engage with the flange of the ring. The valve chest and cover is formed in one with a curved duct which completes the passage from the outlet pipe to the outlet mouth.

12,145 06—HANDELGESELLSCHAFT KLEIMBERG & CO.—*Improvements relating to the manufacture of weldless chains.*

This invention relates to a process for manufacturing weldless chains the links consisting of two eyes crossing each other at right angles. According to this process a blank, in the form of a rod is threaded through the eye of a completed link, each end portion of the blank being then formed into a ring, the ring being in a plane parallel to the central portion of a blank. The central portion of the blank is then bent until the rings are brought into coincidence with each other.

13,863/06—SCHWAB—*Improvements relating to the ventilation of submarine vessels and the like.*

This invention relates to the air supply of submarine boats, whether unable to rise to the surface or intended to make a prolonged stay under water, the object being to provide means for introducing atmospheric air into the boats. The boat is provided with a transversely extending tube communicating at its ends with the surrounding water and having a non-return valve at a suitable point. Above the valve is a branch pipe opening into the boat and adapted to be cut off from the main pipe by an automatic valve. The whole arrangement is such, that when air is forced from the upper end in the main pipe, the air is allowed to enter the boat after having forced the coluum of water down below the seat of the non-return valve in the main pipe, which valve serves to prevent the water from flowing in the boat through the pipes, even if the forcing pressure of the entering air has been relieved.

14,509 06—SHUMAN—*Improvements in piles and process of constructing the same.*

The object of this invention is to put previously moulded concrete piles in the ground in such a way that there will be no danger of cracking the piles in the process of placing them. This object is attained by driving a hollow preparatory pile into the ground, and then lowering the previously moulded concrete pile into the preparatory pile, which may then be withdrawn. The hollow pile may be provided with a detachable point and the opening may be first partly filled with cement grouting to a certain depth, and the moulded pile to be moulded on this grouting.

17,602 06—WHITAKER AND WHITAKER BROS., LTD.—*Improvements in or relating to excavating apparatus.*

This invention relates to steam navvies the object being to provide the bucket with a connection arranged in such a manner as to leave the bucket entirely unobstructed at all times. To this end, instead of the ordinary bucket bail, a chain connection is employed, consisting of eye-bolts fixed directly to the upper rear portion of the bucket, each being provided with a short chain taking into a central ring adapted to engage the hook of the lift rope whereby the bucket is carried from its rear portion instead of from its centre. In this way the mouth of the bucket is left entirely free while the chain connection forms a flexible link which, when the bucket is in the digging position, takes around the face of the bucket arm.

18,640 06 RAGENER *Improved rigging for square sails of ships.*

The present invention relates to an arrangement for square sails of ships in which the two halves of the same lying right and left of the mast respectively can be reefed together towards the middle in order that the setting and the taking in of the sail may be effected from the deck. The novel feature of this arrangement consists in that whereas the upper sheet or reefing rope of the two halves of the sail is carried in the well-known manner on a rail below the upper yard, the bolt rope is displaceable for each half of the lower yard by means of the fixed rigging adjustable on this up and down. These two parts of the fixed rigging are connected in the middle of the yard to a loop fastened to the yard to which the middle of the sail is secured by a cord.

These applications for patents are open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose, during the period ending February 12th.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *January 2, 1907.*

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS! Jubilations! Football match! Anything but the stern reality of life in the coalfield. That is to say, the past week—in as far as the coal trade is concerned—has been more or less a replica of the previous week. In other words, there has been but little disposition on the part of the exponents of Cardiff (and other) Coal, to settle down to business.

WORK at the collieries was not fully resumed until Monday, and then with the advent of New Year's day came the football match. And such a match! Who is going to growl about the slackness of business, when good old Cardiff took the conceit out of the South African boys? Nobody, of course. Why, to see the "Springboks" turned down on a seventeen-points-to-nothing trick, was worth a whole trainload of the best "smokeless," and that's a fact.

IF it weren't for the peculiar beliefs of He-who-must-be-obeyed, we could go on with the football theme, to the extent of several paragraphs. But 'twas ever thus! We never loved a dear gazelle, to glad us with its coal-black (we do keep to the staple, you see) eye, but ere we'd got to love it well, the blessed thing would fade and die. That's what happened to the "Springboks'" fame—when they jibbed up against Cardiff!

BUT getting back to the real thing in coal, you will readily understand that there is more of the "nominal feeling" about at the moment, than is conducive to any superfluous beliefs in a variety of spring toques for the dear creatures who smile upon the colliery men. As for coal prices, these are high. Quotably, you understand. Very high. Indeed, they are much too high for the gall of the buyer, who is inclined to say things up against the world in general, and the coal man in particular.

AT the same time, the quotations cannot be considered as representative of values, seeing that there is but little passing—save in an odd parcel or so, which buyers have been stupid enough to leave uncovered, as they put it. If these oddments have been for prompt shipment, then, you may take it as a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Buyer has had to pay up smartly, as there is a scarcity of coals of that description.

TONNAGE supplies continue good, and the bulk of the collieries have, at the present moment, very heavy stems on. This, naturally places them in a position to demand high prices, for anything they may happen to have to spare—which is not much. These stems are, furthermore, very satisfactory for the first half of the present month, so that the market has a decidedly steady undertone for anything required throughout January.

ON the other hand, although inquiry is good, it doesn't always follow that materialisation is certain—at the moment, and with prevailing conditions. It will, later on, no doubt. Meanwhile, annexed figures about display the actual state of the local market:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d , 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.
Seconds ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 1½d.	9s. 1½d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
,, No. 3 ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.,	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 0d., 23s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.,	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. 9d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *January 2, 1907.*

THE market, hereaway, has been a quiet one, as is only to be expected, and very little has been done since our last. This notwithstanding, that something known as the tone thereof has not fluctuated either one way or the other, and it might be stated that this is, to all appearances, a very firm one. Therefore, sellers are experiencing no anxiety as to the future of the market. Stems with the Collieries are good, and for prompt coals there is a very fair enquiry. As these are by no means plentiful, prices are naturally firm. For forward business, sellers are firmly demanding the current figures, and there is every indication that they will be able to obtain them, shortly. But while this may be the case, there is hardly any immediate indication that they will be able to improve thereon, the demand and supply being about level.

ANTHRACITE LARGE shows no alteration. Collieries are busy on their present stems, and as these are likely to keep them well employed for a little time, quotations are being adhered to. Red and Big Vein qualities are a good market, the demand for them being active. Culm and Duff are also going strong and increased prices have been obtained for certain positions of shipment. Machine Made Coals easily maintain themselves.

STEAMS are also a very firm market, prompt coals being rather scarce, and for this date of shipment there is a good request. Bests are ruling very high, and Bunker qualities show a rise. For actual figures, see below:

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d ,	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 9d.,	22s. 9d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 3d.
,, ,, Peas ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 6d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	5s. 6d., 6s. 0d.
Duff ..	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 0d	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	16s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending January 2, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Bombay, *Taunton,* 8s.
Singapore, *King George,* 5,300 tons, 10s. (Admiralty).
Hong Kong, *Amberton,* 5,100 tons, 13s. 9d. ,,

WESTWARD, Etc.

Las Palmas, Steamer, 1,800/2,200 tons, 6s. 9d. 200.
Kirriemoor, 5,000 tons, 6s. 9d. optn. St. Vincent, 7s. 3d.
Kron-prinz Frederik, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Bendhu,* 6,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Yorkmoor, 14s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Pearlmoor,* 5,900 tons, 7s.
Craigisla, 3,600 tons, 7s. spot.
Correnti, 2,600 tons, 7s. option Savona/Spezzia/or Leghorn.
John Christie, 2,150 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, option Savona. (s).
Rosario, 3,800 tons, 7s.
H. W. Jarlsberg, 4,300 tons, 7s.
Londesborough, 4,800 tons, 7s.
Lavernock, 7s.
Alexandria, *Semantha,* 6s. 6d.
Nipponia, 4,000 tons, 6s. 3d. 400.
Naples, *Lady Gray,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Algiers, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Henry, 7 fcs.
Iberia, 2,000 tons, 7 fcs. spot.
Oran, *Deux Charentes,* 2,000 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Valencia, *Silurian, or sub.,* 1,350 tons, 5s. 10½d. 300.
Venice, *Acme,* 3,000 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7 fcs.
Douglas Hill, 2,500 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Seville, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Oporto, *Falk,* 1,250 tons, 6s.
Maranz, *Rondo,* 1,450 tons, 7 fcs. (s).
Barcelona, *Naranja,* 950 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Bona, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Anna Podeus, 1,700 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Frederikshald, 2,400 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Corcubion, *Collivaud,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 0d. (s).
Gibraltar, *Lyderhorn,* 1,350 tons, 6s. (s).
Cassia, 1,350 tons, 6s.
Muriel, 2,600 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Restormel, 3,000 tons, 3s. 10½d. ,,
Kilmaho, 3,200 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Mayfield, 1,500 tons, 3s. 9d.
Malta, *Lady Iveagh,* 2,700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Nauta,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d. 250.
Pontypridd, 1,950 tons, 5s. 3d. ppt.
Cadiz, *Cap Lopes,* 900 tons, 6s. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Ravensheugh,* 2,000 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Vesta, 2,350 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, Steamer, 1,7[illegible] tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
Charente, *Alpha,* 700 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Sables, *Abertay,* 1,150 tons, 5 fcs.
Rochefort, *Illtyd,* 2,100 tons, 5·12½ fcs.
Alice, 1,900 tons, 5·12½ fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Atlas, or sub.,* 2,150 tons, 5·50 fcs. coal, 6 fcs. fuel, (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Skeldon,* 1,750 tons, 2s. 10½d. (Admiralty).
Eppleton, 1,200 tons, 3s. ,,
Carn Marth, 2,000 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
London, *Borrowdale,* 4s. 3d.
Mercutio, 1,000 tons, 4s. 3d. optn. Rochester, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Portsmouth, *Carn Brea,* 2,000 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Calgarth, 2,100 tons, 3s. ,,
Falmouth, *Enriqueta,* 4s. 4½d.
Belfast, *The Baron,* 410 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *Hilda,* 700 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Pearl, 780 tons, 5s. option Caen, (s).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Surrey, 1,000 tons, 4s. 9d. option Caen. (s).
Rouen, *Maridal,* 1,650 tons, 5s.
Greenhill, 2,900 tons, 4s. 9d.
Caen, *Congress,* 1,450 tons, 4s. 9d.
Honfleur, *Cheapside,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Brest, *Speedwell,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
St. Malo, *Pouvoir,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Hazelmere, 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Havre, *Mary Horton,* 1,350 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Steamer, 900 tons, 5s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Valmaseda,* 3,500 tons, 4s. 7½d. ppt.
Bordeaux to Cardiff/Newport/or Swansea, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5s. 6d.
Almeria Pier to Newport, *Jeanne,* 2,600 tons, 6s. ppt.
Bilbao to Newport, *Belgica,* 2,800 tons, 5s.

MR. ROCKEFELLER would appear to be somewhat sore, over the fact that so many attacks have been made upon what he styles "corporate bodies," in the last year or two. It must certainly be a bitter pill for the American "combinist" to swallow, when he feels that his methods are being subjected to a continual cross-fire of adverse criticism. In a recent interview, he says that business men have found that they have lost millions. By millions he means, of course, the almighty dollar and which is a fetish that comes in for most worship in the United States. Naturally, everyone is after the main chance, more or less, but the "treasures on earth" that make it necessary for a man to erect search lights on his house, and have a corps of night watchmen, is not the sort of "peace on earth" that appeals to everyone. He goes on to say that the working class will be the next to suffer. From recollections of our own, we are of the opinion that the working man in the United States, has suffered in the past, about as badly as he can be ever expected to. If those who complain here, in the old country, that they cannot get enough to keep body and soul together, were to work the hours (and at such a tension) as are exacted from the "free" labourer in America, they would find that there would be no need to risk the possibility of becoming a victim of one or other of the many emigration frauds.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WITH the advent of the New Year, the usual good wishes have been expressed; the nice clean respectable new leaves have been turned over; the resolution list has been filled, and everyone is intent on performing marvels during the next twelve months. In the money world there is plenty of room for improvement, and not the least important matter which might be attended to, is the lowering of the Bank rate. At 6 per cent., it could have gone to rest peacefully and honourably with the old year, but alas, if what we hear is correct (it generally is) those gentlemen who control Bank rates, and at the same time other people's movements, have a resolution up their sleeves for the current year, and that resolution is in the 7 per cent. direction. Of course it may not come to pass, but at present there is every possibility that it may. The general state of trade, and especially the coal and iron section, has shown a great improvement during the past 6 months, and we believe that the prospects for the next half-year are equally good.

✦ ✦ ✦

RESOLUTIONS have been made by several of our investing friends as to the species of speculation, in which they intend to indulge during the "happy time that's coming." We are as sanguine as ever, that the fancy which will be backed in the end, will be somebody's pimple pills, or patent dry docks for damaged steamers; or, yet again, electric push penny companies. Marvellous what people will indulge in, isn't it? Wouldn't think it to look at them, would you? Many of our more evenly balanced friends are a bit weary of everlasting promises, and promises only, which have sprung from one or other of the lightning money makers, (excuse us, losers) registered within the past year, and "solids" are to be their choice in the future. The "risky" shows, have now to pick up their £1 shares in a manner which a few years ago, was practically unheard of. You know the style we mean, 1s. down, 1s. 6d. on allotment, and so on in that style until the loss of that blessed old sovereign (pardon us £1 share) has cost a fellow about 6 letters and as many months worry.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE last week of the old year has brought forth more than the ordinary number of regrets from those controlling the interests of certain local companies, and we have every reason to believe that by the time we have gone to press, certain new year's resolutions will have been fulfilled, and recorded in a minute book. If "disgusted shareholders" stick (like glue) to their opinions, at least one company will have had a rough time; but not as rough, probably, as the shareholders have had during the past few years. Why on earth directors should, year after year, continue to run a concern which does very little but lose money, we are at a loss to understand. Surely someone is to blame, and probably no one more than the losers. How many shareholders ever care a tuppenny cuss, or for that matter a penny one, which way the cat leaps? A few years without a dividend and they are downhearted. Proxies are filled in, and carefully returned to those who are, more than often, antagonistic to the very persons who advocate reform—and reform in the right direction.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE published balance sheets, duly audited and certified by qualified men, are, very frequently, quite worthless. This is a shocking statement to make, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly true, and such a state of affairs should never exist. Our readers wonder why it is? Principally because the Companies' Acts afford little or no protection to the auditor, and again, because the shareholders take little or no interest in the election, and report of the man, who is supposed to safeguard their interest. How many of the men in the street stop to think of the manner in which the auditor is elected, or how his remuneration is fixed? How many of the members of the company ever come to his aid, if in his "report" he dares to mention anything with which the directors fail to agree. Again, how many auditors have the moral courage to risk losing their "audit" (especially if it is a fat one) by stating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

✦ ✦ ✦

EVEN as we write, we have before us an instance in which the auditors, duly certified accountants, were bold enough to state that the manager's remuneration had not been paid on the net profits in accordance with the agreement. You see it was this way. The managers were to be paid on the net profits, whereas they took their remuneration on the profits, before debiting insurance, and sundry other small items which were bound to be deducted if the actual "net" was to be ascertained, and therefore, they were the gainers of a considerable sum. The auditors very properly took exception to this procedure, and called attention to the fact in their certificate. What happened? Did the shareholders say, "Bravo! you are watching our interest and doing the work for which you are paid?" No, the auditors were shifted; no one cared a toss, except themselves, perhaps, and the man who next obtained the job. By the way, we often wonder how the net profits are ascertained these days?

✦ ✦ ✦

THE above is not the only instance which we remember, of the remote chance of the auditor keeping his position, if he sticks to the truth. The example just given is one in which the man had the courage of his convictions, but there is the other side of the question. We have seen profit and loss accounts of a ship's voyage duly certified as audited and correct, in which bunker coals were not charged. The auditors reply of course is, that the items did not appear on the books placed before him. What a pity, isn't it? If we were auditing the accounts of a newspaper, even if the cost of paper did not appear on the books, we believe we should understand that the newspaper could not be published, unless there was the wherewithal on which to dab the ink. Realising that important point, we should understand that paper manufacturers do not present newspaper companies with material, and we might perhaps venture to ask for one of the books which were not placed before us. Be queer for us, if we were auditors, wouldn't it?

✦ ✦ ✦

WHAT is the result of this not charging to P. and L. account the proper items? Why, a larger profit for the period under review is shown, and the "audited and found correct" document is posted to existing shareholders—and their friends. Why this philanthropy? Can't guess? Well perhaps not, seeing that Welsh was a compulsory subject in your time, and mercantile matters were ignored! We'll explain. Big profits mean big dividends; big dividends mean share selling; share selling means the managers' pockets full, and there you have it. Not so very intricate after all, when once it is clearly set out? Yes, people, there is any amount of room for improvement in the Companies Acts, and more especially in the sections which control the audit of a company's books. It is understood that auditors should

be under control, as to the matter contained in their report, but that should not prevent them calling attention fearlessly to misleading statements. Is it done? Certainly not as often as it should be!

✦ ✦ ✦

Writing of the apathy which shareholders show to concerns in which they have an interest, reminds us of the sensations which have been cooked up and served hot in the daily press, anent slate clubs. These clubs, formed primarily with the intention of assisting the poorer classes to help themselves, have in many instances, we regret to state, proved a miserable failure. That such has been so is not to be wondered at, seeing that in most cases the man who takes the money, is but a man of straw, and the result is that he not only takes, but holds —and tightly, too! Surely some scheme for the protection of those who endeavour to save sufficient money, to enable them to enjoy a few of the comforts peculiar to the Christmas season could be worked? The disappearance of secretaries, and at the same time money of the "slaters," is bound sooner or later to do a considerable amount of harm, not only to industrial insurance companies, but also to savings banks. It is a matter of wonder to us, that these recognised undertakings have not, before now, interested themselves to a greater extent in the matter.

✦ ✦ ✦

The main difficulty, apparently is, as to the best method of protecting the contributories. To begin with, responsible persons should be placed at the head of the club and not men of straw. It should be absolutely necessary for those "heads" to provide a guarantee for the amount which they are to receive, supplied by fidelity insurance companies of repute. This would afford a certain amount of protection, as the insurance company would take sufficient care that only men who were not at all likely to be the cause of a draw on them, would be covered. In the event of "mistakes," then the "slaters" would be safe; but now, chance plays too great a part in the game. Registration might be invoked to further protect the too trusty public, and this would prove a benefit, not only to the club members, but also to the exchequer. The problem is bristling with difficulties, but was there ever a knot which could not be untied bar marriage!

✦ ✦ ✦

A. Armstrong and Co., of Dublin, the paper manufacturers, have paid the usual dividend of 5 per cent., for the ninth consecutive time. For one year it paid 7 per cent., and that was in 1897, the date of its birth. The profits which have enabled the payment of the present dividend, are for the year ended September 30, last, and amount to £4,574. In addition to the distribution £500 has been transferred to the reserve fund, which now stands at £5,500. The carry forward has been maintained, and is over £2,300. Irish paper companies seem to have the happy little knack of knowing how to make their concerns flourish. Not long ago we were able to give an encouraging report of the doings of a leading Irish "daily." Not manufacturing, but still in the paper line, and after all, there is a close relationship between the two. There's more than a deal of power in paper; at least, that's our opinion.

✦ ✦ ✦

How many of our readers, or for that matter, readers of any print which chances to meet their eye, ever stop to think, for one minute, of the manner in which the paper containing the printed matter is made. How many of them know that the bringing of the raw material to this country, depends on the men who head the mercantile marine; and how many people in this island of ours, be they readers or not, ever try to realise what would happen, if the men who carried the egg, which, when hatched, is paper, stopped the carrying business for a month or so? At the end of that month there would be chaos. Picture to yourselves, Britain without reading matter. No newspapers; nothing to inform the ordinary stay at home individual, or the business fraternity of the doings of the world. Parliament sitting, and the public knowing nothing of its doings. Markets vacillating, and the investing public ignorant. Births, deaths and marriages, and the women folk not being able to discuss them; and last, but not least, a Lloyd-George with no Maritime Review to steady him. Readers think of it!

✦ ✦ ✦

Nothing! The mind a blank! No books, not even a tram ticket! Think of it for yourselves, and wonder how, in those days of progress and civilisation, you could exist without that much abused, but always used (if not, it should be) commodity, paper! After thinking, and coming to the conclusion which you are forced to, that is if you allow your thoughts to pass unbiassed, then train your mind to think in another direction. This time set it on the man who carries the raw material. Make enquiries as to his remuneration, his food, his living quarters, the hours he works, the work he performs, his nationality, the dangers he faces, and the sympathy he gets. Then sit down and have another reflection. Unbiassed again, and the result will be, there is but one word for it—"pitiful." Turn it over well in your minds. We have already done so, and that, sirs, is one of the reasons of our existence. It is with that reason before us, that we have been enabled to preach our doctrine since first we saw the light; and it is a doctrine that will have its reward.

✦ ✦ ✦

Among the annual meetings held during the last week, was that of Singer and Co., Ltd., the machine and motor manufacturers. As usual, when important subjects are on the board for discussion, very few shareholders were present. Later on, we shall probably hear growls anent the management, but it was ever thus! One of the shareholders drew attention to the fact, that whereas other motor companies had taken advantage of the motor boom, and made large profits, Singer and Co., had earned but a profit amounting to £1,620. Nasty remarks were then made as to the agency arrangements of the company, which were, of course, denied by the managing director. A lot of adverse criticism was indulged in, and an amendment was put, that the meeting should be adjourned for two months, and that an advisory committee should be appointed, to confer with the directors and to report to the next meeting. Almost needless to remark, the amendment was lost. Five votes for it and nine against!

✦ ✦ ✦

Now we are more than sorry that the gentlemen who had the pluck to take the bull by the horns, did not receive the support of the very people who should have given it. It's a queer thing, but nevertheless, a fact, that if a man takes it upon himself to champion a cause, in which there are others interested, who have probably six times as much at stake as he has himself, that those others right at the critical moment, forsake him. When it is too late, growls are heard and loud talk as to what will have to be done. At the next meeting the same forsaking policy is adopted, and thus it goes on until the creditors intervene and there is a winding up. Mistakes have been made in the management of Singer and Co., and this is evidenced by the statement of one of the directors. There may be other mistakes not yet

discovered. Who were the people who opposed the amendment; what stake did they have in the company; and why, by all that's powerful, did they vote against such a reasonable and sensible course being adopted?

✦ ✦ ✦

Mordey Carney and Co., Ltd., in their report for the year ended September 30, last, state that there has been a large increase in the turnover, but owing to competition, the terms on which the business has been done, has not left a sufficient margin of profit. The result of the year's working is a loss of £557; last year it was about £1,800. Now why should the business be carried on, if continual losses are to be experienced? Surely it is better, at all events for those who do the paying part, to close down and do no business, than to carry on year after year at a loss. What on earth is the good of doing work which does not allow a sufficient margin for profit? Who insists on the work being carried out? It is certain that someone must benefit, or the concern would have closed down long ago? This brings us to another point: Who objects to winding up this undertaking? Is it the shareholders? Apparently not, judging from correspondence which has reached us.

✦ ✦ ✦

While on this topic, we should like to know what depreciation has been written off the assets; what reserves have been made; and the value at which the goodwill is set down? It is quite clear to many of us, that the past 12 months should have proved exceptional as a profit making era. This being the case, why all the talk about competition? Have the competitors gone into liquidation, on account of taking work at a figure which admits of scarcely any profit? We venture to suggest not, but rather the opposite has been the case; profits, in many instances substantial ones, have been earned. In face of this, what is the matter with Mordey Carney and Co.? Are the expenses too high; is the management in order; or, is the undertaking of such a description that it is impossible to make it a profit earner? In either of the first two cases, it may be remedied, and in the latter, well it can be. The manner has already been pointed out, and it, probably, is the best one.

✦ ✦ ✦

Interesting information is to be culled from Mr. John White's annual shipping review. Among other things, that gentleman states, that the past year holds the record for the largest addition to our mercantile tonnage, in any one year. Sailing ships are (apparently) near the end of their tether, and during the past twelve months over 200,000 tons was struck off the register. The total increase in tonnage of merchant vessels on the register is about 1,550,000 tons. Our home yards have turned out some 1,800,000 tons, and this is about 200,000 tons ahead of last year. During the period under review, steamers have been removed from the register to the extent of about 550,000 tons, and of this tonnage a considerable quantity has gone to the foreigner. It is interesting to note that 1907 is the centenary of the first steamer which can be regarded as a commercial success. Named the *Claremont*, she was built in 1807, and had a tonnage of 160 tons. The development of the shipbuilding industry, during the century, has probably been unequalled by any other industry extant.

✦ ✦ ✦

The year 1906 has seen records in many respects in the shipping world. The largest and finest steamers ever known, have been built and launched; record passages have been made, record cargoes carried; and record insurances effected. It is all significant of one thing—push. If we are to keep ahead of our competitors, we shall have to keep hustling, for there is not the slightest doubt that movements are taking place across the various ponds, which will make a bold bid to out-do Britain as a No. 1 mercantile marine country. We must not only have the ships and the money, but we must have the men. Year after year our strength in this respect is failing. The fall must be arrested before we have a rude awakening, or—we dread to think of the result. It is just the season for a change, so buck up, people, and let us hear from you.

✦ ✦ ✦

The present season appears to be the harvest time for "bills." Who has not had the pleasure (?) at some time or other, during his existence in this happy sphere, of eating his breakfast to the accompaniment of polite notes from his tinker or tailor, reminding him of certain little matters which are overdue. These are the things which man (poor soul) has to endure, the trifles which are sent to try him. But we are allowing ourselves to wander at the sound of the word "bill," for we had other ideas in our minds. The bills we were originally thinking of, were Parliamentary Bills, and recently there has been a plethora of them in the air. Many of the local railway companies have deposited copies for introduction into Parliament next session, the powers sought varying from the extension of piers, to the assisting of superannuation funds. The right to raise additional capital is prominent in some of the requests.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Swansea Harbour Trustees are among the depositors, and they are seeking power to improve the Port by extending the West Pier a further 700 feet beyond the distance authorised in 1901. In addition to this, it is proposed to build a breakwater extending some 870 yards in the direction of the sea, on the eastern side of the entrance channel. An extension of time until August, 1910, is sought, in order that the purchase of the lands required for the work authorised in 1901 may be completed, and this includes the dock and the lock, which are being proceeded with. The Trustees also hope to obtain power to grant, and take leases from the Corporation, of quays, wharves, lands or buildings, and also to enlarge the powers obtained in 1901, relating to this procedure. The loading and unloading of ships, the power to deal with wrecks, the licensing of boatmen—are all subject matter of the Bill.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Brecon and Merthyr Tydfil Railway Company has also been busy over the preparation of a Bill which they intend to introduce into Parliament, next session. Among the 43 clauses, are some which seek power to construct five miles of railway. The proposition is, to commence by making a junction with their present line at Graig, and to terminate at Machen Upper by the junction with the Sirhowy branch of the London and North Western's system. The proposed addition is to take the form of a separate undertaking, having a capital of £210,000, and the right to borrow, on mortgage, the sum of £70,000. Running powers over various railways are sought, and we are wondering how much opposition will be brought to bear on this proposed extension.

✦ ✦ ✦

Like those of most kindred undertakings, that of the Clan Steam Trawling Company, Ltd., for the year ended November 30 last, is worthy of notice. The profit for the year is £2,915. Of this sum £1,200 is to be set aside for depreciation on the company's vessels, and a dividend of 10 per cent. is to be paid. No wonder the shareholders rejoice?

Registered as a Newspaper

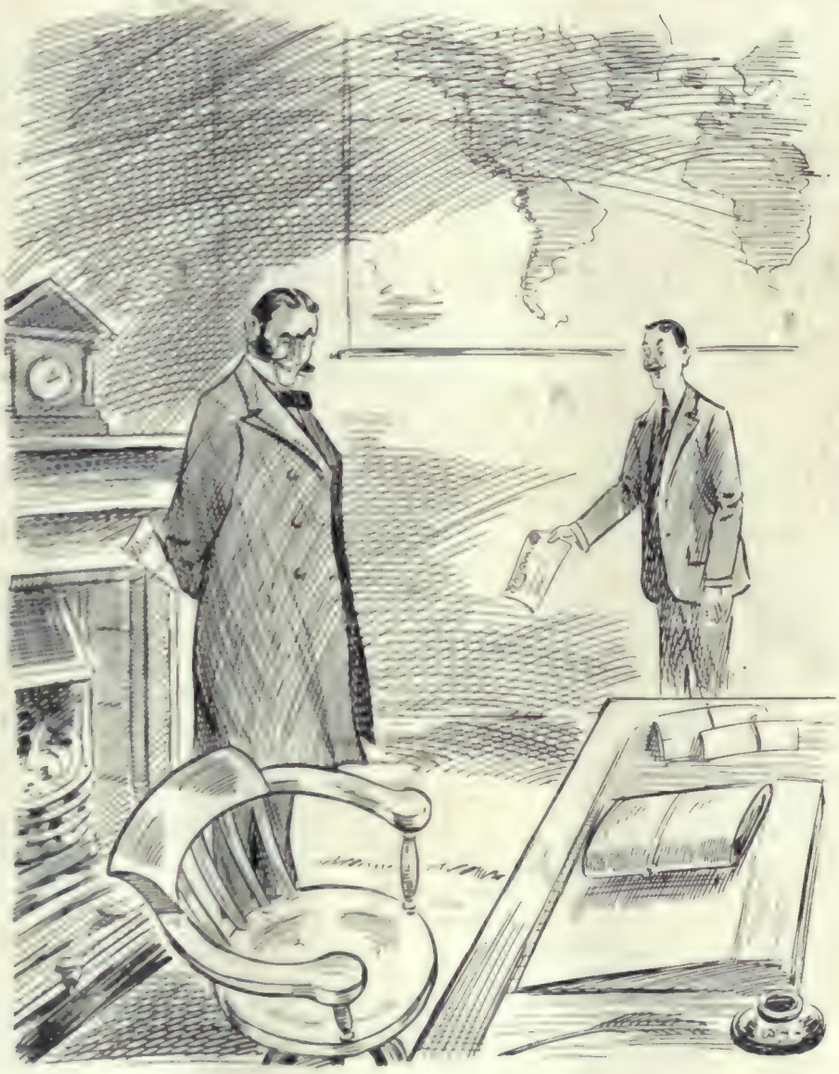
The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 152. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1907. Threepence.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION—OR, THE FRUITS OF "GEORGIE'S" CONCESSION!



Clerk: "The *Down-to-her-marks* has foundered, sir! No news about the crew, as yet.

"Owner": "Alas, alas! His will be done—but give notice to our London friend."

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A STUDY IN EXPRESSION	135
MARITIME MURMURS	136
CONCERNING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER	139
LIVERPOOL'S LAMENTATIONS	140
CANADA'S PROSPERITY	141
ABOUT CONGESTION	143
MORE LIVERPOOL LOSS	145
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	146
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	147
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	148
FAIRY TALES	149
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	150

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WHILE we have it on good authority that there is no truth in the rumour that Chaldean is soon to be compulsorily taught (or learned) in Cardiff schools, there is no getting away from the fact that gallant little Wales yet contains a few sons of whom she might be proud. Sons who, instead of prattling considerably and paying little, are prepared to anté up to a good round sum, for the benefit of the Principality for which they have already done so much. As a case in point, there is the oft-mooted question of a Welsh School of Mining. Every now and then, that same question looms tall in the public eye; many estimable gentlemen suggest the inevitable "something;" but the major portion of them then go home to sleep it off. Not so, however, with Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart. He is for ever to the 'fore with an idea for the good of South Wales—to say nothing of other places farther remote from us; and his latest effort is in connection with a Chair of Mining at the University College of South Wales. Briefly put, it is essential for the sum of £30,000 to be subscribed, so that the interest thereon (£1,000), may be available for liquidating the expenses of the Chair referred to. This project has been "talked over" for quite a time, and now Sir William comes along with characteristic generosity, intent on settling the matter.

THAT suggested settlement opens up a chance for the royalty owners, colliery owners, and workmen interested in the undertaking, and if, between them, they will find £29,000, then, Sir William will supply the other £1,000. That this is a magnificent offer, goes without saying, and there should now be but little doubt that the Chair of Mining is an accomplished fact. In view of the accumulated "funds" at the disposal of the men's union, it should be comparatively simple for them to find the money themselves—particularly when it is remembered that they will stand to win the greater benefit from the instruction offered. Again, seeing that royalty owners, colliery owners, and such gentlemen generally, are fairly plentiful hereaway, then, if the required amount were equally divided among them, the resultant sum collectable from each would not unduly cripple them. Certain is it that, under those conditions, they would need to put up considerably less than the amount so generously promised by Sir William Lewis. Yet it must not be forgotten that the offer of the Welsh Grand Old Man has been available since 1903—at least, that is the year when first Sir William interested himself in the matter.

HOWEVER, the subject has now gone past the talking stage, for in the worthy baronet's own words, we read: "I am prepared, as one of the colliery owners in the district, to start the fund for that purpose by subscribing £1,000, on condition that at least £30,000 is raised for the purpose" as already written above. There is an example for you, friends. Are you going to allow it to die off, or will you rather see to it that in the city which owns the University of Wales and in the land where mining is the principal industry, a Chair of Mining is established in perpetuity? When all is said on the subject, it is hardly a credit to the district, that such a Chair was not established long ago. We are somewhat prone to blame the shipowner for his callous disregard as to the interests of his servants, but somehow or other, we have a shrewd suspicion that, in this respect, there are others. Anyhow, now that Sir William Lewis has pioneered the Chair of Mining in this happy manner, it should be accepted as a spot job. We are wondering what the shipping magnate who offers £500 for a training home for "boy sailors" will think of this latest bit of munificence? The shipping magnate, who made all that he has out of other "boy sailors?"

HERE we are, good people. Trouble at the city of good air, otherwise Buenos Ayres! Trouble and taxes—they ever go together, don't they? Aye, both at home and abroad. Still, the trouble on this occasion, was brought about by a scrimmage between the police and the people. The former undertook to disperse a meeting of the latter, who had undertaken a demonstration of dislike at the municipal taxes, and the inevitable knife and shooting match was in evidence at once. Come to think of it, the municipal people at home have much to be thankful for? Here, in happy England or Wales—to say nothing of Scotland and Ireland—the carking load of oftentimes unjustifiable rates is borne in silence. At the outside, an indignation meeting or so meets the case; but in the Sunny South,

well, things are altogether different. Personally considered, we have an idea that a dose of Sunny South business would prove a splendid deterrent, when some of our city fathers are out upon a building bendo. If a onetime builder knew that he ran the risk of a man-handling for voting a quantity of unnecessary expenditure, we have a shrewd suspicion that he would be more chary than he is, when a mere indignation meeting meets the case.

HERE'S another touch from our Nautical Growl! "It has often been said that people visiting a port, be they blessed with a bent for politics or otherwise, are unable to adequately judge the policy of the authorities visited. That the said policy is absolutely antagonistic to the visitor, goes without saying, and the shipmaster has ever a bone of contention with the captain of the port, or some other Jack-in-office. In such instances, the Old Man is between the devil and the deep sea—if the deep sea doesn't intervene between him and his own particular devil at home. Needless to say, the latter is the amiable shipowner who, out of the fulness of his ignorance on such matters, expects the shipmaster to coerce the said captain of the port into doing precisely that which he is disinclined to do—further the interests of owner without a due, and silvery acknowledgment." The foregoing is consequent on a perusal of the paragraph dealing with Buenos Ayres. The Nautical Growl has lately been there, and he assures us that his sympathies are altogether with the police in the quarrel. We are wondering which of the Jacks-in-office had it in for the Growl, and for his vessel? One of them surely had, and yet, once on a time, Buenos Ayres was a decent sort of place, and supplied no end of backsheesh to everybody. Ah, sirs, times change, and unfortunately, we cannot always change with them! Talk about the Prevention of Corruption Act!

WHY all this pother anent the suggested Channel Tunnel? We are gravely asked if the thing is likely to be a national danger, and the query makes us smile. But after all, the whole thing is delightfully British. That same old tunnel is years ahead of us—if it ever materialises—and yet, our sapient friends calmly sit down and ask each other will it be a national danger? For argument's sake, let us suppose that it will be such a danger. What about it? Will one danger more or less, adversely affect the smug superiority of the law makers? Of course not. We are already up against a terrible danger—the shortage of everything appertaining to the *personnel* of the maritime world—and yet nobody seems to care a toss for the subject. Aliens have practically a free run in the forecastles of our tramp tonnage, and as a consequence, there is a shortage of British officers which is rapidly becoming more pronounced. The alien again, is given a free run into any of our 'longshore industries, but nobody seems to care a dump about it. Yet, when some estimable—though possibly misguided people chortle about a Bill for a Channel Tunnel which is to be put before Parliament in the coming session, well, there is trouble on the lid, at once.

ANYHOW, it is cheering to note that the president of the London Chamber of Commerce thinks that, "from the commercial standpoint, I do not think the tunnel would be as advantageous as many think." That's what's the matter. Would it be advantageous in the slightest degree? Advantageous to others than the promoters, we mean? We are of opinion that it would be a crowning folly, although we also believe that it will never be constructed. We heard a nervous old lady remark, a few days ago, "Lawks a-mercy! What's this? A tunnel under the sea, at Dover! Whatever does Mr. Lloyd George mean by it, I should like to know? Just think! In the middle of that tunnel, and a tiny—ever so tiny—earthquake shock shaking the land. Eugh! Makes me quite creepy." Come to view the matter dispassionately, we are not so sure that there wasn't a lot in the old lady's remarks. Earthquakes will happen—especially underwater. And if one happened along when the tunnel were in full run, then, we would rather risk a dose of sea-sickness by crossing over on top. What do you think, good sirs? We have had earthquakes about, of late, and a few of our picayune tunnels have suffered in consequence. Still, those promoter folk will have their little flutter, so we can safely dispense with the scare worked up by our old lady friend.

BUT as far as considering that projected tunnel a national danger, why, in our opinion, the whole contention is bunkum, pure and simple. If Britain doesn't get invaded until the tunnel is an accomplished fact, then, the invasion will never come about afterward. There need be no question of explosives either, or of patent mechanism with which to flood the hole. To successfully block that tunnel, is quite the easiest thing in life. Plunk a couple of trains on the same rails, start 'em butting up against each other, and you may reckon that the tunnel is closed for alterations and repairs. During the closure, dump a few truck-loads of boulder rock in the front end of the hole, and you can take it as a safe thing that the hated invaders won't invade anything to speak of. Meanwhile, we are busy with academic discussions as to the price of fruit when it is carried by the tunnel route, and as to how it will compare with existing rates! Very well. Let them discuss fruit rates, by all means. It will keep them from asking editors if monkeys ought to eat nuts, and if so, should the nuts be boiled, and in what? That is the sort of question for the silly season. Never mind the channel tunnel, and its likelihood of becoming a national danger. It needs to become a tunnel, first. Later—well, never mind.

LIVERPOOL'S lost lot, is bringing out a quantity of flapdoodle, and no mistake! Needless to say, the Dicky Sam is a bit wrathy, and feels that, at last, he is up against the real thing. All the same, he has hardly had time to realise how real a thing he is up against. The Lord Mayor, who, according to *Daily Mail*, is "a large shipowner in Liverpool," doesn't regard the business as a serious blow—which is quite nice and reassuring. The gentleman also imagines that "we shall not be deprived of the carrying trade between England and America." Not too fast, Mr. Japp. We aren't going to split straws as to the greatness of your shipowning abilities, not us, and mainly because we never happened to sail in either of your vessels. For the matter of that, we have never been shipmates with a man who had—which is a mere detail. But if you would qualify your statement, and let it read "I hope we shall not be deprived of our carrying trade," then, we are with you. We have a personal notion that, once the liner forsakes the Mersey, tramp will follow suit. You mightn't have noticed it, Mr. Japp, but where the exports are inappreciable, imports follow the liners which create a demand. But go your way. When the next year's total tonnage joke is on tap, it will be nice to note how Liverpool's annual whack has decreased!

MOREOVER, the nigger's tale will have to be discounted, at last. What nigger? Oh, just an ordinary "brack moke," who had, on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, developed much fat during a sojourn in Liverpool. If that moke should return to the Mersey ten years hence, he

might be constrained to remark that "Libberpool, by golly, das a fine place to grow thin!" Yet, you know, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and thus it comes about, that while the Dicky Sam is somewhat paralysed with his latest misfortune, the Southampton friend is jubilant in the extreme! And even here, it must not be forgotten that it was America which showed the way. Some twelve years ago, the American Line, realising that Liverpool was a worked-out theme, transferred its allegiance to Southampton. As far as we can learn, the managers of the concern have never regretted the change, and now we are wondering if the same company will show the way to Fishguard? Obviously, that management had *nous* enough to see a good thing. Is the power still with them? If so, we shall surely be among the first to congratulate them on their newest venture. The Great Western is the crack railway; it owns the crack ships and docks; why not afford accommodation to the other cracks? Wait a bit, if you please. Great Western isn't going to be left out of the hunt.

One thing about this re-shuffling which pleases us—tickles us, we had almost written—is the consternation which has been worked up around the Hamburg folk. They appear to be absolutely aghast at the new development! Yea, lor'! Funny people, those Teutons. And they do know how to pull the leg of the genial daily paper man—especially if he practices for the London *Mail*. This is how our ownest of the *Mail* puts the matter—there or thereabout: "It is believed that the new departure will lead to a reduction in the number of passengers carried by the German liners, and the belief has led to a fall in the shares of the N.D.L. and Hamburg-American line." Dreffful, isn't it? Did our ownest imagine that the White Star and Cunard boats are going to Southampton, just by way of a joke? Fie, fie, you ownest own! Why not look at the matter from a business point of view? Why not admit that liners go to a given port, mainly to gain support (never mind the apparent pun, please). But really what is the matter with *Daily Mail*, anyhow? It claims to be an up-to-date affair, doesn't it? And yet, on a Tuesday morning, it is gravely asking "will Cunard follow the White Star," even while its supposedly slower contemporaries are chock-a-block full of the news that the Cunard has followed!

After this, let no man doubt the fact that it isn't only Homer who nods! In connection with the foregoing subject, and on Tuesday morning, the Great Ha'porth soulfully remarked: "The blow is believed here (Hamburg) to be aimed chiefly at the Cunard Line." It occurs to us to ask that, if this be so, who is Cunard aiming at? Of course, the Morgan Trust was brought in by our cheerful friend. *Daily Mail* never could see much good in Morgan's affair, in which respect we resemble it! But taken altogether, it would appear that both Morgan's Trust, and the Cunard Company know how to keep their own counsel, for not even the pushing atoms who practice for *Daily Mail*, appear to know much about these nation-making episodes, until everybody else is in the same boat? How do you account for it, dears? You can't of course, and we shouldn't be at all surprised to see the whole fitout contradicted at the bottom of the same column—only, we haven't time to look there. If those little ha'porth's would take our disinterested advice, they would stick to ghost stories, and things of that kind, leaving shipping subjects severely alone. A man might have a "nose for news," and yet develop an awful cold in the head, right at the critical moment. Isn't that so, *Daily Mail*?

At the same time, our contemporary is bent on throwing a sop to poor old Liverpool. After remarking that there may be some who will see, in these changes, a grave danger to the future of the about-to-be-frozen-out, it reassuringly remarks that the Mersey port "should still retain a good proportion of the trade with the United States, while it will for many years enjoy a virtual monopoly of trade with Canada." Why will it? It doesn't enjoy that monopoly at present, and with the advent of long-heeled tramps—which are bound to come—Canadian trade will leave the Mersey, even as will the other samples. As our mentor sapiently observes: "In the struggle for existence, the British shipping companies are bound to reckon with geography, and geography is against Liverpool." Exactly. That is why the Canadian trade will be no exception to the general crowd. How will it be if Cardiff ultimately ropes in the monopoly of Canadian trade? Geography is all in our favour here, both as a distributing centre, and as a landing place; while the new South Dock will supply all the draught and water area that will be needed for quite a number of years to come. No, *Daily Mail*, it is anything but certain that the Mersey port "will enjoy a virtual monopoly" of anything worth writing about. Just you wait, in which case somebody will enlighten you on the subject.

At the moment, there is a certain amount of acrimonious feeling among the pilots in the various Bristol Channel ports, concerning the word "amalgamation," and the effect such a dodge would have on the earnings of the fraternity. Judging by the hop-skip-and-jump style of some of the letters on the subject appearing in the local press, we have an idea that any attempt at this amalgamation, is foredoomed to failure. For instance a Barry man asks for amalgamation, and remarks that it seems incredible that the state hasn't already materialised. That is a sort of "try." In reply, and without any attempt at "conversion," up jumps a Cardiff man with the declaration that if the Barry men wish to amalgamate they may easily start to-morrow, and without troubling about Cardiff or Newport. Quite so, and that is precisely the feeling which has whittled the pilots' earnings down into that stage where they are merely a caricature of what prevailed a dozen years ago. There is no unanimity among the crowd; petty jealousies abound; and instead of pulling together for the common good, they allow themselves to be played off, one against the other, by every office-seeker who manages to secure inclusion, within the sacred ranks of that anything but sacred combination known as the Pilotage Board.

You see, pilots are certificated seamen, and as is usual with the cult, they are willing to accept the *ipse dixit* of any 'longshoreman, possessed of a sufficiency of gall to enable him to pass judgment of a sort. Time was, that steamers were small, and the dangers of piloting them didn't amount to a very great deal. Yet, those pan-fish boats paid for pilotage, at least, from Lundy. To-day, and since the advent of the nautical sweater, boats have increased in size until they are four times as large, and a hundred times as ugly, while pilotage from the Roads is about all that is allowed—and that, most grudgingly. But whose fault is it? Simply the pilots' own fault. At times, he is inclined to fancy himself the satsuma ware of the profession; at others, he is almost convinced that he is only of the earthenware persuasion; but in reality, he is a happy mean, even if he cannot see it. One of these days (we hope), an awakening will come, and better times will follow. Failing that, the pilot will slowly, but surely, find his occupation gone, and like the lady in the song, he will only have himself to blame. Never mind prattling in a high falutin' key, old ships. When you wish to adopt the high and mighty touch, do it against your enemies; not against your own cloth. Such conduct is asinine in the extreme.

Concerning the Executive Officer.

"SEEING that you have rendered such yeoman service in this connection, I am taking the liberty of forwarding for your perusal, a cutting from the latest issue of that peculiar periodical styled *Guild Gazette*." Thus a would-be friend, and the cutting referred to has been immortalised in the centre of this page. Please read it. Thank you. You see it refers to the pendulum, and its return swing? Very well.

"WHAT, at one time, seemed an ill-starred profession" says the prophet, and he is about as near right as makes no odds. Guild has been in existence for some fourteen years; THE MARITIME REVIEW for three years. Obviously, in eleven years, the said guild did little on behalf of the "ill-starred profession"—save collect its subscriptions: equally obviously, and in view of guild's own admission, if the pendulum has "swung the other way," then, we, alone, have done it?

IN discussing this matter a few days ago, with a one-time member of the guild, we asked when that combination of would-be warriors first began to make itself heard, if not felt? The reply was: "Oh, at the time when the second officer of the P. and O. steamer *China* had his certificate returned to him. The guild was largely instrumental in bringing that about, and made no end of capital out of it." This was an eye-opener, and we told our informant that we were disappointed.

BEING pressed, we gave the true and only feasible solution of that *China* affair. Claimed most of the credit, personally, and for this reason: At the time referred to, we were connected with a London shipping journal—at least, at that time it was a shipping journal, although under present conditions, it appears to be somewhat rocky as to its knowledge of the difference between a steamer and a sailing ship, judging by the amiable manner in which it labels some of its illustrations. Still, that is neither here nor there, for if old *Toots* likes to mark an obvious steamer as a sailing ship; if it writes about connecting rods when it really means coupling bolts—well, who is going to complain?

> **"THE pendulum has swung the other way with a vengeance. What, at one time seemed an ill-starred profession, with hardly a single favourable outlook, disorganised and disunited in itself, ignored by Parliament, the Press, and the public, oppressed and harassed by the Board of Trade and absolutely unconsidered by the shipowner, has suddenly leapt into extraordinary prominence."**

NOT ourselves, for a bit of fun helps to relieve the monotony of life, and that brings us back to the *China* case. In our usual straight fashion, we wrote up the facts of that episode, and so that nothing should be left to chance, alone among nautical folk, we took the trouble to draw out a neat little chart of the vicinity of the accident; laid out the various courses and bearings; showed conclusively that the second mate was not at fault; and quite a number of good people assured us that our efforts had been mainly responsible for the return of Mr. Crawford's certificate.

MIND you, much water has flowed under London Bridge since that memorable occasion, and we are willing to believe that the guild took over a quantity of credit to itself over the occurrence. It's a way the guild has—mainly because nobody (before our time) had the hardihood to question it. But we have altered all that, and thus it comes about that the pendulum has swung the other way with a vengeance! At the same time, good people, don't forget to give the credit where it is due. Ours the Imperial task; ours should be the Imperial reward. For the matter of that, the said reward will be ours, as, no matter what the sophistry exhibited, the truth will stand in the end. Guild might easily pose as the retailer of history, but ours the task of making the history which guild retails, in its guilelessly funny manner!

MOST of our readers will remember the petition to Parliament which was engineered by us? Of course! But not many—as yet—appear to understand our action in that connection. Let it be understood, at once, that we did not take on at that petition with any belief that it would eventually gain anything from Parliament. Not us. We realised that a petition was about the last thing with which to approach the Talking Shop, if amelioration were expected. Yet we went on with it. Why? We will now explain—with your kind permission.

WE merely wished to learn from personal experience, if the heart of the great British public was still warm toward the British sailor, or if, as frequently declared, everybody was tired of him. Friends, we found that the heart referred to was as warm as ever, and we could tell you instances of where ancient friends of both sexes called down heaven's blessing on us, for having pluck enough to break a lance for the poor unfortunates, who could not break one for themselves. The petition showed us that the public was with us: it also helped us to accumulate many interesting side-lights on unionism, combination, what you will.

SOME of those side-lights were pleasing, many of them were otherwise, but in both instances, we are glad we undertook the mission. With the ultimate fate of that petition—well, we withdrew from it, seeing that we had garnered all the information sought by us; and in the end, the colossal roll of paper was deposited in the precincts of the House of Parliament by, we believe, a Socialist member of Parliament. We are not sure of its ultimate fate, as the law's delays are not for 'live people. In the words of the song, "Someday again, we shall meet it; we know not when or where;" and getting away from the song words, we're blessed if we much care!

ALL the same, that petition helped the return of the pendulum referred to by the guildish young man, more than any other effort in the present generation. You see, while the guilders prattled, we worked. They keep at the prattling, even as we keep at the working. And because we work strenuously, wages have gone up over the past few months, and no doubt guild will be claiming the results of our labour there. But we don't mind. Claim it who will, so that wages do go up, and decent lads again take to the sea in consequence. For three years we have assured you that it is all a case of Pay, pay, pay. You are beginning to listen. Having listened, the Mercantile Marine, for the first time in years, is getting back to the position which it occupied, before the exploiters came along.

THIS being so—and it is—please give credit where it is due. While giving the credit, too, will some of you be good enough to send us along a complete number of that "Guild Gazette"? Time was that its fathers sent us a copy, and we joyed exceedingly. To us, that gazette was more cheering than dear old *Ally Sloper*—which is admitting a very great deal. For did not we read of the nautical Dook Snook, aye, and of the nautical Lord Bob, to say nothing of the Hon. Billy, as well as of Lardi Longsox, and eke the dainty Tootsie? Verily did we, and we miss the gentle bundle of press cuttings, and contradictions, generally; so won't some of you send us along a complete copy of the Nautical Ally Sloper? Just one complete copy, dears.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1907.

LIVERPOOL'S LAMENTATIONS.

AT last, after many threatenings, the exodus of the big lines from Liverpool has commenced. True, as a start, the matter is of small dimensions, for the White Star Company is merely making a slight change in favour of Southampton; but the writing is on the wall, and there is tribulation on the Mersey. Of course, a quantity of twankey is going the rounds of the Press on the subject, and every rival port is putting in a claim for excellency of situation. Doubtless a survival of the fittest will apply here, as elsewhere, and meanwhile, it will be of interest to consider the points which have militated against Liverpool. Writing as nautical experts, we must admit to the possession of a quantity of surprise as to why Liverpool has been the favoured of the gods for so long. As a seaport, the Mersey city has much to recommend it, even in these progressive days; but when its out-of-the-way position is considered; when the size of modern leviathans is taken into consideration: when the undeniable dangers of the coasting voyage which has to be negotiated before the Landing Stage is reached are viewed dispassionately; then, one wonders if the big liner companies have been altogether loyal to the best interests of intending voyagers, in using Liverpool as a departure for so long? In the years that have passed, and when time was not such an important and determining factor, a coasting voyage to the Mersey didn't amount to so much. Especially as speed (as we understand it to-day) was then unknown. But with costly and colossal steamers plying between America and the old country; with whole towns passing along in their crew-and-passenger list; and with huge quantities of bullion entrusted to the vessels carrying those metaphorical towns; it certainly appears suicidal to continue running from an inland port, merely because that port was good enough when nautical conditions were altogether different? Everybody is willing to admit that Liverpool has a history to be proud of; everybody is equally willing to acknowledge that a port cannot survive on its history. If vessels had continued along in the sizes which obtained when the Mersey first made a bid for international importance, then, there would have been no need for any change at the moment. But that is precisely what vessels have not done. They have increased in size, until there is absolutely no resemblance between the giants of to-day, and the picayune affairs of yesterday; and in the interval, the Mersey is but little different to what it was in the beginning. True, the authorities have dredged, and scraped; have removed this old-time obstacle, and that; have spent money right and left, in an endeavour to bring their terribly restricted waterway into line with modern conditions; but with what result? The end has merely been, to make the riverside city a pocket edition of what a really big seaport should be in the present year of grace. As far as its perfection is concerned, Liverpool is about all that could be desired; but it is the perfection of a Lilliput, in the days when a Brobdignagian is essential to progress. No amount of advertisement will alter this fact; no amount of dredging and delving will stretch the river into the proportions that are needed, to supply accommodation to the large liners of to-day, and which will be larger to-morrow. In other words, the Mersey port reached finality a decade or so ago, and ever since that time, it has been engaged upon a bluffing séance. Tradition, hitherto, has stood the place in good stead, we know; but it is impossible to go on for ever with tradition, alone, as an asset. Mutterings have been frequent, and deep—on the part of those who use the port; threats have been many; and if the Mersey Board stirred itself periodically, for the purpose of dispelling the obvious dissatisfaction of the shipowner, natural causes were all against it. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear—neither can you make a colossal waterway out of a tidal rivulet. You may utilise every piece of that rivulet, of course; but when it is all utilised, and the cry is still for more, what are you to do? Obviously, you may only acknowledge that you are beaten, and in our opinion, Liverpool has acknowledged this for more than a decade. Removing nasty shoals, and scraping away a bar is all very well in its way; but such action is merely calculated to stave off the evil day, for a time. You might remove the natural obstacles that lay around between the figurative walls, but it is past the art of man to carry the walls further back. Nature set them in a certain place. Man must allow them to remain. The first beginning of the writing on the wall, was when Manchester became tired of waiting on Liverpool's convenience. The Dicky Sam waxed facetious over the construction of what he was pleased to term "the big ditch;" but that same ditch is now an accomplished fact—much to the detriment of Liverpool. The same old chap is trying to be funny over the desertion of the White Star liners; but funnyosities notwithstanding, that desertion is just a sign of the times. The defection—if such it may be termed—will not come about in five minutes; but that it will come about in the course of time is inevitable. The White Star Company has had the courage of its convictions, and even if we are to look upon the latest move in the light of a practical lesson to the Mersey Board; a sort of "to appreciate heaven aright, 'tis good to have hell's blazes in sight;" the policy of scuttle will continue. This move of the White Star Company will call public attention to the dangers which surround the Liverpool route. It will also convince that public that there are many preferable points of debarkation over Liverpool. In other words, the new quiff is but the beginning of a general exodus from the Mersey, and as a natural consequence, some other port or ports will benefit by the new departure. We are willing to admit that the Dicky Sam will be prepared to work up his usually superior look over the statement; but then, it is his seeming superiority which has militated against his success in the past; and similarly, it will militate against his success in the future. Meanwhile, Southampton benefits immediately; later on, Fishguard will have a look in. Vested interests keep these little matters within a sort of ring fence for a time; but the inevitable law comes into operation, at last. The fittest will survive in ports, even as it does in the matter of human beings. This being so, Fishguard will rope in the trans-Atlantic trade in the end, for it has everything in its favour. True, as time passes, Fishguard will, in turn, be out-classed, for there is no finality on this mundane sphere. At the same time, it will be blessed with a good innings, and if it keeps off the smug superiority which has undone Liverpool (aye, more than the restrictions imposed by its fifth-rate river)—then, that innings might be greatly extended. Time was, that the betting would have been on Southampton. That time however, is passed. With steamers ranging into present-day sizes, the terminus is only one part of the consideration. The sea voyage counts most, and if, on the final lap of that voyage, a quantity of unnecessary danger is to be negotiated, then, the port which is free from that danger will win. Of that, we may be sure. Liverpool has been fairly immune from maritime losses. But the wreck of one of the big liners would effectually damn the port for all time—providing that wreck came about as the result of negotiating any of the dangers which lay in great numbers, on the coasting track which spreads between the Mersey and the deep sea.

CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

SOME two years ago, we printed a series of articles dealing with Canadian prosperity, and queried as to whether the world were in measureable distance of a Manitoba-by-the-sea. Since that time, our remarks have been copied out in the usually free manner adopted by the unscrupulous among our competitors, and now, at the present moment, public interest is crystalised around the question which we then raised.

FOR some occult reason, the public mind has ever associated Hudson Bay with barrenness and ice-bound misery. Probably this is because of the tales which have been unloaded on it, with reference to trading stations, fur-lined coats, trappers, and the other hundred-and-one dodges indissoluble from the work of the novelist who has never been there, but who wishes to pretend that he has!

As a matter of fact, Hudson Bay never freezes over, and the amount of ice which is to be found in that huge land-locked expanse of water, is merely on the shore. That Hudson Bay is a huge land-locked sheet of water, may be gathered from the fact that it contains some 580,000 squares miles of area. As we remarked in the articles already referred to, there was then talk of a scheme to connect Churchill—the chief port on the Hudson—with the trunk lines of Canada.

FURTHERMORE, and in addition to that railway connection, it was suggested that a steamer line between Churchill and, say, Liverpool, would be easy of promotion. Easy, as far as natural difficulties are concerned; easier, as far as capital goes. But to the time of writing, we believe that both the schemes are very much in the womb of the future. Of course, these affairs may not be worked out in the same manner which applies with the purchase of a loaf of bread. It takes time to educate the public mind in a given direction.

IF proof of this be needed it is merely necessary to remember that Hudson stumbled upon the Bay which he named after himself, just 300 years ago, and for all practical purposes, the region is almost as much a *terra incognita* now, as then. True, it has been surveyed—in part; and some little knowledge of its limitless resources is gradually being disseminated among us, at home. Indeed, most of us limit our knowledge of the district, by discussing the Hudson's Bay Trading Company and its doings—and this little concern was inaugurated as far back as the days of Charles II., having continued, with greater or lesser success, ever since.

THE foregoing gives a fair idea of the progress which surrounds some portions of the globe. At the same time, there is a reason for all this paucity of progression. Until comparatively recently, there were no means of opening out Hudson Bay. To attempt the work in the days of the white wings which never grew weary, was simply a mortifying of the flesh—although, as usual, Hudson discovered his Bay through the medium of a pan-fish sailing ship. Later on, came the steamer, but instead of utilising its power in the opening up of unknown quarters of the globe, there was work and to spare in well-known regions.

P. AND O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

PANTRY.

Under those conditions, Hudson Bay could wait. As a matter of fact, it did wait. Waited until the better-known strips of earth had become congested with the advent of the shekel hunter, when the more difficult regions came in for attention. In the matter of the Hudson, that attention is now rife, for in addition to the tremendous spread of corn-raising land laying there useless, there is another quarter of a million square miles of land which is chock-a-block full of mineral wealth—including gold.

In connection with Canadian prosperity, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has been writing the Montreal *Star*, and says, *inter alia*, "I thoroughly appreciate the patriotism of the Canadian people and the sentiment which so strongly moves them in the consideration of all questions of commercial preference between the Dominion and the Mother country." Mr. Chamberlain then goes on to say that he is profoundly convinced that of all the bonds that can unite nations, the bond of commerce is the strongest—an absolute fact.

and as soon as we have made a little breathing space, we incontinently fill it up with any alien paupers who care to come in!

Great country, isn't it? Still, our fat-headed way of doing things in this connection, is all for Canada's gain. We give Canada our own countrymen, and fill their places with the alien, when it might easily turn out that the alien should be sent to Canada, while we keep our own boys at home! For this reason, Canada's prosperity is a real thing, and as long as we help in the same manner, it will go on being a real thing. But who is going to bring off that Churchill/Liverpool steamer line? If it is worked up on sensible notions, it will be a great event in the history of Canada.

But if the everlasting "Fast Line" dodge is essayed, then, the Hudson Bay concern will go on for another 300 years, and at the end thereof, progress will be just as scanty as at present. For although the Bay referred to is not frozen over in winter, there are far too many dangers in

P. and O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Barber's Shop.

Yet, in connection with the Mother Country, the bond of commerce is relegated to a very far back position? Anything which possesses the essential gall, may come across to free and happy England on dumping bent; but if the Briton were to attempt a retaliation, then, he would find his foolish head up against a tariff wall, that would knock all hope of profit out of him at the first try. For this reason, the country has been blessed with an almost unprecedented wave of partial prosperity, even as it contains more unemployed than ever before!

In the meantime, Canada is offering every inducement to the home folk, so that the latter may emigrate and people the land of plenty which ranges along under the Dominion flag. The home folk listen, and having listened, pack up their few traps, preparatory for a skip across the Pond. What happens, then? Simply that with the departure of a hundred Britons, synchronises the arrival of a hundred aliens. We send our own boys out to Canada because the population at home is becoming congested, the matter of rocks, shoals, and dense fogs, to admit of anything approaching a fast steamer service—as we understand the words these days. The bond of commerce is the strongest bond, right enough. But the bond must be carried out on practical lines. Theory must be thrown overboard, while practice is plumped for, solidly.

In this connection, Cardiff's prosperity was by way of being intermingled with that of Canada, but the local exponents of the undertaking couldn't keep clear of the theoretical; didn't know for themselves, and were too high-minded to seek information from those who did; and in the result, the Canadian modicum of local prosperity has yet to come. True, things are shaping better at the moment, and as the bond of commerce is indubitably the strongest bond, we are hopeful of seeing something come out of the next attempt. It could so come—if the practical idea were introduced. All of which is somewhat cryptic—and is intended so to be, at this stage in the enterprise!

About Congestion.

YOU might never have given the matter any proper consideration, but the fact remains that there are several sorts of congestion. Without unduly labouring the subject, we might as well admit that we have heard of congestion of the lungs—which presupposes the existence of lungs, doesn't it? We have also heard of congestion of the brains, although in one or two instances which have come our way, we were inclined to doubt the medical man's diagnosis.

You cannot have congestion of the brains, where no brain is evident, and—but never mind. This is no understudy for the *Lancet*. Ours is the blissful task of dealing with shipping subjects, and we invariably deal with them from the knowledge born of personal experience, and without any of that apologetic tone so common with some of our contemporaries. Right you are, then. That brings us down to another sort of congestion—or alleged congestion, if you would rather have it in the words of one of those contemporaries.

P. AND O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

— KITCHEN.

SOME good people have been wiling away an hour or so, in attempting to tangle up the footsteps of the editor of an up-town journal, by prattling to him of the supposed congestion of shipping at the local docks over the Christmas holidays. Now, if the present were the genuinely silly season, we shouldn't say a word about that prattling. We have lived long enough to develop the belief that some good souls must talk—or bu'st! And as the latter might easily be a messy operation, it follows that it is a choice of the lesser of two evils, if we submit to the talk?

ANYHOW, we are not the sort of people who are so far left to ourselves, that we would deny a certain amount of congratulation to a self-elected critic, providing he felt it his mission to offer a few suggestions as tending to an improvement in the working of local docks. Most of the local dock folk have only been at the business for best part of one life-time, and you can't learn much about docks in that period you'll find. Dock working is a big undertaking; so big, that one of our young men assures us that in connection therewith, it is usually a case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

OF course, that is only to be taken in a metaphorical sense, for if an angel were silly enough to chip in on dock work—well, that angel would deserve all he'd get. It's far more angelic to stay in the empyrean blue—say, to sit on the edge of a waxing moon—there to render sweet symphonies from a golden harp, than it is to learn nasty swear words, in a futile endeavour to satisfy everybody when a Christmas rush is on. You take that from us. When you don't know anything about it, it looks easy as falling off a log—to run a modern wet dock. But when you have had a little training at the business—well, you'll surely put your money on the log business, aye, and win every time!

HOWEVER, some of those eminently respectable persons who are never happier than when befouling their own nests, so to write it, have been out on a congestion-at-the-docks séance. Have said things—or written them; and those things have been flopped out in all the glories of linotyped matter—so many ems to the line! Needless to say, the eminently respectable ones sat down after reading their effusion, and if they didn't work up a smug sort of look for the occasion; tell the son and heir to quit fooling; chase the cat out of doors; and then fall back on a beautiful sofa, tired and weary with well-doing—then, something was wrong with the works.

So far, of course, we have merely treated you to our own impressions of the subject, and as we have ever

assured you that we do not consider ourselves as the only drop of brandy in the pudding (to be seasonable, like), we don't mind admitting that there are others who are blessed, or otherwise, with impressions on congestions. There is Mr. Cooke (mind the final e, Mr. Printer, as we don't wish to offend anybody) for instance. Mr. H. W. Cooke, you know. Mr. H. W. Cooke, of Elder, Dempster and Co., to be explicit.

You mightn't have noticed the fact, but this same Mr. H. W. Cooke has written to our contemporary on several occasions, so he should be by way of becoming an authority? Personally, we rather opine that it is disrespectful of our up-town friend to write Mr. H. W. Cooke as merely (Elder, Dempster and Co.) On the gentleman's own showing, he is the manager of the "shipping department," which rallies along under that same enterprising firm's house-flag. It would be awful, if Mr. H. W. Cooke were to be again taken for the mere manager of the "colliery department," It happened on a former occasion, you know, and necessitated a correction in the next issue.

However, you will be pleased to know that Mr. H. W. Cooke has "read with much interest the articles on the delays and congestion of the various docks"—so they haven't been written in vain? When a series of "articles" give interesting reading to the manager of a great firm's "shipping department," well, you can see easily enough, that one of two things must apply? Either the said articles are really valuable, or the reader is easily interested? What? But after assuring each of us who spent a nimble penny on the journal in question, that "I read with much interest, etc.," this same gentleman works up the plural notion by remarking that "we can fully appreciate all that is said." Really, it was written, not said; but that is a detail.

Now, why, think you, could Mr. H. W. Cooke (Elder, Dempster and Co.) fully appreciate all that was written concerning the alleged congestion? Well, in his own words, it was because "we have had our steamer *Andoni*, 5,500 tons, waiting in Roath Basin for tips," and we sympathise with the gentleman. It seems a bit hard that the Secret Commission Act should synchronise with the advent of the *Andoni*, doesn't it? But there it is. You can't safely give tips to even an *Andoni*, these days, and we are wondering if the item has occurred to Mr. H. W. Cooke? But seriously, why all this pother?

Is Mr. Cooke inclined to argue that a dock should be run differently from any other enterprise? A livery stable keeper doesn't fuss around to provide enough loose boxes to supply a market day demand; neither does any trader fit his undertaking with facilities to cope with the abnormal, merely that he may stop a growl from an occasional patron.

The congestion complained of was merely an episode, and we believe that if some other steamer had been turned down so as to give a berth to the lordly Elder, Dempster boat, the community would have been spared much harassing literature.

Our dear old grandmamma, on one occasion, when we assured her that she should perforate an aperture in each end of a given egg, place one end between her lips and forcibly inhale her breath—well, she cuffed our ear, and told us that it was merely necessary to pierce a hole in each end, and suck at one of 'em. The dear old soul's remarks come back to us when we read "Cooke on dock-work." "A certain number of tips (say, 50 per cent.) should be allotted to vessels according to the order of their arrival, provided—." Mr. Cooke, we should like to help you in this matter. If you'll bring that *Andoni* up outside our offices, we'll undertake to load her in one tide, and say no more about it. Is that good enough? Show our offer to Sir Alfred, and we feel sure he will absolve you from all blame in the matter. And anyhow, the "congestion" is now "off"—like the holidays which originated it!

P. & O. Cruising Yacht "Vectis."

Smoking Room.

More Liverpool Loss.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have commented on the falling away from Liverpool, of the White Star Company's business, and since writing, we note that the Cunard Company is about to follow suit. This is awful, and brings our prophetics into measureable distance at once! With the two "star" lines out for disruption, what will Liverpool do then? Our Nautical Growl wishes to know if the Mersey Board has consulted the local Merchant Service Guild on the subject—and there is generally a lot in the decisions of that same N. G.!

THAT is to say, and judging by its own claims to superiority, we are inclined to believe that if the guild took the matter in hand, neither of the liner companies would dare think of leaving the Mersey. But as things are, first, the liners leave: then, the guild will have to follow in chase—and with both liners and guild gone from the ancient city, what will remain? Truly, are we on the eve of portentous happenings, and that's a fact!

MEANWHILE, it is interesting to consider the official pronouncement of the Cunard Company, and which was given on Monday, last. For a start it is merely intended to divert a few of the boats; but as already remarked in another column, if the boats once forsake the Mersey, it will be for ever. There can be no going back, and for several reasons. First and foremost, in our opinion, will be the eye-opener which the liner people will receive, when pursuing their businesses from really, big and modern ports.

AT the best, Liverpool may only be viewed in the light of a converted place. That is to say, strenuous work on the part of those responsible for its prosperity, has succeeded in staving off the evil day until now. It was bound to come, for no amount of conversion will turn a small, originally one-horse place, into a natural, full-powered undertaking. There have been troubles at Liverpool in the past. The local shipowners have been worried with the partiality of food inspectors for "particular cuts" from the harness cask: and they made an awful song about it, too.

THEN, the pilots' dress came into view. Should they, or should they not, be garbed in regulation serge hand-me-downs, and crowned with a nobby peaked-cap-and-badge—or should they be allowed to wobble around in the festive garb of a coasting skipper? That was a burning question of the hour, and was settled by deciding for the regulation serge—and fixings. The local *quidnuncs* had a high old time over the dress discussion, and the world looked on—wonderingly. Moreover, the world wickedly suggested that it was a pity to note that the Liverpudlians were so hard up for dissentious matter, as was here exemplified.

AND, lo, a change has eventuated. The poor Liverpudlian is up against the real thing, and trouble is about in quite big pieces! Worse than all, the Cunard directors admit that they have been considering this move for quite a while, as they hankered after the facilities of the Channel ports. Awful? Words won't convey the direness of the business! To quote from the directors' report referred to: "It is, of course, indisputable, that for the Continental first-class traffic those ports (in the Channel) possess advantages with which Liverpool cannot compete." Eh? What? Sacrilege?

GOOD faith, it is more than sacrilege! Liverpool, the hub of the nautical world, being surpassed by an adjectived English Channel port! What will the brass-bound dock officials do now, poor things? Will they sell their megaphones? Will they elect to allow a poor tramp mate to keep his hawsers on one bollard for a full twenty minutes, and without any interference from the deputy-sub-assistant this, that, or the other thing nautical? Will they do all this, or rather will they hold indignation meetings; go up and see the guild engineer; retire to the nearest "cubby house" for the purpose of chortling about past magnificence—or what?

ON the showing of the premier lines, Liverpool cannot compete with Southampton! No wonder the Southampton men are developing a head, and prattle to the London pressman about the natural beauties of the waterway scattered around by the Solent. Those beauties have been summed up as:

> THERE is no limit to the facilities of the port for docks, as they can be constructed right down Southampton Water.
>
> OWING to the geographical position of the Isle of Wight, there are double tides (think of it, you liner men who, at Liverpool, had to be satisfied with the half of one tide!), with practically four hours of high water at every tide.
>
> THERE are now deep-water berths in dock, which are accessible day or night, at any time.

THERE'S for 'oo, Dicky Sam. No limit to the facilities of Southampton. Docks can be constructed right down Southampton Water? That is all very pretty, but it would be ever so much better if the docks already existed right down Southampton Water? The trouble is, that while the docks are being constructed, another up-to-date place already blessed with the essential docks might scoop in the traffic? And what will Southampton do then, poor thing? Mind you, as an advance on Liverpool, Southampton is good enough; but as a final resting place—well, we have our doubts.

ESPECIALLY as the Queenstown Urban District Council is out upon the business. When the Q. U. D. C. gets off on a bendo of its own, there is something going to happen. You see, the Council in question had grown to the belief that Queenstown had pre-empted the Atlantic passenger trade for always, and this newest departure is by way of a rude awakening. So much so, that Fishguard will surely get the traffic in the end, for with Fishguard as the jumping off spot, it might still be possible to sweeten Queenstown? Isn't that so?

INDEED, the whole subject is bristling with difficulties, and the only sure thing in the affair is, that Liverpool's day is done. No matter whether Southampton keeps the deal, or whether it is ultimately passed over to Fishguard, we believe that there can be no two opinions anent the passing of Liverpool. The trouble is, that the shipbuilder is up against Liverpool's interests. Those gentlemen are agreed that the limit of length in steamers is about reached; that further enlargements will have to be in the matter of depth. This being so, you can easily see that the Mersey is hopelessly out-classed, for the shipbuilder—when all is said—is the nautical Cæsar.

As such, he has been appealed to; his decision is against shallow tonnage; none but comparatively shallow (as understood to-day) tonnage may frequent the Mersey, so what is there to say about it? Nothing much. That is mainly why we are leaving it right here. Our sympathy goes out to Liverpool, of course. We loved it in our youth. Loved it, if only for its abounding cheek, and insolence. Still, our love won't keep it in the front rank. Its own superabundant merit alone would do that. In view of its possible decline, the less said about its superabundant merit, the better for all. Ain't that so? We think so, anyhow.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *January 9, 1907.*

IN giving a consideration to the Coal Market as it has wobbled along during the past week, it must be admitted that the tone thereof continues healthy in a marked degree. In other words, the firmness which has been in evidence of late, is still very much to the 'fore. As a matter of fact, there is more of that firmness in evidence, which is a satisfactory feature—to the seller. Whether the poor buyer is likely to be pleased in consequence—well, that is altogether another story.

IN the matter of demand, though, this has shown no abatement, so that in spite of the rising trend of the market, the would-be buyer has still to come in for his essential requirements. Certain it is that the demand has increased, for there is more of it than the visible supply will stand; and when this combination is about, it needs no very great prophetic ability to determine the fact that there is a rosy time ahead of the industry?

No, and all the prattle of congestion notwithstanding, the supply is not at present equal to the demand, and thus it comes about that the firmness already written of, is likely to materialise into higher prices especially where prompt coals are considered. Of course, this state of affairs is not altogether conducive to a rush in sales. Where the market is dead against the buyer, that worthy brother is inclined to sit on the fence—for as extended a period as possible.

THAT is to say, the buyer will prevaricate, and dodge around generally, until those tactics have helped to the accumulation of a big stock of coal. Then, he fondly imagines that he has eased the question of price, with a consequent depletion of stocks—and all the old moves work over again! This is what is known as a coal market. In any case, it is safe to assume that new business is troubling nobody unduly, at the moment, and if the fact doesn't greatly trouble the various collieries just now, it is solely because their stem list is of a most satisfactory nature.

WHAT is going to happen when that stem list has been worked off—well, that is mainly for the future to determine. At the same time, it is safe to assume that the exponents of the business will attend to the little matter. That when the stemming is by way of easing, they will hustle around and refill it. It's a way they have at the Cardiff docks—fortunately for the community, generally. Writing of stems, it is satisfactory to note that those for prompt shipment are especially well-filled, and for anything the seller has to spare in this direction—well, he certainly has the upper hand in his dealings with buyer.

POOR buyer! We proffer him our sympathy! The present month came in with such beautiful promises of a good time all 'round, that it must be positively disheartening to find that the good time is all in favour of the other fellow? And tonnage supplies are in good fettle—which isn't going to help the prompt-shipment man anything to speak of. However, for actual prices, we refer you to subjoined list.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. od., 17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 1½d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.
Drys ,, ...	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d., 15s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Seconds ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	28s. od.
Ordinary ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 25s. od.	25s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *January 9, 1907.*

THE Market, hereaway, for the period under review has been passing good, for the firmness noticeable therein of late continues. New business is coming forward in a satisfactory manner, and seeing that Collieries are already comfortable, in so far as their stems are concerned for this month, prices have an improving tendency. This same tendency has the appearance of materialising shortly, judging by the sharp enquiry there is about. For anything like prompt shipment, coals are by no means plentiful; are, in fact very scarce in not a few quarters, and for this position, higher prices have been obtained without much difficulty on the part of the seller.

ANTHRACITE LARGE COALS, for instance, are very full for the time being, and quotations are therefore, very firm, and likely to remain so, as the demand is exceeding the supply. When such is the case, prices naturally rise, or at least the quotation of the exponent does, and there is no doubt that the position warrants the higher figure. All LARGE COALS are busy just now. In the MACHINE MADE COAL section there is activity, with very little free stuff about, especially of PEAS and BEANS. NUTS are rather more plentiful, but values are maintained. RUBBLY CULM is firmer on an increased demand and DUFF is about likewise. Quotations for forward shipment are no lower than those current.

STEAMS are as firm as ever, and for anything like early shipment are practically unobtainable, so full are the Collieries stems. Hence prices are ruling high all round.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d	19s. od.	19s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od., 24s. od.	23s. od.	22s. 9d.,	22s. 9d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d., 23s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. od , 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 6d	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 10½d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending January 9, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Simonstown, *Kincraig,* 4,000 tons, 12s. 6d. coal, 13s. 6d. fuel, (Admiralty).
Hong Kong, *Blue Cross,* 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d. (Admiralty)
Foxton Hall, 6,000 tons, 13s. 9d. ,,
Shanghai, *St. Oswald,* 17s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Britannia,* 14s. 3d.
Tynedale, 3,600 tons, 14s.
Bernard, 3,000 tons, 14s.
Teneriffe, *Tilly Russ, or sub.,* 3,800 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Harewood, 4,000/4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Trinidad, *Cambria,* 2,300 tons, 10s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Las Palmas, *Riplingham,* 3,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Hyatholm, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d. spot, option Teneriffe.
Lord Erne, 5,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Dakar, *Doris,* 1,500 tons, 7s. 3d coal, 8s. fuel,
Madeira, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Benshaw, 2,400 tons, 7s. 3d. 250, (C. or P.T.)
Ben Cruachan, 6s. 9d. option Las Palmas.
Buenos Ayres, *Evleyn,* 4,300 tons, 14s. option La Plata, 13s. 9d.
Zarate, *Pasquale P.,* 3,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *St. Andrews,* 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
St. Irene, 14s. 4½d.
La Plata, *Llangibby,* 13s. 6d. 250, 8d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Claremont,* 5,500 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Manaton, 5,000 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Genoa, *Lugino Accame,* 3,500 tons, 7s.
Oakdale, 1,500 tons, 7s. 10½d. coal, 8s. 7½d. fuel, option Savona or Leghorn, (s).
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Antonietta Accame, 1,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Diligent, 2,800 tons, 7s. 4½d. spot. option Savona or Spezzia.
Pendarves, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Elswick Hall, 5,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Prado, 2,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Arraiz, 3,400 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Aarstein, 2,000 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Penelope, 3,750 tons, 7s. 6d. option Savona.
Algiers, *Helsingborg,* 3,200 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Crimea, 2,200 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Naples, *Talavera,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
Elizabeth, 6,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. 800, (C. or N.)
Whitefield, 3,800 tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
Constantinople, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s.
Trewellard, 2,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Hubbock, 3,500 tons, 6s. ppt.
Tregarthen, 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d. option Piræus.
Messina, *Ragusa,* 1,750 tons, 7s.
Venice, *Berkshire,* 3,000 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Catania, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Kustendje, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Marseilles, *Capua,* 2,450 tons, 7·25 fcs. (N).
Nile, 2,800 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Mistral, 2,450 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Euston, 3,400 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Barcelona, *Dunbar,* 5,000 tons, 7s.
Diligente, 2,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Leghorn, *Dauntless,* 2,900 tons, 7s. 1½d. 500, 10d.
Albis, 1,600 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Tarragona, *Fix,* 950 tons, 7s.
Atlas, 900 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Frieda Horn, 1,200 tons, 6s.
Bizerta, *Llanthony Abbey,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d. f.d. spot.
Ancona, *Iro,* 3,800 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Oporto, *Amicitia,* 1,500 tons, 6s. (s).
Valencia, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Steamer, 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d.
B. A. Broch, 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Oran and Algiers, *Mariana,* 2,100 tons, 8 fcs. (N).
Spezzia, *Sagamore,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Torre, *Taormina,* 2,600 tons, 7s. 3d. 500, 10d.
Brindisi, *Edenhall,* 2,900 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Civita Vecchia, *Eddystone,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Enterprize, 2,800 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Carthagena, *Haugesund,* 750 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Gibraltar, *Gwendoline,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Kildonan, 3,000 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Pallas, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Thyra, 800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cordova, 2,850 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Malta, *Portsmouth,* 3,000 tons, 4s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Amie, 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Tunis, *Waterloo,* 1,550 tons, 9·25 fcs. coal, 10·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Cadiz, *Hardanger,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Lisbon, *Sappi,* 2,000 tons, 5s.
Euterpe, 1,950 tons, 5s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Castro Urdiales,* 2,300 tons, 4·50 fcs.
Ydun, 1,850 tons, 4·50 fcs. optn. Rochefort, 4·75 fcs. (s).
Sables, *Girda,* 1,250 tons, 5 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Nordsjernen,* 1,600 tons, 4·75 fcs. (P.T.).
Pocklington, 1,650 tons, 4·75 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Skaala,* 1,450 tons, 4·50 fcs. coal, 5 fcs. fuel, (s).
Aslak, 3,000 tons, 4·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Prima, 2,200 tons, 4·75 fcs. ,,
Marie Horn, 1,650 tons, 5 fcs. ,,
Nantes, *Astillero,* 2,000 tons, 5 fcs.
Bayonne, *Castleford,* 2,400 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Boucau.
Atlas, 2,100 tons, 5 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Ocean,* 1,800 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Achroile, 1,300 tons, 3s. ,,
Plymouth, *Sheila,* 4s. 4½d.
Portsmouth, *Axinite,* 2,000 tons, 2s. 10½d. (Admiralty).
Drogheda, *Joseph Fisher,* 280 tons, 4s. (s).
Workington, *Harrington,* 380 tons, 4s. (s).
Falmouth, *Winstanley,* 450 tons, 4s. 3d.
Newhaven, *Alastair,* 400 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
St. Malo, *Hawthorn,* 1,350 tons, 4s. 3d.
Brest, *Larpool,* 1,350 tons, 4s.
Rouen, *Greenhill,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 9d. spot, (P.T.)
Ely, 1,500 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s). ppt.
Cheapside, 1,600 tons, 5s. (s).
Caen, *Alice M. Craig,* 1,180 tons, 5s. (s).
Elemore, 1,100 tons, 5s. (s).
Honfleur, *Scotscraig,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
G. N. Wilkinson, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
St. Valery, *Dolphin,* 450 tons, 10s. (s).
Dieppe, *Scoresby,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 4½d.
City of Hamburg, 4s. 1½d.
Skeldon, 1,750 tons, 4s. 3d.
Faunus, 4s. 3d.
Havre, *Jane,* 900 tons, 4s. 3d.
Narcissus, 1,000 tons, 5s. (s).
John O. Scott, 1,300 tons, 4s. 1½d. optn. Dieppe, 4s. 3d.
Wellpark, 1,350 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Carranza,* 3,600 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Sunlight,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 1½d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on December 27th, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

1,470 06—VAN STOCKUM—***Improved apparatus for steering torpedoes and submarine boats.***

According to this invention, instead of the oscillating pendulum, usually employed to operate the rudder, a rod is employed loaded at its base end with a weight suspended in an oblique position by means of hinges. By this arrangement sensitiveness to a change of depth as well as to a change in trim are incorporated in the same steering mechanism.

1,680 06—WALTERS—***Improvements in and connected with screw propellers.***

The object of this invention is to reduce the resistance of large bosses of screw propellers and at the same time to prevent fouling of the propeller by floating ropes. Accordingly attached to the propeller boss is a conical piece decreasing in thickness towards and extending nearly to the rudder post, thus diminishing the suction on the after side of the boss. To reduce the resistance on the forward side a conical piece, the forward end of which is of slightly greater diameter than and which overlaps the tail shaft eye, is attached. A piece of angle iron, of about the same diameter as the conical piece, is affixed to the stern post, and forward of each angle iron, filling material is placed thinned down forward to merge into the hull so as to avoid resistance.

3,987/06—HNISCHKA—***Improvements in lifeand swimming belts.***

This invention relates to an inflatable belt for use in the water. The belt is made of rubber hose protected with canvas, and is fitted with means whereby it can be buckled around the wearer's body. The belt is provided with an air-pump which may be detachable or not.

4,566/06—FINNEY—***Haulage clip for endless rope haulage applicable to either overtub or undertub haulage.***

This invention relates to a haulage clip consisting of concave and convex jaws forced together by a lever having on its inner boss helical surfaces adapted to cooperate with similar surfaces on the outer face of the hinged jaw. A central pin provided at one end with a T-shaped head fits in a slot in the outer boss of the lever, the other end being screwed for the reception of a nut and washer for the purpose of obtaining the necessary adjustment of the jaws to meet variations in the sizes of haulage ropes.

4,979/06—MAXWELL—***Improvements in means for strengthening the waists of miners' and other boots.***

This invention relates to means for strengthening miners' boots. The strengthening is effected by means of extension irons on the heel tip or plate, the extension irons and the tip being formed in one casting. The extension irons are fixed along the outer and inner sides of the waist, and are formed with an upward bend to meet the ends of the heel tip.

7,079/06—ELFERT—***Cable for cutting holes in coal.***

This invention relates to a cable used for extracting coal in large pieces. In one form the different wires of the cable are plaited round with sharp cutting wires of angular cross section. In another form cutting bodies are provided at an angle to each other in the indentations between which the cable strands are alternately laid, so that the cutting bodies are immovably connected with the cables. In yet another form a cable made of a number of strands is employed, which is specially wound with a second cable plaited with sharp edges. As these wires need not be plaited very closely they may be made of hard material, the wider windings increasing the cutting capacity of the cable.

7,109/06—HAILWOOD—***Improvements in miners' safety lamps, or the like.***

The object of this invention is to provide means whereby the lens of a miner's safety lamp may be provided with protecting shutters and the lens may be cleaned from the outside of the lamp. To this end a lens is attached to the upper portion of the lamp bonnet. Above and below the glass are placed protecting shutters of metal or asbestos formed of one or more pieces and inserted in grooves in the walls of the bonnet. Attached to the shutters are cleaning pads so that on operating the shutters, the pads clean the glass.

7,921/06—ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH & CO. AND SODEAU—***Improvements in time fuzes.***

This invention relates to time fuzes, the object being to avoid variations in the time of burning. For this purpose one or more vent holes are employed in addition to the ordinary one, these vent holes opening from time to time as the burning of the fuze proceeds, and thus compensating for the choking of the initial passage. The exposed surface of the burning composition at these vent holes has applied to it one or more protecting layers as shellac or varnish. This coating hinders the absorption of moisture by the composition and prevents the unduly rapid communication of fire over the face of the portion at the inner end of the escape hole.

11,076/06—BANKS—***Improvements in the manufacture of wire ropes or cables.***

The object of this invention is to produce a rope in which the strands are shielded between each other, and upon the surface of the rope, from wear and tear. Accordingly, strands of round wire are combined into a rope in the ordinary way, but in the process of closing the rope, between each strand and the next is placed a shield composed of one or more wires or metal strips shaped so as to fill the interstices between the strands, making the rope cylindrical on the surface, thus presenting a greatly increased wearing surface whilst well shielding the wire from wear and tear.

11,109/06—PEARCE—***Improvements in devices for the prevention and cure of sea-sickness.***

This invention relates to a device for use in preventing and curing sea-sickness, wherein a thick absorbent pad provided in its face with a recess for a medicament is adapted to be strapped round the body, a cover being provided to hold the medicament in place. The medicament is composed of common salt and camphor, and when held in the receptacle against the body will be absorbed by the system.

These applications for patents, are until February 12th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

FAIRY TALES.

THIS is essentially the time of the year when good King Wenceslaus looked down on several items of nautical—to say nothing of 'longshore—importance. Because his Majesty is a good king, the ribald portion of the community can see no good in him—which is precisely what one has a right to expect from the ribald? However, the fairy gentleman has looked down. Indeed, he has gone farther, for he has talked to mere earth-folk, albeit they, in their superior wisdom, are inclined to label his communications as "fairy tales."

LET us consider a few of those tales, and for a start, go into the trimming tariff settlement. The coalowners and the men in combination, having become tired of the perpetual warfare ranging along under this head, have decided to end the lot by delivering unto the shipowner, a sort of ultimatum. In consequence of that decision, sundry of the shipowning cult assure us, that we mustn't believe it. That the whole contraption is a fairy tale of the fairiest order, and—well, and there you are!

FOR ourselves, we should love to see that coal-trimming dispute ended. True, we have secured a quantity of "copy" from it at different times; but that is no reason why the blessed thing should continue. Copy is plentiful at all times. For our part, we are never "stuck." The stuff ambles along in a grateful profusion, and when we accept a coal-trimming dispute, we have to leave something else out of the bill for the week. Anyhow, the Cardiff "settlement" is not the only pebble on this particular beach. Not at all.

SWANSEA is getting its back hair down—so to write it—over the same subject, and is inclined to view the new order with a certain amount of misgiving. Exactly why this should be, we are not going to inquire. In fact, we have no time for the inquiry, merely trotting it out as another seasonable fairy tale. In any case, and the alleged "settlement" notwithstanding, the Swansea friend assures us that the charges at Cardiff are still in excess of those ruling at Swansea. Personally, we are of opinion that they should be higher. Cardiff is a better place—which is no fairy tale—so what will you?

GETTING away from coal-trimming fairy tales, drop we now into those appertaining to shiprepairing and drydocking. Rumour hath it that never again will the drydock friend engage in that competition which has been marked down as cut-throat. They have agreed, among themselves, to tender for all work with a full and clear appreciation of the responsibilities which rest upon them; and if either of the brothers therein interested, dare to undercut anything at all whatsoever, then there is a high time in front of him. At the first glance, we were inclined to believe that this item of intelligence was not of the fairy tale order.

FOR this reason: We had been carefully studying the cult, and from indications which came our way, had reason to believe that entire unanimity was about to rest upon their banners. But in an untoward moment, we happened upon a recalcitrant member of the gang; one who looked as if he were ripe for any quantity of mutiny and selfishness; and presto, the absence of cut-throatism was whirled away. Of course, there are they among the fraternity who would scorn the cut-throat act; but as they were there in the beginning, you can easily see that the fairy tale had nothing to do with them. Can't you, now?

VERY well. Getting away from that class of drydock work, and coming to another phase, we might as well admit that a would-be friend has assured us that Mordey, Carney and Co. are sure to pay a dividend for the next year's working. They might, of course, especially as Alderman Mark Mordey, J.P., at the recent meeting indulged in the usual roseate hued hopes for the future. All the same, we are sadly afraid that the payment of that dividend will be of the fairy tale order, although we are willing to apologise if it should materialise. We have long memories you know, and for several years past, Mordey, Carney and Co., have been "going" to pay a dividend worth having.

TO-DATE, however, the divvy hasn't come off, and as we are merely able to forecast the future from a careful consideration of the past, what is wrong with lumping in that yarn as of the good King Wenceslaus order? We are somewhat indifferent about it, because we don't happen to have any money in the concern. We have never troubled to learn how much the genial chairman possesses in the company which he directs. It might be a big pile, even as a friend assures us; again, that friend's yarn might be another fairy tale? You pay your money, you take your choice, for these affairs are similar to Christmas crackers—they make a big noise, and give you a paper hat?

KEEPING along on the drydock theme, we are assured that there is to be built at the top end of Penarth Dock, a pontoon capable of taking on a 400ft. steamer. To be built, you understand. Nobody has told us the precise date of the construction, but we believe that plans have already been drawn out for the purpose indicated; and to have a set of plans all ready is a step in the right direction? Great Scott! We remember preparing the plans of a beautiful detached house—and the job came off years ago! We still have that plan. The house? Well, it continues to be of the fairy tale order. One of these days, we are going to have that house. Are getting tired of its fairy like propensities!

INDEED, we told the yarn to a rude little boy of our acquaintance, a few days back, and he asked us to show him the plan of that detached house. Seeing that it was Christmastide, we obliged. We are like that, at Yuletide. The boy was a knowing lad, for his father was in the drydock business. Said he: "Is that the plan of a house?" We assured him it was. "When are you going to build it?" he asked. "When we get the money," was our reply. "Is this a fairy tale?" demanded the child. "Not arf," said we. "Are you going to have it soon?" then came out on the frosty atmosphere. "Directly," was our reply. "Shall you have it as soon as Penarth will have that new pontoon?" And we chased that boy away. We had no objection to his styling our house yarn a fairy tale; but the new pontoon—well, that was different. Yes?

BUT, bless us, how the space does get scoffed up on these fairy tale things! We had a dozen awaiting an opportunity, and yet we have room for but little more. Here goes again! It is declared that the London shipping journals are going to give their limited circle of supporters a bit of genuine shipping intelligence over the year 1907. Fairy tales, sirs. We don't believe it! In fact, we told our informant that his assertion was a derned lie, and have made an enemy of him for evermore. As he left us, he warbled out something about, "You might have been polite and said my assertion was of the fairy tale order; but to stigmatise it as a derned lie—no, I'll never forgive you."

ONE more, and then home for the night! A charitably inclined shipowner has awakened a love of imitation in the heart of one of his contemporaries. One of 'em gave a thousand guineas to a local charity; his keenest rival was taunted thereon, and somebody assured us that the said rival had decided to go one better; that he meant to donate two thousand guineas to the same charity, if only to vex the soul of the first man. As a finish up, we might as well state that it was another fairy tale. The man don't give. He merely takes. Throw out the life-line, and—so long!

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THOSE industrial undertakings which, for the past few months, have been at their wits' end, owing to the unprecedented rise in copper, have, during the past week or so, had an opportunity to simmer a little. The latest reports, point to a further reduction in prices at an early date, and the shipping fraternity have every reason to be pleased. Railway companies are also anxiously waiting for a drop, as the recent extraordinary prices have proved a strain upon the engineering portion of the community. The imports into England for last year, exceeded those of the previous year by about 16,000 tons, and this being the case, the rise was bound to make itself felt. As an exciting "spec.", copper, during the last few months, has been in the first rank, but we have an idea that the "boom" is hoisted about taut, and that the "stays" will not take much more strain.

✦ ✦ ✦

IT is refreshing to learn, from the latest returns, that the trade of the United Kingdom for the year 1905 was, despite continual growls, not so bad as it might have been, and very much better than it was in 1904. The reduction in the number of bankruptcies and deeds of arrangement registered during the year, as compared with those placed on the list in the previous twelve months, is a sure sign that the wave of prosperity is on the roll. The current year will prove, we hope, less remunerative to those gentlemen who sit at the head of bankruptcy affairs, than previous years.

✦ ✦ ✦

Too much bankruptcy, however, makes us feel like the weather—cold; so we are turning to a more congenial topic—the returns of the foreign trade with the United Kingdom, for 1906. We wrote congenial, and with reason, for the year recently deceased, was a record as far as our external trade is concerned. The figures issued by the Board of Trade are interesting, and if at first they appear to be of a "figurey" nature, nevertheless, on close inspection you will find that they are worthy of a little attention. The exports for December, when compared with those of the corresponding month in 1905, show an increase of 9·6 per cent. Imports have also increased, but to the extent of 2·9 per cent. only. The total increase in the exports for the month, amounted to £2,757,000, and of this sum manufactured goods are responsible for £2,247,000. Under this last mentioned heading, iron and steel play an important part, the advance in that direction being £811,000.

✦ ✦ ✦

THIS increase in the iron and steel exports is due, in a great measure, to the extensive shipments to the United States. Machinery has also taken its place in the outgoing parcels, and the increase for that commodity is set down at £206,000. It is more than encouraging to see manufactured goods display such prominence in the increase of our export trade, for it means, among other things, the lessening of the numbers of "unemployed." Raw materials have taken their place in the general prosperity to a very fair extent, £472,000 being the figure, and of this amount, coal makes up £303,000. In quantity, this corresponds with about half a million tons, and the figures should cheer the hearts of those who have a finger in our local coal pies, and shipping companies generally. Motor cars have not, as has often been predicted, stayed at home, but they have taken their position in the exodus. A small increase of £35,000 is shown for them, and although the figures are comparatively small, nevertheless there is a rise, and for this particular article it should prove the forerunner of a much larger increase during the current year.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE imports for the month do not necessitate much comment. The increase shown is due more especially to the importation of raw industrial material, while foreign manufactured goods show a decline. If the current year makes as much progress in this direction as the past one has done, then we may rest assured that the foundation of a good time is laid down. It is remarkable that the total exports display a gain of £45,856,000 which is 13·9 per cent. over 1905, and 25 per cent. over 1904. Coal has done more than its share towards the increase which, it is probable, is not to be equalled by that of any previous year. The chief increase in imports and exports took place in the early part of the year, although July showed a gain above the average. Transhipment business shows an advance of £7,383,000, equal to about 9 per cent. Reviewing the whole of the foreign trade, we have every reason to be satisfied with the results. Although we should like to see an improvement during the present month, on the corresponding period last year, nevertheless we do not lose sight of the fact that a remarkable increase has to be beaten.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE Canadian Bank of Commerce has enjoyed a still more successful year than the last, notwithstanding the fact that 1905 proved the best it had experienced up to that time. There is a substantial increase, amounting to £75,000, shown in the net profits, and this is equal to about 3·7 per cent. increase over the amount earned on the capital in the previous year. From this institution, the San Francisco Relief Fund has benefitted to the extent of £5,100, but this makes no alteration to the usual dividend of 7 per cent., to which is now to be added a bonus of 1 per cent. The carry-forward has not been neglected, and it must be a source of gratification to the management and the shareholders, to learn that this has been increased to the extent of £9,100. The time is at hand when empty pockets are gaping open for half yearly or yearly dividends, and those individuals who have holdings in Banking Companies have every reason to be satisfied, for most of our English Banking Companies can set examples to outsiders, in the matter of dividend distribution.

✦ ✦ ✦

As a proof of this statement we give, herewith, the rate of dividend which some of our leading banks have already declared :

Lloyd's	at the rate of	18¾	%	per annum.
London City and Midland ...	„	18		„
London and South Western ...	„	16		„
Metropolitan (England and Wales)	„	15		„
London and Westminster ...	„	13		„
London Joint Stock	„	11		„
Union of London and Smiths	„	11		„

Lloyd's Bank, this time, places £35,000 to premises account, an increase of £5,000 over the amount set aside last year, while the carry-forward is also raised by £8,500. The L. C. and M., after meeting the usual requirements of the reserve funds, increases the balance-forward by nearly £30,000, making a total of £171,500. The London and South Western has not done much more than maintain its dividend. The Metropolitan has increased both its dividend and the carry forward. A nice little sum of £50,000 is added to the reserve fund by the London and Westminster. The London Joint Stock has transferred a considerable sum to its guarantee fund, and has also placed additional amounts to its reserve funds. Union of London and Smiths has taken advantage of the increase in profits, to write down the value of their investments.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 153 FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1907. Threepence.

THE CHARTERING CLERK—ANCIENT AND MODERN!

WHO SAID SECRET COMMISSIONS?

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE CHARTERING CLERK—ANCIENT AND MODERN	151
MARITIME MURMURS	152
THE DEAL BOATMEN	155
SOME MARINE ENGINEERING	156
MORE ABOUT THAT "CONGESTION"	157
FAIRY TALES	159
"OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC"—NEW STYLE	161
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	162
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	163
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	164
"DAI," M.P.	165
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	166

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

GOOD old Cardiff! Still forging ahead in the matter of steamer tonnage managed at the port! The latest addition to the local register was launched on Saturday, last, at Stockton-on-Tees, and is to be known of men as the *Washington*. The name is a great one—for a Cardiff tramp. Everybody knows that the class of boat referred to never told a lie, and if unkind critics have suggested that the owners thereof are not similarly blessed—well, what will you? It is impossible to please each individual that is to be met, in a day's walk around on 'Change—and other places. But reverting to *Washington*, we are inclined to the belief that she has already proved of doubtful value in so far as the veracity of the local pressman is concerned. We should hate to think that anybody had been stuffing the local pressman, because taken all 'round, he deserves a better fate—at least, until after his demise, when we believe a continuance of his professional work will be impossible. You see, it is hardly the correct thing to write piffley tales on sheets of asbestos, and—well, there you are! But you are wondering where the doubtful value of this new steamer comes in, as far as the local pressman is concerned? Of course! We had almost forgotten the point.

LET us admit, right away, that *Washington* is a fair sample of tramp tonnage—probably no better, and certainly no worse than dozens of vessels registered at Cardiff. Larger than a great number, smaller than some, with a galley where "special attention" has coruscated, well, look you, she is by way of being a fine steamer. But what we wish to be clear about is the statement made by an up-town contemporary, to the effect that the *Washington* is under the management of the "largest firm of shipowners in Wales and the West of England"—Messrs. Evan Thomas, Radcliffe and Co. But, of course, you knew that without our mentioning it? The name of the managers, we mean. The mere word *Washington* would suggest the name of the creators thereof, wouldn't it? Great Scott! Cardiff isn't so terribly blessed with truthful people that there remains a difficulty in spotting the few that are about? Not 'arf—as our office lad would remark. Still—and while admitting the painfully truthful proclivities of the firm in question—we should like to hear what is really meant by the words, "largest firm of shipowners in Wales." In the first place, and putting the matter in a genuinely Washingtonian manner, are the people in question shipowners at all; or, rather, are they merely ship managers holding a share of each particular ship under their care?

NEVER mind splitting straws about that point, good people. Instead, look around you a bit. Having done so, you will probably admit that the firm of W. and C. T. Jones—at least, the W. and C. T. Jones Steamship Company, Limited—is far and away the largest shipowning concern in Wales. This concern really owns the steamers which range along under its house-flag, and is by no manner of means a combination of units, such as the Radcliffe firm. The latter happen to be managing some 27 different single-ship companies; companies which are supposed to stand on their own bottom—as the phrase goes; so how they can be supposed to figure as "the largest firm of shipowners in Wales, etc.," is somewhat peculiar, don't you think? On the other hand if the individual size of the steamers is to be taken as a basis for the claim, then, the firm of W. J. Tatem and Co., takes the credit. This firm—albeit a combination of units even as the Radcliffe affair—manages the largest steamers on the Cardiff register, so where, oh, where, does the Washingtonosity of the claim come in? Will you tell us, please, for we are hungering for an elucidation—if it is possible to hunger for such evanescent affairs.

ONE of our young men has suggested that the "largest shipowner" idea comes in as a physical trait, but we have waved him aside in our usually commanding manner. Physically considered, we have an idea that the chief of the Tatem firm could easily knock these latest claimants; while certain members of the Jones firm are by no means insignificant. Indeed, the more we study this matter, the more dubious are we as to where *Western Mail's* claim for "the largest firm of shipowners"

comes in. W. and C. T. Jones have the greatest amount of tonnage under one articles of association; W. J. Tatem and Co., run the biggest individual steamers; both of the parties mentioned are "hefty" people—but here, we can't go on with it. In our straight opinion, the owners of this new *Washington* are merely the managers of the largest group of single-ship steamer companies in Cardiff—which might, or might not be altogether to their credit. A case of you pay your spondulicks, and please yourself. However, as we have already remarked, this steamer was launched on Saturday, last—the descriptive writer in the employ of *Western Mail* says, that "the huge vessel glided out into the waters," which is a nice way of putting it—and "ringing cheers by the vast crowd were sent up."

No, sirs! You are not going to draw us into a consideration as to what ringing cheers are, or are not. Our esteemed contemporary is clear about the matter: declares that the cheers were of the ringing variety: and it is not for us to question the opinions of *Western Mail*. You take that from us! As far as that goes, we are indifferent as to how those same cheers were sent up. The method adopted might have been by wireless telegraphy: the cheers might have been enclosed in envelopes, and fired from a gun: or the mob might have simply hollered (as our American friends would put it). We are not concerned about the cheering episode—it is too beastly common. What we are most troubled about, is the lack of originality which appears to have been displayed in the matter of a souvenir to the fair launcher of *Washington*. The souvenir in question was a silver rose-bowl! Fancy giving a person a silver rose-bowl, in the early part of January! Had the launch come off—that is, had "the huge vessel glided out into the waters"—in June, then, we should let the rose-bowl pass with never a word, one way or the other. But we are conceited enough to think that if we had been consulted, we could have easily worked up a better souvenir than that. What should we have given?

Why a lovely little silver hatchet, of course. That would have been emblematic, if you like? At the same time, we wish that *Washington* all manner of success, "largest firm of shipowners," "glided out into the waters," "silver rose-bowls," and other items notwithstanding. Are we going to treat you to a gentle dissertation of the inherent—or other—beauties of this new steamer? Not us! We consider it altogether unnecessary. As far as our nautical knowledge can size up the matter, she is just an ordinary, knock-about sort of tramp steamer. It is stated that "in many respects, she far exceeds Lloyd's requirements, the weight of the extra material alone being over 100 tons." But even so, what will you? In a fairly extended experience, we do not remember hearing of a single steamer (or a double one, for that matter) that was built right up to the edge of Lloyd's requirements. They always exceed it, by much or little. Say, by a hundred tons or so. But don't overlook the fact about the galley, will you? It is placed "in a position where it secures the maximum amount of light and ventilation, also at the same time to prevent its being flooded in bad weather by rough seas, thus enabling the cook to attend to his duties comfortably under the most adverse conditions." The latter words are surely rude, and wickedly suggestive, don't you think? Adverse conditions, forsooth! But don't imagine—in view of all that piffle about the galley—that *Washington* is to be a floating restaurant. She isn't by any means; but 'tis hard to work up a "leading line," these days. So many bright brains have been in ahead, you know.

To a certain extent, the launching of new steamers may be viewed in the light of an attempt to develop the Empire? Not to a very great extent, we admit, for once the vessels have been built with the money supplied by trusting British investors, they are incontinently given over to our natural enemies—the alien seamen. These latter are precisely the men who are garnering up all kinds of useful information as how best to slit our throats, or otherwise undo us, once the opportunity (for which they are ever seeking) eventuates. We know that it is considered bad form to acknowledge these little points; but then, somebody must take the job in hand; and who better than those who have spent a lifetime among examples of the sickening circumstances? In a lackadaisical manner, would-be mentors intermittently touch upon these little affairs; trot out a hard knock or so in the required direction; and then go home to by-by. Meanwhile, the crowd is more concerned as to the whereabouts of Bill Bailey; of who is going to win "on Saturday;" and paltry affairs of that kind. In the end, there will be no by-by for any of us, and the worst part of the entire business will be, that the majority of us will only have ourselves to blame.

In this connection, a London contemporary has been advising its readers that a British Cato is needed as a spot job. The original gentleman of that name, is represented as having tagged off each of his senatorial yarns with the words, "And furthermore I hold that Carthage must be destroyed." Whether because of Cato's pertinacity, or from other more powerful reason, you all know that Carthage did get jumbled up for a chapel sale; was wiped out: destroyed; put away; what you will; and Rome survived for yet a few years. It was all the same in the long run, for ultimately, Rome petered out. The stock of Catos must have gone, or something terrible happened? Anyhow, there is nobody styled Cato these days—nobody outside a dime museum, or away from "ole Tennessee," that is. It might be a good job—for himself; it might not be. One never knows what might happen to a pertinacious Cato, were he to get off on the destructive lay in these days of humanitarianism-run-mad. In the present era of the world, it is considered as unchristian to smite a rival. He must be courteously received; must be allowed to bring his surplus wares here at impossible figures; while if a few honest patriots see danger in the operation, and dare to say words on the subject—then, those words are said to be a philippic, and the nearest asylum the place most meet for the man.

No, there is room for no Catos around to-day. Free Trade is the shibboleth under which the nation has decided to die: is its swan song: its last word. Meanwhile, reductions in the capitalisation of great companies are the common way out of the difficulty, and nobody seems to care. Electrical schemes to-day, something else to-morrow. As a case in point, consider the happenings at the meeting of the British Westinghouse Company, on Monday, last. The principal item in the talkee-talkee, was the reduction of capital from £3,250,000 to £1,875,000—quite a respectable drop? Naturally, there were varied ideas as to why the losses which necessitated this reduction came about, and quite a number of the good souls interested were keen on tacking the whole misery on to the management. The latter, however, in a quietly impressive manner, showed that the losses were consequent on foreign competition—as it is styled. Really, there is no such thing as foreign competition, for on equal terms, the foreigner couldn't compete with us, "for nuts." But when a Government goes out of its way to handicap its suppliers of income tax,

and, at the same time, makes everything delightfully easy for the aliens who supply no income tax, what are we to expect? One would naturally suppose that Free Trade *v.* Protection had long ago passed out of the argumentative stage—and in favour of Protection.

But no! There are too many dilettante, and stay-at-home "legislators," and talkers, generally, allowed to potter with the question. What is wanted, is a strong man who will alter the suicidal policy at present in vogue, and then sit down to discuss the why and wherefore. As things are at the moment, the discussion is indulged in first, and in the end, it will be useless to alter the existing state. You go to France, and an amiable Customs officer takes away your matches. He assures you that there are plenty of matches *en terre*—and he is right. He also realises that they cost money, and although you have brought plenty with you, the support of the visited country is ever before your guileless eye—so you buy alleged matches in France! In like measure, you act thereafter in every country on earth. You ever find it necessary to "support home industries," travel whithersoever you may. You are not beseechingly prayed to support them in an advertisement emanating from a trading company. Oh, dear, no! The wily foreigner knows better than that. Realises that if the matter is left to your own decision, you will see him hanged before you oblige him. Under the circumstances, then, do you blame him for declaring that if you don't support his home industries, he will see you hanged?

Even if you blame him, the same thing applies. You have to see your own goods put under seal, and new goods of a similar nature must be purchassd from the country which you are favouring with your presence. It is the same everywhere, and Britain alone, gives a free stem in this respect. Having done so, a number of one-ideaed folk assure you that it is all for your own good. Most of them have been hammered in their youth; the parental reason was "I am only licking you for your own good;" the teaching sunk in, and the Free Traders plump that same old "reason" about, in their mature age! Even as in the Westinghouse fiasco—and when a speaker at the meeting suggested that if foreign competition were shut out, success would be with the concern—so is it on practically every other occasion. The British workman may not be as keen as he was. But whose fault is it? Simply the fault of his employers. The latter allow anything in the way of vexatious interference from a number of agitating scallywags (to use their own expressive language); they also stand idly by while the foreigner floods the home markets with cheap substitutes for home-made articles; and in the end, bless you, they will be surprised to find themselves hopelessly beaten! Oh, the pity of it.

Here's a chance for some of you! The poor old *Montagu* is up (or down) for sale, at last. The machinations of the Admiralty, backed up by the "wild west wind" could not unbuild her, so she must be sold as a laying concern. Talk about a chance! Why, its a chance of a lifetime! We are wondering if the Government has been frightened off by the threats of the new purchaser of Lundy Island? Personally, we shouldn't be surprised, for in view of recent examples, we don't believe that it would take a very great deal to frighten off the Government from most things. But what could be done with *Montagu*, providing the title to sell is a good one, and a buyer idiotic enough to risk his money, is to be found? If it were possible to refloat her, she might be roofed over and turned into a—well, say, a temple of varieties. Failing that, she might be run up high and dry, somewhere, and exhibited at a penny a time, as a fearful example of what happens to a lovely battleship, once she becomes tangled up with red tape. Anyhow, if any of our readers are anxious to have a look in, offers are possible up to noon on the 28th. We should smile, and we like the bit about "up to noon." It sort of suggests that quite a number of anxious souls will be competing for the big momento. Still, you who intend to compete, forms of tender, with conditions of sale, legal title, and other odds and ends, may be obtained from the Director of Naval Contracts—who lives in London, we believe.

The Bremen strike is over. The shipowner has successfully fought the skipper and mate. Therefore, for a time, peace reigns supreme. Still, it is only for a time. You see, when you lick a man without convincing him that you are actuated by right and proper motives, you merely knock him out, leaving him as an enemy for future use—or otherwise. This Bremen affair has been ticketted as a "shipowners' triumph," and the legend is ridiculous in the extreme. In this instance, *force majeure* has won. By and bye, the same force will inevitably rest on the presently beaten side. What will then happen, think you? Well, in addition to the redress of the long continued grievances against which the men jibbed, there will be the remembrance of the brutal conduct to wipe out. We are assured that the owners have made several attempts to crush the officers' association "on the ground that it is derogatory to the profession for a third party to intervene between them." Can calm impertinence farther go? If combination is really derogatory, why in thunder do the owners fake up associations of their own? Germany has its owners' unions—even if you give them another name. The same thing applies here. This country is cursed with a Shipping Federation, with multitudes of shipowners' associations, and societies for mutual protection, *ad lib.* Of course, a bad excuse is better than none. One of these odd afternoons, no excuse will be available. When that time comes—and it isn't far off—we shall be treated to all manner of croakings and groanings.

The Admiralty is still busy with its attempt to wetnurse the Mercantile Marine in time of war, and with this end in view, another "Notice to Mariners" has recently been issued by the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty. The "notice" in question would take up too much of our space, and for the matter of that, its reproduction is altogether unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that it covers all the ground usually affected by these amiable little bits of printing; also that it will be a splendid thing for the country—providing war never materialises! Briefly summed up, the "precautions" take the form of working up an embargo on certain ports the world over, and if a merchantman dares to enter either of those ports before being duly passed by an "examination officer," then, that merchantman carries on at his own peril. No wonder the sea has ceased to be attractive to the youth of the nation! Of old, the dangers were real enough, either in peace or war. There was always the fear of fire, strandings and collisions; capture, chokee, and cussing. There is an additional danger now—the examination officer! Great Scott! We are glad that our sea time is finished, and that's a fact.

+ + +

Jakes.—Empire Day be jiggered! Yes, we saw the piff-niff referred to. But what will you, if such stuff is put in to represent the working man? More, by'nbye.

THE DEAL BOATMEN.

FOR some time past, this subject has occupied much public attention, having been started, we believe, by that friend of the sailorman, Mr. W. Clark Russell, and in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. For our part, we should have thought that the able manner in which Mr. Clark Russell defended his humble friends, would have been conclusive, and that this genuine grievance would have been rectified, at once. That such rectification has not come about, is evident from the continued correspondence on the subject, and which is progressing in the columns of a London shipping contemporary.

THAT our readers may have no excuse for a lack of appreciation of the gravity of the matter, we will briefly review the situation as it obtains at present. It has become the fashion with Trinity House to move slowly in its efforts to bring its hoary administration up to modern requirements. Why this should be, is surely among the things which no fellah can understand, for when all is said, it is blessed with enough and to spare of money—gathered, in the main, from the shipowner; it is also supposed to be favoured with any quantity of talent.

MONEY, and talent notwithstanding, Trinity House has been known to move in most peculiar ways, and possibly one of its most peculiar rovings has been in the arbitrary supply of steam pilot boats. Now, there is no getting away from the fact that there are places around our coasts, where a steam vessel is a praiseworthy institution—albeit a most expensive one. We have no fault to find with the steam vessel which operates at Swansea, for instance, although opinions vary as to its necessity. The same thing applies at other ports in the country, and opinions are not only varied thereon, for they are inclined to the rancorous side of the hedge.

GENERALLY speaking, a steam vessel has been considered as essential at most ports, in view of the rush of modern days, and the increasing demand for quick despatch. But after all, does a steam pilot vessel tend altogether for despatch? We have our doubts, and we are by no means alone therein. Numberless seafarers rightly opine that a stationary steam pilot vessel is merely a premium on laziness; that simply because its people realise that it possesses a perpetual fair wind, they are inclined to be careless: to wax slack in their efforts; and to ease an occasional twinge of conscience with the thought, "Oh, hang it! We can easily pick him up—when we see him"—the "him" being the pilot.

BUT whichsoever argument is adduced by the man in the street, the Trinity House, as a national undertaking, should act solely in that nation's best interests. In other words, the least of two evils should be accepted, and the nation's best interests thereby protected. This brings us to a consideration of the establishment of a steam pilot vessel at Dover. Granting—for argument's sake—that there is a necessity for a time-saving dodge in the landing of outward-bound pilots, let us consider the facts of the case as they really stand. Never mind bothering with tradition. We'll confine ourselves to actual fact.

IN doing so, we have no intention of harking back into the dim vistas of the past, for the purpose of collecting statements of the heroic deeds performed by dead generations of Deal boatmen. The world is sufficiently aware of the important part played by these men in the making of Empire, and although their lives may be humble in the extreme, we unhesitatingly declare that their work is of more use to the nation, than would be a dozen steam pilot vessels stationed anywhere around the coast. Indeed, we have no intention of entering into a discussion as to whether the steam pilot boat is of greater use than a galley-punt or the reverse. We rather intend to consider the position from a purely practical point of view—the only point which is useful with a nation which affects a maritime supremacy.

WITH this intention uppermost, we will give our readers a choice of two courses. Courses which might confront them at any moment, be they seagoing, or merely of the 'longshore persuasion. It will be admitted that the Briton of to-day, is an ocean traveller of no mean order. He is always "at it," either in anticipation, or retrospectively. Furthermore, his voyagings often take him past the dreaded Goodwins—dreaded no less to-day, than they were a thousand years ago. We have not advanced into the nautical millennium—a time when tail shafts will not break, and when fogs will not play havoc with careful nautical computations.

UNDER those circumstances, then, it naturally follows that it is well on the cards that many of us might easily find ourselves in a disabled condition, with those hated Goodwins under our lee? Of course, it is, and never an one of us will deny the soft impeachment. Supposing then, that the suggested condition should materialise—it did to ourselves, on one occasion—and our "gallant (but hopelessly helpless) barque" should ultimately find herself upon the "shivering sands." Such accidents will happen in the future, even as they have done in the past, and what are you going to do under the new regime? Would you rather have a knowledge that there is a "toney" steam pilot vessel stationed at Dover—a vessel which, as far as you and your life is concerned, might as well be at Shanghai—or would it cause your pulse to beat in a more healthful manner, if you could hear the cheerful assurances of a few of those Deal boatmen? Assurances that would buck up your failing spirits, and put a bit more of pluck in your nearly-beaten soul?

THERE is no need for us to ask which you—as a derelict human being—would prefer. In the presence of the Deal boatmen you would bless the forethought which made them possible; in their absence, you would anathematise the smug pilot vessel which had made those Deal boatmen impossible. For—and this is where the true significance comes in—you cannot have the steam pilot vessel and the Deal boatmen. One of the sides must go. Which shall it be? Will you allow the comparatively unnecessary steamer to strangle the precarious living which, heretofore, has been vouchsafed to the boatmen; or will you throw in your lot in the crusade, by moving public opinion against this latest action of Trinity House?

NEVER mind disputing as to whether the Trinity House has been actuated by the best of intentions in this connection; whether there is a need for greater despatch in the landing of pilots; or whether the shipowner will be better served. Either of those arguments are capable of almost indefinite extension, and meanwhile, the situation is lost. Therefore, which shall it be: Deal boatmen and help when you are distressed and in sore need thereof; or a "toney" steam pilot vessel about which you, personally, are never likely to care twopence? You see, this is an instance of where there may be two evils. Which do you consider the least? Can there be any doubt about it? If there is, and you plump for the steamer, then, may you keep clear of a sea-voyage, in which case only, will you never miss the boatmen who must "pass" if the steamer is kept on her station.

IN conclusion, let us ask what underwriters think of this new break? Are they satisfied to sit and fiddle while their Rome burns; or will they rather arise and say, in no uncertain terms, that of the two evils the country must have the least? That if the much-talked-of despatch is slightly less in evidence, the salvage of property will be more—as long as Deal boatmen are protected. National saviours waste a quantity of effort in the protection of game and wild birds; haven't they a word for those who are of infinitely more value to the State—the Deal Boatmen?

The Maritime
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1907.

SOME MARINE ENGINEERING.

THAT truth is stranger than fiction has passed into a truism—so often have the words been uttered or written—cannot be gainsaid. Precisely where the strangeness comes in, has never been definitely decided. One half of the human race is inclined to believe that the strangeness of truth is consequent on its scarcity, while the other half is certain that genuine veracity contains more tremors to the square inch, than fiction carries to the mile. All this is as may be, for you pay your money, and you take your choice. Personally, we have no opinion on the matter—for publication! At the same time, we are about to write of an instance in which the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, appears; and if, after perusal, you are not inclined to admit that our truthful tale is strange, then, we should like to hear of it. We will admit, at once, that in addition to truth, there is a most unusual quantity of coincidence in the happenings which we are about to relate; there is also an amount of genuine smartness on the part of a couple of our engineering friends. But let us begin at the beginning, in which case, we shall state that the *Madura* is a steamer of some 4,484 gross registered tons, and, as such, may hardly be classed among the picayunes even in the present day of big nautical notions? She belongs to the Glasgow Navigation Company, Limited, (Messrs. Maclay and McIntyre, Managers); was commanded by Captain F. Kerr; and her chief engineer was (and is, we believe) a Mr. Stewart, who exemplified the fact that he was no slouch at his business. Very well. When *Madura* was some 1,700 miles from anywhere in particular—which is to say, she was that distance from a decent port—she encountered a set-back which convinced her officers and crew, that accidents will happen on the best-managed steamers. You see—or will see, presently—that steamer's intermediate propeller shaft broke, and did sundry damage to the interior portions of the shaft tunnel. Now, a steamer with a broken shaft isn't of much present use, whatsoever her potentialities might be at a future date. And Mr. Stewart realised this essential fact at once. Realising it, he shaped out a line of action which deserves the greatest praise. This is where the first coincidence came in—after the chief had thought it up! The fracture in the shaft was of such a peculiar character, that it formed a sort of dovetail—only there was nothing with which to secure it! Nothing at first, that is, although when the chief's thinking had simmered down a bit, there was just the "something" which was required. *Madura* was tripled—in the engine-room—so the engineer opined that if he were to take off the intermediate connecting rod, hang up its piston, and thus turn his job into a compound affair, he could then use the spare bottom-end brasses as a kind of clamp for his fractured shaft. Having opined thus, it didn't take him long—with the assistance rendered by his willing staff—to carry it out, and in the proverbial brace of shakes, that clamp was fixed to the fracture, the nuts were yanked up into a business tightness, and *Madura* started away under her own steam. You will remember that she had a journey approximating into some 1,700 miles in front of her, and the excellence of the chief's workmanship will be appreciated, when we assure you that she covered the distance at an average rate of five knots per hour, arriving at Fremantle, Western Australia, on May 6, 1906. Needless to say, the executive of *Madura* shook hands with each other on arrival at the Australian port, and in the absence of another coincidence, matters were shaping for a long delay at Fremantle. The Australian port is not overburdened with engineering facilities. Anyhow, new intermediate shafts for 4,484-tons steamers are not yet possible there, and the outlook was anything but roseate-hued. This is where the next coincidence eventuated. One fine day, another steamer of the same company turned into Fremantle, although, in the ordinary run of business, she had no manner of right anywhere near the port. But the sister ship's bunkers had petered out, and as it was a case of any port in a storm, Fremantle was as good (for bunkering purposes) as any other place. We can quite understand that the chief of "sister," was surprised to find *Madura* in ahead of him, and we have no particle of doubt that he told his colleague so. Later on, the two mechanical gentlemen appeared to have compared notes, and for the credit of the cloth, the notes took the form of getting the owner (and underwriter) out of a most unsatisfactory situation. Here came in another very great coincidence. We have an idea that not many of our nautical readers have ever sailed on a steamer blessed with a spare thrust shaft? A lengthy spell at sea failed to put us in company with such an article of marine engineering utility, although spare tail shafts are fairly common. Anyhow, "sister" was carrying about a spare thrust shaft; it was of but little immediate use to her; would *Madura* find a use for it—on a push? Come we now to another coincidence. Granting the presence of a spare thrust shaft, you will probably admit that the betting was very long as to whether it would be worth twopence ha'penny to *Madura* as an intermediate length of shafting? This was quite the biggest coincidence of all! For on carefully measuring the spare shaft, and to the unbounded joy of all concerned (if, perhaps, we except the Fremantle engineer who fondly hoped to fettle off the *Madura* when her new shaft had arrived?), it fitted exactly as to length, while its coupling holes were an exact counterpart of those existing on the *Madura* shafting which was not fractured! Here then, and thanks to this almost unprecedented range of coincidental happening, was a way out of the embroglio! It didn't take very long to transfer that spare thrust shaft to the broken-down steamer, you may be sure. Neither were the talent long in getting it into place, and re-converting the erstwhile compound engine into its original triple-expansion form. This being done, the good steamer waggled away from Fremantle, and if her new "intermediate shaft" was the reverse of being a beauty, you may take it from us that it was a joy for quite a while. Right up to December, 1906, in point of fact, for that was the month in which *Madura* entered the Barry Graving Docks and Engineering Company's premises, for the purpose of receiving an intermediate shaft which, while being of but little more service, was yet more ship-shape and Barry fashion! In other words, the repairs effected by Mr. Stewart at Fremantle, in May, continued of A1 service up to December in the same year. If any more eulogy is needed than this, we are disappointed. For our part, we emphatically say that no further praise is required, and if the underwriters didn't make Mr. Stewart a nice little acknowledgment for his eminent services, they jolly well ought to have. At the same time, don't overlook the coincidences, please, and not overlooking them, be good enough to remember that, in deed, is truth stranger than fiction. In a story book, such an occurrence would be laughed to scorn. Yet, it all really transpired as stated, and that is exactly why we have written the matter up for your perusal.

More About that "Congestion."

IN our last week's issue, we passed certain strictures on the good souls who, from the possible possession of a little too much spare time (again consequent on the late holidays?), undertook to give the world a few of their weighty opinions on the question of alleged "congestion" at the local docks. Some of our friends have been good enough to remark that those strictures were altogether necessary; that those possibly misguided folk who, in season and out, attempt to belittle the district whence they derive a livelihood, deserve some straight talk; but that we didn't go quite far enough in our remarks.

IN other words, we are assured that as the only genuinely shipping journal extant, it is our bounden duty, not only to chide those would-be smirchers of Cardiff's fair fame: but to go into the matter of the facilities which abound in the local docks, and which have placed the Port of Cardiff right in the front row of coal-handling seaports. At first, we were disinclined to further pursue the theme. We considered that Cardiff's superiority was well-enough established, to successfully withstand the jabberings of any number of seekers for a little brief notoriety.

HOWEVER, as a number of our friends think otherwise, and as our mission is to please where possible, we might as well go into the matter with a free and happy mind, even as we reproduce a picture or so dealing with the facilities which abound here, and which—at any time, bar those brought on by panic or other abnormal conditions—will keep the good old port in front of all presuming rivals. As a commencement, we give you a representation of a group of Lewis-Hunter Coaling Cranes—appliances with which the Bute Docks abound.

WHAT is the record for these cranes, think you? Well, one of the cranes has shown its capabilities, by shipping

LEWIS-HUNTER COALING CRANES.

330 tons of coal in one hour, and has shipped it in such an eminently satisfactory manner, that its selling value has been increased above that ruling for other methods, by one shilling per ton, on account of the absence of breakage in this style of shipment. Indeed, so much are these cranes appreciated, that not so long ago, an influential deputation of coal shippers waited upon the management of the Cardiff Railway Company, for the purpose of persuading them to supply none but Lewis-Hunter cranes in the New South Dock.

GOING further with these cranes, and their ability to wipe off all congestion—real or assumed—we might state that in eleven hours, and into one vessel, no less than 6,715 tons have been tipped! Not much chance for a "congestion," here, is there? Of course, we quite realise that if those cranes were capable of shipping thrice the number of tons which presently applies, some well meaning (but

woefully misguided?) reformer would be in evidence with a customary growl. You know, you cannot possibly satisfy some people, and if you only allow them to get away with it, they would develop enough gall to growl at St. Peter, for not opening the pearly gates a bit more spry—when the end has come!

For that reason, we endeavour to round those people up a bit, while here on earth. We should hate to think that a one-time Cardiffian would bring discredit on the old city, by developing enough impertinence to admit of his growling at St. Peter. Mind you, business people will take but little notice of these nonsensical growlers. Business people know better. But when a thing is printed in a penny paper, and a crowd of unthinking humans get hold of it—well, that is how a number of hi-tiddley-hi-ti yarns receive currency. If we were all business folk, it wouldn't matter a bit?

Next, in the way of illustration, is a group of the movable tips which are situated at Barry Docks. At the moment of writing, we haven't the record amount shipped at

A Battery of Movable Tips at Barry Dock.

Barry. At the same time, we remember that it is a goodly one, and by no means disgraces the proprietors of the docks. You know, with those movable cranes, it is fairly easy to load a vessel at three hatches simultaneously, and when this occurs, you can easily see that she will drop into the brine in short order? Anyhow, the loading is precisely the sort which is calculated to knock chips off any old congestion idea.

Of course, our "congesting" friends included Barry in the port of Cardiff, and thus, unwittingly provided an additional smile for the capable folk who are attending to these little matters. As we remarked last week, no sane man provides facilities for abnormal conditions, seeing that these amble along but once or twice in a year. Furthermore, if abnormal facilities were supplied, ultimate bankruptcy would indubitably follow, and then a congestion would be more than a mere, empty (and piffley), claim.

But some people do need an awful amount of explanation, don't they? They will not recognise the obvious, be it ever so protuberant! Why, one of our friends actually wishes to know why we advised Mr. Cooke—Mr. H. W. Cooke (Elder, Dempster and Co.) you understand—to show our offer to Sir Alfred! Now, isn't Sir Alfred Jones the present head of Elder, Dempster and Co.? Hasn't he been "manned-and-mapped" in an alleged shipping contemporary until he ought to have developed a smug belief in his own superiority? Isn't he the Banana King? Doesn't he pose as the Great Imperialist? The West African's White Chief—and several other items, including earthquake reporter?

Of course, he does! He also figures as Mr. Cooke's boss, for on a certain memorable occasion we noted in the latter's private sanctum (the place where the congestion letters were perpetrated?), a letter file devoted entirely to "Sir Alfred Jones." It was at a time when the title had hardly had time to dry on the "patent of nobility," too. Under all these distressing items, is it essential for us to explain why we advised his local "Man Friday" to show our last week's offer? Don't be silly, you inquiring friend of ours. Take our strictures as essential, and if you cannot see the hidden subtleties thereof, don't—please don't—start writing us on the subject.

Writing us about past issues, makes us quite ratty. Almost as ratty as the piffle which is thrown around with intent to belittle the port where the piffler is earning a living which should put him wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Don't give us any more of those "congested" tales, an' you love us. When next the symptoms are *en evidence*, may we be permitted to remind you of the exceeding blessings that are derivable from a course of cascara segrada—another touch of the Elder, Dempster goodness in that it is a School of Tropical Medicine touch! Failing cascara, of course, common Epsom Salts—the sort supplied to the sailors and firemen on "our ships"—may be considered as possessing potentialities for genuine congestions. But, lor', how we do run on, to be sure!

FAIRY TALES.

UNDER this heading, last week, we eased our minds of quite a number of little items which had been bothering us, and now, a gathering of friends have emulated one Oliver Twist as ever was, by asking for more! Will we give them some more of the fairy tales? Are we willing to oblige a circle of friends who greatly admire us? Will we add a little bit of metaphorical sunshine to an otherwise sombre-hued world? In short, will we continue in this rôle of a friend in need?

WILL we? Rather! When a number of friends appeal to us in either of the styles written in the preceding paragraph, then, you may count on us, every time. Our mission in life is to oblige those who will be obliged—and that, for this time only, isn't a fairy tale. On the contrary, rather, for it is the solid truth, and please let the fact be remembered to our credit. One inquiring gentleman asks us if we know any tales concerning income tax men—and we smile!

You see, it's like this: Good King Wenceslaus has given over looking down on mankind—in an obtrusive manner, that is to say—so the income tax man has entered the field "on his own." Some good souls imagine they pay taxes so that, *inter alia*, they may supply the wherewithal for the employment of tax gatherers who will work on business lines. Of course, that is one of the greatest fairy tales of modern times. At this late era of the Empire, nobody ought to expect anything appertaining to business, from, say, an income tax man?

WHY, we know of one instance where no less than seven beautiful forms were wasted on one man, and about one income! This, too, regardless of the fact that he had filled in the first one to hand, in the manner provided by the statute—don't they say? Come to think of it, you must agree with us that it is no longer a wonder as to why income tax is kept up at war rates. The exponents of that same tax waste so much of our united monies, that we often wonder how much of each sovereign ultimately goes for the legitimate expenses of Empire?

Do you believe that out of every quidlet collected, more than half of it eventually goes into the Treasury, for purposes other than liquidating the expenses of the gathering clan? We don't, anyhow—in view of the scandalous waste in this connection, which has come under our own consideration. We were told—a while ago—that with the advent of a new Government, all these leakages were by way of remedy. We felt at the time, that it was a fairy tale. Now, we know it was, for again judging from personal observation, the waste is greater than ever. The affair will continue in the fairy tale line, too, until some really intelligent members of the community are placed in the receipt of custom.

HERE is another fairy tale. Some would-be knowing ones aver that in future, the job of collecting taxes is to be shared out to everybody. That no one man may be allowed to continue in office for longer than three years at a run. And that by this means, some of the tax collectors will have an opportunity of going outside the Government offices, so that they may put up a portion of the expenses of Empire, with their own individual earnings—instead of allocating a small portion of your and our earnings on the old, sweet, happy methods which have hitherto prevailed. But don't you believe it. It's a fairy tale.

P. AND O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."

COMMANDER'S ROOM.

WHY do we say it is a fairy tale? Well, in our travels around this world, we have ambled against a goodly number of men who have occupied various positions. We have heard fellow workmen assure us that they have, in turn, practiced at nearly every job on earth—bar tax collecting. We never yet met a one-time tax collector engaged on any other work. This surely means that, once an income tax man, always an income tax man—and this distribution of things isn't fair? Why should one family keep the spoils to themselves—ultimately, leaving on a pension made up from ourselves—when there are any number of deserving brother citizens acting as unemployed?

SOMEHOW or other, we could keep on to that income tax collection for quite a while and mainly because we know that our suffering non-tax-collecting confreres must have been treated to some of the impertinences emanating from these Jacks-in-office. Who is there among you, but has received all manner of "try-on" dodges, after you have honestly declared your total income from all sources? Dodges which attempt to tangle you up with a number of would-be wily suggestions that you have overlooked this, that, or the other item? But let us get away from this consideration of events; or we shall give away the title which appears above this writing. We deal with fairy tales, here. That a re-organisation in the Inland Revenue appointments is necessary, is no sort of fairy tale. It is the truth!

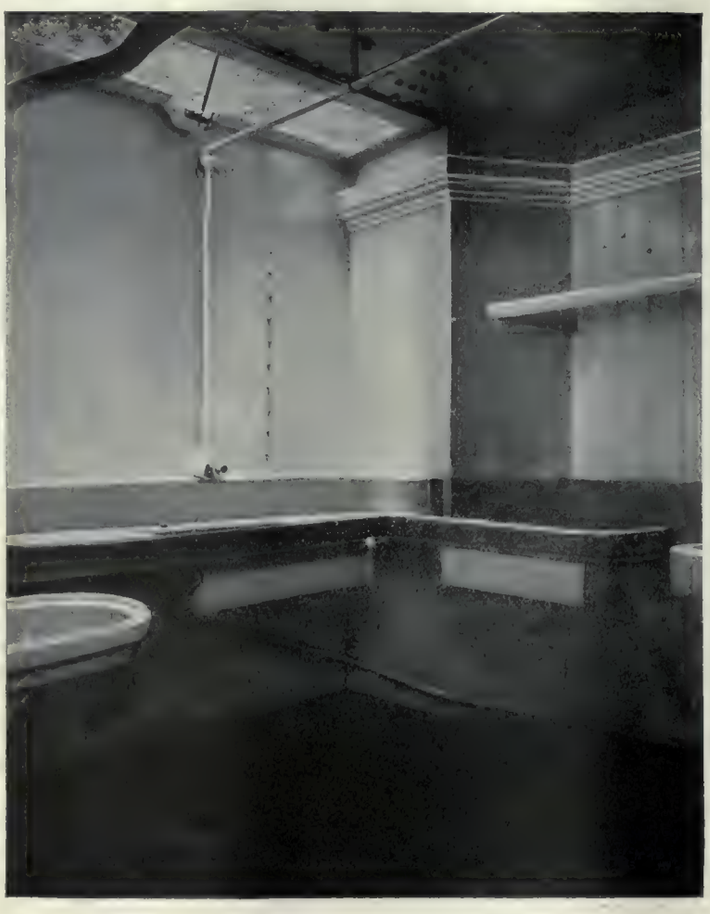
BUT here is a good bit! A would-be wag has assured us that the coaches on a local suburban railway are going to be cleaned up, nicely; that the glass—in the windows—is to be cleaned; and that if you are prodigal enough to indulge in a first-class ticket, you will be enabled to make a journey without risking the pristine beauties of that lovely spring overcoat which you have squeezed out of what was left after paying the income tax already referred to. This will especially happen if you are bound to Penarth. Personally, we have our doubts about that assurance. Seem to recognise it as a dear old friend—of the fairy tale order!

WHILE writing of railways and things like that, we might as well state that information coming our way, assures us that the passenger trains running from Penarth to Cardiff Docks, are, in future, to be kept for that section of line, only. That never again will they be sent up to the dirty old hills, so that the beauties of the upholstering which, at one time, was new and bright, may be spoiled. For the credit of the district, we sincerely hope that our information is correct. But long residence in this very indifferent world has made us cautious. We shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that the whole yarn is just that. Is a fairy tale, and that the coaches in future, will be quite as questionable—from a sanitary standpoint—as they have been in the past.

FROM railways to coal offices isn't a far jump, and mainly because the railways could not exist without a coal supply. Anyhow, our financial expert assures us that some of the never-pay-a-dividend concerns have been converted. Have grown tired of sending out piffley regrets, and hopes for a brighter future. Have decided to give over working the "fault" excuse. And intend to pay a bumping big dividend over the present year. But the whole thing is a pure fairy tale. A sort of New Year's resolution thing. Nothing will come of it, you'll find, and chiefly because the managers of some of those never-never concerns are merely part-timers.

WHAT do we mean by part-timers? Fancy you not knowing the significance of the term! Well, well! A part-timer is a man who, while being paid to devote the whole of his energies to a specific work, is yet to be found practicing as a "partner" to this, that, or the other undertaking of doubtful utility. Needless to say, and in view of the words of the prophet, he who attempts to sit between two stools is bound to come to the ground. The worst feature in the business is, that not only does he come to the ground, for he indubitably brings the concerns for which he is part-timing. Hence the never-pay-a-dividend—which is no fairy tale.

P. & O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS."



PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY.

"OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC"—NEW STYLE!

IN a weak moment, and on page 139 of our last week's issue, we asked if some of our admiring friends would send us along a complete copy of that peculiarly constructed bundle of nonsense styled "Guild Gazette." On this occasion, we must beg you not to send us along any more of 'em. We merely hankered for one—not one hundred; and let the fact not be forgotten, please. Divesting one of the copies to hand of its wrapper, we prepare for a joyous read, and the very first words therein gars us rename that "gazette."

WHAT are those words? Here! Scan them, gentle friends, and having done so, be good enough to say whether the compiler thereof hasn't donned the prophet's mantle: "As the end of 1906 draws nigh, and the dawn of a new year approaches, it is as if mankind were nearing the conclusion of its annual worldly struggle (annual worldly struggle is good ?), not only for existence, but for prosperity and ascendency." Don't pass rude remarks, please, for that piffle is only meant for the gallery boys. Educated seafarers would rather read "not only for prosperity and ascendency, but for existence?"

STILL, you need not expect much education—or help—from the good souls who eke out their "journal" with piffley statements, rank untruths, or purposely misleading suggestions. Let us explain. On page 20 of this "almanach de goat-a," and in connection with Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, we read that "Little seems to be heard of the Cardiffian enterprise to which we alluded in our last." Now putting the matter out in plain words, is the S.E.A. to be blamed for any deafness which might hang around Lord Street, Liverpool? Why not buy new aural-helps?

THAT Association—as already explained—is not in existence for the purpose of attempting a deaf-cure for the wire-pullers of the guild! Not at all, for its sole reason of existence is to attempt the amelioration which that same guild has promised for the past fourteen years—there or thereabout—and which amelioration appears to be as far off at present, as it ever was. But, although guild appears to imagine that abuse is argument, it is in reality, nothing at all of the sort, and most of our sea-going friends will have heard of that old saw which advises, "When you have no case, cuss?"

THIS being so, let us give you another quotation—one which should convince you that Satan might yet reprove sin: "Then, again, a very favourite trick in bringing, or rather endeavouring to bring, a business or a society into disrepute, was used by the promoter (of S.E.A.) . . . with just sufficient innuendo of wrongful motives to avoid the law courts." Thus "Guild Gazette," and immediately following a bare-faced untruth which, if we were built on the same malicious lines, would have brought "old Moore," himself, into the law courts. But as we do not seriously consider the guild as presently constructed, we have no thought of law courts—lies from the push, notwithstanding. What was the untruth? Read on.

"It is not only Engineers and Officers, but uncertificated Officers, who may join by paying an entrance fee of 5s., and a subscription of 30s." If guild had sufficient business acumen to admit of its scanning a copy of S.E.A.'s registered Articles of Association—we believe you may see them on payment of a shilling—it would have realised that it was putting its gentle trilbies inside the meshes of legal procedure, by printing these low-down tales. But, bless you, the less said about guild's business acumen the better. Personally, we don't believe it has very much to write about, or the certificated officer would now be in better case.

HOWEVER, there is yet another lie in "Guild Gazette. It runs as: "What strikes us as curious is that out of the seven gentlemen who subscribed their names to the articles of registration no fewer than six hailed from the Clyde quarter." Why did it strike "us" as curious, anyhow? Where has "us" been getting its "information," gadzooks? We do not wish to bring this "business or a society into disrepute," and mainly because we frankly believe that it has had enough of that stuff around it without any help from us. At the same time, we do wish to pin every bare-faced untruth to the deck, and thus we advise our friends (who are increasing rapidly) that instead of "out of the seven gentlemen who subscribed their names to the articles of registration no fewer than six hailed from the Clyde quarter," *there is never a Clyde man among them*, for the whole seven reside in the Cardiff quarter!

How do you account for this, guild? We have tallied your piffle out as untruths, but some of our stalwarts stigmatise them as rank lies. What have you to say to it? And aren't you glad to note that we have more forbearance where law courts are concerned, than the amount which is expressed by yourselves? Take our tip guild. Go slow, in future, or S.E.A. might round you up in a manner which will bring about your downfall quicker than quick.

UNDER the circumstances, therefore, we have an idea that it will pay you to "play the game," in which case you will admit that you haven't unduly shone in thus spreading around a number of baseless (though base) untruths. One other item, guild, and we shall let you rest for this occasion (you see, we have any amount of time to give you a rounding up, as the weeks roll on). We happen to know that, in your earnest endeavour to "play the game," you have lied to at least one newspaper editor, as well as to a private gentleman whose life has been spent in an endeavour to uplift the profession which you affect to help—at so much per annum. What was the other lie?

WELL, we are tired of quoting the twaddle emanating from this "combination of gentlemen," so we'll put it in our own words, which will be ever so much more grammatical, and to the point. This precious "guild" wrote to the parties indicated, that S.E.A. was simply a trades union undertaking, and affected to quote a clause from a phantom articles of association in support of its claim. In our opinion, that quotation was another malicious libel, for nothing could be farther from the truth. The S.E.A. never was, and while its present Managing Committee is in office, never will be in the slightest degree trades uniony. Moreover, the alleged quotation forwarded by "old Moore," never appeared in S.E.A.'s Articles of Association, as he might have easily seen, had he honesty enough to send a minion to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

THAT the "gentleman" did nothing of the kind, we feel sure, for we are not going to believe that even the salaried official of a rival combination of "gentlemen," would so far forget himself as to publish statements which he knew were untrue. For this reason, the law has not been appealed to. But if, after this explanation, there is any more of it Mr. Moore, then, we shall be reluctantly compelled to give you a practical illustration of what the words "play the game," really mean. Take a well-meaning bit of advice, old (and young) Moore. Don't unnecessarily risk the funds of the guild, in an ill-advised attempt to put off the evil day which is gathering around you. You have had your chance. Some of us believe that you have abused it. Meanwhile, we might offer you other bits of advice as time passes. In our opinion you sadly need it.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *January 16, 1907.*

WITH satisfaction do we write that business in the local staple over the past week has continued active, and the prevailing conditions therein, are about on a par with those that were in evidence at our last time of writing. Under these conditions, then, it is but natural to suppose that firmness is in all departments; that the selling side of the undertaking is in a proud state of excitement; and that the would-be buyer is certain that the world is all awry, and things of that sort.

THE suggested firmness too, is not merely a paper term, for in quite a number of instances, prices—in sympathy with the seller and his desires for something better—have gone up. True, the rise is in no manner phenomenal. Merely to the extent of sixpence per ton. But even so, what will you? A sixpenny rise is something, in these days of cutting of prices. Besides, a number of the would-be knowledgeable ones were certain that results would be all the other way; that prices would slump—once the holiday rush had been cleared off.

YES, prices have raised on paper. They have also been obtained on 'Change—which is considerably more reassuring? Indeed, at the time of writing, the increased demand in all quarters, justifies the belief that upward will continue as the tendency, for a time, at least. The seller has quite the whip-end of the deal, so to put it, and as coal supplies are anything but plentiful, he is likely to continue in this happy state.

OF course, our friend the buyer, is sure that the seller is a most unreasonable sample of humanity. Otherwise, he would go on, even as did some of his predecessors, and give the commodity away—a wickedness which cannot be aimed at the seller of the moment; no, nor laid at his business door. With scarcely an exception, collieries are extremely busy, and as their stems are likely to keep them so for some little time ahead, it is difficult to say when the gentle buyer will get a look in on terms which appeal favourably to himself.

AS a matter of fact, there is such a scarcity of coal on hand, that the buyer quite realises the hopelessness of his protestations. He must have the stuff for where he has remained uncovered; seller knows that if one doesn't purchase, another will; so what is likely to be the result? Simply that the prices, at first, merely harden; later, they rise—and then is there weeping and gnashing of artificial teeth!

IN the matter of prompt coal, these are surely at a premium, and mainly because there is little of this sample to be had, either for love, or money. Under the circumstances therefore, you may easily decide that the month of January—bar future accidents, earthquakes, and the like—will be a record time in 1907. Especially when you are assured that tonnage supplies continue beautifully plentiful, and consequently, contribute to the activity which we have already mentioned.

YES, collieries are regularly employed; loading berths in the local docks are in a similar condition; clockwork precision continues everywhere; and prices are on the boom. For actual figures in the various grades, we must refer you to the subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 1½d.	14s. 1½d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 1½d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.
Seconds ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	25s. 0d., 26s. 0d.	25s. 6d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.	26s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *January 16, 1907.*

THERE is but little change to be recorded in the state of the market in this quarter, since our last. Certainly, nothing in a downward direction, but rather the contrary, as the recent firmness is still very largely in evidence—in fact, there is rather more of it. Collieries continue in the enjoyment of full stems, and, moreover, there has been no abatement in the demand. As this has been general, prices naturally have been easily maintained.

NOT only maintained, for they have improved, and especially for anything that is required at an early date. Supplies of coal for this period are becoming very limited indeed. Hence the Seller is in a position to command increased prices. This state of affairs is also making the forward market in this individual's favour, and that the prevailing figures will be upheld for some little time, there is but little reason to doubt.

ANTHRACITE COALS keep busy, but transactions have not been numerous. This, not by reason of any absence of demand, because there is any amount of it, but rather the fact that coals are too scarce to permit of many transactions resulting immediately. Quotations for these qualities are higher than those of the preceding week, by 3d. to 6d. per ton. In the other sections of the trade there is no weakness; in fact the market for all qualities is good, and sellers are obtaining their quotations. CULM is by no means equal to the request for it, and 6s. 6d. is the forward idea.

STEAMS are very firm all round, and an improvement is also noticeable hereaway, as also in PATENT FUELS.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 9d.	21s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s 6d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending January 16, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Hong Kong, *River Clyde*, 3,300 tons, 13s. 9d. (Admiralty)
Carlton, 5,700 tons, 13s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Aden, *Lismore*, 8s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate. *Holgate*, 3,100 tons, 14s.
Dovedale, 13s. 9d.
Ruppera, 5,800 tons, 13s. 6d.
Hampton, 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Hampshire, 3,600 tons, 13s. 5d.
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 13s. 9d.
Starcross, 3,100 tons, 13s. option Rio, 14s. ppt.
Parana, 13s 6d.
Buenos Ayres, *Chevuot Range*, 4,700 tons, 13s. 9d. optn Monte Video, 13s. 3d.
Florence Pile, 4,000 tons, 13s.
Andar, 4,700 tons, 13s. 6d. (N).
Northwaite, 5,000 tons, 13s. 6d. option La Plata, (N).
Campana Villa Constitucion, *Ariadne*, 14s., option Rosario, 14s. 6d.
Teneriffe, *Venus*, 4,000 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bentala, 4,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
La Plata, Steamer, 4,800/5,000 tons, 13s. 3d. 250, 8d. (N).
Bahia Blanca, *Glamorgan*, 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Las Palmas Madeira, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bahia or Pernambuco, Two Steamers, about 5,000 tons, 14s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, about 5,000 tons, 14s. option Santos, 16s.
Northfield, 3,600 tons, 14s.
Madeira, *Santa Cruz*, 1,450 tons, 6s. 9d.
Colastine, *Rockabill*, 2,700 tons, 15s. 150.
Cape Verdes, *Westlands*, 4,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Para, *Brantingham, or sub.*, 3,000 tons, 13s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Aranda*, 2,900 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).
Hanley, 4,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
King David, 5,000 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Genoa, *Carnesk*, 2,800 tons, 7s. 350.
Maramar, 3,500 tons, 7s. (N).
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Pendennis, 3,600 tons, 7s. option Savona.
Steamer, 3,400 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Blakemoor, 5,100 tons, 7s.
Deipara, 2,800 tons, 7s. (P.T.)
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Biak Bat, 2,800 tons, 7s. 3d. option Savona or Spezzia, (s).
Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7s.
Sceptre, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Cara, 3,400 tons, 6s. 8d.
Alexandria, *Evangeline*, 4,900 tons, 6s. 9d.
Norfolk Range, 5,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Etonian, 5,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Columba, 5,100 tons, 6s. 8½d.
Penlee, 5,900 tons, 6s. 3d.
Marseilles, *George M. Embiricos*, 5,500 tons, 7 fcs.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7 fcs.
Dolcoath, 1,950 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Steamer, 1,450 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7·50 fcs. (s).
Algiers, *Kortenger*, 2,800 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Divina, 2,800 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Porthowel, 2,300 tons, 6·25 fcs. (N).
Henry Furst, 2,400 tons, 7·50 fcs. fuel (N. S.)
Venice, *Dulverton*, 6,500 tons, 7s. 6d. option Ancona.
Gisella Groedel, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d. ,, ,,
Naples, *Andriana*, 4,400 tons, 6s. 6d. 700, optn. Leghorn.
Blodwen, 3,800 tons, 6s. 7½d. spot, 700, option Leghorn.
Leghorn, *Sobraon*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 500, 10d.
Torre or Leghorn, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Seville, *Alassio*, 1,450 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Salerno, *Thurston*, 2,000 tons, 7s.
Messina, *Meggie*, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d., 400.
Corcubion, *Alexey Morch*, 1,700 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Reggio, *Audax*, 2,800 tons, 7s.
Ferral, *Whimbrel*, 700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Torre Annunziata, *Zoe*, 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Kingsford*, 3,100 tons, 7s. 400.
Ninian Stuart, 2,200 tons, 7s.
Fennia, 1,400 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Westergate, 2,100 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Valencia, *Canganian, or sub.*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d. coal, 6s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Palermo Messina/or Catania, *Nordpol*, 1,800 tons, 7s.
Trieste, *Windsor*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Beyrout, *Dingwall*, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel.
Spezzia, *H. V. Fisher*, 2,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Porto Empedocle, *Thirlmere*, 1,100 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Oporto, *Scoresby*, 6s. (N).
Edvard Greig, 1,000 tons, 6s. (s).
Malta, *Lydie*, 3,600 tons, 5s. 3d.
Trematon, 3,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Eureka*, 1,650 tons, 5s. 3d.
Clarence, 1,250 tons, 5s.
Monkseaton, 3,900 tons, 4s. 9d.
Vigo, *Whimbrel*, 680 tons, 5s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Gro*, 1,100 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Copenhagen, *Tiber*, 1,300 tons, 5s.

BAY, Etc.

Bayonne, *Fancy*, 2,000 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Boucau.
Ellorio, 1,700 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Hawthorn, 1,300 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Schaldis*, 1,650 tons, 5 fcs.
Ragusa, 1,850 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Sunlight, 1,450 tons, 4·75 fcs. optn. Rochefort, 5 fcs. (s).
Ingoldsby, 1,600 tons, 4·50 fcs.
Nantes, *Varno*, 1,700 tons, 5 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Carn Brea*, 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Glanhowney, 2,500 tons, 5 fcs.
Harald Klitgaard, 4·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Pomarou, 1,800 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *San Miguel*, 2,800 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Corso, 2,150 tons, 4·25 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Portsmouth, *Greenhill*, 2,900 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. 6d.
London, *Quickstep*, 1,100 tons, 4s.
Dunkirk, *Pouvoir*, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d.
Belfast, *Orior*, 310 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Granville, *Opal*, 650 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *F. C. Anderson*, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Calais, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Havre, *Devonia*, 1,900 tons, 4s. 1½d. option St. Malo.
Maywood, 1,500 tons, 4s. 1¾d ,, ,,
Hazelmere, 1,400 tons, 4s. 1½d.
(Tankerville Canal), *Maywood, or sub.*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Carn Marth, 1,100 tons, 4s.
Dieppe, *Berta*, 1,300 tons, 3s. 10½d.
St. Valery, *Abbotsford*, 240 tons, 10s. (s).
St. Malo, *Cymrian*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 1½d.

HOMEWARD.

Oporto to Cardiff or Newport, *Scoresby*, 1,100 tons, 6s. 3d.
Bayonne to Barry, *Castleford*, 2,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Illtyd*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Pocklington*, 885 n, 5s. 4½d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on January 3rd, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

6,050 06—WORTHINGTON & WORTHINGTON—***Improvements in the construction of breakwaters for the prevention of erosion of land bordering on sea coasts and rivers and for accumulating deposits.***

The object of this invention is to construct a breakwater to lessen the force of waves, and to reclaim land by forming an accumulation of deposits. The breakwater is made in sections, each section having suitably formed angles for receiving deposits. It is formed of posts embedded in concrete with barbed wire, intended to baffle the force of the water by sending it in different directions, stretched every few yards across the posts of which is placed one stronger than the rest.

11,078 06—ZEEMAN—***Improved construction of cargo ship.***

This invention has for its object, an improved construction of cargo ship whereby a large dead weight carrying capacity is secured on a light draught. The ship is divided into three cargo holds by having two cross bulkheads, one near the bows and another near the stern, and two longitudinal bulkheads extending continuously between the two cross bulkheads. The centre hold is suitable for carrying bulk cargoes, the wingholds for genaral cargoes, a greatly increased carrying capacity being thus obtained.

12,927/06—FUCHS—***Improvements in marine life-saving apparatus.***

This invention relates to improvements in marine life-saving apparatus of that class which comprises a gas-tight chamber adapted to be inflated and made buoyant by means of gas generated in the chamber itself. The present invention consists in so constructing the apparatus that when in use it forms a body-attachment and also in improvements in clamps for the apparatus. According to this invention an india-rubber tube is hermetically closed at its ends by means of clamps to which are attached cords for fastening the apparatus to the body of the wearer. A clamping device normally compresses a portion of the tube so that the interior of the latter is divided into two compartments one of which contains water and the other calcium carbide, the water and carbide being introduced at their respective ends of the tube on unfastening the end clamps. The clamping device between the compartments consists of a strap placed round the tube and pressed against the tube by wooden cheeks which are weakened by notches, so that by pulling the strap the weakened end portions can be broken off, and the clamping device removed from the tube. By this means the water and carbide come into contact with each other and acetylene gas is generated.

13,768/06—LINDBLOM—***Improvements in or relating to the construction of wooden hulls of barges or boats.***

This invention relates to slowly-moving vessels, and consists essentially in the means of fastening the planks of which the side walls, ends and bottom of the hull are composed. According to this invention, the hull of the vessel is composed of plain side-walls, ends, and bottom which are connected with each other, and held firmly by means of iron bolts or rivets, which pass through the whole width of side and bottom. The walls are composed of butt jointed planks, planed and placed edge to edge.

14,405/06—SPEAR & BAILEY—***Improvements in means for regulating the depth of submarine, submergible or other vessels.***

This invention relates to apparatus for the depth of submergence or submarine vessels, employing water admitted to ballast tanks for purpose of submerging the submarine the water being expelled by means of compressed air. An automatic depth regulator being acted upon by the pressure of the water at any required predetermined depth admits air under pressure to the ballast tanks, expelling the water, and thus bringing the vessel to the surface. The feature of this invention is that the regulating compressed air admission valve, instead of being controlled by the movements of a diaphragm which receives the pressure of the submergence water is controlled by a second diaphragm, subjected to changes of pressure produced in the main body of the apparatus by the action of the first diaphragm upon an escape valve.

14,858/06—MAGALDI—***Improvements in cables or ropes made of leather or other organic substances for transmission of power or other purposes.***

This invention relates to a cable or rope made of homogenous substances, particularly of leather or skin. The cable is held together by means of inwardly projecting metallic clamps, and consists of strips laid longitudinally. The connecting medium which encloses the various strips is formed by spiders with a plurality of prongs. Plates or washers, are placed on the prongs of the spiders, the points of the prongs penetrating the leather strips, and being bent over at the edges on the outside. The different sets of spiders can be successfully connected the one with the following one by means of bolts, and after this, the bolts are strengthened, so that the spiders can no more be removed from the bolts.

16,960/06—LILLEY—***An improved reflecting prism for mariners' compasses.***

This invention relates to a glass prism having the interior filled with spirit, for use instead of a plane mirror, for the purpose of reflecting a compass placed in a horizontal position so that it will appear in a vertical position. The prism is formed of three sides and two ends, of clear glass built together in a triangular shape, the joints being made spirit tight. The interior of the prism is filled with spirit, and upon the under side being placed over a compass card occupying a horizontal position the image appears upon the top side of the prism, and is visible to the observer in a vertical position, through the front of the prism.

These applications for patents, are until February 19th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark, was published on January 9th, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending February 9th.

Class 8.

288,029—DOLLOND'S FEATHERWEIGHT EYEGLASSES. (Also device representing scales and scroll work.) For all goods included in said class (including nautical instruments.)—14th August, 1906.

The Autotone Company, a corporation organised under the Laws of the State of New York, 138, Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A., Manufacturers. Address for service in the United Kingdom is C/o W. P. Thompson & Co., 322, High Holborn. London, W.C.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

"DAI," M.P.

(BY "THE ROVER.")

SING a song of millions
And libraries galore,
Carnegie and D. A. T.
At Dowlais to the 'fore;
When the show is opened
Ratepayers agree
The money's for a monument,
To immortalise "Carnee."

On the tenth of this month, and while strolling through the main street of Dowlais—which, by the way, is one of those select and salubrious little holes where the coal comes from—the above ditty, sung by an undersized individual almost in the maudlin stage, to the tune of four and twenty blackbirds, greeted my ears. Crowds of people in their Sunday best, were strolling about kicking up the mud, for which Dowlais is as famous as for its iron and coal, and it behoved me to ask: "What's all this fuss about; why all the shouting"?

The individual to whom I addressed my question, looked at me with a withering glance (you might know the style I mean; the one peculiar to a collier at about 4 p.m. on a holiday), and taking pity on my want of knowledge, replied. "Caton pawb bachgny, we wass open our new lotgings for books to-tay and Mr. Thomas, Hem P. is by yar."

"Mr. Thomas, M.P.!" I queried, "and who might that gentleman be?"

"Now that will do, mun; doan't you go kidding a collier boy; tear, tear, doan't you know our Dai? Where you living, then? Anyhow Dai is fix up a fine monument for Carnegie, by Dowlais, here."

Then it dawned on me! Carnegie had sent enough money to build a library at Dowlais, and D. A. Thomas, M.P., was to open it! In my travels I had come across numbers of these gifts of the millionaire Scot; both in villages and towns; and dumped down at the request of a few head men of the place; or at the behest of a Councillor Mc. Nab who might be a prospective mayor, and might, therefore, have the pleasure of opening the "grand and noble institution"—whether the majority of the inhabitants wished for a "magnificent edifice," or not.

Having this in mind, I thanked my collier friend for his information, and strolled quietly along in the direction which he had pointed out to me, as the one where I should find the "new lotgings for books." The building which I ultimately saw in front of me, was a good one; a crowd was gathered around—mayors, aldermen and councillors, in all their glory; ordinary citizens vieing with each other for the best positions so that they might hear the speeches. Then a cheer! The "great M.P." was about to speak!

Silence all around, and the speech commenced. It was in reply to those just finished by the Mayor of Merthyr and other town officials, and contained most of the preliminary clap-trap common to these occasions. I forgave "Dai" for that, as the crowd was watching him, eagerly listening, and therefore, he must say something to please them—regardless as to whether he believed it or not?

Passing over the preliminaries. "Dai" continued and, in his simplicity, said that: "Greatness had been thrust upon him, but Carnegie had attained greatness. Undoubtedly, he was one of the noblest figures in human life to-day, a man who had made an international reputation, not because he had made wealth, but because that wealth had been usefully distributed. He (Mr. Carnegie) had stated that no man should die rich, and he was acting up to that belief. (Is he though?) He had great admiration for him, not for the money which he had made, but because he had set the noble example of distributing his wealth."

More, and more in this style rolled out from the lips of "our Dai." Loud applause and cheers from the crowd, and savage glances hurled at me because I refused to force a shout from my poor old lungs, to acquiesce with what their "Hem. P." had been shouting about. A lump rose in my throat, I could not help feeling sorry for the speakers, and yet more sympathetic for the listeners. Did they ever stop to think how Carnegie had made his wealth? Did they ever realise that he couldn't take that wealth with him? Or did they understand that it was accumulating at such a rate that, try as he would, he couldn't spend it?

Poor Dai and his admiration for Carnegie! I wondered if the former ever dreamed of the thousands of toilers who had amassed those millions for the Scot; men who, by the sweat of their brow, gave him power to make people kneel to his wealth? No, Dai didn't realise it or he couldn't have spoken as he did? Would he have any admiration, or respect, for a money grabber who made a fortune by wringing the life blood from those who go into the bowels of the earth, seeking coal in our local collieries, and then flaunted in the face of those men, a building, a lasting monument to his name, which they, from their wages, would have to keep going?

I really don't think he would. No *man* would? I moved away from the excited crowd, and made for an inn, where I might be able to refresh the inner man, and find solace from the remarks which had but lately upset my internal machinery. Whether I was lucky in my choice of a resting place, I have as yet been unable to decide, but suffice to say, I don't think the hour spent in the "hotel" was wasted. Seating myself at the table I soon became an object of curiosity: why, I know not. Perhaps, it was my woeful appearance, and indeed it might have been, for in a twinkling a good-hearted youth passed me a "pint" and said, "Here you are butty, by jingo, you look serious, have a wet."

Could I refuse? I didn't feel much like insulting the crowd around, so I closed my eyes and took one sup. I appeared to have touched their hearts, and was, in a moment, one of them, for I was asked: "Where you come from, butty?"

"Cardiff," I said, in fear and trembling, wondering at the same time, if I had put my foot in it. My interrogator continued:

"Boys, there's a fellow from Cardydd, by here, and inteet to Got, I 'specs he's from Eschange."

Then I began to think that I had put my foot in it, for I remembered that "Dai," in his speech, had said that he could take anyone on 'Change at Cardiff, and point out to them walking illustrations of the facility in which money could be made without brains! The suspense was awful. I knew it was true, for had not Dai given 100 guineas towards the library monument, and mirrors were plentiful on 'Change?

The youth continued, "Iss inteet, I believe you'se from Eschange. Say mun, how they makes money by thar without brains! See, Dai got plenty, so what he did tell must be true." Alas I knew it too well, but I had no time to remain talking to that interested youth, nor the inclination to tell him all I had learned on the floor of that building; so I finished up what remained of my refreshment, and bade him and his companions "good day."

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

AMONG the many business meetings held last week, not the least important was that of the Lanston Monotype Corporation, Limited. The Earl of Dunraven occupied the chair, and owing to his casting vote, the accounts were adopted—the voting being seven for the adoption, and seven against. The Monotype is one of the most important of our modern type-setting machines, and at the present time it is clicking out type in all parts of the world—type which will be used to fill news and other papers, and thus educate (or damn) people of all nations. The shareholders of an undertaking such as we are discussing, ought to be congratulated on the way they have stood by, at a loss to themselves, a company turning out machines which enable people of all shades and classes to enjoy their ha'penny "daily." The returns which to-date, the members have received for the money invested, are best represented by the figure "0," and under the circumstances, we can understand some of them wanting a change in the Board.

+ + +

NINE years without a dividend is indeed a long time to sit tight, and it is probable, that while suffering from the effects of this, a gentleman present at the meeting suggested that the Board should retire *en bloc*. However, there is still hope of recuperation, for last year there was a respectable increase in the number of machines installed, the actual figures being, 200 casters and 272 keyboards, as against 121 casters and 179 keyboards in the previous year. It was suggested that if the price of the machines was raised from £600 to £700, a dividend might be paid. This proposition might be well received by the shareholders, but the buyer has a word to say in the matter, when it is proposed to dip a bit deeper into his pocket. Monotypes are not the only pebbles on this particular beach. We have heard of "Lino's" and "Stringer's," and the users of these machines do not appear to growl unduly about them. No, the putting up the price suggestion won't wash. If the undertaking does not pay, why not form a committee of sound business men from among the shareholders, and let them endeavour to ascertain the exact reason why a return is not forthcoming, to those who find the capital.

+ + +

SETTLING, once and for all, the first cost of the machines; the expenses of management; directors' fees, etc.; the committee might find at least some item on which the present expenditure is too great. It may be on salaries or wages, or travelling expenses, or a hundred other things, for there must be an escape somewhere? If not, then why is the company kept in existence, if it doesn't pay, and there is no cure for the disease? Perhaps the realisation of the patent rights, which stand in the balance sheet at £400,000 might be a rude shock? It might not be, of course, but there is always a large quantity of chance about patents—their present or future values? The accumulated interest on the preference shares stands at £57,000, and it will take the profit earned for quite a number of years, to wipe this off. Of course, it is not in the true sense of the word, a "liability," but nevertheless it is one of those contingent liabilities which the shareholders do not readily forget.

+ + +

AMONG the more or less important matters brought before the meeting, was the intimation that nothing had been written off the value of patents, as it stood in the balance sheet, and that this of itself was unbusinesslike. The reply given by Mr. Duncan to this statement, was ingenious, but ingenious only. That gentleman said, that if the corporation paid £400,000 for the patents when the business was started, they were worth double to-day, in consequence of the improvements which had been made to the machine. After the statement had been accepted, surely this worthy must have enjoyed a comfortable snigger up his sleeve? He couldn't have thought that a machine would never be invented which would not play havoc with the "Mono"? If he did, then he was unbusinesslike? And again, if the patents are really worth double, why not realise them, and thus put the members out of their misery? No, a statement like the above, is not a reliable salve for a financial wound. It reminds us of the ostrich burying his head. He gets captured, nevertheless? Frankly the only conclusion which we can arrive at in regard to this particular undertaking, coincides with that of the gentleman who used the term "unbusinesslike."

+ + +

THE report of the James Tucker Steamship Company has been issued, the period covered being from February 14, to December 22, 1906. There is a profit of £1,572 on the voyages, but from this sum there has to be deducted the balance from the last account; the amount of the debenture interest; expenses *re* the debentures; and the interest and discount account. After these deductions have been made, there is a loss of £491—certainly not a large amount, but, nevertheless, a discomforting one. It is by no means encouraging to the shareholders to know that they are commencing a new financial year with a balance to the debit of the profit and loss account, and it is to be hoped that Messrs. John Cory and Sons, Ltd. (the directors and managers), will, by the time the next accounts are issued, have something more palatable for the interested parties.

+ + +

TWENTY per cent. free of tax, is the sort of return which cheers the hearts of men, in these tempestuous times. The Ocean Marine Insurance Company have recently declared a dividend at the above mentioned rate, and we have every reason to believe that the shareholders are smiling. When the underwriting account has been closed and proper allowances made for depreciation, there remains to the credit of profit and loss account, a very substantial sum. After the payment of the dividends, the sum of £50,800 is carried forward to the next account. Who said there was no money in the underwriting business?

+ + +

IF it is admitted that twenty per cent. will cheer, what is thirty per cent. likely to do? Another company with a watery name, has gone a step higher than the Ocean, and declared a "divvy" of "thirty" for the year! This time it is the Sea Insurance Company, Limited. There has been a transfer from the profit and loss account of £30,000 to the reserve fund, thereby increasing the latter to £485,000, a by-no-means niggardly sum. This alone should prove very reassuring to the members of the company as well as to the insurers.

+ + +

DURING the past week we have been favoured with a number of balance sheets and reports. Among the more important, we note that of the Field Line (Cardiff), Limited, and for the year ending November 30, last. After glancing over the report, and figures accompanying same, we are of opinion that the space at our disposal this week, is insufficient for an extended consideration. Therefore, we are holding the matter over until next week. This, in reply to I. T., H. R., and others.

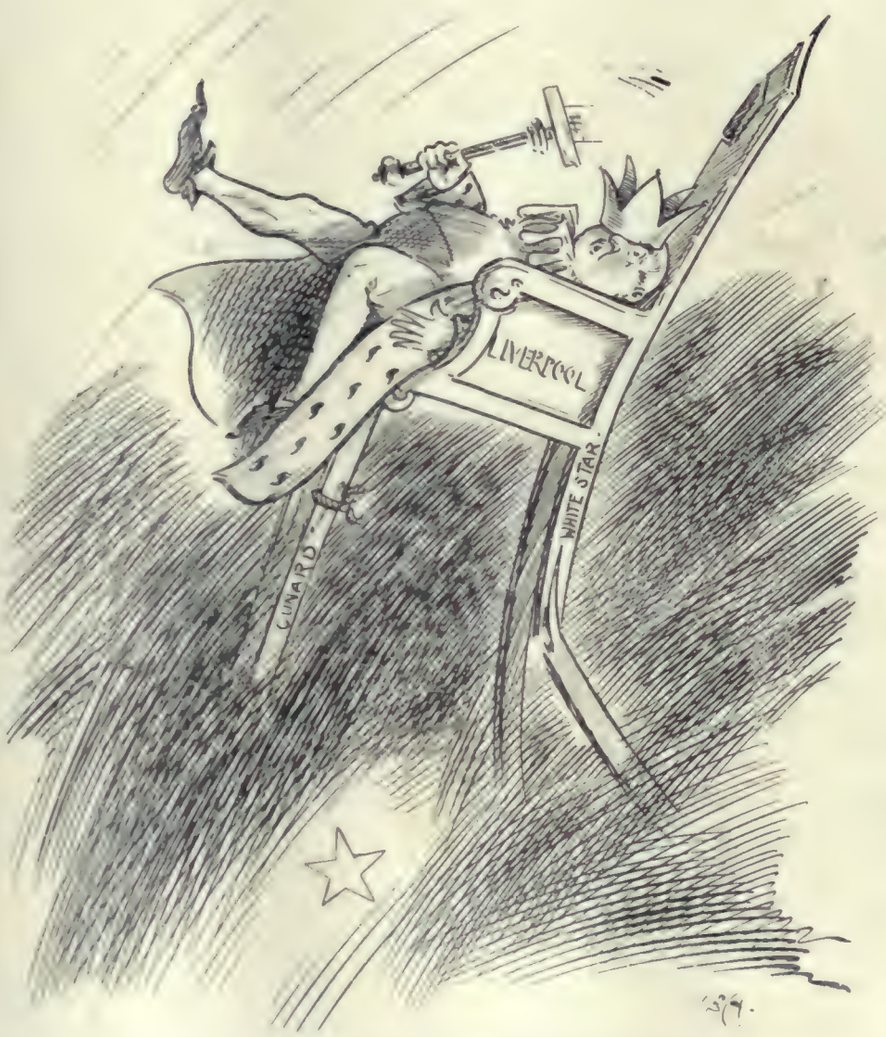
Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 154. FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1907. Threepence.



Need Anything More be Said?

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 16s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—NEED ANYTHING MORE BE SAID?	167
MARITIME MURMURS	168
"RING THE BELL SOFTLY, THERE'S CREPE ON THE DOOR" ...	171
THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE	172
ONCE MORE, THOSE LONDON DOCKS!	173
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN	174
THE LIVERPOOL UNDERWRITERS' ASSOCIATION	176
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	177
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	178
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	179
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	182

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

WITHOUT wishing to be unkind, it yet occurs to us to suggest that, at the least, the average business man is peculiarly constructed. He isn't by any means a chronic growl, for he is usually too busy to admit of any indulgence in that direction. At the same time—and when the depressing weather gets upon his nerves—he is inclined to listen to the voice of the Jeremiahs who lament. (Of course, there are all sorts and conditions among the Jeremiah brood. Some laugh—but not many, as the name is of a depressing character; some merely smile; while others are of the kind who could pick a quarrel with a stone all other opportunities being absent!) And having listened, he wobbles off on a séance of his own, from which there is no turning him. For a fairly obvious (to us) reason, a local contemporary laid itself out to bemoan the influx of business in the district, for that is what its prattle practically amounted to. In a somewhat lugubrious manner, it commented upon the piffley letters for which it had given space, and in a style which suggested that it had done something for which it was sorry (and for which a severe punishment was meet) it undertook to palliate the results of its own fat-headedness—in a manner of writing.

MIND you, the contemporary referred to in this light and amiable fashion, didn't really bemoan the influx of business to the district. Merely did so by implication. In other words, it first printed a number of childish letters, and then tagged editorial notes at the bottom thereof, by way of a please-sir-it-wasn't-me-'twas-Johnny-Jones-look-you! All the same, the balderdash started off the local Jeremiahs, and for about a fortnight, now, genuine business men have been bemoaning the need of a genuinely 'live "daily" paper in the district; and have asked what all this "influx" twankey is about. Frankly put, the district is now in the enjoyment of one of those sudden—and by no means frequent—bursts of trading activity, which are calculated to put some vim into the blood of the business man, or anybody else—save, perhaps, the penny-a-liner whom trade booms never benefit. Coal—the local staple—is mounting up into what some people style "the clouds;" shipping is romping along in shoals for the purpose of carrying it away; the local docks are just as busy as the local colliery owners; and good, red, gold is around in fair proportions. The only item which has remained at the old notch, is the price of the penny morning paper! Hence the trouble in the quarter indicated! If the all-'round boom had raised the price of piffle, then, would there be rejoicings in the offices which unload that delectable commodity on a long-suffering world.

BUT e'en in the midst of all this activity, there are some unfortunates who are unable to inveigle themselves into the swim, as it is styled. They have been left, high-and-dry, by some of the varying eddies. Try as they might—and do—they cannot leave the backwater into which they have been washed. There is but one thing left them—write to the local "daily!" Needless to say, they write; preen themselves and metaphorically damn everybody else; garner a little cheap notoriety; focus public attention on themselves until a search is made into the antecedents of these peculiar people; and then—well, and then they are sorry they rushed out into the glare of a little, transient publicity. Being sorry, they hide their suddenly diminished heads; look the other way when anybody is coming; exhibit conscious inferiority at all points; and—wish they were in heaven! Meanwhile, the trade boom increases. The world continues on the even tenour of its way; and, saddest thing of all, acts precisely as if these Jeremiah gentlemen had never existed! It's cru-ell, look you; but 'tis the truth! So—tell us not in soft cadences, life is but an empty dream; here, we've heaps of funny jossers, diff'rent, quite, to what they seem!

WHAT do they seem? G'arn! They seem to be sterling authorities on practically every subject under the sun. What are they? Ask us another, please. Mugwumps, did you say? What's a mugwump? Funny word, that. M-u-g-w-u-m-p—two m's, two u's, gw and p: that's a mugwump, and—don't forget the p, because it begins piffle, aye and several other words you'll find! However, some of the heaven-sent geniuses in the district are going to attend to these trade revival notions; have taken the matter under

their own particular (or otherwise) wing; and, first thing we shall hear, will be the establishment of a fine new dock at Treorky, of a railway siding for the accommodation of coal wagons on Snowdon's summit, and of a fleet of nice new steamers on Grangetown Flats. No, don't think that the latter word is suggestive, by any manner of means. It isn't. You need brains to be a proper sort of flat. In fact, flats are like poets—born. You can't make 'em, be the influx of business never so much in evidence. Under the circumstances, therefore, it will be as well to make up your minds to disregard the effusions of these concentrated "misery me" men, even as you make use of the gifts which the gods have sent you. Go into the thing with the heart which you usually have. Go for it—baldheaded, an' you like the style, or nature compels; but go for it. Booms are like angel's visits, and you need to have your lamps ready-trimmed!

TRIMMED. That reminds us of the coal-trimming tariff. The new tariff, you know. The one that was faked up by—who was it faked up the new tariff, anyhow? We know that it was supposed to have been faked up by certain folk, but as it takes two sides to make a complete agreement, well, we are not so sure about it. In any case, the shipowners are taking an unconscionable time to decide as to whether they will accept the new thing, or will rather continue their gracious permission for their apprentices to do the trimming. Viewed dispassionately, it doesn't really matter whether the apprentices, or the regular coal trimmers do the work—as far as the seaworthiness of the steamers involved are concerned. When all is said on the subject, the actual trimming doesn't amount to much. You go on dumping coal into a steamer's hold, and as long as the shute will clear itself, the "trimmer" smokes vile tobacco, and spins fairy tales to his butty: when the hold is sufficiently run-up to make some sort of action necessary—providing the shute is to empty itself—"trimmer" deigns to scratch away that portion of gallant little Wales which has choked up the corner of the hatch coamings. This done, the heroic gentleman reverts to his smoking (and his fairy tales, of course), and ultimately shipowner pays an alleged "trimming bill."

IN the result, the steamer gets down off the Longships; runs into some weather; rolls and twists about a bit; and ends up by having a list as big as that usually found with a timber droguer carrying a deck-load. On her return—supposing she comes back—complaints are made by her owners, and what happens? Well, he is stuffed with the asinine tale that coal cargoes are bound to shift, as long as a vessel is loaded at a coal shute, which runs all the small coal one side, and all the lumpy coal the other. Hitherto—and mainly because he is worrying about the latest make of motor-car—shipowner has accepted the yarn; in the future, indications are in favour of the belief that he is giving over the goose game; that he will object to these stuffings; and that if he doesn't receive value for his money on trimming account—then he isn't going to pay out a £60/70 trimming cheque, just by way of blackmail. And we are with him. As if it matters a hang as to what kind of coal you have on either side of the hold, as long as the weights are equally distributed. Twenty hundredweights of small coal is exactly as heavy as a ton of lump-coal; but if the gentle trimmer leaves holes, and caverns in the consignment; holes and caverns which, at the first roll, will fill up differently to what existed at the time of loading—you can see what is going to happen, can't you?

BRINGING the matter down to its logical conclusion, the trimming tariff is a swindle, supposing the work were done as it should be; but when the wicked scamping thereof is considered, then, it is more than a swindle, for it is attempted murder, at least. A decade ago, when steamers were of the pan-fish variety, trimming was a real art, and was worth all the money that was paid for it; but since leviathans have become the fashion, then, it doesn't matter unduly, whether the stuff is trimmed, or merely scraped down from the hatchways—doesn't matter from a carrying capacity point of view. In any case, the scratching referred to is quite all that the cargo receives these days, and we don't care who knows it. Personally, we have seen steamers trimmed with the winches (after a style); we have seen them trimmed by a number of alleged seamen (after a style, too); we have also seen them trimmed by the regular "fancy" (again, after a style); and candour compels us to admit that we can see no point of 'vantage between winches, alleged seamen, and regular trimmers. In each instance, she will take a list directly she gets into weather; the only difference is to the steamer manager. When the winches, or the alleged seamen do the trimming, there is no additional charge in the matter; when "coal trimmers" do the work, there is a £60-odd bill to settle; but the list is about the same, all 'round.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have commented on the annual report of the Liverpool Underwriters' Association. That is no reason why we should refrain from further comment here. Especially as that same report is as full of good sound information, as an egg is popularly supposed to be full of "meat." One item of information struck us as being of very great importance, and it lilted along as: "The Committee have given close attention to the Board of Trade Inquiries which have been held from time to time to investigate the circumstances attending shipping casualties and they regret to see that the chief object of the Inquiry, ascertainment of the cause of loss, is very rarely attained." Just so. But then, the Underwriters' Association are merely considering this item from their own point of view. We quite realise that with insurance people, the main feature of interest is to learn why a given loss occurred. It is a matter of sublime indifference to them, as to whether the skipper eat fried-fish on the day of the accident, or if he merely indulged in a square feed of dog's-body. Underwriters are more concerned as to the drift of the tides in the locality responsible; the stowage of the cargo; its influence on the compasses; the general seaworthiness of the risk; and things of that character.

BUT then, underwriters are merely business men, while the good souls who usually engineer Board of Trade inquiries, are unbusinesslike old women of the masculine gender. Being built on those lines, they are anxious to know if the galley dish-clout was above suspicion; if the Old Man wore braces, or merely kept 'em up with a belt; if the mate patronised the slop chest to any appreciable extent; and could he tell the marks and deeps in a hand lead line, without having to ask the donkeyman? It is very nice—and beautifully polite—for the Committee of that underwriters' association to say, "whether the fault arises from the constitution of the Tribunal or the method of procedure, it is clear that important matters escape investigation and that these inquiries are seldom productive of any useful result." In plain language, we suppose that the association is of the same mind as ourselves? That it believes that these inquiries are merely a swindle on the alleged culprits, and are faked up for the purpose of giving "costs" to some more or less estimable member of the legal profession? Anyhow, we can plump solid to the underwriters' concluding remark under this head. It reads: "The Committee earnestly recommend this matter to the attention of the Board of Trade."

What we should like to know, is whether the Board of Trade will give due consideration to this suggestion from a group of sterling business men, or if the same idiotic and dilettante councils will be allowed to prevail as of old? It isn't at all as if there were a difficulty in getting practiced seamen to give solid opinions in these matters. We have a 'round dozen in this office who would be willing to oblige, and in the interests of their professional brethren. But then, the Board doesn't need sailormen. It looks after a number of old ladies decked out in bifurcated garments, and who will say black is white—if the Board's legal retainer-man suggests it thus. Our young men would be too honest in their opinions. Would surely tell the estimable old frumps who might be present, to go and bag their heads, or something equally rude—if they talked of the key of the keelson, or things of that nature. For this reason, "the chief object of the inquiry is very rarely attained." Still, it should be possible to reach the happy mean, don't you think? In which case, the various underwriters' associations would receive the protection to which they have reason to aspire.

As one has a right to suppose, the Liverpool Underwriters have given champion attention—and most space—to the Prevention of Corruption Act. That was an enactment which went right home to their hearts! So much so, that they give their friends the full text of the new offences (Great Scott! are they new?) created by the Act. To-date, we have refrained from reprinting those "new offences." We might as well place them on record (if only so that we can get a reference easily at a future date). Here you are, you log-book faking gentlemen. Read, mark, learn, inwardly digest, and then think up the possibilities of "acquiring" another brand new Dry Dockracq motor car:

1. Corruptly giving to an agent any valuable consideration (such as a motor car, brougham, case of silver cutlery—in addition to a big cheque)
2. Corruptly offering the same to an agent (because it is a sure snip that if you do, you will contravene Clause 1!)
3. Corruptly receiving the same by an agent (which he cannot do unless you corruptly offer it to him?)
4. Corruptly soliciting the same by an agent (office boys who bring out printing orders, beware!)
5. Issuing to an agent, or user by an agent, of false receipts, accounts, or other similar documents to mislead the principal (such as faked log-books, faked lightening accounts, receipts for labour alleged to have been paid for on salvage account, and other items of a similar character).

Having lightly touched on the corrupt practices, let us now tell you about the penalties attached thereto. The maximum penalty for such offences, is two years imprisonment and a fine of £500. But if you are inclined to fake up a fictitious stranding, and the parties implicated give you away, then, you will be hanged, drawn and quartered as in manner provided, and what is left of you, will be scattered over a four-cross road, at the dread hour of night. For ourselves, we should like to know the penalty for giving a young man sixpence, so that he might safely convey one bag of grain sweepings—which have been stolen from the merchant who lately loaded your steamer—to your farm, or other place indicated by you? Sort of complicated, isn't it? However, we are entirely at one with the underwriters, when they state that "Some such legislation has long been needed, and the Committee are not without hope that the Act will do something towards reducing—even if it fails in altogether suppressing—the system of secret commissions, which is so serious an evil to all trades and professions into which it has penetrated." The suggested reduction will come about right enough, if a few holy (or otherwise) examples are made. But if the big swindlers are allowed to go scot free, while the paltry offenders are made a dead set at, then, you may easily write that new Act down as piffle.

Coming along to the maritime losses over the year lately closed, we find that for British tonnage this is, in sail, 27, and is made up as: 5 foundered or abandoned; 15 stranded; 6 for fires and explosions; and among the "missing," only 1. In the matter of steam, the figures under the same headings are, 16, 35, 16, 4, 4, respectively. Truly has the steamer "knocked out" the sailer—in every way! But for the same group of tonnage, the claims for partial loss in sail amounted to but 195, while for steam, the figures were 2,358. Whether this is because sailing ship owners are more honest than steamer men, or for what reason, is not stated. You pay your money, and you take your choice. At the same time, and writing as sailormen, we opine that quite a decent percentage of that 2,358 had more to do with what has been named "personal equation," than ever it had to do with perils of the sea. You find queer stuff managing steam tonnage, these days, and let the fact not be forgotten. Queer stuff, and plucky withal. We have foregathered with some of it who, failing an accident, were game enough to attempt the working up of a fictitious one; aye, and if you were ill-advised enough to refuse the accommodation, you could be sure of getting the sack—next voyage. One of these days, all those little tricks will be altered, but none of us will be here to see it! Long ere that time eventuates, we shall have taken up our positions as musicians in the Big Orchestra—at least, those of us who are not required for coal trimming purposes. But we have already written of coal trimming?

Come we now, to a passing consideration of Lloyd's Annual Summary of Shipbuilding at Home and Abroad, for the year 1906. That summary is interesting reading, for therein we find that, exclusive of warships, no less than 886 vessels of 1,828,343 tons gross (made up as, steamers 815, with a gross tonnage of 1,809,433 tons; and sailers 71, with 18,910 tons) have been launched in the United Kingdom. Truly was the year a period of great things in the shipbuilding line, for we find a *Lusitania* and a *Mauretania* of 32,000 tons gross each; an *Adriatic* with 23,950 tons; an *Empress of Ireland* with 14,191 tons; after which, an *Amazon* with a mere 10,037 tons to her credit, is just a small vessel! It is comforting to note that Germany is by no means so far ahead as her "future on the sea" would justify one in believing. Her largest effort over 1906—the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* (awful mouthful?)—is a mere 19,400 tons. But Germany turned out the largest sailing ship of the year—the five-masted barque *R. C. Rickmers*. Surely does the Rickmers firm believe in the future of the white wings. We are with them, for as we have frequently remarked, steamers—as cargo carriers—are merely an episode. A big one, we admit: but an episode, nevertheless. With regard to British shipbuilding on foreign account, Germany is still our best customer.

Germany's little requirements mounted into 26 vessels of 104,207 tons—or nearly 5¾ per cent. of the total output. Norway comes next, with 71,464 tons, while South America is a good third with 40,099 tons to its credit. Then follow the British Colonies with 39,237 tons; France (the land of subsidies) with 19,674 tons; Denmark, 14,988 tons; and Austria-Hungary, 13,239 tons. Taken altogether, the foreigner is not the terrible competitor with the British shipowner, that some good souls would pretend, what?

"Ring the Bell softly, there's Crépe on the Door."

ON whose door? And who put it there? Well, as far as we can see, the door belongs to the shipping investors throughout this our happy land, albeit never a one of them is allowed a word to say in the matter, and although some thoughtless people affect to believe that the door belongs to Shipping Federation, Limited. As to who succeeded in putting that crépe in position—well, we believe it was Mr. Lloyd-George, with his Shipping Bill.

PERSONALLY, we have already declared that our gratitude goes out to "Georgie" for having, in such an able manner, scotched the sailors' greatest enemy; and when the guerdon for fixing up that Bill is being decided on, we are sure that many of its tomfooleries will be forgiven, in view of the national benefit that was accorded, through hanging crépe on the particular door referred to, in St. Mary Axe.

ANYHOW, the crépe is there. The present management is finding itself out-classed! Weeping and gnashing of teeth is around in quite big lots. And if the sailorman had possessed a tiny spark of pluck, he would have decided—long ago—to sign-on in no vessel which carried the word "federation." anywhere about her personality, to put the matter in that particular manner. Ere going off on the subject which moved us when writing the above title, we wish to give you a few words of explanation.

TIMES out of number, we have been asked why we are antagonistic to Shipping Federation, and without admitting the soft impeachment, we will give a few reasons. In the first place, we consider that the Federation has long since outlived its *raison d'être*—if it ever had such a thing. Then, when all is said on the subject, its management, in our opinion, is surely no more than a conglomeration of hired bravos, in a manner of speaking? None of them are shipowners, so they can have no grievance with the sailor; equally, none of them are sailors, so they can have no grievance with shipowner?

PUT into plain words, we believe that management is running the Shipping Federation, as a means of obtaining a living which was handed down from father to son. It is an hereditary "soft thing," with, as far as we can see, never one feature to warrant its continuance. Indeed, we know quite a number of reputable shipowners who simply continued there, because "the other fellow" did it; and who made no secret of their belief that, with the passing of the latest Shipping Bill into an Act, Shipping Federation's death knell would be rung.

TIMES have been, admittedly, hard with shipping for the past few years, and economies were *en regle* everywhere. But the one great economy—an economy which was absolutely necessary, too—was disregarded. What was it? Why continuing to pay the tonnage rate for the support of a practically useless organisation—Shipping Federation, Limited. A decade ago, and when the word "union" was of some account among seamen, Shipping Federation, was, to a certain extent, necessary: but then, at one time in the history of the nation, flints for army muskets were responsible for a great trade therein.

WITH the passing of time flint muskets were thrown on the scrap heap, so the flint industry made way for more up-to-date affairs. Business people do not continue an undertaking simply because it has been. Do they, now? They want some little return for the outlay to which they are put? This being so, can you tell us of any return which is apparent from the many thousands which are spent to give the Federation bosses a soft snap? We are open to conviction. We are not at all vindictive in the matter, although in view of the provocation which we have received from this same combination of hangers-on, we feel that we should be justified in any amount of that vindictiveness.

HOWEVER, the London "shipping" Press—most of the units of which receive "support" from Federation—has had its little flutter over the indubitable quarrel which is imminent between sundry of the Protection and Indemnity Associations, and Shipping Federation, Limited, so it remains for the impartial, and experienced shipping journal to lay the actual points at issue before its readers. THE MARITIME REVIEW is the journal referred to—although, of course, you already knew it?

BRIEFLY put, Shipping Federation has worked off a lengthy screed for the purpose of showing why it should be allowed to administer the cases falling due under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Don't frown! We are not going to bother you with a reprint of that lengthy screed. You ought to know us better than that. We never worry you with twice-laid piffle. Everything in these pages is original, and, to quote many of our admirers, "has been written on purpose." In other words, we do not trust to Providence and a press-cutting agency, for the matter which appears in these columns, week by week.

BUT we will condense the thing down into a few words, by assuring you that Federation—as usual—has been prattling of its "Benefit Fund" (capital letters, Mr. Printer); and has brought the words in, the usual number of times per column. Now, as sailormen, we have ever looked upon that "Benefit Fund" as a rank imposition, for the sailorman must put up his shilling before he is entered on the book thereof, and when this has been done, it is practically impossible to obey the alleged rules which govern the said "Fund," and so receive the pretended "Benefit" in case of accident. But leave that. The Workmen's Compensation Act has quashed Federation's little game *a la* benefit, hence the trouble.

ONE of the chief claims adduced by Federation is, that "The central administration (merry wags, aren't they?) of the Federation is in the hands of one staff, directly controlled, financially and otherwise, by a Council and its subcommittees, which meet at frequent intervals, of shipowning members." What about it? The same thing applies with Mary Jane's Union—bar that shipowning members attend merely in search of a cook, or a "general" (acording to the status of the shipowner, and his length of time at the job). Yet nobody will suggest that Mary Jane's Union ought to administer the Compensation Act claims? Merry wags? They're more!

NEXT thing we note is, that Federation has "administered for fifteen years a Benefit Fund for seamen, dealing with precisely the class of claims which will arise under the Workmen's Compensation Act." Dear us! Has it? Why not give the world a duly authenticated statement of that administration, Shipping Federation? If you are serious in your beliefs that you should relieve the Protection and Indemnity Associations of the work for which they were established, prove that you are better able to do it.

IN other words, don't let us have quite so much of that St. Mary Axe *ipse dixit*. As practical men, we have become tired of it. And anyhow, we can all purchase fiction at cheaper rates than apply with shipowning membership of Shipping Federation, Limited. Never mind telling us that in connection with the "Benefit Fund" "there have only been three cases of litigation, in each of which the Federation has been successful." Tell us about the numerous cases in which the poor old whale has dropped his claim, heart-weary, and sick of the difficulties which have been placed in his path. We firmly believe that if Federation had gone in for more than three cases of litigation, the Compensation Act would have been unnecessary. Seeing that it was necessary, the Protection and Indemnity Associations should certainly deal with all claims thereunder. It is their business, while Federation's is—what?

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1907.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

YES. "we've got it!" But only in a mild degree. We have every sympathy for the unfortunate souls who have come to grief in the latest seismic trouble; are willing to do all in our power to help them out of their difficulties: but we haven't arrived at that hysterical stage which will admit of our printing pages of bathos from a number of self-advertising nonentities who, if occasion arose, would supply the yellow press with reports of how the music fell from Gabriel's horn, as the Dread Angel sounded the toot which summons all hands. Not us! Earthquakes are bad—and they are becoming disquietingly common; but they are not so bad as the amateur reporters who supply "detail" thereon—nor anything nearly so common, praise de lor'. Sir Thingamy This, and Mr. Twaddley That—for quite the first time in their well-ordered lives—find themselves in the midst of a bit of danger. Do they act as brave Britons, or rather do they emulate the timid souls who have been nicknamed "suffragette"? We leave it to you, even as we know that you think up the words of the Immortal Wit who first worked off upon a patient world, the words, "Are we downhearted?" Sir Thingamy righteously imagines that if he rises to the occasion, he will "convert" his knighthood into a baronetcy—aye, even supposing that the latter will perish with him, as, possibly, will also the former; and Mr. Twandley T. is just as hopeful that, providing he thinks up the requisite amount of thrills to the half-column—well, he will not object to the title of Sir Twaddley. The man in the street—poor patient soul—is quite as sick of it all as are we, ourselves; but as he has no opportunity vouchsafed to him for entering a protest, he wanders off with the devout hope that something else will rapidly take the place of the earthquake; and that a sensation in the opposite ends of the earth will materialise, so that Sir Thingamy, and Mr. Twaddley may enjoy a well-earned (but unappreciated) rest. Isn't the foregoing exactly as it appeals to you, dear reader? Aren't you nauseated with the "opinions" which are thrown at you by these self-assertive (but comparatively empty) "authorities"? Of course, you are, and we recognise the fact, because you say so in our hearing—in the train, on 'Change, or elsewhere. You also read "travellers' tales" as to how this steamer bravely drifted away from her moorings under a three-eighths head of steam; how the other one nobly responded to the sudden claims made upon her stokehold, and, incidentally, her boilers; how the great folk who were present, worried around in a state of what you style blue funk, although the subsidised "journal" styles it "noble heroism." And you probably wonder why—when another vessel's decks have been filled with wounded patients, and the overflow is accommodated upon an adjacent wharf—well, you wonder why all the wounded patients were not placed upon that wharf at the start. You think with us, that if the wharf was good enough for the overflow of patients, it must have been good enough for the main contingent thereof? Still, as we have already remarked, you have no opportunity of telling them all to "chuck it," so we come along as usual—and rescue you! Meanwhile, you are doubtless thinking up those assertions which have been made concerning the necessity of an earthquake, at least, before a British Government will awake from its beri, beri; ere it will arise and see the facts which non-Government folk have seen for ages. Ever since the late Government undertook to dismantle the defences of the West Indian Colonies, interested persons have declared that, one of these days, the old land would have cause to regret the parsimony which prompted such dismantling. Well, those interested persons are at last justified. The world has been treated to the spectacle of a foreign fleet patrolling British territory—and solely because dilettante legislators were allowed to sit in the Talking Shop. We are having nothing to say about the accusations and denials which have been thrown around the work of kindness undertaken by Rear-Admiral Davis. When the whole fit-out comes to the simmering down point; when the natural excitement which is consequent on finding your foot-hold on Mother Earth somewhat precarious, has calmed down; when the exceptional circumstances have degenerated into the usual level of West Indian turpitude; then, you will find that, as heretofore, there has been much ado made about nothing. At the same time, that is no valid excuse that possessions, which have cost much blood and treasure, should be thrown over to the mercy of a few unamiable niggers; and if the Government has any time to spare from thinking up snug sinecures for its partisans, it should start out, at once, to put West Indian matters on a workable basis. The work should not be unduly onerous, seeing that the islands have been under British rule (some people term it mis-rule, but that is a mere detail, and of the nature of straw-splitting) for quite a while; and although dissatisfaction thereaway has been somewhat common—as is usual in lands where a torrid zone holds sway—it has seldom broken out into red rebellion. Of course, the amiable historian might not be altogether above suspicion, so it is just as well to discount his yarns, a little, even as we confine ourselves to that period of life which is within our own ken. Doing so, we naturally revert to the good old days when the "Royal Mail" held sway in that region. Was there any undue trouble then? Not to bother about. But in a weak moment, the powers that were, ousted the "Royal Mail," and threw the business open, practically to any sort of pinchbeck liner that cared to enter into competition. What has been the result? Well, we opine that about the net result has been a quantity of somewhat doubtful advertisement for an erstwhile nonentity or so; a gradual mussing up of all that was good and useful, out there; a rapidly increasing discontent that, sooner or later, will bring about another great war; and all for what? Well, for what we have already explained—the advertising and enriching of a few good souls that the world could easily spare? In the interval, we are assured that the gentle (and more or less childlike) West Indian nigger, is engaged upon a camping out mission; is chock-a-block full of the belief that the end of the world has come at last; is exactly as emotional as only the nigger knows how to be; and thanks to this latest earthquake, the British lad (and lass) are by way of receiving a little genuine education about the world and its inhabitants, as a set off to the useless (and expensive) sample faked up under an Education Act. Later on, there will be another call for missionaries. Numbers of neurotic folk will respond. After their departure, somebody will insinuate that the West Indies have gone, never to return—or, in the alternative, that they have gone over, holus, bolus, to United States protection. And all this because of an earthquake you say. Not at all. The earthquake merely focussed attention on facts that were already in evidence; only the purblind British statesman couldn't see it.

ONCE MORE, THOSE LONDON DOCKS!

IN view of Wednesday's meeting at the offices of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and the trouble which was taken by the General Shipowners' Society, London, to procure a good attendance for a discussion on the Port of London and its possibilities (as a dime museum?), our treatment of the same subject on January 27, 1905, is worthy of attention. Two years have passed since we were cruel to be kind, and the best that can be said for the London shipping man in the interval is, that he has faked up a Bill which is to be introduced into Parliament during the coming Session.

You understand? The Bill is to be merely introduced, and once that has been done, you may be safe in assuming that the sponsors thereof will lay back in peaceful contemplation of their strenuous work. As showing the don't-care-a-hang methods which apply in this connection, the secretary of the G.S.C., London, when attempting to convene the meeting already referred to, ended up his "whip" after the following:

> "As the matters to be discussed at this meeting are most important to all shipowners whose vessels use the Port of London my Committee earnestly trust that your firm will arrange to be represented at it."

YEA, lor'! The plain facts of the matter are, that shipowner is cursed with too many societies—and the curse has developed right down to dock work. These days, the shipowner acts as if he were some poor little urchin in swaddling clothes. Too tender to be trusted outside in the cold, cold, world? He has general societies; particular societies; committees with both; local shipowners' associations; a shipping federation; contract men to relieve him of his responsibilities in engaging the nice cheap aliens who are dear to his heart; supers to deal with the practical side of his undertaking; chartering clerks to win him a freight—in fact, we are hard pressed to see why the hangment his trusting shareholders allow him £1,000 a year from each ship which he "manages?"

HOWEVER, so that we may convince you that we know something about this particular undertaking, we reprint, herewith, a cartoon which appeared in these columns, just two years ago. The words in italics, and at the bottom of the picture, have been added to meet this occasion. What do you think of it—and of our prophetic power?

FATHER NEPTUNE TO FATHER THAMES: "I say, old chap, it's against nature for you to grow any stronger. Give up the idea: sell your trident; do anything—save dock-making. *for the shipowner doesn't care tuppence about you, or your docks.*"

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WE do not wish to believe that the executive officer is more inquisitive than his 'longshore brother, but in view of the inquiries which we continually receive, and which lilt along in terribly similar strain, then, we feel that there is a certain amount of justification for some such belief. What is the strain? Well, brought down into a workable shape, it would pan out to, "Why are we 'down' on the 'guild?'"

Now, then. To all whom these presents shall come, greeting. Be it also understood that we are not, and never wish to be, 'down' on anything of an evanescent character. As far as 'guild' is concerned, we have been quite the reverse, for our readers will admit that, until quite recently, we boomed it in season and out—and mainly because we realised that it was a combination of our professional brethren.

WHY did we say "until quite recently?" Because it is the truth. We crossed 'guild' off our free advertisement list, when we had studied its balance sheet and after scanning through a copy of its August issue of "Guild Gazette." The compilers of that pathetic conglomeration of piffley letters and press-cuttings, undertook to forget that it was the supposed organ of a gentlemanly profession; stooped to a choice assortment of what we should term nautical Billingsgate and which was aimed at ourselves; but hoping that the disease was a sort of uniony measles, we treated 'guild' with a dignified silence.

BUT, bless you, dignity appears to be thrown away, at times. It must have been in this case, for in the December issue of the same pathetic little gazette, we are treated to some more of that lamp-room logic. Not quite so sulphurous, perhaps; but fumey enough. Here is a bit of the stuff which amused us: "Perhaps it is that had the Guild spent some of its money in filling up the advertisement columns of the two publications we have mentioned (they weren't mentioned, as a matter of fact, although that is nothing—in "Guild Gazette") opposition would have been lulled."

PERHAPS it is. Perhaps it is not. You never know, guild. Still, as you might urgently need some of that "guild money" at an early date, we don't mind giving you one more gentlemanly advertisement, free, gratis, and for nothing, dears. Kind of us, isn't it? Kind, and generous? At the same time, we have to fill this issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW with nice, clean printed matter, and you might as well have a bit of gratuitous blessing, as somebody else? Especially as the said blessing will ease the minds of those worrying shipmates who are asking us why we are down on the guild.

To begin, then. We aren't "down" on the guild. Let the fact not be overlooked. We are merely tired of it, and of its beguiling tactics. That's all! As tending to dispel the apparent subtlety of the foregoing, let us tell you a story which, unlike a number of yarns appearing in "Guild Gazette," has the merit of absolute truth. The date of our story goes back as far as June 15, 1904—working along for three years, you'll observe!

ON the day mentioned, the Editor of this journal hied him to the city of Smoke—otherwise London; and he journeyed thither at his own expense, albeit at the invitation of Lord Muskerry—no less a person. Needless to say, there was an amount of roseate-hued beauty on the train which carried the visiting scribe, for one doesn't set out to meet belted earls on every second day of the week? The place of meeting, was the Westminster Palace Hotel, around which the aroma of Britain's brightest and best appeared to hang.

UP to this point, the visitor was filled with a wholesome love of the gentleman who appeared to be such an advocate of the certificated officer—as long as he was a member of that dear old guild! The love continued right up to the point where the visitor and his lordship—seated in the latter's up-stairs study—commenced a discussion on guild merits. Of course, of demerits, there were none. Not of the guild, although there appeared to be some little misgiving as to a portion of them being around the guild's amiable secretary: misgiving on the part of his lordship, you understand. There were none with the visitor.

ANYHOW, in what the visitor considered to be a "feeling manner," the belted earl suggested that the "genial secretary" (all secretaries are genial, you'll have noticed?) had "got past the guild. It appeared to be too big an affair for him, at present?" This was wipe, number one, and the visitor "ducked his head" to the blow. At the same time, he preserved the mein which has been styled non-committal, and with such a modicum of success, that his lordship appeared to imagine that our Editor was quite as noble as himself—and that is admitting a very great deal!

Noblesse oblige being much in evidence, the nobleman further suggested that up to a possible membership of a thousand, there or thereabout, the genial secretary was, say, good enough; but the implication was that when the 1,000-stage had been passed—well, the "old man" (his boy's words, you'll see, directly) was a bit out-classed! We hate to think that the out-classing is a family weakness, but—read on, please. However, if, according to Lord Muskerry, the "old man" was past the guild, or the guild was past the "old man," the same did not apply in connecnection with "young Tom." There was a genius for you—"young Tom!"

WHY, we felt sorry that "young Tom," was a mere 'longshoreman—in view of his lordship's praise of the youth. We did, indeed! What "young Tom" couldn't do in the matter of waiting on the noble earl, didn't appear to be worth mentioning. We are not a bit surprised to note from another of the youth's letters, that he occasionally enjoys a yachting cruise with his lordship, and things like that. Merit is worthy of appreciation—we forget the Latin tag, but are open to bet that it is as nothing to "young Tom."

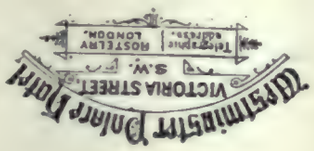
HAVING filled his visitor with tales of the superiority of "young Tom," his lordship went one better—from his point of view, possibly? Anyhow, he assured his visitor—and presumably in view of the suggested out-classing, of the "old man?"—that if, at any time, he wished to glean information about the guild, it would be best to write "young Tom," privately—thereby going past the "old man." At this stage of the visit, our visiting friend asked if he should write to Lord Street, Liverpool, marking the envelope "private and confidential?"

FOR a brief moment, a smile flickered across the brow of the belted earl, and the visitor felt uncomfortable in consequence. "If you write to Lord Street," quoth his lordship. "the secretary would surely open the letter—no matter how private you marked it." In view of the provocation, we are firmly of opinion that the "old man" is by no means out-classed—whatsoever might be the opinion of Lord Muskerry! What do you think, good sir? But as a "private" screed to Lord Street was of no avail, what was to be done?

TAKING the wheel once more, Lord Muskerry obliging, steered the visitor out of the seeming difficulty. Said he: "Write to 'young Tom's' private address." "Where does he reside?" asked the visitor. "Don't you know?"

indulgently asked the noble earl. "Why, he lives at Rock Ferry," he continued, even as he stretched a lordly hand to his stationery case, abstracting an envelope (we give you a reduced copy of it, herewith), and laying it on his blotting-pad.

With the help of a beautifully-chased fountain-pen, his lordship inscribed the address which is before you aye, right down to the F.R.G.S. which belongs to "young Tom." The visitor thought, "Well, if he isn't a certificated officer; if he knows nothing at first hand of the sea: he is still a F.R.G.S., and let the fact not be overlooked." Thus endeth the first portion of the deal. Up to this



T. W. Moore Esq. F.R.G.S.
Moores fort
Derby Park
Rock Ferry
Cheshire

point, the visitor had no right to have any doubts about the *bona fides* of guild management. To say the least, his lordship's methods were peculiar; but they might not appeal to the honourable sense of "young Tom."

Bearing that truth in mind, our visitor wended his way back to Paddington, and thence to good old Cardiff. Needless to say, he had mixed thoughts during the return journey; realised that things were not always what they seemed: and if, at a later date, and when a certain "coronetted cruise" was enjoying a great newspaper vogue, the suggestion of back-stair work would intrude—well, what would you? After arrival at Cardiff, the Editor of The Maritime Review carefully considered the situation. He felt that he would like to make assurance sure, so to write it; but he hated to run the risk of a snub from "young Tom."

You see, the visiting gentleman felt sure that if he were to write to "young Tom" as in manner provided then, that stalwart (but non-nautical) guilder, would surely reply to the effect that all communications must be addressed to "the firm," returning at the same time, the offending letter—and then there would be Hades to pay, out of an empty pitch-kettle. However, our own particular "old man" had set himself to see this through, so, with much inward misgiving, he indited a nice little "feel-your-way-letter" to "young Tom." It was an anxious time for the Editor that period between writing and receiving a reply!

But was the anxiety justified? Never a bit! We would give you the letter, *in extenso*, if "young Tom" hadn't asked us to treat it confidentially. In fact, he wrote at the foot of a typed letter. "P.S. Of course this correspondence will be considered as strictly private. The 'old man' (there it is!) is extremely 'touchy' (poor old chap. Strikes us he had a cause?) in many ways! If writing again, please use private address." You can see "young Tom's" post-script., herewith. So that there might be no mistake about it, the Editor did write once again—to that private address. But, only once, girls! No more!

P.S. Of course this correspondence will be considered as strictly private. The 'old man' is extremely touchy in many ways! If writing again please use private address.

In fact, and so that "young Tom" should not imagine that he were the only raisin in the duff, he was assured that the mission of The Maritime Review was "to raise the *status* of the Mercantile Marine, while catering for all branches of the shipping and allied industries. In any case, the M.R. will go in for a fulfilment of its mission, either alone, or hand-in-hand with the guild." We leave it to our host of admirers as to whether we have been loyal to our trust. Also whether "young Tom" has been loyal to his? (Don't forget that the foregoing quotation was written nearly three years ago?)

Summing the matter up, we wish to assure our friends that, for our part, we are unwilling to advocate the views of people who are so peculiarly constructed, that they imagine it ordinary business to indulge in back-stair work of the kind explained, here. Again, for our part, we are fairly certain that Moore, *pere*, would scorn any such low-down work, and for the simple reason that as a one-time sailorman, we do not believe that he could come down to it. In the case of the 'longshore son, who is now "acting secretary" and has had his screw raised by £50 per annum—well, we have now showed you how enterprising he can be?

Furthermore, the proof of all we have written is before us as we write, while we have given you reduced reproductions of the principal items. Need anything further be said? Truly were the words in "Guild Gazette" of December, somewhat prophetic! What were the words? Why, these: "It is always as well to 'play the game,' and none like to see this better than members of the profession!" This being so, we wish to know if the said members are going on paying into that guild while "young Tom" has anything to do with it?

Our old dad—may the sod rest easy on his head—was won't to impress upon us one great (to him) truth. It ran: "Give 'em rope, boy; give 'em rope! If they are honest, it won't hurt 'em. If they are not, it will—hang 'em." Personally, we have ever followed his advice. For that reason, we gave rope right from June 15, 1904, to the present date. It is not for us to say that anybody has been hanged in consequence. But if, after reading the foregoing, our professional brethren continue to support the guild as presently administered, then, they deserve all they will get of misery in the future.

In conclusion, we admit the soft impeachment laid out in the "Guild Gazette" already referred to. It ran: "Little seems to be heard of the Cardiffian enterprise to which we alluded in our last." It's all right, for man wants but little here below—even if he wants that little long! This is only a little, we admit. Next time, we shall bring along the roping needle, and when we do that—well, sores of all kinds are by way of opening out! Still, we have no animosity to the guild. Are simply disgusted with its parochial administration.

The Liverpool Underwriters' Association.

IN the halcyon days of our youth, and when we were intent on beguiling ourselves with the belief that, if we were good, kept our nose clean, and our socks free from wrinkles, we might with luck—annex enough money at sea with which to live hard, die hard, and be buried by the parish, we often heard of the Liverpool Underwriters' Association. Not only heard of them, for we had a very great respect for the Association. Weren't they in the habit of sub-editing some of our log-books? Didn't their surveyors come on board at various points on the globe, and after reading those same log-books, thank the fates that a bit of ship was left after all the dangers which were recorded therein?

OF course, they did! And because of their thankfulness, and an expressed desire to deal generously with us, we thought well of the Association. Very well. We are not the sort of people to go back on old friends, and that is mainly why—after starting off on another troubled sea (that of journalism)—we have often thought regretfully of the friends of our youth. You see, we had quite decided that there was no longer a Liverpool Underwriters' Association; that they had left the Mersey-side and other places; and that, in consequence, the "lost liners" were doing likewise.

TRUE, sundry of our young men assured us that the Association was still in existence; that it was doing good work; that all honest men respected it, while wrong 'uns feared it; but in the absence of official intimation that way, we retained an open mind on the subject. Of course, we could have written to our Liverpool man to inquire about it; but such is not our wont. THE MARITIME REVIEW has never indulged in blatant advertisement; has kept clear of the back-scratching propensities so dear to some of its alleged rivals; has laid itself out to "get there" by sheer merit; and—with a conscious blush of pride we write it—to-day, there are but few shipping men the world over, who are not admirers of its plain speaking; or who do not welcome it as the champion of the truth in everything appertaining to ships and shipping.

BUT instead of that Liverpool Underwriters' Association having gone to lands unknown, it is still a very decided power in the land, and judging from its one-hundred-and-fifth annual report which is before us, it is also a terribly strenuous affair. Just as strenuous as when we knew it in the days already referred to—and that is admitting a very great deal. Leaving our good-tempered badinage, and dropping down into a serious consideration of that report, we note that its Committee is hopeful that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his forthcoming Budget, will provide that marine insurance shall pay duty even on the lines existing with fire insurance.

HOPE on, hope ever. At the same time, Chancellors are not inclined to generosity. Everybody admits that marine insurance should have the same rights—privileges and immunities come not into the matter—as fire insurance; but, until the shipping industry expresses itself in a less ambiguous manner than is usual; well, redress is problematical. Similarly, "the Committee have been asked to co-operate in an endeavour to consolidate the numerous forms of clauses and warranties at present in use in marine insurance policies," and admit that such a consolidation would be a great practical convenience. It would. But as long as petty jealousies abound, any such a state is extremely problematical. Almost as problematical as the supposition that the increased facilities at the port of Liverpool will put the break on the departing glories thereof. Liverpool's sun is only partially eclipsed. If its great men will line up in a modern manner, and will steer clear of the stupid assumption that to hail from Liverpool is only one remove from hailing from heaven—but you understand, or ought to?

THE Committee has also supported the movement which is on foot, for the establishment of a Custom House near-about where it is wanted. Emulate Cardiff in this respect, friends. Time was, that our local Custom House ended off a lane frequented by nigger sailors and their lady friends. To-day, it is right in the heart of the Docks district. Praiseworthy pegging away did it. The same thing will win in Liverpool. The Liverpool Underwriters' Association are noted for pegging away—their annual report emphasises the fact. They have consistently supported the demand for a High Court of Justice at Lancashire. One of these days, the demand will be granted—but much grey hair will have eventuated meanwhile, and many wrinkled faces!

IN connection with the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the canals and other waterways of the United Kingdom, the Committee hope that the Commission's deliberations will result in an improvement in the means of internal communication. So do we. But we're inclined to be sceptical about it. So are we about the advisability of giving an American concern a free advertisement in the matter of submarine signalling. When that signalling has gone beyond the experimental stage—when, that is, a British inventor has put the hall-mark of perpetuity thereon—it will be quite time enough to suggest an extension of these pretty little japes which are intended to safen life and property at sea. Meanwhile, we are old-fashioned enough to believe that the sea service is rapidly becoming in line with the shipowners' business—both are being wet-nursed, and generalised out of existence.

HOWEVER, in a possibly frantic endeavour to stop the liner desertion, the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board have decided to instal a wireless system of communication on the North West Lightship, which already possesses the submarine signalling apparatus. Is that why the Underwriters' Association gives the suppliers thereof a nice little puff? All these "improvements" savour somewhat, of locking the stable door when the steed has left? But with regard to the Royal Commission which is busying itself with lighthouse administration, the Committee re-affirms its oft-repeated belief, that the care of lighthouses should be given to the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. Of course it should. Why penalise the shipowner for a national duty.

BESIDES, if the Marine Department were required to attend to some really useful work, it would give over playing the goat with a number of minor details, such as inquiries, food scales, half-pay notes, and things of that nature. The same thing applies with those light dues. The Committee "record with satisfaction that the Government have sanctioned a further reduction of 7½ per cent., to take effect on April 1, next (funny date, by the way?), in the amount of the impost levied upon the merchant marine in respect of the lighthouse service." Another sop to the people who keep the Empire running! Still, the Committee may go on hoping, here, too. Hoping, and working for the total abolition of the greatest national swindle of modern times.

AMERICAN cotton comes in for a consideration. The Yanks are being persuaded to wrap their cotton in decent wrappings—such as apply with the Indian and Egyptian samples. In this connection, the Liverpool Underwriters' Association remarks that "the loose and hazardous condition in which the bulk of American cotton lands in this country has been a long-standing grievance with merchants, shipowners, and underwriters." There is a simple way out of it, after all. Why not refuse a line on that portion which is shipped in "a loose and hazardous condition?" The refusal would do more good than tons of paper representations. Try it, sirs. We write from personal experience of the trade.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *January 23, 1907.*

THERE can be no gainsaying the fact that the market in Cardiff (and other) Coal continues in a flourishing condition, and our anticipations of this blissful state have been justified in every particular. There is no need to remark that jubilations are about in consequence at least, on one side of the hedge, and that the selling side. Concerning the unfortunate buyer—or would-be buyer—well, the less said about his troubles, the better.

COMING along to the question of supply and demand, quite a number of worrying experts declare that these items are about equalised. That there is just as much of the one, as there is of the other. We happen to know better. There is a fair amount of would-be demand, but in view of the fact that there is very little coal available therefor well, you can't write much about a demand under those circumstances, can you?

AT the same time, there is the usual prattle of congestion which ever comes along, directly matters are a shade above the normal. Everybody is busy, of course. It is with hope to be precisely in that condition, that most of us come to the Docks. It is fairly certain that but few of us come to business, merely for the purpose of hearing the other fellow sing? No! We want business, and, praise de lor', we have it, just now, in most gratifying amounts.

DEMAND is here, supplies are there (or thereabout), and prices are here, also. To-morrow—or next day—prices will be there (or thereabout) too. They have taken a fit of rising, and as long as the supply continues in its present uncomfortable state, the rising particular will continue. Our sympathy goes out to the unfortunate buyer. His is a sad plight. For weeks past, he has been occupying the undignified position known as sitting on the fence; has hoped against hope; has backed his belief that a fall were imminent; and now——!

WHAT do we mean by that dash? Simply that the sitting-on-the-fence men are worse off than ever. A few weeks ago, it would have been possible for them to cover their little requirements—with care. But to-day, they can neither cover, nor persuade somebody else to do it for them. Meanwhile, supplies are far too limited to admit of his quibbling at prices, and where he must purchase, then, he has to do it with as much grace as possible—aye, and with as big a price as seller is hard-hearted enough to demand.

OF old, it was said that "needs must when the devil drives." Like every other old saw, it is essential to modernise the wording thereof. So, if you are out as a buyer of Welsh coal at present, and wish to smooth over your prodigality in the matter of price, the adage which will probably soothe your heated brow, is "Needs must when the seller demands a price." The weather is somewhat cold, just now, isn't it? But it's not nearly as cold as the comfort which the buyer of coals will obtain, if he practices his talents on the Cardiff Coal Exchange. In proof of this, just scan the subjoined figures:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. od.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. od., 19s. od.	18s. od., 19s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	10s. 9d., 11s. od.	10s. 10½d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.	10s. od.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.
Best Newport ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 6d.
Seconds ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s. od., 30s. od.	29s. od.	29s. od.	30s. od.	30s. od.	29s. od., 30s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 27s. od.	27s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *January 23, 1907.*

SINCE our last writing, the Market here has undergone no change downward. On the contrary, rather, for the recent firmness has become more pronounced, and although actual prices remain much about the same as of late, there is no doubt that they are on the upward trend, and that they will become actual, shortly, there is but little reason to doubt.

STEMS all around are satisfactory, and judging by the continued good enquiry, are likely to remain so for some time. This is always a factor towards the maintenance of a market, and one which the seller is not likely to forget to take advantage of. At any rate, he is not doing so, just now. Promptly, collieries are very full, and difficulty is experienced in arranging stems for this period.

THE demand for ANTHRACITE COALS continues unabated, and there is no lack of same for delivery ahead. Consequently, quotations are as firm for this position as they are for present shipment. This is the case pretty generally, all qualities being active markets. MACHINE MADE COALS are a firm commodity, as also CULM and DUFF, prices showing an improvement upon the preceding figures.

STEAMS are likewise, and supplies keep inadequate to the demand. This has caused sellers to raise their quotations, which are in a fair way of being obtained, seeing that there is but little free coal about.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. od.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	18s. od.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. 3d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od., 24s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. 3d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 9d	15s. od.	15s. 6d.
Steam:						
Best Large ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending January 23, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, (Monte Video, f.o.), *Jupiter*, 3,100 tons, 12s. 3d.
Sanna, 4,500 tons, 12s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Lesraulx*, 3,700 tons, 12s. 3d.
Cragside, or sub., 3,900/4,100 tons, 12s. 9d. 250, 1s. option 1,200/1,500 tons, Puerto del Sauce, 1s. 6d, extra, 200. (N).
Red Cross, 3,000 tons, 12s. 3d.
Zarate, *Chingford*, 14s. 150.
Diego Suarez, *Kilbrennan*, 10s. 3d.
Barbados or Dominica, *Riftswood*, 2,000 tons, 10s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Dominica, *Tockwith*, 2,000 tons, 10s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Pernambuco, *Oceanic*, 2,600 tons, 14s. 3d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 14s.
Barlby, 5,200 tons, 13s. 6d. option Santos, 15s. 6d.
Buenos Ayres/La Plata, *Elbe*, 5,000 tons, 13s. (N).
Las Palmas, *Bangor*, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Tapton, 4,800 tons, 6s. 7½d. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 1½d.
Para, *Elizabeth*, 3,000 tons, 12s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Haulwen*, 5,700 tons, 6s.
Llanover, 5,500 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Crimdon*, 1,950 tons, 7s.
Glengoil, 3,600 tons, 7s. option Swansea ldg. 7s. 3d.
Kirkwall, 3,300 tons, 7s. (s).
Glenesk, 4,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Elmville, 3,400 tons, 6s. 10½d. (s).
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Ioannis, 3,700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
William Middleton, 3,200 tons, 6s. 4½d. spot.
Excellence Pleska, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Cyclades, 4,100 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Burgemeester's Jacob, 4,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Tregenna*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Milton, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (N).
Silverton, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d. ppt.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Sir W. T. Lewis, 5,000 tons, 6s. 2d. (P.T.)
Venice, *Winifred*, 3,700 tons, 7s. 6d. 500.
Llangorse, 5,500 tons, 7s. 6d. 500.
Cornilios, 3,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 500, ppt.
Poseidon, 3,200 tons, 7s. 9d. 400.
Valencia, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d. coal, 6s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Savona, *Alioth*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 10½d. 500, or 7s. if 350.
Algiers, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6 fcs. ppt.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 6·75 fcs. (N).
Beck Freres, 2,300 tons, 6·50 fcs. (N).
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6 fcs.
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 6·50 fcs. (N).
Torre or Leghorn, *Isle of Kent*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 400, 10d.
Spezzia, *Ellesmere*, 1,700 tons, 7s. (s).
Piræus, *Eugenie*, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Constantinople, *Trewidden*, 3,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Trevider, 4,300 tons, 6s. (N).
Barcelona, *Cornucopia*, 2,000 tons, 7s. (N).
Marseilles, *Britannia*, 3,500 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Licata, *Ragna*, 1,900 tons, 7s. 6d.
Seville, *Nike*, 2,000 tons, 5s. 4½d. (N).
Radnor, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Tarragona, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 5s. 9d. 350.
North Briton, 5s. 9d. (s).
Sfax, *Lulea*, 1,800 tons, 8·25 fcs. coal, 9·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Benisaf, *Hispania*, 2,400 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Leghorn, *Heros*, 2,850 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Villareal, *Gimle*, 1,300 tons, 6s. (N).
Gibraltar, *Cassia*, 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cambro, 3,000 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Malta, *Eda*, 5s.
Lisbon, *Jarlot*, 1,000 tons, 6s.
Rapido, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Heemskerck, 3,113,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Devonia, 1,900 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Forest, 2,000 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Cadiz, *Armourer*, 700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Arosa Bay, *Portland*, 3,850 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Lagos, *Rhio*, 3,600 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

Charente, *Rocio*, 1,650 tons, 5 fcs.
La Pallice, *Belgica*, 3,100 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Baltique, 3,100 tons, 4·25 fcs. (N).
Bordeaux, *Ida*, 1,450 tons, 5·12½ fcs. coal, 5·62½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Ingram, 2,100 tons, 4·87½ fcs. (s).
Snorre, 1,950 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Clara, 2,400 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
La Rochelle, *General Gordon*, 1,750 tons, 4·62½ fcs. (s).
Rosella, 1,650 tons, 4·62½ fcs. 500.
St. Nazaire, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Huelva, *John Marychurch*, 1,900 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 5s. (N).
Bayonne, *Banderas*, 3,400 tons, 5 fcs. 500.

COASTING, Etc.

Portland, *Maywood*, 1,550 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Bangarth, 2,600 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
Hatfield, 2,200 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
Skeldon, 1,800 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
London, *Dag*, 800 tons, 4s. 6d.
Ramsey, *Scotsman, or sub.*, 4s. 3d.
St. Servan, *Sunnida*, 700 tons, 4s. 6d.
Workington, *Pearl, or sub.*, 550 tons, 3s. 7½d. (s).
Belfast, *The Viscount*, 440 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Brest, *Carn Marth*, 1,800 tons, 4s. (s).
Hamburg, *Yukon*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dunkirk, *Aarvak*, 1,000 tons, 4s.
Granville, *Linn O. Dee*, 550 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Peterburg*, 990 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Augusta, 1,150 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 7½d. (P.T.)
Elsinmore, 1,200 tons, 5s. (s).
St. Malo, *Pouvoir*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 1½d
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Corrwg, 1,000 tons, 4s.
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Fecamp, *Harriett*, 550 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Guernsey, *Abington*, 550 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Havre, *City of Liverpool*, 1,100 tons, 4s. (s).
Swiftsure, 1,100 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Congress, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 1,700 tons, 4s. option La Rochelle.
Springbok, 1,000 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Ravn*, 1,100 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Calais, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s.
Christine Sell, 1,000 tons, 4s.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Norden*, 1,496 n, 4s. 9d. spot.
Port Vendres to Newport, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 6s. 3d.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE Caledonian Insurance Company have issued a circular to their shareholders, anent the losses incurred in connection with the San Francisco earthquake, which reads as follows: "In fulfilment of the promise made by the chairman of the Board at the annual meeting in May last, that so soon as definite information could be obtained with regard to the loss sustained by this company, by the disaster at San Francisco, the same would be communicated to the shareholders. I am instructed by the directors to inform you that the net loss to this company amounts to £500,000. Of this amount £460,000 or over 90 per cent., has already been paid, and it is expected that the whole balance will shortly be adjusted and settled. Large as the loss is, it falls well within the reserves of the company. It is gratifying to the directors to be able to state that leaving the San Francisco losses out of the account, the underwriting profit of the fire department for the year 1906, amounts to £70,000. This result is a most encouraging one, pointing, as it does, to the profit which may be looked for in ordinary circumstances from the carefully built up business of the company."

\+ + +

THE above report makes one pause, and wonder, as to how many insurance companies have been hit by the disturbances at Jamaica? It also points to the necessity of providing large reserves for contingencies of the "un-dreamed-of" variety, by those insurance undertakings which indulge, to a very great extent, in foreign risks. Up to the present, underwriters have been unable to approximate with any degree of certainty the losses which they have to face in connection with the recent earthquake, but we have reason to believe that those gentlemen (from no fault of their own) are rejoicing, owing to the fact that there was no special rush of "earthquake" business after the 'Frisco affair. From what can be gathered from the latest reports, Lloyd's have reason to congratulate themselves. The agricultural crops were largely covered, but as luck has it, there appears to be very little chance of claims being made in this particular direction.

\+ + +

THE loss to shipping is remarkably small, the only vessel of any size to suffer, being the *Prinz Waldemar*, one of the Hamburg-American liners, her tonnage being 4,658 gross. The loss of this vessel is alleged to be due to the alteration of the coast line, and the destruction of the lighthouse near Plum Point, where she ran ashore. Of course, as is usual at this port, there was a large amount of produce stored in the various warehouses, and the underwriters will have to face the loss of the major portion of the goods stored, owing to the fact that they were covered pending shipment. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, we can understand the underwriters' smiles, for we have not forgotten the "very favourable terms" which were offered to residents in the West Indies, to cover the special risks resulting from earthquakes, and we also remember the refusal of those residents to jump at their "one and only" opportunity. At the moment, we expect that there are many aching hearts (and sore heads) due to this neglect in insuring. Poor people, they have our sympathy.

FROM the reports in the local press relating to the sailors' savings banks, the public might be inclined to think that the depositors consist of the uncertificated portion of the community, alone. To remove any misapprehensions which may be around in connection with this point, we would remind the ever-ready-to-believe-'longshoreman, that the executive officers have a finger in this particular pie. At the same time we would call attention to the fact that the term "savings bank" is rather a misnomer. Far from being a medium by which the seafaring community accumulate their hard earned savings (when they have any) it is rather an institution which is made use of by the sailorman, to deposit his cash until he is (as usual) bound to part with it.

\+ + +

SAVINGS bank, forsooth! Where in the name of all the gods, both great and small, is the seafarer to obtain such an excess of this world's wealth, that will enable him to set aside sufficient for a rainy day? We wrote, "for a rainy day." Rather where is he to obtain enough to suffice for his needs, and those of his family even if "summery" conditions prevail? We know not! If any of our readers can put us on the track of the philanthropic firm of shipowners who, out of the goodness of their hearts, pay a wage which enables their employés to save a red cent (and live decently), then, we will be obliged to the good souls who, having made the discovery, will send us the names of the philanthropists.

\+ + +

LISTEN to us, good people. Sailors' savings banks are all bunkum. We know it because we have "had some." Just to put the case clearly. How much can a man (we specify a man) save out of a wage of £3 10s. to £4 per month? Now there's a riddle for you, and one which ought to be easily answered by some of our actuarial friends, who sit on high stools in the counter department of many of the shipowners' (and managers') offices. The "counter department" is particularly mentioned, because under that heading you will also include the stamp lickers, and those are the gentlemen who, because they are only paid five shillings (or, at most, seven-and-six) per week, venture to air their opinions as to how much a sailor man should receive,—and how much he ought to save. We are quite prepared for a number of answers before our next issue, and they will undoubtedly be of the same kind as may be seen aired in some of the local "dailies!"

\+ + +

WE have before us, a copy of a new book bearing the title, *Business Prospects Year Book, 1907*—the first, we hope, of a long series. Compiled by two well-known Docks men—Messrs. Joseph Davies and C. P. Hailey—the treatise claims to be an expert forecast of what we may expect from a business point of view, during the current year. As far as we can see, the best authorities on such divers matters as coal, iron, copper, tin, shipping, cotton, timber, corn, etc., have been consulted, and as a set off to the opinions given we read: "Whether he agrees or differs with the conclusions, the facts and estimates given cannot fail to be of value to every business man." It is, admittedly, a tough job to indulge in prophetics, although, perhaps, our friends would prefer their joint labour to be viewed in the light of an intelligent anticipation of coming events? Be that as it may, the book is filled with interesting information; runs into 152 pages; is half-a-crown per copy; and is published by *Commercial Intelligence*, 166, Fleet Street, London, E.C. If only for the cheerful optimism contained therein, every business man should possess a copy of *Business Prospects*.

THE FIELD LINE (CARDIFF), LIMITED.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING NOVEMBER 30th, 1906.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Interest on First and Second Debentures	3459 7 9	By Balance Profit Trading Account including proportion on uncompleted voyages	10258 17 10
,, Debenture Guarantee Fees	350 0 0	,, Transfer Fees	7 0 0
,, Debenture Trustee Fees	76 0 10		
,, Sundry Interests and Bank Charges	289 19 2		
,, Directors' Fees and Travelling Expenses	415 0 0		
,, Repairs	950 4 9		
,, Audit Fees	73 10 0		
,, Debenture Trustees' Auditors' Fee	15 15 0		
,, Sinking Fund for Redemption of Debentures	3500 0 0		
,, Balance Profit carried to Balance Sheet	1136 0 4		
	£10,265 17 10		£10,265 17 10

BALANCE SHEET AT NOVEMBER 30th, 1906.

LIABILITIES.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Authorised Share Capital—		
100,000 Shares of £1 each	100000 0 0	
Share Capital issued—		
54,368 Ordinary Shares of £1 each fully paid	54368 0 0	
Less Calls in Arrear	7 10 0	
		54360 10 0
4½% First Mortgage Debentures—		
Authorised Issue £120,000 of which 700 Debentures of £100 each have been issued	70000 0 0	
Add Interest accrued to date	1312 10 0	
		71312 10 0
5½% Second Mortgage Debentures—		
Authorised Issue £30,000 of which 650 Debentures of £20 each have been issued	13000 0 0	
Add Interest accrued to date	288 11 11	
		13288 11 11
Sinking Fund for Redemption of Debentures—		
Amount provided out of Profits to November 30th, 1905	8000 0 0	
Add Amount provided this year	3500 0 0	
		11500 0 0
Bills payable		3594 2 8
Sundry Creditors		2771 17 11
Profit and Loss Account—		
Balance Profit brought forward from last Account	4057 15 5	
Add Profit this Year as per Profit and Loss Account	1136 0 4	
		5193 15 9
		£162,021 8 3

ASSETS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cost of Steamers as per Balance Sheet dated November 30th, 1905		136742 1 8
Sundry Debtors		5638 19 9
Amounts paid in Advance—		
Insurance Premiums prepaid	2074 13 0	
Proportion of Fees for Guaranteeing Debentures	122 14 10	
Proportion of Debenture Trustee Fees	22 1 11	
		2219 9 9
Suspense Account—		
Amount paid in connection with claim and costs *re* Placing First Debentures as per last Account	450 0 0	
Cost of placing and Registration of Second Debentures	379 12 5	
		829 12 5
Disbursements on Account of Current Voyages, including proportion of profits on uncompleted voyages		662 14 8
Law Guarantee and Trust Society, Limited—		
Premiums paid in respect of Sinking Fund Policy for Redemption of Mortgage Debentures to April, 1906	7927 10 0	
Premium paid to April, 1907	3963 15 0	
		11891 5 0
Cash at London City and Midland Bank		3613 8 2
Disbursements on account of average (recoverable from Underwriters)		423 16 10
		£162,021 8 3

"In accordance with the provisions of the Companies' Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and we report to the Shareholders as follows:—The Managers are entitled under the Articles of Association to a commission of 5 per cent. on the net profits earned by the Company; this commission has been charged accordingly, viz.: on the profits made by the steamers on each voyage, after charging Directors' Fees and Expenses, but before charging Interest on Loans and Debentures, Repairs, &c. We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers, and in our opinion, such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shewn by the Books of the Company."

18, Queen Street, Cardiff.
January 10th, 1907.

NOEL & SHACKELL,
Chartered Accountants.

OUR "PROTECTORS'" REPORT ON

THE FIELD LINE (CARDIFF), LIMITED.

OF WHICH THE DIRECTORS ARE

W. W. JONES (Chairman). RICHARD CORY.
C. WINN JONES. JAMES GARDNER. T. MILLER.

And whose fees and expenses as such, amount to £415.

Their Address is
BOSTON BUILDINGS.
CARDIFF.

The Ships are

S.S.	"WESTFIELD."	5,750 tons d.w.	
S.S.	"HUDDERSFIELD."	3,550 do	
S.S.	"EASTFIELD."	3,550 do.	
S.S.	"NORTHFIELD."	3,550 do.	
S.S.	"GRAYFIELD"	3,550 do.	*Mortua sed insura*

January 12th, 1907.

PROTECTORS' REPORT.

Dear Sirs, Mesdames and Investing Skippers,

The Protectors, with due respect and all dignity, beg to submit for your consideration their first report on the fourth annual statement of accounts of the Field Line (Cardiff) Limited, as set out opposite.

It is unsatisfactory to report that the net profit on the Trading amounts to the insignificant sum of £1,136 0s. 4d. and we would be happier (so would you) if double that amount were available for distribution.

In view of the fact that the debentures registered stand at £70,000 of the 4½ per cent. series, and £13,000 of the 5½ variety, we would call your attention to the amount of interest required to satisfy those accommodating persons who advanced the money.

To begin, the 4½ per cent are issued in connection with the Law Guarantee and Trust Society Ltd., and for their great kindness in guaranteeing the debenture holders, the sum of £350 per annum is paid to the Society, which, by the way, is equivalent to ½ per cent. on the issue; 4½ plus ½ equals 5, so in reality 5 per cent. is the rate of interest paid for the first loan. We make no mention of the other small items such as Trustees' fees, or their auditors' fees, etc., as they all help to diminish the available profit, and we know you do not object to anything of that sort.

To pay the interest on the debentures plus the guarantee fees, will require £4,215 per annum. To redeem those delightful debs. will take over twenty years, at the rate at which progress has been made up to the present time. Seeing that you are ordinary shareholders, we venture to hope that you will nod your heads in strict approval of the methods in vogue. You will be allowed to enjoy your dividends (when there are any) AFTER debenture and other interest, directors' fees and expenses, audit fees, bank charges, sinking funds and repairs have been satisfied. Do not be downhearted, for there is every prospect of your receiving something—someday; and perhaps you will have noticed a distribution of 2½ per cent. has just been paid, assistance to do this being obtained from the previous year's profit, when, as usual, nothing was distributed.

It will be observed that the bank loan has now been fully paid off by the issue of the Second Debentures before referred to: at the same time it will be noted that instead of paying interest to a nasty old bank on £8,600 odd, in future it will be paid on £13,000 to nice little debenture holders. Much better for everyone—except the shareholders, isn't it?

Of course, it is well known that many individuals who have shares in the undertaking, will exhibit their bad manners by growling at this procedure, but if they reflect for one moment, they will understand that the managers must have money, or how can they manage—and there you are?

Subsequent to the completion of the accounts, the steamer *Grayfield*, which stranded on Robin Rigg sands has become a total wreck, the loss, however, is fully covered by insurance. It must be a source of great satisfaction to you all to learn this, and at the same time we will pardon you, if you express a desire for all the ships to follow the example. Previous to this lucky event, there were five steamers under the management, having an aggregate tonnage of 19,950. As, possibly, you have not observed it, we beg to call your attention to the value at which these vessels are assessed in the balance sheet, viz: £136,742 1s. 8d.; and if you are any sort of a mathematician, you will find that this works out to a cost of about £6 17s. 1d. per ton. Seeing that several new ships have been recently floated for opposition companies, at prices ranging at from £5 10s. to £6 5s. per ton, many people may wonder why the value of these vessels is, year after year, put down at the same figure. Well you see, in the first place, it looks well. Again, how can depreciation be taken into account, when debentures have to be redeemed, and expenses of all description paid; when there is only a profit of £1,136 for the year? Why it is not sufficient to pay the dividend which you are now receiving, and for which you ought to feel duly thankful.

If the ships are set down at a price which is about "27 bob per ton," more than that of new ones, what is there to grumble at? The engines have been oiled, haven't they? You know some folks assert, that an old machine is better than a new one, and so you ought to? Supposing that they were valued at £5 10s. 0d. per ton, then the total would only amount to £109,725, which is some £27,017 less than they are at present supposed to be worth. This would mean a loss of £24,012 being shown in the accounts, and it certainly would not be wise to spoil their beauty in that fashion?

With regard to the audit. Last year a London firm did the work, and in their certificate drew attention to the fact that "the managers are entitled under the Articles of Association to a commission of 5 per cent. on the net profits of the company. This commission has been charged on the profits made by the steamers on each voyage, after charging directors' fees and expenses, but before charging repairs, interest on loans and debentures, etc." This year a local firm audited the accounts, and in their certificate made a similar rude remark. Impertinence, to say the least of it! How dare auditors call attention to the managers remuneration in this unseemly fashion? Why should they be allowed to inform the shareholders that the managers are not adhering to the Articles of Association, when by the latter doing so it would mean a considerable difference per annum to them? Oh, the audacity of the people!

With regard to the suspense account, it is intended to wipe this out; it would of course have been nicer if this had been done a year ago, but it is better late than never.

The steamers have been maintained in a thorough state of efficiency, the amount spent on repairs for the last year being £950 4s. 9d., as compared with £892 7s. 11d. in the previous year. As the vessels grow older, more money will be able to be expended on this very necessary item, at which you will no doubt be delighted?

Thanking you for your kind attention, and trusting that you will not pick holes in our report. We are, as already suggested,

Your Protectors.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on January 10th, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

18,692/05 SILBERRAD—***Improvements in explosives.***

This invention relates to nitro-glycerine explosives used for blasting. According to this invention a jelly is produced by dissolving nitro-cellulose in nitro-glycerine and adding this jelly to dopes of wood meal and sodium nitrate. To the explosives thus formed small quantities of naphthalene and resin are added to reduce the velocity of detonation.

3,635/06—MIKA AND NOWROTEK—***Improvements in and relating to barriers for mine shafts.***

This invention relates to barriers for mine shafts, by which the opening of the shaft for the entrance of trucks on the cage can be held closed so that the trucks are prevented from entering the cage unintentionally. In the two track ledges of the shaft tubing, iron rods are pivotally mounted and connected at their end by a rod destined to close the shaft opening. At the other end, the iron rods are provided with projections which, when the shaft opening is held closed, project beyond the track ledges. As soon as the cage ascends to its normal level adapted to receive the truck the guides of the cage push the projections of the rods aside into slots provided for this purpose in the track ledges. The iron rods are thus lifted and with them the closing rod, the opening for the entrance of the track being thus freed.

5,913/06—MACDONALD AND PURCKES—***Improvements in or connected with conning towers or like deck structures of submarine navigable boats or vessels.***

The object of this invention is to provide means for the escape of the occupants of a submarine vessel in the event of the ordinary means of exit being ineffective owing to an accident. Accordingly, the conning tower is constructed independently of the deck of the vessel, and is in no way permanently attached thereto, but is provided with a floor having a watertight hatchway, so that in the event of the tower being detached from the submarine, it becomes a buoyant vessel. An aperture is provided in the deck so that free access can be had from the conning tower to the interior of the vessel, and round this aperture is placed a joint-ring of india-rubber connected to a sliding ring attached to which are clutches fitted in duplicate adapted to connect with similar clutches on the conning tower. The sliding ring can be turned by means of toothed racks gearing with toothed pinion wheels so that the clutch parts on the ring are released from the clutch parts on the tower which is then free to float away.

6,609/06—DE RUSETT AND WILKINSON—***Improvements in and relating to tanks for water ballast in ships.***

The object of this invention is the reduction of tonnage of ships and rendering the cargo spaces practically self-trimming by placing a portion of the water ballast in the spaces otherwise left vacant when bulk cargo is run into the vessel. The ballast tanks are carried between the hatchways in a transverse direction across the ship, and the sides of the tank are sloped at about an angle equal to that assumed by coal or grain loaded untrimmed into the vessel, the sides of the tanks giving strength to the upper structure of the vessel.

5,705/A—VENIER—***Improvements in detonators for cartridges, and primers for explosive purposes, blasting fuses and the like.***

This invention relates to detonators for cartridges and for primers for explosive purposes, blasting fuses, and the like, which by a corresponding choice of the explosive material used can be exploded by an exceptionally weak electric spark. Surrounding the detonating cap is a layer of insulating material and on the inside is the priming. As when using a very weak current the layer of priming must not be too thick, on the top of the same a cylinder of lead closed at the bottom except for a small opening therein, is placed. Then in this cylinder any desired priming for effecting a stronger action may be placed.

7,041/06—SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH & CO., & DOUGLAS—***Improvements in the safety devices for percussion fuzes for ordinance.***

In fuzes where the percussion pellet is held back by the head of a longitudinal blade spring, in order to prevent the spring from spreading out and thus releasing the pellet, according to this invention a safety ring locked by a safety pin, which is withdrawn before the projectile is loaded into the gun is employed. After withdrawal of the pin the ring still holds the spring and is prevented from falling, and thus releasing the spring by small shearing pins carried by the safety ring, and bearing upon a safety washer placed over the head of the spring.

17,828/06—FLOTTMANN—***Improvements in pneumatic percussive rockdrills.***

This invention relates to an arrangement for effecting automatically the rotation of pneumatic percussive rock drilling tools. The rod of a reciprocating piston is coupled by means of two sets of feathers or grooves to two guiding sleeves in such a manner that by arranging the one set of grooves obliquely, and controlling the corresponding sleeve by means of ratchet gear, the piston and its rod are rotated only during their travel in one direction, the rotation being communicated to the second sleeve which constitutes the tool holder, through the medium of the grooves and feathers.

These applications for patents, are until February 28th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on January 16th, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending February 16th.

Class 8.—Including nautical instruments.

THE POLLUX (written in a star with a circumscribing circle).

286,716—All goods included in that class, not including phonographic Records or Dry Batteries, and not including any goods of a like kind to any of these excluded goods. Alfred Hill Pollock and George Luther Pollock, trading as Pollock Brothers, 25, Wicklow Street, Dublin; Opticians; 4th October, 1906.

Device representing a lamp. Chlorophylle $\overset{B}{J\ J}$

287,434—Philosophical Instruments, Scientific Instruments and apparatus for useful purposes. Instruments and apparatus for teaching, but not including electric lamps, and not including any goods of a like kind to electric lamps. Jean Baptiste Jacquemin, Route de la Mouille, Morez-du-Jours, France, Manufacturer.—30th October, 1906. Address for service in the United Kingdom is c/o Marks and Clerk, 18, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 155. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1907. Threepence.

HOME-MADE (BUT HONEST!)

SECRET-COMMISSION-MADE!

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone: No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—MOTOR CARS OF VARIED DESIGNS	183
MARITIME MURMURS	184
"LET'S DO SOMETHING!"	188
MORE CREPE ON THE DOOR	189
AN EVENING WITH THE LOCAL DRYDOCKMEN	190
THE STATE OF TRADE AT THE BUTE DOCKS FOR 1906	193
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	194
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	195
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	196
A PAS DE DEUX	198

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WELL, well! There's hope for the commercial community yet! You mightn't think it, but an improvement in the Consular Service has been again promised, and this time by no less a personage than Mr. Lloyd-George. We have no intention of thinking-up the number of times on which we have heard that same promise, for the pastime would convince us of our age—and we hate to appear aged. All the same, we are sure that "a better Consular Service" has been handed on as a safe Ministerial promise, every time the Parliamentary silly season is "on." It is a sure snip for a newspaper par; a free ad.: the puff which is inspired; place it how you will; and "Georgie," with his usually unfailing good luck, has dropped right into it. Mind you, there is no necessity for any of you to get past yourselves on that account. A better—no, an improved Consular Service will be on tap, and just as near, when the Angel Gabriel blows his final toot. Still, that is no reason why we should look at these matters through smoked glasses? Not a bit of it. Anyhow, Mr. Lloyd-George was the principal guest at the Walsall Chamber of Commerce annual banquet on Monday night (poor gentleman! How he does flirt with his digestive organs, to be sure. Think of the free meals which have been given him since he romped into power! Talk about living among the flesh-pots, and things like that!)

HOWEVER, being the principal guest, it naturally followed that "Georgie" was expected to amuse (or entertain—a distinction which sometimes carries a difference?) the givers of the feast. So, when the toast-master rose to offer for the consideration of those present, "The President of the Board of Trade," expectation was on tip-toe, right away and at once. You don't need to be told that Mr. Lloyd-George rose to it like a trout in the hungry season? Not at all. You quite realise that the worthy gentleman couldn't disappoint his hosts of that memorable occasion? Right you are, then. What did he say? Don't push in that manner, please. We shall tell you a bit of what he said, presently, only we hate to be hurried. Among other items, the Presidential gentleman remarked that he took every opportunity (so like "Georgie," isn't it?) of coming into immediate contact with the great leaders of the trade and industry of the various centres of the country. He is quite right, too. He does make an effort that way, and when he has succeeded, he usually ends up the séance by promising them all they desire—and then goes home to sleep. And don't forget that the Minister prefers to consider propositions of trade and commerce quite apart from party politics.

GOOD old party politics! Good old trade and commerce. Our youthful member of the push wishes to know what "Georgie" really knows about either trade or commerce, and what is the difference betwixt them? Still, that young man has been made see things in a light that is good for his eventual welfare, so we will come back to Erin—no to "Georgie." According to this transient prophet, British trade is simply languishing until scientific organisation is switched on; the same kind of organisation which hangs about the German sample. That brought him down to the consul idea. We are assured that Consular methods are improved, are to be further improved, and that the nature of their services is to be modernised. Do you believe it, or are you under the impression that a glance at the Walsall menu would explain many presently hidden points? What improvement has taken place in our time, friends? Any foreigner can be admitted as a "British" Consul, as long as he'll do the work for nothing, and promise a lot. Broadly speaking, the Consular Service of the greatest Empire on earth, is a joke; a travesty; a huge diversion for the foreigner; and a mortifying of the flesh of the Briton.

WHEN we throw our thoughts out to the queer-looking spots in which we have seen the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown; to the not-too-salubrious places where we have read the words "British Vice-Consulate;" to the halting language which has fluttered around us from the heaven-sent patriot who assured us that he was the Consul (sometimes, the words were pronounced "der Gonsul"); we have to lay back and wonder if there was a

lobster mayonnaise in that Walsall menu. Especially when we further read that, in future, Consular reports are to be published promptly, and that they would have to be up to the requirements of modern business methods. Dear, dear! And this is the manner in which the Walsall man allows himself to be "stuffed"! Here are we under a Government whose every breath prates of retrenchment (outside of the Sacred Ring); with a Navy that has been mussed up until a second-rate Power could probably man it off in twenty-four hours; with an Army that is little better than a laughing-stock; with Socialism ruining nine-tenths of the municipalities in the country; with pronounced Socialists in the seat of the powerful: and yet, in the face of it all, we are assured that the Consular Service is to be brought into line with modern requirements! If the thing could be done "on strap," we should believe it. Remembering that it will cost a goodly number of jerry o' goblins—well, we are leaving it right here. We are not of the turkey breed, and anyhow, Christmas is past.

WRITING of chambers of commerce, reminds us that another of those combinations of business men have been holding a monthly séance. This time, it is the Glesca' buddies. Monday, of this week, was the day of days, too. In the matter of resolutions, there were several, but the one which gives us pause, is that which dwelt with shipping rings. According to the Glasgow friend, those wicked rings are inimical to trade, and of course, as such, should be abolished. For our part, we are wondering where the wickedness comes in, on this occasion? It is because of the inherent wickedness of the things, or merely because some wily Londoners have the bulge on the business men of the Empire's "second city," in this connection? We can quite understand that as long as the Cockney has the ring, then, to a Glasgow man, they are inimical to trade. But would the same doctrine hold good, if the Glasgow men had managed to secure those rings? We hae oor doots, d'ye ken. At the same time, the rings are inimical to trade, and we have an idea that the ringists themselves realise the fact, in their inward recesses, so to write it. But as they appear to be in a position to get away with the inimicality (forgive us, won't you?), are they likely to give over cornering the South African trade? Not by a very great deal, for this is another instance of where the power to do ill deeds make ill deeds done.

THE local colliery owners will have to sit up, with a vengeance! There's a Daniel come to judgment, and if he doesn't know a very great deal about the coal trade—albeit a mere "leader of the men"—then, he would like the world to think he does. Really, you know, it isn't a Daniel, at all. That is merely our scriptural manner of putting it. The man's name is Mr. D. Watts Morgan. We have been unable to learn if this same Mr. Morgan ever sold a ton of coal in his life; but even so, he is in a position to give the sellers of millions of tons, points, all down the line. We have heard it stated in all seriousness, that anybody may successfully run a railway, boss a theatre, or edit a newspaper—probably, for the reason that they are the three toughest propositions open to mankind. But that old saw will have to be modernised. There must be four items in future, and one of 'em will be, to successfully run a colliery. At least, that is how we read it, after scanning the words of this Mr. Morgan. He knows a thing or two, does Morgan. For instance, he knows that if the men's leaders could gain access to the colliery man's books, it would be found that some of the wicked coalowners had made contracts by reducing prices. You can't fool Morgan, you'll find; so out with those books.

LET us have no shinnanakin about the thing. Morgan "ventures" to make a statement, and when that occurs, let no man ope his mouth—as the Bard had it. For "on the least indication of the possibility of their collieries being idle for a day or two some owners lose their heads." Personally, we feel that it is a national disaster that some of the men's "leaders" don't follow suit. In our opinion, the nation would be just as well off, if some of those heads were lost—beyond the hope of recovery! But look at the wickedness of those coal people. They lose their heads, and down go prices. We ever assured you that colliery men merely come to the docks to frivol. True, in between, they manage to rope in enough good cash, with which to send a couple of hands up the hills on pay day. But that is simply a bit more of their wickedness. They know that if they didn't pay those colliers once a fortnight, or as the case might be, then, the "leaders" wouldn't get any bunce on the intervening Saturdays. A "leader" without his wage (for the labourer is ever worthy of his hire), is a nasty kind of man to meet—at a mass meeting. He is sure to say things more than ordinarily caustic, and that is against the teaching of those who say "let brotherly love continue"—to everybody save the man who feeds you.

BUT if those coalowners didn't lose their heads; "if they held firm," as Morgan puts it, well, under those conditions, prices could be maintained. Of course, they could, You can see that with half an eye, can't you, good people? You only have to be firm, and your prices are o.k., right away and at once. Mind you, the buyer might say things up against you in consequence, but then, it is as well to have a possible buyer sassing you, as a "labour leader?" Furthermore, the buyer might tell you to go to helljoram, aye, and to take your coals along with you, for all he cared. And in either instance, he wouldn't buy your stuff as long as those prices were maintained. But that wouldn't matter a toss, as long as the coalowner didn't lower his rates. He is expected to be a man, these days; must hold firm; and if by so doing, he finds himself visiting that office in St. Mary Street—you know, the place where they clean the slate; what about it? It's ever so much better to lose your money, than it is to lose your head, for we have the implication directly from the lips of no less a personage than Mr. D. Watts Morgan; and he is quite the sort of man to know all these little points, because he is a "labour leader."

AT least, if he isn't a labour leader, he leads—more or less—the men who labour, and that is a distinction with a difference. Moreover, if the masters held firm, the prices wouldn't only be maintained, for in the aggregate (and several long years?) they would not have sold a ton less! And here is the beauty of the whole holdforth, for what has been already said "proves what the men's 'leaders' have said, over and over again." Yea, lor'! It doth—we don't think? But what have the "leaders" said? Simply that the coalowners are not using the business acumen (ahem!) which they show in dealing with the men. There you are! If you have tears, prepare to shed 'em, now! The coalowners don't care a dump about their chief reason of existence. No, dear us! They might give the blessed coal away for nothing, and thus it comes about, that they have to grind down the poor hardly-used colliers. This is where we weep, friends. To think that coalowners should be so idiotic as to come down to the Docks on coal-selling bent, and yet all they care about is to haze the poor colliers! Dref'ful, isn't it. Really, we cannot take these Morgans seriously. Their opinions appear to us, to be piffley in the extreme. Did it ever strike Mr. D. Watts Morgan that if the coalowners wished to hash up the miners' livelihoods,

it would be merely essential to stay at home for three months, in which time, the whole fit-out would be bu'sted?

But after reading all the Morganesque restrictions, will you be surprised to further read, that "Long contracts are all very well, occasionally, in order to keep the collieries working regularly, but when there is a strong market there is no reason why owners should play into the hands of brokers." Dear, dear. This is where we become tired. First the colliery owners are wicked to tender coal at a price which—in the Morganesque belief—is unwarranted; later, contracts are all "very well" on occasion. Now, who is most likely to know when the occasion is ripe? Morgan, or the men he decries? Personally, we shall plump for the coalowners, seeing that they have grown up in the business, while Mr. Morgan has merely grown up outside of it. You see, the masters have both sold coal and employed the men whom Morgan and Co., lead. The latter have neither sold coal nor employed the men. In fact they are in the employ of the men, and probably that accounts for much of the twankey which finds a place in an otherwise self-respecting newspaper? Really, you deep-thinking colliers, haven't you been about fed up enough with this peculiar kind of argument—save the name?

From coalowners to the House of Lords isn't a particularly long jump these days? Anyhow, having worked off the wisdom already touched upon in the preceding pars. we next find the same Mr. Morgan officiating at a sort of Lib-Lab meeting at Porth. The worthy "leader" moved a resolution condemning the action of the House of Lords with reference to the Education Bill. Will somebody tell Mr. Morgan that this is certainly against his own interests? To our way of thinking, those "labour leaders" should stand by the lords on every possible occasion. Aren't their interests all in one line? Aren't they depending on the same source for a living? Doesn't everybody assure us that the lords live on unearned increment? And isn't that quite the same sort of payment which settles the "labour leaders'" weekly bills? Yet, on every occasion, we find labour "leaders" inveighing against the very men with whom they should unite. If you put out the light of the lords, then, the mob, seeing its power, would surely start off on the leaders of the erstwhile blind. We should, if we happened to be among the cult. If "down with everything" suited us on one occasion, we should plump for it on every occasion. If we could tread on the tail of the lords' coats, hang us if we wouldn't tread on that belonging to the "leaders!"

But, bless you, it is impossible to make some people realise on which side their bread is buttered—especially if the butter is thick, and that a smear of it has been carried over to the underside! Still, Mr. William Brace, M.P., counsels moderation in these affairs; reminds his friends that as there are 670 members in the House of Commons, while the total of lib-lab folk is somewhat limited; well, he rightly assures all those who are listening, that *festina lente* is a good policy—and will make the shekels pan out much longer. Now, if the shekels pan out longer, the paid agitators' screw will be in the same ratio? *Ergo*, our boys, hasten slowly. Resolute as much as you like. But having resolved, be satisfied with seeing it plunked in the minute book, and then go home to by-by. The evolution of the race will go on in precisely the manner ordained by its Creator, aye, whether you play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep—or merely play the goat. Meanwhile, you may safely accept the Bracian counsels for moderation, in which manner, you will "enlist the sympathies of citizens outside the ranks of actual working men," of whom there happen to be a powerful number, and they are nearly tired of all this fustian!

There certainly is a lot of inquisitive questioning just now, concerning the truth about the Navy. Essayists and correspondents have awakened with a vengeance, and the worst part of it is, that as soon as Parliament is once more on the job, all that questioning will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. The present is the silly season. The time when the letter writer gets a run for his money. However, the truth about the Navy is by no means a difficult item to arrive at. It is more or less in parlous state, and if some alteration is not rapidly made in the whole undertaking then, the country might as well have no Navy. We know that a number of apparently well-meaning writers are out upon a questioning séance, but then, and as far as we can see, their sole intention is to fake up a number of swagger appointments for a few of their pals. That is highly commendable, we know, but it is hardly the thing to reassure the nation. In this connection, the *Morning Post* has recently contained some most interesting matter, based on a recent book, *Naval Policy. A Plea for the Study of War.* We have no intention of going exhaustively into this review in the *Morning Post*. It is unnecessary.

At the same time, it is as well to pass a comment or so on the salient features thereof. The writer of the book referred to—one "Barfleur"—is dealt with in the following words: "In order to ascertain the true principles of naval education, 'Barfleur' examines in detail the history of the qualifications of naval officers. He shows that there have always been three branches of work: fighting, the navigation and manœuvring of the ship, and working its motive mechanism. . . But he does not find that in the sailing days, the executive officers were sailmakers or skilled artizans." But is this so? What sort of executive officer would he be, who hadn't gone through a course of sail-making? In the sailing days, the executive officers were sailmakers of no mean order, and there were but two branches in the profession, then. The navigating was merely one half of the sailing work, the other half being the working of the ship. We have no wish to go into this matter for the purpose of following the lead of the *Morning Post's* reviewer. Our intention is merely to show that all down the ages, the user of the means of motive power has also been in a position to make that means. Times change, and we have to change with them, and thus it comes about that the opinions of very genuine experts are divided as to whether it is essential for a man to know how to make an engine, ere he is entrusted with the work of running it.

Times out of number, the railway "engine driver" is instanced as a case in point. He is, admittedly, unable to make an engine, but suppose you pick up a man hap-hazard from the engineering world and plump him on the footplate of an express train, would you be willing to trust your life to his questionable care? Not you! Now, reverse the process. Put the "engine driver" into a steamer's engineroom, and would you have any doubts about the matter? No! Give the new chum a sufficiency of time in which to gather in a knowledge of the various connections, and he would fuss along as good as gold! These little items are somewhat disconcerting to the regular "fancy," but they are there or thereabout. Engineers are as necessary as navigators, and the two branches of the

profession should pull hand in hand at all times, and under all circumstances. But it is somewhat difficult to say why a seagoing engineer should be filled with a disjointed smattering of the engineers' profession, when, if he continues at sea, he will never be in a position to use his knowledge. Virtue-of-necessity jobs will ever be his finest attempts, gainsay the fact who will, and if a man may never hope to have a shop filled with machine tools at hand when most wanted, of what use is it to fill him with a knowledge of how they should be used? Nine times out of ten, that knowledge is a positive drawback, and cripples the resourcefulness which would otherwise be natural. If a man has convinced himself that he needs a turning lathe for a given job, it is useless expecting him to fix up the given job with a common or garden file?

While the inhabitants of two continents are offering condolences to one-another over what we may call a breach of the laws of diplomatic etiquette, there crops up another story of a very recent incident, which still further goes to show that one touch of disaster makes all the world akin. The Jamaica affair is almost brought to a close, there having been admitted errors on the part of the Governor, and also indiscretions on the part of the American admiral. We do not mean to contend, however, that there was any room (or time) for red-tapism upon such an occasion. Neither should the unfortunate affair be seized upon by either Jingoes or Little Englanders as an opportunity to draw attention to each other's shortcomings. Rear Admiral Davis just happened to be on the spot, that is all; and looking at the affair from a naval policeman's point of view, he came to the conclusion that he would have to "do summat." To bring you to the case in point, then, let us tell you of the first-class cruiser *Diadem*, homeward bound from the Far East. By the happy chance which brought Admiral Davis to Kingston, on January 14, the *Diadem* happened to be, on Sunday last, in the track of the Norddeutcher Lloyd liner *Seydleitz*, which she found in distress, the fore part of her being on fire. The *Diadem* took off the German vessel's passengers and mails, and escorted her back to Point de Galle. There are those who would say that even as we were caught napping by the Americans, in the West Indies, so have we caught the Germans in the Indian Ocean. Anyhow, maritime nations ought to be able to do one another a good turn afloat, now and then, without making a song about it, and without the matter leading to international complications?

The Tariff Commissioners appointed by Germany and the United States, have brought their pow-wow to a conclusion. They have been extremely polite to each other, and have had an "understanding" that may lead to a treaty. The American public is highly pleased with the result. Being "extremists" in the matter of tariffs, they evidently do not want to cross swords with Germany; herself a past mistress in the gentle art of market catching—if we may use such an expression. Besides, together they stand, and divided—well—there is England, you know! The two proposals that were the outcome of the conference were in effect that Germany should be satisfied for the present, with some concessions of the "unwritten law" order, and that there should be a reciprocatory treaty brought forward in the near future. We read, some time back, that the Tariff War that was predicted by an American senator, was to be a three cornered fight, but apparently it is to be a two sided conflict of the ordinary nature—the other "corners" having "combined" to corner us! Ah well, let 'em all come; we have done it before, you know. We *do* want a big gun in the shape of a tariff reform to fight them with, though!

How many of our readers ever stop to think, while they are enjoying a succulent red herring for the matutinal repast, of the money which is annually made by those people who undertake to provide the dainty morsel? Personally, we do not remember ever giving the matter a thought—not even when we have dined out, and had a "soldier" put before us. More attractive than the aroma emitted from the "red," is the report of the Steam Herring Fleet just issued. After lowering the face value of the shares to half their original worth in 1904, this company has fought its way along, until, this year, the members are rewarded with a twenty per cent. dividend. Last year it was ten per cent., but the doubling of that amount is not due to the neglecting of the general reserve fund. Last January, very little attention was paid to that matter; this time, £2,000 has been allocated. What's the inference? Prosperity or depression? We give our vote to the former, for we believe that some of our friends still have a sneaking regard for their one-time standard repast!

Here is something that may interest the engineer officer. A man who signs himself "Bootle" (not of "baby" fame) has been writing to the editor of an American weekly that is, for the most part, the organ connected with the Great Lake steam boat traffic. What started him out on the quill driving racket is hard to determine, as his letter does not make the matter quite clear. It gives you a notion, however, that he is rather pleased, than otherwise, over the fact that he has been reading something about a Bill to regulate the certificates of competency granted to sea going engineers by the British Board of Trade (dear old thing!) He says that two years in the "fire room," and two years as greaser, ought to make a man eligible to pass an examination, on the construction and handling of engines and the management of boilers. He does not state what the would-be engineer should occupy his time with, during that "two years in the fire room" period, but we will suppose that he is expected, by his more or less skilful manipulation of rake, slice, pricker bar, and shovel, to bring about an efficient combustion of the fuel that is supplied to that particular "fire room." We are aware that America gets her engineers by such a process, but we, who have trained our hands and brains to the practice and theory of our business, can tell the "shovel," when we see him. (Our engineer expert wrote this par!)

The cold weather has come and gone, and is coming again. You wonder why reference is made to this apparently unimportant detail? Well, its this way. Cold weather affects the hydraulic pipes by which the tips at Penarth docks are manipulated. Anyhow, such was the case during the last spell of frost. Now, you might happen to know that water circulates through those pipes, and that water freezes. Some more or less asinine individuals would have us believe that during the next cold wave, the authorities intend to circulate whisky with that water. We don't believe it; it's just another frost! But in view of the fact that unless the tips can be worked, there is going to be trouble in the air, our hydraulic expert has suggested that hot water pipes should be used! Indeed, we have been assured, that the heat from the language flitting about "over there" on a cold day, would suffice to make the coldest of waters bubble. Perhaps you have never visited Penarth docks? Personally, we've had one or two queer experiences in that quarter. It is quite easy to bring back to memory the time when a tugboat and a steamer were jammed in the lock. The hydraulic pipes were not frozen on that occasion; in fact we helped to carry the ice necessary to keep them cool—Penarth air and language again! But better luck, next cold snap—and less delayed tonnage!

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

"LET'S DO SOMETHING!"

THERE it is, and that is precisely how the matter must appear to a business man, if he has noticed that the Liverpool Dock Board has resolved to spend another £22,000 for the purpose of deepening the channel near the landing stage, "and to facilitate the ocean passenger traffic, generally." Frankly speaking, we are of opinion, that it will need considerably more than £22,000, if Liverpool is to win back the prestige which it has already lost, never bothering a bit about the progress which is essential if a port shall live. Without going so far as to suggest that the contemplated spending is much after the style of locking the door when the steed has been stolen, we yet are of opinion, that it will be on a par with putting an auxiliary rudder on a steamer, with hope to make her steam faster! If ocean passenger traffic is to be "generally" facilitated at Liverpool, it will be necessary to do more than make a sort of deep-lake, just in the vicinity of the landing stage? You see, the sum mentioned will not go very far in dredging work—which is, notoriously, expensive; and if nothing better than a possible 36ft. at low water in one place is brought about, well, we are strongly of opinion that the item will never recover the "lost liners." When all is said on the matter, the Mersey port is a decent sort of place, but like a number of equally-decent cribs, it has been very much over-rated. The native, of course, cannot be brought to believe it, but the fact remains that even the great Liverpool has its limitations. Furthermore, those limitations—in the opinion of a great number of nautical men—were reached quite a while ago. So far as we can see, the port has been given over too much to its own way of doing things—a way that is not always of the best kind. All the world—more or less—has been inclined to take the place very much at its own valuation—an obviously high one. Now, if the candid friend had happened along a decade or so ago, Liverpool would be in much better fettle at the moment, for in that event the Liverpudlian would not have taken himself (and his docks) so very seriously. To the great Liverpool Dock Board, it might not appear as of very much importance to disgust the minds of the different sorts of "whales" who use the port. Admittedly, and on the Mersey's side, the sailor is thought but little of. At the same time, he is a power to be reckoned with, and if he is allowed to sail away with several bits of bitterness concealed about his person; bitterness which need not be in existence, but which has been manufactured through the swelled-head tactics of the jacks-in-office at the Liverpool docks: well, it should be fairly apparent that the dissatisfied ones will be likely to spread their beliefs on the beaches of the world. Sailors—as well as 'longshoremen—will talk when they are up against a grievance. Their talk might take years to assume dangerous dimensions; but ultimately, the talked-of finds itself up against the real thing; in which case it is likely to arise and say, "let's do something." You can see the point, of course? Very well, then. For a decade or so, the sailor of all grades has been hazed at Liverpool. Has met with too many uniforms, and brass-buttoned officials. The dockmaster, aye, and even the deputy-sub-assistant-dockmaster has been around on the breeze; has monkeyed with the visitor until the name of the line of docks smells uncomfortably in the nostrils of the visiting seaman; and the upshot of it all has been, that the same childlike seaman, when exchanging confidences with an acquaintance at such divers places as Shanghai, Vancouver, Pugit Sound, or Lulea, has remarked, "Liverpool? It's a h—— of a place, an' don't you forget it. Chock-a-block full of red tape (and other things equally objectionable); monkeys-up-a-stick, everywhere; shoutin', hollerin', cussin', and all that—but mighty little up-to-date showin' anywhere. Take it from me. Liverpool's a h—— of a place." Now, you cannot make a success of a place, if its visiting cult works up notions after the foregoing? The alien acquaintance referred to, and at the first time of hearing, is inclined to doubt the strictures; opines that it is merely a bit of spleen on the part of the "whale" implicated; but when practically every old "whale" spins the same cuffer—well, the acquaintance comes to the belief that there must be something in it. Having come to that belief, he starts out to inform his own little circle of friends, and in the course of a few years, that not-too-nice character is accepted as the real McKoy. You can see the point this time, can't you? In a shipowners' office the common or garden sailorman counts for very little; he is about on a par therewith when Mr. Brass-buttons-with-a megaphone gets around him; but when that seaman is away in a foreign land; is the sole representative of the might and majesty of the British Empire; then, you take it from us who have been there, that seaman is considered in much the same light as would apply to a solon. The visited alien hangs upon his word; he is supposed to be "an authority"; and the results of his teaching is even the same as if he were, in deed and truth, a number one "authority." Liverpool—like a number of other cribs on this mundane sphere—spends a decent amount of coin in advertisements which might be scarcely worth the paper on which they are printed. At the best, those advertisements merely go among those who already know all about the matter advertised; but instead of studying the sailor who travels amain, and can, therefore, reach the ears of people whose eyes never see the advertisements referred to, the direct opposite transpires. Jack is a stranger in a strange land. Deal with him e'en as the Scriptures provide. Take him in, and as you see the look of astonishment on his probably unwashed face, smile the smile of the smug and pharisaical. At the same time, it is just as well to remember that he smiles best who smiles last; and the "last" in this deal, is precisely the man who assures the foreigner that "Liverpool is a h—— of a place." For many years past, the foreigner has been convinced that Liverpool is about that sort of a crib; the native is by way of assimilating the same sad truth; as an alternative, the local dock board is going to spend £22,000 in dredging operations! Makes us laugh! As a candid friend, Liverpool, let us exhort you to come down from off those stilts, in which case, you will be able to see what is happening among the nations of the world. Meanwhile, you are simply looking over their heads—and in that direction, there is nothing save sky; sky, and clouds. Never mind thanking us, dears. Take it in good part. Instruct your dock minions to foreshorten themselves in the prevailing picture. Don't allow them to muss around quite so much *a la* little tin god; purloin their megaphones, for your docks are no bigger now, than they were a decade ago, and before the megaphone was invented. If the present lot of *hombras* are weak-chested, and therefore, cannot make themselves heard over a distance of twenty feet; then, dears, sack 'em. Engage chesty men, and half your disabilities will be swept away at one hit. How would you like to be stood by a steamer's bollard, and then, just as you had made your vessel fast for about the tenth time, to be startled out of seven years' growth, by a be-whiskered, brass-buttoned, and megaphoned monstrosity who yelled into your tympanum: "Ta-a-a-ke that r-r-r-ope down to th' nixt bol-l-l-ar-r-r-d?" Go on with your "something," dears. But do, for pity's sake, let the something be good.

MORE CRÉPE ON THE DOOR!

IN our last week's issue, we asked a few pertinent questions concerning the administration of Shipping Federation, Limited, and why it should be allowed to continue in this vale of tears when, by its own showing, it should have gone to join the angels—of one colour or the other? Sundry of our readers are anxious for more information, and come along with a number of questions.

ALL this questioning is very well in its place, but as we have nothing in common with Shipping Federation, Limited, aren't our querists shouting up a wrong close, so to write it? Why not send along to St. Mary Axe for the required information, you people? Of course, you might have already done so, and having met with a possible rebuff, have tried us?

IN view of some of the queries, we can easily understand that there would be a disinclination to reply, on the part of the fortunate souls whose paternal relatives "thought them up" such an eminently good method of picking up some more or less unearned increment. You see, these querying folk are "out" for financial information—always an interesting item in life. They want to know what is the probable income of Shipping Federation, Limited, where the money comes from, how it is spent, if there is any surplus, and if so, who gets it?

COME to think of it, the foregoing is something of a string, as far as questioning goes, and for our part, we might as well admit, at once, that we have no definite information on the subject. At the same time, we have a right to size the matter up, even as shown—there or thereabout—by results? Especially if we take some of Federation's claims for data, and eke it out with a knowledge gained by practical experience at sea?

OF course, and with that end in view, we will take the claim of tonnage enrolled under the Federation flag, and on Federation's own showing, for a start. The concern recently—and for purposes of its own—claimed to have some 10,000,000 tons of shipping on its "register." The figures are near enough for our purpose, although we have doubts upon the matter. Still, we can't go far wrong, if we take the Federation's own claim, can we, now? Certainly not. Anyhow, most shipping folk are aware, that the "tariff" for inclusion with this federation arrangement, is one-halfpenny per ton. *N'est-ce-pas?*

VERY well, then. You can easily see that 10,000,000 halfpennies romp into the by-no-means-inappreciable sum of £20,833 6s. 8d.—to be exact. In 'round figures we might as well consider it £21,000 per annum from tonnage dues alone, and the whole of which has been gathered in from shipping investors all over the country, many of whom have relatives at sea; and which latter, are being hazed through the use (or otherwise) of this money which is collected without a word of consent—other than that which is implied in a prospectus, and seldom if ever read and understood.

PRETTY, isn't it? Pretty, and convincing as to that claim of Carlyle's. The claim which put the population of these Isles of the Blest at 36,000,000—mostly fools. Since the Sage of Chelsea wrote his ever-memorable words, the population of the said Isles has increased, so also—and judging by the merry manner in which Shipping Federation, Limited, gathers the oof in—have the fools? Most of us would imagine that a round £21,000 would be amply sufficient with which to "administer" a combination, on generous lines to its staff, and yet leave more than enough to cover the insurance premium which would be essential, supposing every man-Jack at sea were covered with a "Benefit Fund"?

BUT that is precisely where most of us would be adrift. We might think that, but Federation "management" has other beliefs. Now, we are not going to split straws as to how many or how few seafarers are supposed to be under the ægis of that "Benefit Fund." We have a shrewd suspicion that the Federation will not give us exact information; nobody else is sufficiently "in the know." Still, from personal observation, we are of opinion that 200,000 men is a beautifully conservative estimate. You see, Federation has it all in its favour.

WE know firms where the supers (of course, unknown to their bosses?) assure the would-be seafarer on their boats, that unless they take a "benefit ticket," they cannot obtain a berth. This sample of terrorism—which would be a disgrace if practiced by Wilson's union—has acted even as we have said, and the result is, that, to-day, some 200,000 men are "on benefit"—which is a waggish fashion of explaining an unpleasant truth.

TO purchase a "benefit book," costs one nice, clean shilling, so at 200,000 a time, and each of 'em at a shilling, we get another £10,000 into the fund. This brings the total up to about £31,000 per annum, and all dragged out of the shipping investor and the silly sailor! Under the circumstances, you can easily understand the Federation's fondness for those unspeakable aliens who—here, locally—line up outside the Federation offices, and, under the careful tutelage of a Greek contractor-man, pay over their shillings before being marshalled down to the shipping office, in search of an opportunity to oust a British lad from his birthright?

YOU see, the British lad is inclined to jib at the imposition of a shilling, in return for a doubtful blessing. The alien is not so careful, and thus it comes about that the conditions are even as they exist to-day. When we read of the paternal legislation which is for ever being prattled of by interested people engaged in shipping ventures, we have to laugh. It's rude of us, we know, but we have a strong leaning to humour, at times, and this must be pleaded as an excuse. Still, it would appear that the annual income of this "crépe on the door" affair, is near to £31,000—if we are wrong, we shall be pleased to print an authenticated balance sheet, dears—and we naturally wish to know where it all goes.

WITH regard to any benefit to the seaman, we are quite satisfied that but an inappreciable portion of the total goes out to a maimed sailor. We ask how much of it goes in "administration," and what the shipping investor receives by way of a *quid pro quo*. If the shipping investor receives no more than the seafarer—and we doubt if he really receives as much—then, we can only reiterate the words which we printed last week. "Ring the bell softly, there's crépe on the door," and time, too!

FURTHERMORE, we wish to respectfully call Mr. Lloyd-George's attention to this modern—and quasi-nautical—Inquisition. If the President of the Board of Trade will let up on the House of Lords until he has wiped away this so-called "benefit association," he will have deserved well of his fellows, and for ourselves, we will never again say one word up against him.

WE can hardly think that shipowner receives a bonus from the working of this precious Federation. Its administration shouldn't cost—when added on to the actual benefits which are paid out—the half of £31,000 per annum; so where does the money go? If there is nothing to hide, why not give us all a copy of the balance sheet? Shipping Federation, Limited, isn't a trading concern, it's a—what is it, anyhow? We hate to appear unduly inquisitive, but having seen a number of its brass-bound officials, we'd like to know, you know.

An Evening with the Local Drydockmen.

WHETHER it is because we become more observant with the lapse of years, or simply for the reason that the strenuous life of to-day makes one feel the truth of matters a bit more strongly, we have no time to determine. But the fact remains, that the tag so loved of our schooldays' guide, philosopher and friend—the dominie—comes in with a greater force, each year. What was the tag? Why, *tempus fugit*, of course. Wasn't the dear, patient, old soul for ever pounding into us the truth of his bit of Latin? And weren't we just as keen in dodging that truth? Of course, we were, and principally because we were young—and therefore, heedless.

You might be inclined to wonder what has put us off in this particular vein, and why the potentialities of *tempus fugit* appeals to us more on this occasion, than, say, yesterday, or the day before? If so, we might as well admit that we have been thinking about the annual banquet given by the Engineers' and Shipbuilders' Employers' Association, and which eventuated at the Park Hotel, on Saturday, last—January 26, as ever was. At the same time, you need not start off to think things, and to decide that "time's hallowing hand" had been busy in the interval between that banquet and its predecessor.

As a matter of fact, nothing could be farther from the truth, and with the exception that the spread was held in the magnificent saloon which has recently been added to the Park Hotel, instead of upstairs—as in former times—the difference in all around was inappreciable. Time and again, we are treated to lugubrious tales anent the soul-sagging work of the drydockman. Of his struggles with an unkind fate. And of his sleepless nights, and wearying days. Personally, we are just a little bit inclined to scepticism on the points enumerated. Anyhow, if the local drydockman has to undergo those soul-sagging, struggling, sleepless-nighty and wearying-dayey horrors, then, he has also obtained a magnificent set-off for the physical ravages consequent thereon.

You may take that from us who happened to be on the spot, and in an analytical frame of mind. We quite realised that the date was January 26, 1907, but for all the difference which we could see in the faces around us, it might quite as well have been February 3, 1906—the date of last year's gathering. True, there were a few guests present on the latest occasion, who were absent last year; there were also a few absent on this, who were there last year.

FOR ourselves, we missed the cheery voice of Mr. William Jones (Channel Dry Docks) who, on previous occasions, attended to the artistic side of the undertaking, and mustered the talent which is always in force at these events. Still, Mr. Jones was "only nursing himself up a bit for Monday"—we were assured on the quiet!—and if we missed his jovial voice, we yet had the benefit of his previous care, for the list of artistes was quite as good as ever; which is admitting a very great deal.

THEN, we failed to find Mr. William Scott, of "the Bute," and after we had learned that sickness was the cause of his absence, we silently telepathed him our sincere sympathy and passed on to a further analysis of the undertaking. We had the satisfaction of seeing—at the cross-table—Sir John Gunn, and Mr. J. A. Jones, the able President of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce; while, to the left of the Chairman (and President), Mr. William Graham, sat Mr. T. R. Thompson, Mr. John Lowdon, Mr. Edmund Hancock and (at the end) Mr. Robert Monroe. But we wish to be clear on this latter point.

W. GRAHAM, Esq.
President of the Engineers and Shipbuilders Employers' Association.

WE should hate to make you think that Mr. Monroe sat there all the evening, for, with his usual thoroughness, he was more intent on attending to the unqualified success of the function, than to his own personal comforts. Rank has its obligations, and when a man accepts the onerous responsibilities which gravitate around the position of Hon. Secretary of an Association of importance—well, that same man has but few opportunities on which he may "do himself proud." His efforts are usually on behalf of the other fellows! Especially if he has held the position for quite a while, and—we don't care. It has to come out—is built on the lines applying with Mr. Robert Monroe.

THEN, again, the Committee of management was composed of Messrs. Wm. Jones, T. Allan Johnson, and P. Lowry Rusden. We have already commented on the absence of Mr. Wm. Jones; we didn't see Mr. T. Allan Johnson, so concluded that influenza still held him in its grip. Anyhow, we did notice that "Phil" Rusden was kept busy—indeed, he worked off one little growl on the writer, because one of the lady artistes declared that she wasn't a twin! As if we had anything to do with it! And anyhow, the misfortune was all with the company, for the artiste in question was quite nice enough to make a number of those giddy drydockmen wish she were a twin, if by the happen-

ing, the indubitable enjoyment which she gave could have been thereby doubled.

We know, because our left-hand supporter assured us of the fact—albeit, perhaps, in an unguarded moment! No, we aren't going to tell you the name of our left-hand supporter. It has nothing to do with the theme, and is—more or less—a secret. Besides, he is a—but never mind. Let's get on with the serious business of the evening—which must be considered in a purely metaphorical light. Needless to say, the comfort of the guests was all that could be desired. It ever is at "the Park," for the matter of comfort, there, has been reduced to an exact science, and although we have no intention of giving you a reproduction of the menu, you may take it from us that it was in accordance with the honourable traditions of the Association, and of Mr. Guest, of the Park Hotel—to say nothing of his very capable *chef*.

A Number of would-be knowledgable people have assured us—and the world, at large—that the Scot is a person who jokes wi' deeffeeculty, while the amiable "Geordie" is but once removed from the implication. All we can say is, that the knowing ones have surely had an unfortunate experience! There were quite a number of the nationalities referred to present on Saturday, last, but instead of joking with anything like difficulty, it appeared to us to be quite the other way! We aren't going to particularise, and merely make the statement in a general way, so please refrain from frowning. At the same time, we intend to particularise in some respects.

In the case of the President of this Association, for instance. Those of our readers who honoured us by reading our last year's description of "Dry Dock Men in Playful Mood," and which was simply a variant of "An Evening with the Local Drydockmen," will remember that W. Graham, Esq. (the able general manager of Mr. C. H. Bailey's Newport and Barry undertakings) was then President of the Engineers' and Shipbuilders' Employers' Association? Well, the same gentleman is again president, and you might wonder why this should be? If so, we might casually remark that various reasons have operated to this end, although we believe that we shall be correct in stating that two reasons stand out pre-eminently in advance of all others.

First of all, Mr. Graham is "just the man" for the position (although there have been many others who were similarly fortunate in this respect), seeing that he is a diplomat of wide experience, and added to a great ability for thankless work, has a personality which invariably leaves a friend where, erstwhile, an enemy roamed in greater or lesser freedom. It would be idle to pretend that there are no petty jealousies in such a large gathering as that which ambles along as "the Employers' Association:" or that those same jealousies operate other than applies in life, generally—which is to say, that they give birth to spite, antagonisms, and industry-wrecking tactics. They do—most emphatically.

In this respect, Mr. Graham scores all along the line, and that his ability is appreciated by his colleagues, is evidenced by the fact that he is again President of probably the most influential Association in South Wales. One other item which has helped him in this respect, is his recognition of the fact that to be a successful president, it is essential that he shall not accept office "merely because the nomination cannot be dodged," but rather to go into the thing in a whole-hearted manner, and with intent to put self aside, in a strenuous endeavour to cater for the well-being of the whole. We have had it on exceptionally good authority, that this intention is Mr. Graham's guiding principle, and therefore, are not surprised that he enjoys the respect and solid support of his colleagues, generally.

While touching on the presidential portion of our writing, we might as well state that we are giving you a photographic reproduction of the past president of the Association dealt with; also, of the present occupant of the presidential chair. Mr. John Lowdon was esteemed by all his colleagues; has their esteem, now; and if we may be allowed to form an opinion on the subject, he will ever retain that esteem. However, we are not presently concerned with the administration of "the Employers' Association" in past years; we started out to write about their latest banquet; and if we have digressed, it was merely for the purpose of explaining the why and wherefore of a seeming mystery!

JOHN LOWDON, Esq., J.P.
Past President of the Engineers & Shipbuilders Employers' Association.

The comforts of the inner man having been duly attended to, a not-too-greatly-extended toast list, came on for consideration. As became all loyal gatherings of British subjects, the first toast was even that of "The King," and the President-Chairman in a few extremely well-chosen words, dismissed a subject that was acutely apparent to everybody present—that is, that King Edward VII. has no more loving group of subjects, than those who were gathered at the Park Hotel on Saturday, last. The manner in which the "send him victorious" meandered out on the evening air—well, it was a treat to be remembered.

The same thing applied, when the chairman proposed "The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other Members of the Royal Family," although we should like to hear what was wrong with Arthur Roberts' Band, at that precise and psychological moment? A friend assured us that they hadn't recovered from the emotion worked up by "God Save the King"—and we accepted the statement, as past experience has convinced us that "Arthur's Band" may be depended on, every time. Personally, we wish that "Arthur" would keep clear of those toe-twitching melodies of his, when the guests are busily engaged in wrestling with some awfully nice (but terribly tricky) pieces of sweetbread! This, by the way.

At the same time, we are half-inclined to think that it is

playing it a bit low on a number of inoffensive guests, to work off the superb playing of Mr. Tom Bryant, the eminent harpist, at a time when people are just warming up to the beauties of a well-chosen menu? You see, directly that harpist filled the saloon with real eighteen-carat chunks of melody, practically everybody ceased eating. They had to listen, and as this was an instance of where the good souls were between conflicting emotions—never mind, the harpist won, and for our part, we are glad he did. Good victuals are fairly common, these days; good harping isn't. Our thanks to you, Mr. Bryant, for a splendid musical treat; also to you, "Arthur," for another on the violin and 'cello.

Of course, "The Imperial Forces" came in for a consideration, and in this respect, Mr. Frank Shearman did himself and the toast great credit. After touching on a number of salient features in connection with this interesting matter, Mr. Shearman gave it as his opinion (and it is that of a trained engineer) that the policy which places a *Dreadnought* on the half-time list, has but little to recommend it. We heartily endorse his remarks to the effect that Naval engineers have had but scant opportunities to glean some wisdom about the turbine engine; and that with this half-timing of *Dreadnought*, those opportunities will be fewer still. But then, the Navy is not administered by business men. Some folk aver that old women are more in evidence! So why bother about it?

The toast of "The Trade and Commerce of our City and District," which was proposed by Mr. Edmund Hancock, and handled in a masterly manner, was responded to by Mr. J. A. Jones, President of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce. Needless to say, the assembled guests were given an intellectual treat, for few men can handle the subject better than Mr. "Jack" Jones—a Cardiff boy, thro' and thro'. Space forbids an extensive consideration of this particular feature of the evening, while a condensed statement would be an injustice. Suffice it to say that every item was dealt with exhaustively, and if there happened to be a few dissentients thereto, everybody was convinced that the speaker merely spoke as he believed—which is quite all that any of us have a right to expect?

The toast of "The Dry Dock Owners' and Ship Repairers' Federation" was proposed by Mr. A. Simpson (the manager of the Cardiff Channel Dry Docks Company's Newport undertaking), and was responded to by Sir John Gunn. You may take it from us that the subject was handled in an eminently satisfactory fashion, and we should need quite half-a-dozen pages to give some semblance of justice thereto. We happen to know that there was at least, one disappointed orator present, although we are not quite certain as to whether he was disappointed in not being able to respond to the Federation toast, or rather to that of the Association. We found "it" outside the door of the saloon. "It" was a piece of type-written stuff—but there, if we have room, further down, we'll give it to you, in which event, you will be able to judge for yourselves.

Meanwhile, "Our Association" was proposed by Mr. John Lowdon, J.P., and handled in his usually happy style. When we tell you that the response came from Mr. W. Graham, do you need any further elucidation of the matter? Surely not, for when the President of that Association gets up to say a few words on behalf of the combination whose welfare he has so much at heart, then, you have no need for us to make an effort at emulation. Any attempt on our part, would be tame in comparison, and thus it came about that when the toast of "The President" was proposed by Mr. R. Bendall, of Swansea—well, you could easily see that everybody present believed in the particular "Old Man" who had undertaken the navigation for yet another year.

But, really, we do not think there is any need for us to write more about this grandly successful function. The whole affair reflects great credit on the President and his able coadjutors, while the amount of work successfully tackled by the Committee and Hon. Secretary, must have been immense. No wonder that those of them who were present at the termination of the banquet looked as if something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose; or that a knowledge of the blessings derivable from these little reunions was obvious to all. "God Save the King" ended the festivities, and we are not sure if the "voluntary" which filled the air as the guests made tracks for coats and hats was, "Say au revoir, but not good-bye;" but if not, then, it should have been.

What's that? How about that type-written speech? Well, if the printer has room enough, we'll give it. Here you are:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—Allow me to say that this is one of the proudest minutes of my life. Not, perhaps, the proudest, for I am a married man—you understand. But when I arise to respond to this toast of the ————, I am filled with feelings of joy and gratitude.

"Joy, because in the words of the Immortal Bard (slightly altered to suit the occasion) you are many minds with but one thought, and hearts that beat as one. What is that thought? To secure a big repair job. What is that beat? Having secured it, to do it as cheaply as possible, and regardless as to whether you make a profit or otherwise. And my gratitude comes in, for the reason that you have given me this blissful opportunity of assuring you that I realise your love for shipowning mankind, generally.

"As a combination, and when 'out' for a tendered job, do you, having placed, as Brown, an offer for work at £3,500, become vexed because Smith, on an offer of £3,497 gets the job? Certainly not! Such is not your custom. You knew that in asking £3,500, you had got right down to actual cost, and if Smith gets the work for £3,497 then he is going to lose exactly £3 on the deal!

"As a combination, again, you never engage in cut-throat competition; never evade the tariff by as much as a mental reservation; are hopefully and honestly bent on bringing order out of the chaos engineered by your predecessors in the bad old days which are now gone for ever; and even although your dividends, in the main, keep right along up to the notch which was usual in those bad old days; that notch has been maintained with virtuous dealings.

"In those old days, the drydockman was prone to quote thirty-shillings for a docking and painting—trusting to 'developed' work with which to recoup the actual loss. In the old days, your predecessors were sports, and should have been engaged in bookmaking, as more in line with their talents. To-day, well, to-day, the majority of your fraternity are e'en what they pretend to be—genuine shiprepairers.

"True, there be yet those among you who are worthy of the tail of an eye on occasion. But they remain merely as reminders of the bad old days to which I have already alluded. In the main, you are even as I have already remarked, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I ask the company present, to drink to the continued health and prosperity of the ————."

There it is, good people, and we are wondering who the merry wag happens to be?

The return to our island of Lord Beresford, has been looked forward to with hope by those who wish to see a check in the "economy" tactics of the present Government, with regard to the administration of the Navy. Nearly all the press in the country has let itself go, at one time or another, in hero worshipping "Charlie." We, personally, admire him. As sea-farers, writing in a shipping journal, we are not given to much cry in that direction, for we have seen brave deeds done without the presence of a cheering crowd, and without the hope of publicity or notoriety "at the end of the piece." The most popular man in the Navy (and perhaps in the country) also being a sailor, will agree with us in these our sentiments, for he, too, is no hand at playing to the gallery. As a sailor and as a member of Parliament, he has ever had the interest of his dear Navy at heart, and has told the House some unpleasant truths, from time to time. Such conduct contrasts nobly with the methods of certain ex-officers of the Senior service, who, having "shoved off" and left the sea and ships for the remaining term of their natural life, have joined the noble army of "economic" ranters on shore. To our mind, that savours very much of biting the hand that feeds you, which, Imperially considered, is treasonable?

The State of Trade at the Bute Docks during the Past Year.

THE trade of the Bute Docks for the year 1906 has been satisfactory, both in imports and exports. From the subjoined figures it may be seen that a substantial increase is shown in the aggregate, amounting to 685,804 tons, which constitutes almost a record, the totals only having been exceeded once, previously, some years ago, when the coal shipments were exceptionally heavy.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strike at Bilbao during the early part of the year 1906, the importation of iron ore shows an increase of over nineteen thousand tons, and establishes a record, the previous heaviest importation being the figures given below for the year 1905.

PIG-IRON and ironwork shows a decrease, inasmuch as during 1905, the importations under these classifications were very good. It may possibly be considered as more satisfactory that the importation of the raw material has taken the place of the manufactured article.

TIMBER and DEALS show a considerable increase and no doubt would have been greater, had the importation of Canadian wood been up to the average. Similarly, are increases shown in mining timber and pitwood, which would naturally follow an increase in the output of coal.

THE falling off in the importation of grain and flour may be accounted for in many ways. Stocks were, undoubtedly, heavy at the beginning of the year, and the markets have shown a firm or upward tendency almost throughout the year; this, brought about to some extent, by the Russo-Japanese War. It has also been suggested that the great increase in motor traction has reduced the demand for corn formerly required for horses!

THE fluctuations in the export trade of the Bute Docks are also of a marked character. The large increase in the exportation of coal amounting to 641,380 tons, and in patent fuel of 86,811 tons, indicate an activity in the coal trade which cannot but be regarded as satisfactory from the standpoint of capital and labour. The returns issued by the Board of Trade show that employment has been good in the coal field, and our own lists printed week by week have shown that prices have, with few exceptions, remained firm throughout the twelve months.

THE decrease evident in other classifications of exports have fortunately been over-shadowed by the large increases named, the total export trade having increased by 701,673 tons.

THE registered tonnage of vessels also increased by 395,141 tons over that of 1905, and is another indication of enhanced trade, inasmuch as it naturally follows that increased tonnage means increased carrying capacity, making due allowance for the number of large steamers calling for bunkers, only.

ATTENTION has previously been called, in these columns, to the improved facilities afforded by the Bute Docks Company for the loading and discharging of cargoes, and these have contributed largely to the increase in the trade of the Docks. This is particularly noticeable in the East Dock, where the modern high tips have, no doubt, helped on the increase in the shipment of coal. It must also be satisfactory to the Company to have had this dock busy throughout the year with imports, generally, and with pitwood in particular, the East Dock being well adapted for the discharging of the latter, as the water remains at the same level, and thus there is no interference with the discharging of vessels.

THE opening of the New Dock in the near future, with its splendid equipment, in the way of Improved Lewis-Hunter Coaling Cranes, modern coaling tips and discharging cranes, to be worked by electrical and hydraulic power, will, no doubt, further enhance the trade of the Port, and should, in time, yield a satisfactory return upon the great amount of capital expended in providing such facilities for extending the trade of Cardiff. A feature which should be a reward for the enterprise and foresight possessed by those responsible for maintaining the Dock system in an up-to-date manner.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT SHOWING THE IMPORTS, EXPORTS, AND REGISTERED TONNAGE OF THE BUTE DOCKS, FOR THE YEARS 1905 AND 1906.

IMPORTS.

Particulars.	1905	1906	Increase.	Decrease.
Iron Ore ... Tons	876,457	895,610	19,153	
Pig Iron ... „	12,446	13,454	1,008	
Iron & Ironwork „	64,154	60,860		3,294
Timber (Round and Square) Loads	25,944	44,925	18,981	
Deals and Deal Ends „	92,641	105,365	12,724	
Flooring Boards & sundry Wood „	15,781	21,902	6,121	
Mining Timber, Pitprops and Sleepers „	56,976	80,697	23,721	
Pitwood ... Tons	300,417	303,407	2,990	
Grain & Flour „	379,101	298,197		80,904
Potatoes ... „	52,893	56,697	3,804	
Bricks ... „	2,009	1,894		115
General Merchandise „	245,183	225,125		20,058
Total Imports Tons	2,124,002	2,108,133		15,869

EXPORTS.

Particulars.	1905	1906	Increase.	Decrease.
Coal and Coke (including Bunker Coal) ... Tons	7,294,020	7,935,490	641,470	
Patent Fuel ... „	411,327	498,139	86,812	
Iron and Steel Rails ... ... „	69,289	67,737		1,552
Iron, Pig Iron, Speigle, and other of like nature... ... „	5,726	2,007		3,719
Iron (Sundry) & Ironwork ... „	84,502	82,168		2,334
Bricks ... ... „	237	885	648	
General Merchandise ... „	200,728	181,076		19,652
Total Exports Tons	8,035,829	8,767,502	701,673	
Total Imports & Exports together „	10,189,831	10,875,635	685,804	

REGISTERED TONNAGE.

	1905.	1906.	Increase.	Decrease.
Number of Vessels	9,319	9,483	164	
Tons Register	4,459,891	4,855,032	395,141	

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *January 30, 1907.*

IN reviewing the state of the local market for the past week, it is pleasing to be able to record a continued improvement therein. Alterations abound, yes; but they are all in the direction of higher prices. This, too, in spite of the supposed lack of "business acumen"—which is a "toney" expression—that is troubling some of the leaders of labour!

ANYHOW, as the weeks roll along, it would appear that the coal trade is following the lead of the youth who bore mid snow and ice, that banner with the strange device—up higher! Not that there is anything to wonder at in this blissful state of affairs, coaley. On the contrary, rather, for with conditions as they are at present (aye, and as they have been for some weeks past) an advance all 'round is all that could be reasonably expected.

STEMS are as full as ever; demand is on the increase; therefore, everything in connection with the local whirl is inclined to the abnormal side of life. But even so, the growl is about, in quite large quantities. Portions of him have made money much quicker than—some five or six weeks ago—he fancied possible; and now, he is on the growl because he hasn't made it even faster, still!

ON the other side of the hedge, the poor unfortunate buyer is finding all his calculations going agley; is continually meeting with a harder market instead of a slumpy one for which he has waited; and now—well, he is feeling ill-used and somewhat unhappy. Poor critter, he has our sympathy—even supposing he fails in getting the other fellows' coal. With regard to the latter, the requirements are miles ahead of production, and while that state continues, prices aren't going to drop anything to speak of.

MEANWHILE, it is nice to note that the exports for the past week have again reached formidable levels, while the output for the coming week are not likely to show any abatement. Then, again, the supply of tonnage keeps in a remarkably rosy condition. There are steamers, steamers, everywhere, but very little coal; and coalowner is worried—the poor unlucky soul! The congestion crank is still about, and one hardly knows whether to pity him, or the other thing.

SHIPOWNERS' troubles are acute, to the last degree. First of all, the winds are capsizing his arrangements, for his boats are hanging back; then, he comes in and finds that tips are not at all plentiful, for the simple reason that the boats already in berth cannot get coal; and when at length a tip is procurable, well, the same old thing applies, for the present ship is in the same unenviable position as the former one—can't get coal!

INDEED, it is a scarcity of coal which is at the bottom of all the alleged congestion—only those interested, in some instances, do not wish to see it. The lack of that same "business acumen" already referred to has brought about the present trouble. Foresight was conspicuous by its absence, hence, the glut at the moment. But it will clear away presently. Meanwhile, prices in the various grades are as appended herewith:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d	19s. od.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	18s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. 1½d.	14s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.
Seconds ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	34s. od.	34s. od.	34s. 6d.	34s. 6d.	34s. od., 35s. od.	35s. od.
Ordinary ...	32s. od.	32s. od.	32s. 6d.	32s. 6d.	33s. od.	33s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.	25s. od., 26s. od.	26s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od., 20s. 3d.	20s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *January 30, 1907.*

THE market hereaway for the past week has remained in a satisfactory condition, and that something known to the trade as the tone thereof is still a good one. For firmness is still a predominant feature, and judging by the activity of the demand, this is likely to be the prevailing note for some time ahead. Collieries just now are very busy, and their stems for next month are likely to keep them so right over, and hence, there is no indication that present figures will be otherwise than upheld, and that without much difficulty.

ANTHRACITE COALS are going strong, and a steady demand is enabling their exponents to obtain quotations without much difficulty. These are appreciably higher than of late, and as the demand is expanding, they are likely to be maintained. BIG VEIN is experiencing no lack of enquiry and RED VEIN is also actively shipping. MACHINE MADE COALS are scarce, especially for anything like prompt shipment, but the demand on the other hand has increased, and prices are very firm. CULM and DUFF have also improved in value—especially for next month's shipment; STEAMS, also. BESTS are very fully stemmed, and as much as 19s. is being freely requested for February. What is more pleasing, there is every appearance of the figures being obtained—or exceeded. SECONDS are also firm, in sympathy. BUNKER qualities are eagerly sought after and prices have risen. Even the inferior qualities are now securing a good market.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 21s. od.	21s. od.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 19s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s 9d.	14s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 9d.	23s. 9d.	24s. od.	23s. od., 24s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. od.	7s. od.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending January 30, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, Steamer, 8s.
Hong Kong, *Sheikh,* 15s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Crossby,* 5,000 tons, 11s. 9d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 12s. 6d.
Newcastle, 4,500 tons, 12s. 6d. 250, (P.T.)
Steamer, 4,600 tons, 11s. 6d. or 11s. 9d. part cargo.
Foston, 11s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Ethelstan,* 5,000 tons, 13s.
Madeira, *Verbena,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bengar, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 3d. 260.
Rem, 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Santiago, 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Thirlby, 3,100 tons, 6s. 9d. option Las Palmas.
Monte Video, *Golden Cross,* 3,000 tons, 12s. 3d.
Buenos Ayres, *Fairport,* 12s. 3d. option Monte Video, 12s.
Las Palmas, *Nessfield,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 1½d.
Teneriffe, *Taff,* 750 tons, 6s. 9d.
„ *Sicilia,* 2,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
„ *La Norvege,* 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bahia Blanca, Steamer, 11s. 9d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Wagner,* 5,900 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Hieronymi,* 3,400 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Italia, 3,400 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Savona Spezzia Leghorn, *Katie,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Charterhouse, 4,200 tons, 6s. 7½d. spot.
Maria Villoria, 2,800 tons, 6s. 6d. spot, option Savona.
Alexandria, *Tempus,* 4,400 tons, 6s. 700.
Orkla, 2,300 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Venice, *Italiana,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d. 500.
Manoussis, 2,000 tons, 8s. (s).
Barcelona, *Canganian, or sub.,* 1,250 tons, 7s.
Loyal Briton, 3,500 tons, 6s. 10½d. ppt.
Furlor, 1,300 tons, 7s.
Naples or Leghorn, *Epirus,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d. 700.
Frascati, 2,700 tons, 6s. 6d. 700.
Almeria, *Warnow,* 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Taormina,* 2,500 tons, 6·75 fcs. (N).
Steamer, 3,200 tons, 6·87½ fcs.
Constantinos Embiricos, 4,100 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Steamer, (Kunstmann's) 3,700 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Albia, 3,500 tons, 6·75 fcs. ppt.
Steamer, 2,250 tons, 7·12½ fcs. (s).
Algiers, *Harald,* 1,900 tons, 7·25 fcs. fuel, (N).
Tunis, *Sardinero,* 3,150 tons, 8·50 fcs. 300.
Corunna, *Sundet,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Bostad,* 750 tons, 4s. 9d.
Greenland, 4s. 10½d.
Tyr, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Gibraltar, *Ceres,* 950 tons, 5s. 9d.
Muriel, 2,700 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Corso, 2,600 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Rothsay, 2,700 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Rocio, 2,500 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Arosa Bay, *Huddersfield,* 3,[illegible] tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Catania, *Duke of Cornwall,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Brindisi, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Sicily, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Clieveden,* 2,200 tons, 4·50 fcs. ppt.
Steamer, 3,100 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Tricoupis, 3,100 tons, 4·50 fcs. option Bordeaux, 5 fcs. (c. or P.T.)
Steamer, 3,400 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Sunlight, 1,450 tons, 5 fcs. optn. Chantenay, 5·12½ fcs. (s).
Pasages, *Josefita,* 1,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Sables, *Escaut,* 1,250 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Nantes, *Victoria,* 2,200 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)
La Rochelle, *Discovery,* 4·37½ fcs. (P.T.)
Nordstjernan, 1,650 tons, 4·75 fcs. (s).
Pauillac, *Gwalia,* 1,800 tons, 5 fcs.
Chantenay, *Diligente,* 2,300 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Neptunus,* 1,500 tons, 5 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Elsa Alexander,* 800 tons, 4s. [illegible] (s).
Dieppe, *Solveig,* 1,250 tons, 4s. (s).
Corelia, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Belfast, *The Marquis,* 420 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Waterford, *Volante,* 380 tons, 4s. (N).
Barrow, *Slateford,* 400 tons, 3s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Peterbourg,* 880 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Rouen, *Free Lance,* 1,550 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Sultan, 720 tons, 5s. 9d. with berth clause. (s).
Cragside, 550 tons, 6s. „ „ (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Honfleur, *Aladdin,* 920 tons, 5s. (s).
Springbok, 950 tons, 5s. (s).
Cherbourg, *St. Kevin,* 520 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Hazelmere,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 3d.
Brest, *Ouse,* 850 tons, 4s. 3d.
Balder, 5s. 6d. (P.T.)
Caen, *Stokesley,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d.
Gerda, 1,300 tons, 4s. 6d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Coventry,* 2,100 tons, 4s. 4½d. option Newport, 4s. 7½d. ppt.
„ „ „ *Illtyd,* 2,400 tons, 4s. 4½d. 400/400.
Bordeaux to Cardiff or Barry, *Carn Brea,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Oporto „ „ Steamer, 5s. 6d.

It is interesting to note that the turbine is rapidly forging into favourable prominence. And not only in the matter of leviathans, for the twelve vessels which were supplied with turbines during 1906 were :

Lusitania	32,000	*Immingham*	2,009
Mauretania	32,000	*Marylebone*	1,940
Rewa	7,267	*Viper*	1,713
St. George	2,456	*Kingfisher*	871
St. David	2,387	*Duchess of Argyll* ...	583
St. Patrick	2,387	*Atalanta*	486

And in addition to the two express steamers for the Cunard Company mentioned above, there are presently under construction in the United Kingdom, seven merchant vessels of a total tonnage of about 31,500 tons, and all to be fitted with turbine engines. Truly a record of which to be proud ?

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE balance sheet season is now at its zenith, and if we were to deal with the mass of accounts which have come our way during the past week, the postal authorities would, undoubtedly, be reminding us of the "overweight" clause! Railway, dock, banking, gas, coal, and a thousand-and-one undertakings are at present, giving an account of their stewardship, to the more or less necessary shareholders. Managers, secretaries, accountants, and clerks, have for a period, earned their livings by the sweat of their brows, and having come to the end of balancing time, they are now resting on their oars for a brief spell. Later on, there will be more rush, and more preparations for the interim balance, but now, all is quiet. Shareholders are, in some instances, thanking their stars that they had the foresight to patronise certain successful undertakings, while others, are fuming, fretting, and vowing vengeance on the enterprising individuals, who persuaded them to part with their spare cash.

✦ ✦ ✦

UNFORTUNATELY, in the majority of instances, all this fuming ends in smoke. The man with a grievance, takes particular care to vent it in the most important manner before his acquaintances; writes to the local and financial press; prepares a campaign which will play *Hamlet* at the general meeting; and then—well he forgets the date of the meeting; has a cold and cannot attend; or, perhaps, he sends a letter to the chairman, which is read and set aside without comment. After the meeting is over, then the great unsatisfied makes more "*Hamletic*" resolutions, fumes a bit more, and again subsides. The farce of "general meetings" makes us smile. You, who are in the know—can you wonder at it?

✦ ✦ ✦

TAKING them as a whole, it is pleasing to note that the majority of our local companies do not suffer from the "anti-dividend" microbe, and as a consequence, very little is heard of the dissenting shareholder or of the disgusted one. With the prospects of trade as bright as they happen to be at the time of writing, very little should be heard of those gentlemen. At the same time, there are instances where drastic reforms would prove a power for good, and the sooner corrective measures are adopted the better for all concerned. Unity is what is wanted (more than anything else) to compel the management to adopt measures, which ought to prove beneficial to all parties. It is absolutely of no use ranting, alone; unite and compel the dilatory portion of your own particular community to hustle, or—pack up their "grips."

✦ ✦ ✦

BUT why should we be sermonising thus, when we have plenty of matter before us which is calculated to please the investor's eye (and his heart)? The first at hand, is the report of the Alexandra Docks and Railway Company (Newport.) This undertaking, under the able management of Mr. John Macaulay, shows a substantial increase in the gross revenue for the half-year, and what is more satisfactory, but a very slight advance in the working expenses. As a matter of fact, the ratio of expenditure to revenue has been reduced from 60·18 per cent. to 54·09 per cent. This alone points to the fact that the management are watching their own, and the shareholders' interests. These circumstances, accompanied by the declaration of a respectable dividend, should fortify the position of the company, considerably?

✦ ✦ ✦

THE report of the Barry Railway Company for the last half year, is by no means the least interesting of those which have reached us. It is satisfactory to note that the directors have observed a sound business policy in allocating the profits. Sundry growlers would have us believe that, another one per cent. might have been distributed. Of course it might; even more than that; but in our opinion, a wiser course has been followed. There is no escaping the renewal of rolling and other stock, and we are glad to see that this important point has not been forgotten by those who are responsible for the control of the undertaking. The gross receipts show a considerable increase, while the major portion of the net increase has been applied to the renewals account, and a substantial sum added to the carry forward. Although the ten per cent. of the first half year has not been maintained, there is very little to grumble at in the old fashioned nine per cent. declared.

✦ ✦ ✦

AFTER the ordinary meeting, a special meeting will be held, the object being to obtain permission to promote various Parliamentary Bills. These include, a Bill to give the Company power to make railways into the Sirhowy Valley and for other purposes; a Bill to incorporate the Burnham Pier Company, and one relating to the South Wales Mineral Company. In addition to the above mentioned Bills, several have been deposited in Parliament, which affect the Company's interests. There appears to be very little doubt about the manner in which the management are guarding the interests of those who have a holding in the undertaking?

✦ ✦ ✦

MARVELLOUS! The report of the Weston-super-Mare Grand Pier Company for the year ended March 31, 1906 (not 1907) has been at last issued! It is not quite clear as to whether the maxim "better late than never" applies in this instance. It has been whispered that it would be "better never than ever," and on reading the report, and examining the accounts, we are of the opinion that, perhaps, the latter dictum is the more suitable. Without wearying around with a host of figures, let us get straight to the point, and that is, there will be no dividend. But few expected one, and as a consequence, there is but little disappointment! As the years roll on, perhaps there might be a distribution of some sort, but it is a long way off. The net profit for the year is £128 13s. 5d., and the capital is £54,948. Work it out for yourselves. There is, among the liabilities, a bank loan of £12,500 odd, while the total amount to the credit of profit and loss is £317 13s. 7d. It is to be hoped that this pier will live long, for it would be a loss to the pleasure loving public to be unable to disport themselves, at various times during the tripping season, within its boundaries. Buck up management, keep the pot boiling!

✦ ✦ ✦

THE statement af accounts of Lloyd's Bank, Limited, set out opposite, should satisfy the most exacting of shareholders. The profit available for distribution, after payment of the annual contribution of £4,500 to the Provident and Insurance Fund, and after making full provision for rebates, bad debts and contingencies, is £889,853 8s. 3d. Out of this amount an interim dividend at the rate of 17½ per cent. per annum, and a final dividend at the rate of 18¾ per cent. per annum, was paid. The remainder, with the exception of £67,595 15s. 9d., which is carried forward to the current year's account, was allocated to the reserve fund; to writing down the value of the bank premises; and to the payment of income tax on dividends, etc.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	600,000 Shares of £50 each	£30,000,000.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	481,450 Shares	£24,072,500.
CAPITAL PAID UP	£8 per Share	£3,851,600.
RESERVE FUND		£2,950,000.

DIRECTORS:

J. SPENCER PHILLIPS, *Chairman.*

CHARLES EDWARD BARNETT. J. ARTHUR KENRICK. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SUMMERS.
J. B. CLOSE BROOKS. HOWARD LLOYD. JAMES TOMKINSON, M.P.
WILLIAM DE WINTON. RICHARD BORRADAILE LLOYD. RICHARD VASSAR VASSAR-SMITH.
HERBERT WHEELER HIND. EDWARD NETTLEFOLD. GEORGE DUNBAR WHATMAN.
EDWARD BRODIE HOARE. J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE.
ROBERT WOODWARD. RICHARD HOBSON. WILLIAM SMALL.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1906.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
Current, Deposit, and other Accounts, including Rebate of Bills & provision for Contingencies	63,587,931 15 6	Cash in hand and with the Bank of England	10,971,975 18 8
Profit and Loss Balance, as per Account below	428,683 5 9	Cash at Call and Short Notice	4,008,849 5 9
	64,016,615 1 3	Bills of Exchange	5,516,567 16 11
Bills Accepted or Endorsed	4,852,666 3 7	Consols (at 85) and other British Government Securities	6,946,794 9 5
Liabilities in respect of Customers' Loans to Brokers, fully secured £341,500		Indian and Colonial Government Securities, Corporation Stocks, English Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, & other Investments	5,101,736 14 0
Capital Paid up, viz., 481,450 Shares of £50 each, £8 per share paid	3,851,600 0 0		34,545,924 4 9
Reserve Fund	2,950,000 0 0	Advances to Customers and other Securities	34,577,069 1 2
		Liabilities of Customers for Bills Accepted or Endorsed by the Company	4,852,666 3 7
		Bank Premises	1,695,221 15 4
	£75,670,881 4 10		£75,670,881 4 10

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1906. Cr.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Interim Dividend for Half-year ended 30th June, at 17½ per cent. per annum	337,015 0 0	By Balance brought forward from last year	59,048 16 6
„ Reserve Fund	50,000 0 0	„ Net Profit for the year, after making provision for Rebate, Bad Debts and Contingencies	830,804 11 9
„ Bank Premises Account	35,000 0 0		
„ Income Tax	39,155 2 6		
„ Half-year's Dividend to 31st December, at 18¾ per cent. per annum	361,087 10 0		
„ Balance carried forward to next year	67,595 15 9		
	428,683 5 9		
	£889,853 8 3		£889,853 8 3

E. ALEXANDER DUFF, General Manager.

J. DIXON TAYLOR,
ALEXANDER FYSHE, Country General Managers.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE AND REPORT.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Accounts of the Company, including the Certified Returns from the Branches; and, having satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash and Investments, and considered in detail the other items of the Account, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs on the 31st December, 1906, as shown by the books of the Company.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & Co., *Chartered Accountants, Auditors.*

11th January, 1907

A PAS DE DEUX.

SCENE. An anté room at Whitehall. Two pipes, two pints, two chairs, and seated therein two—well, they were known, respectively, as Boss of the Board of Bunkum, and Bos'n of a seamen's and firemen's "Union." Bos'n rises from his chair, walks across the room; and, having ascertained that the door is securely fastened, also that there are no eavesdroppers about, resumes his seat. Boss quietly whiffs away at his after-luncheon smoke, expectantly waiting for the abominated, but tolerated Bos'n, to start the ball rolling. The latter does not keep him in suspense for long, knowing that he has one or two shots, which, when fired will be likely to hit the mark.

Bos'N starts: "Look here Boss, between you and I, you appear to be one of the biggest comics that I have ever set eyes on. I have laughed, considerably, at the manner in which you hoodwinked those Geordie shipowners when you addressed them the other day. They must think you a fine chap, after the valuable information which they gleaned from your speech!"

Boss: "There's no one about, is there? I was just a bit afraid, that one of those asinine shipowner men might be hanging around waiting for an interview, and that they might hear more than was intended for their tender ears. I can't help having to stuff people, but to tell the truth I sometimes get a bit sick of it. I like a fight, and no man is more willing to put his head into it than I am. As I grow older, I am beginning to feel that my children, who are enjoying a better education than I ever had the chance of, will begin—like other educated people—to despise some of the tactics which I have adopted. Blood runs thickly at times you know, and I can't bear to think of that sort of thing happening."

Bos'N: "Stow it, man. One would think that you were one of those chaps with a conscience. You should be like me; always keep the devil behind you!"

Boss: "It's no use, I have a little bit left, but if I come in contact with people of your calibre much more, I believe that even the small portion remaining, will be consumed! It's no use indulging in personalities though, so let us get back to the point where you assured me that I humbugged the Geordie shipowners."

Bos'N: "Very well, as you seem to be so out-of-sorts, I'll get right down to the point. You'll recollect no doubt, that in the course of your address, you suggested that our mercantile marine had nothing to fear from Germany. Now, were you serious when you made that statement, or had your native blood warmed up a little, making your memory a trifle weak. Strictly between ourselves, I don't think you could have meant it."

Boss: "Yes, of course I meant it. Aren't I the Head of the Board of Bunkum, of the nation which possesses the finest mercantile navy in the world? How dare you! You, a man who runs a sailors' union of very doubtful value, venture to suggest that I, in all my greatness, made an assertion which was, in plain language, a terminological inexactitude? I'll never do you, or your alleged union, another turn, see?"

Bos'N: "There you are. Your blood is up again, but it's no use. Just remember, Mr. Headman, that you are not fighting a mere gentleman this time, but one of those individuals who uses the same undesirable methods of attack as you do, yourself. You are not crying down the House of Lords—or yet the Church of England, or any other church! No, no, I am not of the breed which will not descend to peculiar measures, for when I want to hit a man, below the belt is as good to me, as above. That's straight for you, so stow your wrath."

Boss: "Not so loud, Bos'n; someone might hear us, and that would never do. I didn't mean to raise your ire to such a pitch; but what about Germany, now?"

Bos'N: "Don't you, as president of the Board of Bunkum, know that Germany is the most progressive of all our competitors in the ocean carrying business? Have you ever troubled to ascertain the output of the German shipbuilding trade? Have you never been told that it has increased by leaps and bounds during the past ten years? And don't you remember that last year she was our best customer, taking away over one hundred thousand tons from our yards? Strikes me that you want to learn a bit about your business."

Boss: "Now I come to think of it, I had forgotten the points which you put before me. At least, some of them, and others, well, they are new to me. But they can't turn out big ships, can they?"

Bos'N: "What? Haven't you ever heard of the *Princess Cecile*, a twenty thousand tonner, capable of doing about twenty-three knots? If you are not a beauty to hold your present position! Oh dear, I should just like your job for a few years. I bet I should make some of the beggars sit up. I'd show 'em how I could manage things. I'd——"

Boss: "Oh, by the way, how did you get on over that case in which you were sued by a man for the purpose of recovering a sum of money deducted by you, from his share of a salvage award? Must have felt rotten for an M.P. to be dragged into proceedings of that description? But there, you get no sympathy from me."

Bos'N: "Trying to be funny now, aren't you? Don't you say too much or I shall start in my best haranguing style too. The style in which I address the bhoys on the street corners. Man, I often laugh about it, afterward! They stand and gaze at me for hours—I generally pick a windy spot—and they believe, just the same as some of your followers, everything I tell them. Its a good job they do, or I should be on a street corner, or in a hall, listening to the likes of you. There'd be a difference though. I should'nt believe all you said. I'd——"

Boss: "Yes, yes, but you haven't told me how you emerged from the salvage ordeal. Don't try to pass the thing over, as I am anxious to know the result of the trial."

Bos'N: "Sh! I lost the verdict, and have to return the money, with costs on the higher scale. The judge had the impertinence to slate me for not giving particulars of the claim to the plaintiff. Bit off, wasn't it? What difference will it make to the sailor whether he has the money or not? Something was said about his being drunk when he signed the paper, giving my union authority to pay certain expenses. Now, you don't believe that one of my satellites would get a man to sign a paper when he was half-seas over, do you?"

Boss: "No of course not, but judges have a peculiar way of looking at things, and he probably believed it in this case. By the way, what was done with the money obtained from a solicitor at Cardiff, to finance the union?"

Bos'N: "Who told you about that?"

Boss: "No one, I read it in the report of an examination of a bankrupt. Seems a bit off that a union should have to be financed in that way? Before I finish, how is your fund—you know the one I mean—getting along?"

A knock at the door, suddenly put an end to this uninteresting dialogue, and a clerk having announced that the "deputation of despised drifters is without," Boss takes a hurried farewell of Bos'n, and leaves the latter to wonder how many shillings make one pound. Ten or merely twenty?

Registered as a Newspaper

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XII.—No. 156. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1907. Threepence.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

The Landlubber: "I say, Jack, you've got the bulge on them there garmints. The Government must be cutting down clothes as well!"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the **PUBLISHERS**, or through **NEWSAGENTS**.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to **THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD.** together with all **BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS**, must be addressed to **CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.** Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed **THE EDITOR.**

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the **EDITOR**, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—WHAT IT MAY COME TO	199
MARITIME MURMURS	200
THE PEACEFUL PROCLIVITIES OF GERMANY	203
SALVAGE SERVICES	204
"SERMONS IN STONES, ETC."	205
AND FURTHER——!	206
NEUROTIC NEWPORT	207
WORTH COPYING	208
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	209
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	210
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	211
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	212

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

IT seems to us that Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, M.P., Chief Conservative Whip, and when addressing his constituents one night last week, hit the trouble that is around in Government circles, with the following: "The real masters of the Government are Mr. Redmond and Mr. Keir Hardie, and other amiable people whose great object is to grind their own particular axes." That's it! Most of those same "masters of the Government," having arisen from nothing, are now in a position, the importance of which carries them away. They have been taken seriously, have been lionised—in the same manner which would apply if they had been music hall stars, or "great" footballers—and as a natural consequence, they are fuddled with an overwhelming sense of their newly-acquired importance. When all is said, how is it possible for these men to be able to steer a clear course? Drawn suddenly from oblivion, without any education other than that picked up from books and in off moments, with absolutely no preparation for the great task which lung-power has brought to them, how can they be expected to act other than as they do? It's all axes to grind, and the welfare of the country is, to them, just the particular item for which they have been put up to represent.

IN fact, their whole work in Parliament is spectacular. They are never happier than when playing to the gallery, and mainly for the reason that the gallery gods supply the cash on which they keep up their position. As we have frequently remarked in this connection, we, of the present generation, are living in an interregnum between the illiterate and the educated stage. The book-crammed men of to-day, and when appealing to their ignorant following, appear in the light of veritable "scholards." If the country is solid enough to hold on until the masses have been educated up to the Kier Hardie standard, all will be well; but the experiment is dangerous in the extreme; and if wise counsels were to prevail, an alteration in existing methods of election would be brought about. Seeing that the country rose to greatness over a long period of crass ignorance on the part of the rank and file, it should naturally follow that no harm will result, if the pals of those but-lately-educated ones were kept out for yet a while longer. Indeed, prudence demands a fore-shortening of the powers of those well-meaning, but sadly one ideaed folk, who shout so much in the Hall of the Talkers. It is impossible to keep an Empire such as that which romps along under the British Flag going, with mere gallery guff.

To continue on top, something more than a number of terminological inexactitudes is requisite. The need of the moment, is to find real business men in Parliament. Men of affairs. Men who have been used to the daily consideration of vast issues, and large sums of money. Amateurs are all very well as a sort of speechifying entreé, but as the *piece de resistance*, it is necessary to have thoroughgoing business men. People who are not afraid to look at a big issue, and who have no necessity to be for ever playing to the gallery, so that a precarious livelihood may, therefore, be obtained. In this connection, we note that Mr. John Ward, M.P., has been easing himself of a very creditable pronouncement—providing his words are to be taken in their broad sense, and not as an indication of continued one-horse driving. Mr. Ward says that in connection with Parliamentary work, and with regard to the labouring cult, "ten years hence the rough corners will be worn more smooth; we may then be able to extend our aims and take into proper focus all the apparently jarring forces at present in play, and steer a course that will neutralise and combine them all." If the words are to be considered as applicable to the general welfare of the country, we hope Mr. Ward will prove a true prophet. If he merely means that Labour will have those good points for its own ends, then, we are sure he will be wrong. In the latter event, there will be no Labour Party, for long ere ten years have passed away, the country will have tired of the new cult, or there will be no country.

THE present is the age of the copyist and plagiarist. No sooner does one man "think up" a dodge which appears to be of an economical turn, than straightway another in-

dividual romps along, intent on going one better. We have instances of this in the ranks of shipowning. One of the fancy originates a form through whose help he hopes to check some imaginary peculation, and, heigho, another "owner" goes one better, by faking up that same form and another! Time passes, and in the end the whole service is "formed" out of all semblance of efficiency. Every man-Jack is afraid of each of his shipmates, and ultimately, pandemonium, and a policy of scuttle ensues. That is exactly how matters have progressed with the Mercantile Marine, and at the present moment, it is quite the exception to find an English seaman sailing under the English flag. Shipowner having shone so gloriously in the mere cargo carrying branches of the sea profession, the Admiralty is going one better, and thus it comes about that the Mediterranean and Atlantic alleged Fleets are to be reduced to six ships each, while the others are to be placed in Rotten Row. Of course, with six ships to form a Squadron, tactical exercises are impossible. Something after the style will be indulged in, we know: but the less said about them or their utility, the better.

WHAT is going to follow, think you? Simply that the officers who, at the present moment, are anything but too well experienced in ship handling, will grow worse as time passes, and if at some future time, it should be essential to mobilise the present occupants of the national Rotten Row, the men in charge will be of more danger to each other, than would they be to a possible enemy, or than would that enemy be to them. But there is worse to come. The alleged Home Fleet is to be also a half-manned abortion, so that if any of the so-called "battle practice" is indulged in, one of two things must happen: Either that same piffley old "practice" must be carried out in a most perfunctory manner, or the up-keep of the vessels must collapse. In either case, the efficiency of the Handy Man will suffer, and if it is supposed that this may be indulged in with safety to the nation, then, we want to hear about it. And why, think you, is this asinine work indulged in? Economy, sirs. That is the fetish which accounts for all this mismanagement. Economy in every essential feature of national safety, but prodigal display in pageants and other finnicky undertakings. No wonder the L.C.C. has been going off on such a bendo of its own! When it studies the Government offices which are situated in its midst, well, the temptation is too great. That's all!

NOTWITHSTANDING all the warnings which have been given in that direction, the shibboleth of a "white Australasia" still holds good with those purblind individuals who are bent on ruining a magnificent country. It is a terrible pity that the home-keeping folk have such a poor idea of their distant kinsmen. To the average man at home, the Colonial gentleman is even as portrayed on a picture post card, and shown in the illustrated press as posing in South Africa. We, who have visited him, know that nothing could be farther from the truth. The Canadian, thanks to his rigorous climate, retains most of the strength and ruggedness which helped his forbears to make the British Empire. But where the Australian is concerned ——! He has struck an enervating climate: a land where it is always fine and pleasant: where the Creator has been passing kind to the inhabitants thereof: and in one decade, most of the grit is wiped clean out of a European. The best sign of this, is to be found in the shibboleth already referred to. The Australian realises the fact, that if he is confronted with new blood from another clime—even supposing it is a hot one, and therefore, equally enervating—he is likely to be beaten, at once. Aye, even by a poor coolie! You see, the coolie has been reared in the enervating clime, and is therefore, acclimatised; the Australian at best, is but a sort of hybrid!

ANYHOW, the Premier of New Zealand—Sir J. G. Ward—advises all and sundry that New Zealand wishes to keep right in front of the Imperial Colonial Conference which he will attend on their behalf, the question of a white race in Australasia. Funny people! They dignify their country collectively as Asia, albeit they tack an Austral in front of it, but at the same time, they stupidly imagine that it will be possible to keep Asiatics out of their particular chunk of Asia. Won't there be a bitter awakening when the big swamp begins! Instead of acting the part of peacemakers, our misguided cousins are doing all in their power to exasperate the Asiatics, who will, ultimately, overrun the country. Think of the legacy of revenge that will be in evidence when that time materialises! And yet, such a different state of affairs might be possible, if those benighted folk would only realise that they haven't inherited the earth, merely because a benign Providence allowed them to romp into a golden land, all unbeknownst-like. We sincerely trust that the Imperial Colonial Conference will inculcate a little more tolerance into the minds of those Cornstalks. The Scheme of Creation will surely follow the lead that was marked out for it in the beginning, and that lead never meant that a few millions of people should sequester to their own uses, a land large enough for the easy accommodation of hundreds of millions. Especially in view of the fact that the latest inhabitants thereof, are merely interlopers, and exist there on sufferance.

BUT the same axe-to-grind policy is apparent in each of the Colonies. A member of the Dominion House of Commons, a few days ago, and when discussing the paltry preference which has been accorded the British manufacturer in the matter of unbleached cotton and flax fabrics (1½ per cent.), declared that although the reduction in duty might not appear much to those with no money invested in Canadian mills, yet to the other fellow, it meant something terrible in the matter of loss. Furthermore, there was actually a mill in his own constituency which had been closed for eight years! Quite so, and if the duty on the commodity mentioned, amounted to thrice as much as now, that same old mill would, probably, continue closed for another eight years. But no, those good souls ever attempt to legislate on personal-interest lines. The greatest good for the greatest number never appeals to them. As a matter of fact, the majority of the Canadian cotton mills are paying good dividends, and those that are not, would possibly find the reason in bad management—not in tariffs one way or another. Those estimable folk are keen on circularising the old country for more capital, but are willing to do but precious little for the same land when the capital has been secured.

THE *Royal Navy List* for January, 1907, is a decided improvement on its predecessors, and that is admitting a very great deal. Indeed, in reviewing the current number, one is at a loss where to begin. In a prefatory note we read, "Special attention may be directed in this number of *The Royal Navy List* to the Section devoted to the War and Meritorious Services of officers. This Section has lately been arranged alphabetically, so that reference to the services of any officer is made at once, an improvement which has been hailed with satisfaction on all sides." In commenting on this invaluable compendium last year, we dipped somewhat exhaustively into that section, for to read therein, is to read the history of the modern British Navy.

Some of the entries savour more of fiction than of sober truth, so many-sided have some of our Naval officers' lives been. Indeed, for that portion alone, the book is worthy the careful attention of everybody having an interest in the Senior Service—and where is the Briton who hasn't a warm corner for anything appertaining to our First Line of Defence, and the heroes who keep its prestige on top—aye, and all too frequently under altogether unnecessary disadvantages? Messrs. Witherby and Co., 326, High Holborn, are to be congratulated on the able manner in which they have carried out the ideas of the editors of the current number of *The Royal Navy List.*

With praiseworthy perseverance, the German Admiralty is copying the hated Briton in the matter of coaling warships at sea. Of course, in view of the paucity of coaling stations connected with the nation whose future is on the sea, these seagoing trials are of prime importance. So much so, that small attempts have already been made to that end in the Baltic. Needless to say, and as Britain has already brought the matter to perfection, the German dodge has turned out there, or thereabout. You cannot successfully keep anything "dark" from Germany, although candour compels one to admit that precisely the same condition of affairs obtain between Germany and other nations! You twiggy mein moves, und I vause twiggy der moves of you! That is the diction which usually applies—on both sides of the house! However, there is a present outcry in German Service quarters, for an appropriation that shall admit of the building of special vessels for the business referred to. Makes one wonder if the British Admiralty's latest plans have "leaked out?" Of course, there might be some difficulty in persuading the German gentlemen to make the essential appropriation.

In that event, the Teutonic Admiralty has decided to transform two old-time battleships, into the base purpose of assisting at a coaling-at-sea job. Personally, we should have thought that our amiable rivals would know better than to muss around with a couple of obsolete warships, on such a joint as is here indicated. A real spry nation would understand that money spent on a seagoing collier of the most up-to-date style, would also be money well spent. We had grown to the belief that only the British Admiralty indulged in those cheese-paring tactics. We were wrong, however, and hasten to admit the fact. Anyhow, it is good to learn that all fittings which are not absolutely indispensable, will be removed from the crocks which are intended to wheeze along with a coal supply, and as they will carry some 4,000 to 5,000 tons apiece, they should come in quite useful—for coaling a few little dolly tubs. But in all probability, the German Admiralty attaches more importance to the fact that a good coal supply will be available on every sea, and in British bottoms, once the dogs of war are unleashed. Certain it is, that under existing conditions, the British Fleet will neither be able to protect the British colliers, nor play Old Harry with those of the German.

Good old Swansea! Once more her dock folk are to be arraigned before the bar of public opinion, for that old, old wickedness exemplified in delaying tonnage, through having insufficient sidings for the accommodation of coal intended for shipment. We note that Mr. E. L. Behenna has an opinion that, with anything like the organisation which Swansea has a right to expect, as much coal could be shipped in six hours, as now passes over the tips in twenty-four hours. Good old Swansea! But there, we said that before. Never mind, the same thing applies. We meant it, for when both ourselves and the world were a decade or so younger, that same old cry of bad organisation pierced as much of the empyrean blue as might be found, those days at Swansea docks. And, at that time, too, the local chamber of commerce was setting itself out to bring order out of chaos. Personally, and individually speaking, we believe that the same chamber, will be engaged upon the same joint, and about the same old coal, when the Archangel Gabriel hovers over that lovely bridge "down there," preparatory to blowing the blast that will, for once, clear away the otherwise perpetual murk for which the place is noted. Mind you, the Great Western Railway comes in for the usual amount of abuse. It ought—dern us if we are quite sure what it ought to do. Opinions are so varied, and everybody seems so sure of each of 'em. Poor G.W.R.; poorer Swansea!

But writing of the G.W.R. reminds us of a contribution in the current issue of *Railway Magazine.* The writer thereof—Mr. J. T. Lawrence, M.A.—assures his readers that "The Great Western Railway Station in the city of Cardiff is the largest and best-appointed in the Principality, and probably its receipts are second only to those of Paddington." Gosh! Won't there be trouble at Swansea now? Aye, and at Aberystwith! Here is more quotation: "The importance attached to the Cardiff trade, both passenger and goods, is evidenced by the amount of capital that has been spent in bringing it nearer to the Metropolis, first by making the severn Tunnel to save a few miles detour by way of Gloucester, and again by the new Badminton route, saving a few miles more by avoiding Bath." Because of the reduction in distance—the new quiffs have brought it down from 170 to 145 miles—the Irish mail trains now do the journey from London to Cardiff, and *vice versa*, in 2 hours, 46 minutes, without a stop, what ho! That's the Irish mail, and reminds us of another bit of jealousy exhibited by, what some people style, Cardiff's eastern rival, Newport, although where the rivalry comes in as yet, is somewhat difficult to see.

Anyhow, ever since the Irish mail was allowed to skim past Newport without a stoppage, there has been wigs upon the Newport green. It was a slight upon the fair fame of Newport—Mon., and South Wales; a wile of the Old Man with the funny toes and peaky tail; and several other things. Something had to be done—what should it be? Why, get the chamber of commerce to deal with the matter. They'd see the thing through, would they, and in a quarter less'n no time—which is supposed to be quick, you understand. Well, that chamber of commerce got on to the thing in united fashion. There were no laggards to speak of in the whole fit-out, and the G.W.R. was in for a bad quarter of an hour. But the Number One man of the G.W.R. is used to those sort of periods, and thus it came about, that while he was willing to lend every assistance to his good friends at Newport; nay, would go so far as to stop the Irish mail somewhere over the bridge, and on the Cardiff side (instead of as all-too-frequently happened, when it was unavoidably stopped on the other side); but grim irony, the train will not be available for local traffic, and the stopping era is not due until the first day in May. Thus is Fashoda avenged. Any Newportonians who wish to visit Ireland—or the City of Smoke—may do so *a la* Irish mail; but there is to be no shinnannakin along over the local twelve miles to Cardiff. Not by any manner of means, so we are inclined to believe that the chamber of commerce might have held its peace.

The Peaceful Proclivities of Germany.

ONCE more the pugilistic leanings of the Teutonic friend is claiming attention, and this time from that well-known Radical editor, Sir Edward Russell, *Liverpool Post*. According to Sir Edward, it isn't so much a case of original sin on the part of Germany—nor of that first cousin thereto, vaulting ambition—which gars the German gentlemen prepare for a big scrap. Not at all, it is merely the natural desire to find space for the overflow of population.

IN other words, Germany is out for a Colonial Empire, although what she is going to do with it when secured, is among those things which no fellow can understand. In reality, the German is too much in leading strings at home, to admit of his successfully doing the colonising act, abroad. However, that is beside the question, for it isn't so much what the Teuton can do, as what he "kids" himself into believing he can do.

ESPECIALLY if the "kidding" is likely to make trouble for this country, and that is exactly what it all amounts to. Personally, we are unfeignedly glad to note that one of their own cult has pluck enough to give the straight tip to those misguided souls who, under the name of Government, is rapidly steering our Motherland into quite the tightest corner which has been her's, since Trafalgar. As Sir Edward Russell, remarks, Germany may only acquire suitable space for colonising, after defeating England.

HERE, read the awful indictment: "Directly we are reduced to the rank of a third-rate Power, Germany is world supreme. There is no desire to annex these islands, but to cripple us financially. The vast French indemnity after Sedan would be nothing to what we should have to pay were we obliged to sue for peace." And the worst feature of the whole business is, that every word of the indictment is true. Furthermore, the travelled Briton realises it all only too well. It is merely the shouting stay-at-home-politician that hasn't *nous* enough to see it.

THE latter worthy—or otherwise—will yell while his Motherland perishes, and under the pretence of saving a few millions for vote-snatching purposes, will allow that Motherland to drift along into a state whence hundreds of millions will not extricate her. And yet, in the midst of all this wrangle, there is responsibility nowhere. The Government which brings it all about, may stay in power until the country becomes panic-stricken and wipes them away, after which, the various units of ineptitude may hie them to any snug corner to talk over past "triumphs."

QUOTING the *Liverpool Post* further, we read: "To be forewarned is not to be forearmed, for these prognostications have already been preached to deaf ears." That's a fact, for THE MARITIME REVIEW has added its quota to the general preachment, every week, for years past. We have repeatedly assured you, from personal knowledge, that our Navy is anything but proven—being more of the nature of a nautical joke; that the Army is a disintegrated mass of units, and therefore, another joke; while everybody realises that the lessons of the South African War have not been assimilated.

AND here is the terrible warning of Sir Edward: "Wherefore ponder, for Germany means to fight us on some pretext within five years—possibly earlier." On some pretext! On no pretext whatever, providing England were but true to herself and her honourable traditions. But truth in this connection appears to be out of the question. Merely because a piece of organisation is the work of the "last Government," it must be capsized by the "present Government." There is no question of right or wrong—other than that because the "last Government" did it, then, it must be wrong.

THE country was assured at the last General Election, that Naval policy would be continuous; that no alterations would be made from the wise course already pursued; and yet, in one paltry twelve months, the whole Fleet is practically disorganised; is thrown out of gear, and is wobbled around the waters of the earth, as if the seas had already left the Old Country. The Navy of the greatest nation on earth is being run on lines which one would have a right to expect, in connection with some little South American State, where the "fleet" contains two tramp steamers, and is manned by twenty-seven "admirals" and nine seamen!

WHY is it? Give it up, unless it really is that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. But even so, all hands are not mad? There should surely be enough of us left to put a stopper on this idiotic work? You know that, thanks to neglect, the Mercantile Marine will be useless to you either as a recruiting ground or a food supply. You can see for yourselves what the Army has degenerated into. And it is merely a few weeks ago that you were given some little idea as to the feeling that is rife in the First Line of Defence.

THAT "on the knee" flangary was merely a peg on which to hang the discontent which has been seething for quite a while, and which would have broken out long ago, providing a climb-down Government had been in authority. There was nothing new in that Portsmouth mutiny. We have heard its mutterings, for years. But, thanks to the strong hand at the helm, it ended in mutterings, only to break out into open rebellion, directly funk was written all over the country. And as that "on the knee" was accounted good enough for an excuse to try a fall, something equally simple will avail the German when his feverish activity has reached the culminating point.

A NUMBER of our fellow countrymen prattle about the solidity of the Empire, and of the good work her colonial sons would do in time of need. True, in a dilettante manner, and where guerilla warfare was the fashion, those Colonial sons chipped in. But when a real, eighteen-carat struggle is by way of materialisation, is it to be supposed that the colonies will be worth shucks? In the first place, they haven't ten thousand sailormen among them, while as to a Regular Army, well, they are worse off than is the Homeland, and that is admitting a very great deal.

No, when the scrap comes off, the Old Country will have to face it out on her own, and how is she prepared to do the facing? Well, she isn't at all prepared. Indeed, the would-be undoer of the Empire is singularly forbearing to wait for a few years longer. Particularly when he realises that if he tried and lost, John Bull, with his usual magnanimity, would refrain from all claims of an indemnity; would satisfy himself with patting the beaten one on the curly hair, and the remark: "Go home my little son, and don't misbehave again, or I'll certainly have to slap your nether parts."

BUT if the German friend were to win in the deal, what would happen? Why just what Sir Edward Russell prophesies: "The vast French indemnity after Sedan would be nothing to what we should have to pay were we obliged to sue for peace." There is but one little cheering hope in the whole outlook. Germany has proved her title to be a first-class fightist, no more than Britain. Since the union of the German States, that nation has never indulged in any fighting worth mentioning, for in the War with France, in '70, shekels did more than shells, for proof of which one has merely to remember Metz, and the French soldiers' black-sand cartridges in the vicinity of Paris?

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 8, 1907.

SALVAGE SERVICES.

TO the lay mind—which naturally includes those good souls who dabble in "shipping journalism" of the Cockney brand—there is no subject hedged around with greater mystery, than that which is included within the words appearing at the head of this present writing. Nor is the reason for this mystery far to seek. As a rule, the men who are noteworthy exponents of the art of deep-water salvage work, are but of little value where journalism comes in, while, *per contra*, the major portion of those alleged journalists wouldn't be worth twopence ha'penny at a salvage job. The former say but little of the dangers through which their efforts are brought to a satisfactory conclusion; the latter, knowing nothing—and therefore, fearing nothing—have all the say! It's queer, isn't it? Queer, but pathetically true! So pathetically true, that a would-be solon on shipping is inclined to remark: "We have no objection to seeing salvage services adequately rewarded, or even liberally remunerated, when the assistance rendered is shown to have been carried out in a particularly skilful or plucky fashion, but we must say we strongly disapprove of the occasional attempts made to recover salvage when the circumstances do not appear fairly to warrant a claim." That is how a journal glorying in the name of *Phoenix*—which is a self-styled "review of British trade and shipping"—breaks out on the subject! Fancy! Our would-be mentor has no objection sometimes, but strongly disapproves at others! Now, does anybody outside of a lunatic asylum care a tuppeny cuss as to whether that alleged review of trade and shipping has no objection, or otherwise? We quite understand that the variety artistes have worked up a strike; but surely, that is no sufficient reason why this *Phoenix* affair should take the breach and make a poor attempt to keep us smiling until the variety folk have learned wisdom? Great Scott! If once the great British public has it impressed upon its mind, that the jokes and japes of the music halls are merely carried out on a basis similar to that applying with dock labourers, or shop assistants; if it also realises that a "shipping" paper will lay itself out to fill an apparently long-felt want—well, you see the disillusionment that will follow? Also, the disinclination to patronise the paid for laughs, either in the halls, or in the "shipping journals?" "We have no objection to seeing salvage services adequately rewarded," quotha! What, by all that is wonderful, has *Phoenix* to do with it, anyhow? And what, out of the largeness of his own experience, does the good soul who is responsible for that weekly effusion, know about salvage work of either the "skilful or plucky" kind, or the other sort? Frankly, did any of the *Phoenix* geniuses ever engage in a bit of salvage—outside of saving a few press cuttings from the indignities of a waste paper basket, we mean? And if not, why all this impertinence in giving opinions thereon? Anyhow, this little "review's" spleen was raised, over that trial between the owners of the *Foxhound*, tug, and the German barque, *Kurt*—an episode which transpired nearly a year ago, in Swansea Bay. That you may have an understanding of how these "shipping journals" write shipping, we might inform you that, according to *Phoenix*, the *Kurt*, after her return to Swansea Bay, and when she had found that Boreas and several other items were double-banking her to her own undoing—"lay moored by one anchor for a time." The method of expression is woefully weak, we admit; but not half so weak as the sailorising expressed. Won't somebody—gently but firmly—assure *Phoenix* that you cannot moor a vessel with one anchor; that when a ship is trusting to but one mudhook, she is nautically considered to be riding to a single anchor? Still, our friend tries to come up smiling, on occasion, for later on we read that, "the force of the gale causing her to drift slightly shoreward (why "slightly?") a second anchor was dropped, an operation which successfully brought her up." *Phoenix*, old pal, one of these days, somebody will drop your second anchor, and that will be another operation which might bring you up. Meanwhile, and as you are riding it out singly, we presume you must be allowed to "drift slightly shoreward." Of course, dear old Mac. might salve you, even now! One never knows, for when Mac. puts his back into it, he is as good as a whole team with a bull-pup under the axle (bit of Yankee talk for him, and reminiscent of the harrowing old days when a Fenchurch Street office was very much in the womb of the future!) However, leaving those self-elected champions of the shipowner and underwriter, let us consider salvage work from the purview of practical experience. As a rule, is the underwriter just—without being inclined to generosity? He is not, and by the absence of that justness, he does himself a colossal amount of harm. Writing as seamen, we have no regard for the words "skilful or plucky," those being more fitting for the men whose greatest chunk of bravery consists in dodging a motor 'bus, after a day spent in an office—or other place of frivol. The whole of the sailors' life is one round of skilfulness and pluck, and therefore, familiarity therewith breeds contempt. But that the sailor is responsible for the saving of much life and property, and without a thought for any remuneration, goes without saying. Personal experience has brought us into touch with numberless seafarers who have declared that if, on some future occasion, they should happen upon a derelict, then they would "ship a blind eye," and pass on unseeing. We do not, for one moment, suppose that they really did so, but in the heat engendered by the rotten system of salvage awards, they have declared that this would be their future rôle, and why? Because, in ninety-nine per cent. of salvage cases, the men who have borne all the hardships and dangers receive practically nothing, while the stay-at-home-in-bed gentlemen (the friends of *Phoenix*, say) take the bun. Just one case in point: it could be multiplied indefinitely: A mate and four hands, through a raging sea, make nine trips between their own vessel and the derelict. Save all hands from the latter; ultimately scramble on board the derelict, and by dint of almost superhuman efforts, get in a tow rope, afterwards taking turn-about to steer the old crock into safety. Result, a salvage award of £4,800, and the Court being assured that "we have already decided on an amicable distribution of the amount, m'lud," neglects to allocate the good quidlets. The actual salvors were never asked a word about that amicability, and in the result, the mate received £76—and was exhorted to be grateful; while each of his four seamen received £32—and the same exhortation. Where did the remainder of the award go? Why, the owners of the ship and who had never risked a hair, walked off with exactly £4,280. What's think of that, *Phoenix*? Personal episode, dear, and responsible for the passing of several good ships—after their crews had been taken off. Indeed, the trait is so common to-day, that the majority of shipmasters have decided—albeit on the quiet—to do nothing further than life-saving, with any derelict that may be happened upon. Do you blame them? We don't, for if we returned to sea, and in face of the prattle which is enunciated by these self-styled "reviews" of shipping, we should decline all towing jobs.

"SERMONS IN STONES, ETC."

AT the first glance, you might be inclined to wonder why we have gone in on the pastoral lay, but if you care to read onward throughout this particular st ory," you will probably understand that there was a quantity of truth in the words of the Bard, when he assured you that :

"... this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

THAT is to say, you will admit each of the above items, unless you happen to be a minister of the Gospel, and find yourself practicing in Cardiff. In the latter event, you might think it essential to breathe forth a wail even as did a local rector, some few days ago. Personally, we are not going to argue the point with a minister. We know better than to do that.

AT the same time, there is no reason why we should not give you an opportunity of reading the indictment as set forth by the good man already referred to. Here it is : "The wealthy merchants of the city (of Cardiff) reside outside its limits (small blame to them, in view of the trades uniony way in which it is administered), and care little for the spiritual needs of their employés."

THAT is bad enough, but there is more to come ! For instance, "With few exceptions, they do not interest themselves in anything which concerns the moral or intellectual well-being of Cardiff. They not only decline to assist in the building of churches, but in the building and maintenance of the university college and the infirmary as well." Awful, isn't it, and until you take the trouble to analyse those terrible strictures, you are convinced that those altogether-lost-though-wealthy merchants, are fairly on the broad road which leadeth to the *cul de sac* whence there is no returning.

FOR our part, we have no brief for the wealthy merchants of Cardiff, for personal acquaintance with those gentlemen has convinced us that they are quite as wicked as the good souls who are not wealthy, but who merely wish to be For this occasion, only, let us discuss the subject in a man-to-man fashion, and without any cant, hypocrisy, or humbug. First of all, we are told that the wealthy merchants live outside the city, and that they care little for the spiritual needs of their employés. What about it ? Really, we mean.

WOULD any sane man—wealthy or otherwise—live in a town where all municipal work is regulated *a la* "trades union"; where public money is wasted every day in the year ; and where those same "uniony" marvels already referred to, wobble around over the scene, even after the manner of little tin gods ? Of course, not. If the ministers wish to alter this phase of life, let them give over wasting time on the "wealthy merchants," and confine their attention to the good souls who appear to have but a passing knowledge of doing unto others as they would be done by.

GOING farther with this consideration, we have to admit that there is yet an awful amount of original sin in the world—the efforts of the pastor notwithstanding. Thus it comes about, that the wicked merchant, realising that his employés care nothing for his temporal welfare, simply follows suit by working the same jape up against the spiritual welfare of the latter. It's wicked, of course, and has nothing to excuse it. But then, it is human, and, as such, should occupy the attention of the minister who rails at existing conditions ?

COMING down to the wealthy man's disinclination to assist in the building of churches, it never appears to strike those ministerial gentlemen that a merchant is wealthy because he is a business man—instead of being a dreamer. The good soul who comes to Cardiff Docks, for example, and imagines that he is going to annex much oof as the result of dreaming tall dreams, is on the way to bumping up against the biggest disillusion in his life. Isn't that so, good people ?

RATHER, and thus it comes about, that dreams are switched off, while real, eighteen-carat, and bang-up strenuosity, is switched on. If the strenuous one keeps at it, right along for some eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, then, he is squarely on the road to qualify for inclusion among those abandoned souls who will not give half of their earnings to the people who drop the hatchet, directly the knock-off bell rings. And in addition to qualifying as suggested, the strenuous one has garnered quite a number of valuable points.

FOR instance, he is antagonistic to all waste, and so, if a well-meaning (but woefully misguided) "evangelist" comes along, and spreads out a scheme for the building of yet another "place of worship." Mr. Strenuous is up against it. In effect, that "rich and selfish" man remarks : "Another place of worship ? In whose interests ? In the Lord's ? Why the Lord has wasted nothing in his scheme of Creation, and He will not countenance any waste on your part." This puts the schemist back, quite a degree or so. But being fired with zeal of a kind, he pursues the theme even to the extent of seeking an explanation from the Son of Belial referred to.

THE latter unworthy—though business-like individual says : "Here, in Cardiff, I can show you, on any Sunday you care to mention, dozens of sacred fanes with seating accommodation ranging into several hundreds each, and yet where the congregation can be reckoned in dozens. How do you account for all this waste, and why, in face of these facts, do you worry me to help you build yet other sacred fanes ? Fill up the ones you already possess ; fill them moderately ; and then come down and see me about funds for more. I don't run six branch offices when a head office will suffice for my business ; you aren't going to run —with my money—six branch chapels, while the head place is less than half-filled, nightly."

AND it is even so—only our ministerial friends cannot see it. Of course, nobody objects to these good souls running off and putting up a chapel at every street corner —if they do it with their own money ; or even with that of the patient toilers who are said to be hungering therefor. But sense is sense, after all, and if the toiler is too tired to walk three streets for his weekly sermon, he cannot need it very much ? Let us be just, before we turn out into the generous—or before we attempt to slang the "wealthy merchant" into a similar vein.

AS to the infirmary—why should an employer bother with it ? It sounds hard, of course, but even an employer has some little justice on his side. The workman is coddled and put under compensation from all ills, therefore, the need of an infirmary for workmen has ceased to exist. An employer has to spend a very appreciable amount of his profits on insurance against compensation ; the workman cannot expect to have it both ways ? Mary Jane's charter is nearly due, and then a further insurance will apply, with less necessity for an infirmary.

AND anyhow, an infirmary is anything but the heaven-sent gift that its promoters would have us believe, for sorrowing mankind will only avail themselves of its questionable blessings as a last resource. Of that, there can be no gainsaying. Forgive us for this little sermon. It's a Sunday night job. And we "preach" to a very large congregation. Our colleagues in the pulpit would be well-advised to give a little attention to the other side of the shield.

AND FURTHER——!

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have ventured to sermonise somewhat, on the doings of public men at Cardiff. Principally for the reason that our city is practically brand new, and has merely had its developing potentialities tickled, so to speak, the vagaries of municipal muddlers are not so very apparent. In other words, the port is forging ahead in spite of all efforts of the agitator to the contrary; it will probably go on with the forging, for quite a number of years to come.

AT the same time, it is just as well to consider the tactics which are being pursued in older cities, and from them, size up the possibilities here, locally. As an example let us analyse the dodges which are bidding fair to make the Capital of the Empire into a bankrupt laughing-stock for the world. That might sound as somewhat of an extreme view, but every fair-minded man must admit that there is ground therefor.

EVERY shipping man realises that as a seaport, London's day is done. Geographical situation has had much to do with this, but dodging palpable facts has had more. For instance, the good souls who are now engaged in the not-very-patriotic trick of ruining London's commerce, were born too late in the day. Too late, that is, for any good to be obtained from their efforts. They came on the scene, when the city was first in the world; was already made, and the evidences of the making were too far away to be obvious.

THAT is to say, the argossies of the world made London what it is, and nothing but those argossies can keep her made. Yet the men who have been entrusted with her destinies, appear to forget all about the real reason of the city's greatness, and act as if they believed that as long as the Bank of England remains where it was, all will be well with the business community. Needless to say, any such a belief is foredoomed to disappointment, for a city may no more expect to live on its paper commerce, than may a private individual expect to live on his household furniture.

LONDON'S case is even as that of the dog who was supposed to be after the hare. There is a quantity of "if" in the undertaking. If steamers had not been built so disgustingly large; or if the River Thames had not been planned on such terribly restricted lines; if the City Fathers had been blessed with enough intelligence to admit of their dropping out of party nonsense, and approximating (artificially) the size of their river to that of shipping in the present year of grace; in short, if everything had been altogether different, then, London would have survived.

BUT even as the dog referred to stopped to scratch his ear and thus lost the hare, so have all the other "ifs" eventuated with the unfortunate Londoner, and at the present moment he is confronted with a collossal debt, and mighty little revenue with which to meet it. Meanwhile, apologists are about, chock-full of "reasons" why all this misery is around on the wintry blast. Most of us who have studied the subject are convinced that wholesale waste has been the order of the day in Cockney municipal life; most of us are sorry for the fact.

GAINSAY it who will, the average Briton yearns to see his London on top of the universal heap—if only because he is patriotic, and has been taught from his youth, upward, to regard the Ancient City as his Mecca. Therefore, when mismanagement—to use no harsher term—is evident everywhere, he naturally wishes to learn why all this wickedness (to his way of thinking) has been allowed. For the purpose of reassuring him, all manner of "experts" have obliged; and all manner of niffy epithets have been cast at those "experts."

THE latest of the "experts" alluded to, is Mr. John Burns—the gentleman who appears to be rapidly finding his level, and also realising that it might be by no means as exalted as he imagined. However, we have no concern with the level of Mr. Burns. We have sufficient faith in our fellow countrymen to believe that, sooner or later, the precise notch befitting that gentleman's talents will be found; and when the discovery is made, we are charitable enough to hope that "Honest John" will not be disappointed.

MEANWHILE, we may consider his expressed belief as to what the L.C.C. has been aiming at, while, in the opinion of quite a number of highly estimable folk, the Ancient City has gone from bad to worse, and is going from worse, to *Nirvana*. Some of you might have imagined that the Council referred to had been using up your shekels, for your own personal good. If so, you are woefully wrong. As far as we can see, and to quote the words of Mr. John Burns, that Council has been "working for people of ten, twenty, and even a hundred years hence."

FURTHERMORE, those same people are going to bless the said Council for what it has done for them, during the past eighteen years! It is good to have faith, of course. Good, and reassuring to one's proper pride. All the same, and speaking in a personal fashion, we cannot help wondering why the L.C.C. doesn't give over working for a posterity which will surely laugh at them, and give a little attention to the present generation? If the people of a hundred years hence were supplying the hundreds of millions which are being more or less squandered, nobody would have a word to say on the subject.

BUT, hang it—well, it certainly appears to be playing it a bit low down on the present generation, to make it put up all those hundreds of millions, so that the crowd of a hundred years hence might have a problematically soft time. Besides, why not leave something for the "reformer" of that epoch? As things are tending, he will be supposed to come into possession when everything has been arranged beforehand; he will not appreciate the thing as he ought to: and in the end, he will act exactly as the present generation is acting with regard to the seaport side of the show?

THAT is to say, the present folk are disregarding the river and its potentialities. The people of the hundred-years-hence epoch will disregard municipal responsibilities. Under the circumstances, then, are we to suppose that in another hundred years, London's doom will be sealed? If so, we are sure that the boy who will then reckon us as his great-great-grandfather, say, will also reckon that it would have been better if we had thrown bricks at the L.C.C., instead of a full page of remonstrances. And viewing the matter dispassionately, we are by no means sure that the boy will be other than right in his premises.

WHAT do you think, good people? Are you satisfied that all your hard-earned money should be ear-marked for blessings which are due a hundred years hence, or would you rather pay your fair share of rates—and emoluments—for work that is merely due to-day, and to-morrow? With reference to those river steamboats of which so much has been heard, Mr. Burns declared that in them, "the Council had an asset which would be valuable if the people of London would only give them time."

THAT'S it! We have quite a number of London relatives—to say nothing of a big circle of personal friends—and they have assured us that time is the one thing which they long to give the prodigal members of the L.C.C. In fact, and to put the thing right down into clean figures, those relatives and friends assured us that they would give them fifteen years—if they had their way; so, perhaps, the matter is not so much outside a settlement as would appear at the first glance, what? If members of the Council need time, and certain folk are willing to give it—well, what will you? It's beautifully clear, eh?

Neurotic Newport.

YES, that's what's the matter with the Newport man. He's neurotic, and the ailment is affecting his business capabilities. Of course, the disease is but a transient affair, thanks to the infusion of new blood which has recently taken place there. New business blood, you understand. Time was—and that not so long ago—when the Newport man was inclined to wander home to glory, in the steps his father trod, and friends, it was a hoary old set of steps!

FOR a decade or so, the fates appeared to have had it in for Newport, and as a natural consequence, the place slipped back into most of the mud which lays around in its own estuary, and that is by no means a small amount. Later on, and after their capricious fashion, those same fates became ashamed of the holy hash they'd made of things Newport way, so they imported a new man—or so. Straightway, then, the ancient fossils attempted to carry on the tricks which the fates had originally inaugurated.

BUT the new men were too heavy for the fossils, and bit by bit, the fantastic tricks alluded to, took a back view in the local picture: the new men sheered to the front; and if the remnants of fossildom have any sense, they will give over playing *Hamlet* with their only means of future salvation. Not that we should be willing to advise a too-sudden turning away from the dodges which nearly wrecked Newport. That would be silly, not to say dangerous.

THE trouble is, that there aren't enough of new men at Newport to admit of a wholesale transposition, at once. Like happened with the boy who swallowed the shilling, was turned upside down, shaken, and gave up fourpence of the money—the thing must be worked out by degrees. It's all very well having a chamber of commerce: it is equally good to find that it obtains a new president, year by year: but we are inclined to be sceptical as to the ultimate salvation of Newport coming from the chamber of commerce.

OUR idea is, that if salvation is to come at all, it will originate, be perfected, and finally shaped in that little room at the Dock Office. No, we aren't going to mention names. This is no advertisement. 'Tis just a plain statement of fact, and as such is worthy of your careful attention. We have told you, more than once, that our experience of Newport was gained in quite the best manner—by taking steamers in and out of the port. Now, when a person has taken a vessel into and out of Newport dock, you can take it from us that the said person is calculated to know something of the subject.

THAT is precisely where we come in. A decade or two ago, it was anything but a pleasant job to take a steamer into Newport: it was a hundred fold worse to bring her out: and times out of number, we have seen an otherwise profane navigator, soulfully pray that before his voyage were completed, a number one earthquake would ripple along, and remove the Usk with all its hangers on from off the map. Well, sirs, the profane prayer was not listened to. The Great Architect had a better way of doing things. Instead of indulging in the seismic disturbance business, dock management was introduced, and ribald seamen no longer pray for the wiping away of Newport.

BUT the friend thereaway need be under no misapprehension that the trouble is altogether past. It isn't, by any manner of means, for Newport Dock is but a portion of the local entity, after all. It might be licked into modern shape: be worked even as are other modern docks; the visitor thereto, might be given a bit of courtesy and attention; and yet the town might be in parlous state. Personally, we are disinclined to argue about the desirability of Newport being made a stamping centre, for instance (what's a stamping centre, anyhow? Anything to do with centre-punches, or other drydock work?)

AT the same time, we note that a number of public bodies have supported the local chamber of commerce in this direction, so stamps will soon abound in Newport! Big thing, that—making the place a stamping centre? Almost as big as moving a vote of regret at the earthquake in Jamaica? After the proposition of that vote of regret, we sincerely trust that no more earthquakes will be about on the breeze. "A vote of regret at the earthquake in Jamaica and condolence with the sufferers." Let us leave it! It's too profound for us, and we are beginning to understand quite how much dead-wood has stood in the way of the up-to-date management which has been offered to the users of Newport Docks.

HOWEVER, Newport couldn't be expected to have a commerce meeting, and say never a word about gold reserves? You see, it's a most entrancing theme—is jerry o'goblin stuff. But after gold reserves, came Bank rates, and the local man was assured that a rise of one per cent. in the Bank rate, meant a £200,000-loss to the business community every week. Precisely how much of that amount went up against the Newport man, was not stated, so we let it go at that. Let it go, with the information that the late President of the Chamber of Commerce—Mr. T. H. Mordey, J.P.—thought that a remedy for this phase of wickednes lay in the issue of more notes.

No, we are not to be drawn any further on that portion of the yarn. You pay your money—no notes, here, mind! You can't persuade us to do our business on three months bills, renewable *ad. lib*—and you take your choice. But getting away from notes, come we rather to the burning question of the hour, day, week, anything you like. What was the burning question alluded to in that ambiguous manner? Why, coal, of course. What did you think it was? Old promissory notes? It wasn't, anyhow, for it concerned the "incorrect description of Newport coal on the Cardiff market."

THERE you are! It is impossible to please some folk. Here have we been tabulating the various kinds of coals under their own name for three years; we have earned any quantity of opprobrium for so doing; and yet, after all, other "Cardiff papers" are now to be asked to do even as we have done all along. It's awful, look you. Why, only last week, a Newport man looked in here, and asked, "Why do you tabulate coal prices in the manner which finds favour with you?" "Well, mostly because it does so find favour with us," was our reply.

NEXT question was: "Do you think it is fair, or conducive to business, to mark in the same column of figures, Best Cardiff as selling at 19s., while four lines further down, you have Best Newport selling at 17s. 6d.?" That was a poser, but we got out of it by assuring our querist that we weren't concerned with the fairness, or business-conductivity of the fit-out. It was the truth, and that was all we cared about. As a set off, we asked if, providing the present need of the Newport man were sincere, it was fair and conducive to business, for a Newport firm to run a pretence of an office at Cardiff, and on the charters, bills of lading, and note heads used there, to pose to the foreigner, as being a Cardiff firm?

THAT did it! Our querist reckoned he hadn't thought of that. But, bless you, he had, for he was one of the cult who use Cardiff's world-known name as an advertisement for sheer rubbish which masquerades along as "best Cardiff coal." But there 'tis. We said right at the top of this that the Newport man is neurotic?

WORTH COPYING.

COME to consider the matter in a purely business spirit, the American shipowning friend is well worthy of emulation. Aye, and regardless of the fact as to whether he does or does not hanker after that tom-fool Shipping Subsidy affair of which some of our London contemporaries appear to have heard of this week, for the first time in life.

However, this is no attempt to deal with the subsidy undertaking. We have dealt with it *ad nauseam*, for the past two years; have discussed its pros and cons; the hopes and fears of its supporters; the arguments of its opponents; and all that sort of thing. So much so, that we are now inclined to let the matter rest until the Yankee senator has put his gentle trilby down, and so decides the thing one way or the other.

No, we aren't bothering about a subsidy Bill. We had something very much better in mind, when we wrote the words which appear at the top of this page. It's like this: We have been passing a few idle moments in the contemplation of the columns of one of our exchanges, *Marine Review*, to be exact, and that is a weekly journal which is concerned more with Lake shipping, than, perhaps with any other sort.

Seeing that the Lakes are "fresh," it naturally follows that *Marine Review* will also be somewhat inclined to the same absence of salt. But on that account, it need not be inferred that the journal is devoid of interest to salt-water sailors and shipowners. On the contrary, rather, for our contemporary contains quite a number of useful items of information. That brings us along to the particular item which started us off as suggested.

How does this strike you for a quotation? "Our meetings are more successful every year in promoting the best interests of the company and of each man in the fleet. We gather to talk over our affairs, and the experience of the past is one of our future guides." There you are, and that is precisely how the Lake owners and shipmasters in council assembled, size the matter up for their mutual benefit. In other words, the Lake shipowner—having a certain amount of sense and *nous*—realises that it is all in his own interest to recognise facts.

The identical facts which he realises, are those which convince him that as a shipmaster has to be eventually trusted away out of sight, it is as well to treat him as a component of the human race: to assure him that he is trusted; and to leave the outcome of the undertaking to his professional pride, and nautical experience. In view of the rapid increase among Lake shipping units, it is obvious that such a state of affairs is worthy of the highest encomiums; and of wholesale copying on this side of the Pond.

Time was, that British shipowners acted in exactly the same manner as is shadowed out in the quotation given above. They foregathered with their skippers; asked their advice; allowed them to feel that as they were trusted servants, they should also act thereafter; and the result was good for shipowner, good for skipper, and it made a British Empire such as we know it to-day. Under the circumstances then, you need not wonder that the American friend sees potentialities in the same direction?

But the time referred to went out, when the Limited Liability Acts allowed any sort of homo to enter into shipowning *a la mode*. The latter worthy romped into the business with all manner of lying circulars which gulled the investor; and even as applies with the "labour leader," he started nibbling off little pieces of power at a time. Just a bit here, a taste there, and a jab somewhere else. The skipper being unused to this sort of snivelling, couldn't realise the gravity of the situation—any more than could the employers realise the dangers of the insidious work of the labour leader.

That the lying circulars were in evidence, is shown by the continual alteration of the Companies' Acts. If the new chums were honest and above-board, then, the old Acts would have been good enough? Again, if the honesty were just a little bit apparent, the Secret Commissions Act would have been unnecessary, for nobody is going to believe that the latter enactment was worked up, simply to stop an office boy from receiving threepence on a typewriter ribbon?

No, no! That Act came in for the purpose of putting a stopper on the big thieves. The gentlemen who "make' motor cars out of dry dock jobs; and swagger houses and big accounts at the bank as the result of the "com." derivable from the supply of stores, and things of that kind. Still, the Secret Commissions affair has, by no means, placed righteousness and virtue any higher up; neither has it opened the "shipowners" eyes to the criminal folly which is his, when he affects the belief that he is always Satsuma ware, instead of frequently being mere "shords," as the West Country friend would style that class of material!

The American hombra might go on acting as a sensible member of the white race, and might consult his shipmasters at all times, and under all nautical circumstances; but his British rival will do nothing of the sort—until the skipper compels him to. Viewing this matter with an open mind, you must admit that all the petty tyrannies which are in evidence to-day, came in by very easy stages. Mind you, it is quite the Old Man's fault for their existence. We are not wishing to unduly screen the skipper.

We are more concerned in stating the whole truth in this connection. The shipmaster stood idly by, and saw his birthright filched from him, piece by piece. First, one indignity was thrust upon him; later, another one intervened; again, one more; and seeing that he took it laying down, "owner" ever hardened himself up in his efforts to corral the world. What is the result? Why, it is anything but a nice result, you take it from us.

Where, at one time, *esprit de corps* reigned supreme; where the owners' interests were sacred; where, come what would, the boss had to be protected, fought for, and "seen through" under all circumstances; and where, under those conditions, thumping big dividends resulted—now? Well, now the Old Man will pretend to be intent on screening his employer from all loss—and will lay awake o' nights in thinking up dodges to ruin him! Hard words? We know they are hard words. But then, dears, they are the truth, and although no solitary skipper will admit their truth—out loud; in his heart of hearts he knows the full significance thereof.

There is no *esprit de corps* at sea to-day. Each for himself is the pernicious doctrine which the "owner" has introduced. I'm all right, pull up the ladder"—that is the feeling; and nobody may rightly deny that, save in very few instances, dividends are anything but what they should be. Therefore, we assert that the American's method of treating his shipmasters as human beings is worthy of copying, for if the change is not brought about in the near future, then, the Empire which the sailor has made, will inevitably crumble away. Once more we have had pluck enough to give you the straight tip. Will you follow it; or will you wait to see if the Old Man makes you, or whether national extinction will enter into the game? There are three choices—which shall it be, "shipowner?"

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on January 17th, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

24,351/05—WARREN—*Improvements in rock drills.*

This invention relates to rock drills of that type in which steam or compressed air is used as the motive power. According to this invention, not only an end pressure but also a central pressure are applied to the piston on its forward stroke, the latter pressure being supplied by means of a pair of rings loosely mounted on a reduced portion of the piston within a central portion of a cylinder with an enlarged bore. These rings are normally forced apart by a spring device, and a distributing valve, actuated by an arm extending into the cylinder between the rings admits pressure not only to the ends of the cylinder but also through a passage way formed therein to the central portion between the rings.

24,351A/05—WARREN—*Improvements in rock drills.*

This invention relates to rock drills of that class in which a piston besides being reciprocated, is, during its backward movement, partially rotated by means of a rifle bar, the rotation being controlled by means of a rachet device in order that the drill may on each forward movement strike in a different position and thus drill a round opening. According to this invention, for the purpose of partially rotating the piston during its backward movement, there is employed within the cylinder a rotatible ratchet disc having teeth on its face remote from the piston and surrounded by a friction ring, a pawl block whereon the rachet disc is pivoted and wherein there are mounted spring pawls of the plunger type adapted to engage with the teeth of the ratchet disc; and a block that serves to close the cylinder end and is subject to the action of a spring acting through the medium of a rubber block, whereby the pawl block is maintained in contact with the ratchet disc.

26,759/05—KELVIN & KELVIN & WHITE, LTD.—*An improved apparatus for adjusting the compass at sea without sights.*

This apparatus consists of an improved form of Lord Kelvin's deflector for compass adjustment in which a compound magnet consisting of four bar magnets is mounted on two frames jointed together, and is so placed as to give a horizontal magnetic force on the compass needles of magnitude varied by altering the angle between the two frames. According to this invention two steel magnets are carried by brass holders, jointed together at the top by a soft iron washer and having fork prolongations downwards designed to carry the nuts which work on the two halves of the long screw shaft supported in bearings forming part of a sole plate attached to which is a pointer shewing approximately the position of the line of magnetic force, relatively to the compass card.

27,078/05—STANLEY—*Improvements in or connected with coal heading machines.*

This invention relates to coal heading machines, the object being to convey the coal from the face mechanically with great convenience. According to this invention the engine and driving gear are at the top instead of at the bottom of the machine, the space thus obtained being utilised for the introduction of a conveyor consisting of a trough extending from the front to the rear of the machine. A series of scrapers fastened to the outer edge of an endless chain and adapted to hang transversely over the trough, push before them to the rear any coal or debris lying therein. The chain is driven from a sprocket keyed on the end of a vertical shaft driven by a horizontal shaft connected to it by bevel gear.

59/06—SJOSTROM—*Improvements in pump propellers and steering mechanism.*

This invention relates to a pump propeller which may also be used for steering a ship. The invention consists of an archimedean screw propeller of spiral blades contained in a cylindrical casing. When used for propelling purposes alone, the shaft of the propeller is a rigid continuation of the engine-driven shaft, but when this arrangement is used for steering, in addition to propelling the ship, then it is carried by pivots so arranged that the apparatus can be swivelled to any angle.

3,064/06—WALTERS—*Improvements in screw propellers.*

This invention relates to propellers having large central bosses and cones on the after side, and has for its object to construct such propellers so that the bosses and cones shall not be objectionably heavy. For this purpose a screw propeller is formed with a small inner boss to which the blades are attached in the ordinary way. To the forward and after ends of the boss are attached discs of the diameter it is desired that the finished boss should be, and the spaces between the roots of the blades and the discs are filled with cement. To assist in securing the cement metal rods may be passed through the cement, and attached to the discs or blades.

7,363/06—DE PEAUX & DUPONT—*Machine for breaking anthracite coal and the like.*

This invention relates to a coal-breaking machine of the kind in which an intermittently moved table receives the material to be broken, and vertically reciprocated prongs are adapted to break the material placed thereon. According to this invention the material to be broken is fed from a hopper to the breaking table, which is composed of a series of solid ribbed plates hinged together to form an endless table. The hammer consists of two vertical parts which form slides, and are firmly connected with a strong horizontal plate, to which are attached picks of various lengths and placed at different distances apart, the object desired being the breakage of the large pieces of coal in the centre by a larger pick. The hammer is reciprocated by the ordinary crank and connecting rod mechanism.

This application for patents, are until February 28th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on January 23rd, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending February 23rd.

Class 20.—Including explosives.

288,484—DOMINITE—All goods included in this class Westfälisch—Anhaltische Sprengstoff—Actiengesellschaft, a Joint Stock Company organised under the Laws of Prussia 129/130, Potsdamerstrasse, Berlin, Germany, Manufacturers—3rd December, 1906—Address for Service in the United Kingdom is, C/o J. Wetter, 37-40, Essex Street, Strand, London.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *February 6, 1907.*

FIRMNESS is still the predominant feature of the coal market, and from all appearances, is likely to be so for some little time, the conditions prevailing, being identically those which were obtaining at our last time of writing.

PRICES have been maintained, and not only so, for the upward trend has not been arrested, as is evidenced by the figures set forth for your perusal below, a glance at which, will show that quotations have topped another notch.

THIS, in a general sense, with prices in their present buoyant condition. It cannot, however, be stated that the quotation is always obtained for anything beyond this month's shipment: the business which is being done at the prevailing figures is by no means great, what bookings have taken place being for shipment in the present month; nothing more. Transactions, however, of this description are also on the limited side, not so much on account of any absence of business as the difficulty in getting the coals.

STEMS are still very tight. In fact it is practically a matter of physical impossibility to induce the exponents of Cardiff and other coal to look at anything of this description at the moment. Collieries all 'round are up to their eyes, as it were, with such items, and would gladly welcome a relief of some of their burdens.

IN fact, everything connected with coals is very congested just now, and this congestion, instead of decreasing, is increasing. Tonnage supplies have been heavy, undoubtedly, of late, and although heavy shipments are again recorded for the past week, arrivals over the week end have quite equalled the number of steamers which have sailed, if not being in excess thereof, thus accentuating the situation. The docks are all choc-a-block, further arrivals of tonnage being stopped; in one particular instance, until some of the crocks, now comfortably housed therein, have been despatched, it would not be surprising if this bold example were followed by the others.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	19s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d	19s. od., 20s. od.	19s. od., 20s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.	13s. od., 14s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	10s. od.
Best Newport ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s od.	10s. od.
Seconds ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	34s. od., 35s. od.	34s. od.	34s. od.	34s. 6d.	34s. 6d.	34s. od., 35s. od.
Ordinary ...	32s. od., 33s. od.	32s. 6d.	32s. 6d.	32s. od., 33s. od.	33s. od.	32s. od., 33s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	26s. od.	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. od., 28s. od.	28s. od.	26s. od., 28s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 7½d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *February 6, 1907.*

THE condition of the Market in this quarter, for the period under review has shown no alteration. That is to say, the market has maintained a healthy tone throughout, with prices ruling upwards in not a few directions. Certain it is that quotations have not only been put up, but have been obtained, if not improved upon. Collieries, with hardly an exception, are in that position known as heavily stemmed, and with a continuance of the recent good demand, it is only natural that values show an improvement. Tonnage supplies have been satisfactory on the one hand, but on the other, the facilities are not altogether adequate to deal with it; something like a congestion existing. The demand for coals, however, is in excess rather of the supply, especially for anything like early shipment.

For this reason, ANTHRACITE COALS are difficult to obtain at present Present prices are being firmly adhered to, and are also quoted for anything in the forward line. This market has a strong undertone. MACHINE MADE COALS are much about the same. CULM is experiencing a bigger request than the quantities that are for sale, and prices have risen. DUFF is also very firm.

STEAMS are also going strong, the enquiry for Best descriptions being plentiful. BUNKER qualities are rather scarce, stems being very full. For what there is about high prices are being asked and obtained. PATENT FUELS have an upward tendency.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. od., 21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	21s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 7½d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	19s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 7½d.	14s 9d.	14s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	22s. od., 23s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. od., 23s. od.	23s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d., 15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending February 6, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Aden, *Queen Helena,* 7s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Royal,* 4,900 tons, 11s. 9d.
Kirkoswald, 11s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 11s. 7½d.
Las Palmas/Teneriffe, *Neguri,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d. spot.
Madeira, *Santa Luzi,* 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d. 200.
Sicilia, 1,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 200.
Or Las Palmas, Steamer, 5,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Kronborg,* 4,500 tons, 13s.
Exmouth, 5,600 tons, 13s.
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 14s. 9d. fuel.
San Francisco, *Wangard,* 22s. 6d. coal.
Pernambuco, *Rowanton,* 3,000 tons, 14s. 200.
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 4,800 tons, 11s. 6d. (N).
West Coast, *Hatasu,* (private terms).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Karma,* 5,500 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Germania,* 3,100 tons, 7s. spot.
Petunia, 2,100 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Tugela, 4,700 tons, 6s. 7d. spot.
Maia, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Or Savona, *Othon Stathatos,* 4,400 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Enosis, 5,400 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Savona/Spezzia, *Hardanger,* 3,100 tons, 7s.
Cardiff, 4,000 tons, 7s.
Frank Coverdale, 5,700 tons, 6s. 6d. optn. Venice, 7s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Virent,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Venice or Ancona, *Grof Tissa Istvan,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Or Ancona, *Kossuth,* 5,300 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Nethergate, 2,900 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Naples, *Muriel Coverdale,* 5,300 tons, 6s. 1½d. 1,000.
Algiers, *Gibraltar,* 3,000 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Constantinople, *Poeldijk,* 3,000 tons, 6s.
Cornubia, 2,200 tons, 6s.
Leghorn, *Russia,* 2,000 tons, 7s.
Alicante, *Ida Zschimmer,* 1,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Torre, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 7s. 400, 10d.
Oporto, *Sundet,* 1,050 tons, 6s.
Sfax, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 8 fcs.
Palma, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Elfie,* 2,700 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Hatfield, 2,200 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Redruth, 3,200 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Giralda, 1,300 tons, 5s. 0d.
Baldur, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Marie Horn,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d.
Hasland, 2,900 tons, 4s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 4s. 9d.
Jeanie, 2,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Faedrelandet, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Contract 30,000 tons, 5s. 1½d. voyages over 8 months.
Lena, 1,700 tons, 4s. 9d.
Ashcroft, 2,150 tons, 4s. 9d.
Tarragona, *Velazquez,* 1,900 tons, 6s. (s).
Marseilles, *Segontian, or sub.,* 1,350 tons, 7·12½ fcs. (s).
Spezzia or Leghorn, *Orianda,* 1,750 tons, 6s. 10½d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Janie,* 1,700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Dunstaffnage,* 2,000 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Ida,* 1,750 tons, 4·75 fcs. (N).
Blanka, 5 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Ydun,* 1,900 tons, 4·75 fcs. (s).
Innesmoor, 1,900 tons, 4·37½ fcs.
Sables, *Mary Horton,* 1,250 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Boucau, *Ida,* 1,500 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Bilbao, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. (N).
La Pallice, *Alemania,* 3,100 tons, 4·25 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Portland, *Greenhill,* 2,700 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Dalegarth,* 2,100 tons, 3s. ,,
Belfast, *The Viscount,* 440 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
St. Malo, *Carn Marth,* 2,150 tons, 4s.
Danube, *Irina,* 3,300 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Rouen, *Start,* 750 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Congress, 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Gipsy, 650 tons, 5s. 3d.
Tyr, 750 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Boulogne, *Emerald,* 750 tons, 5s. (s).
Dieppe, *Elaine,* 740 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Johanna,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Whimbrel, 750 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Ouse, 950 tons, 5s. 3d.
Granville, *Emerald,* 750 tons, 5s.
Trouville, *Volante,* 390 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Honfleur, *Erna,* 600 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Ennerdale, 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d.
Havre, *Peterbourg,* 900 tons, 4s. 9d. (P.T.)
Hazelmere, 1,400 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Narcissus, 1,050 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Cardiff, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 6d. ppt.
Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 4s. 1½d.
Oporto to Cardiff or Barry, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 6s.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Clara,* 1,800 tons, 4s. 6d. pitwood.

What is the commonest thing on earth? Give it up? Well, he's a growl. That's all. Case in point, and showing his prevalence, he was about at the late Barry meeting. Thinks it a piece of wickedness that nine per cent. instead of the "full ten per cent." dividend was paid. He not only objected to the nine per cent. dividend, but also jibbed at the size of the coal bill, asking for an explanation. We believe the disappointed gentleman received his explanation, but one would naturally think that if he were well-enough posted to see that the bill was high, he might also have known why the size was there? Anyhow, it is fairly safe to assume that none of the Barry officials eat coal, for if they did something uncomfortable would happen. Worse than a drop of one per cent. in the dividend! Still, even the growl serves a useful purpose. He keeps a meeting from waxing monotonously jubilant, for nine per cent., these days, is a fairly good return on your money?

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE reports, recently to hand, of the financial doings of the various motor carriage and 'bus companies, clashing, as they do, with the returns of the railway companies, open, once again, the question as to whether the railways will, in the future, be able to hold their own, with regard to passenger traffic, in the face of the increased competition from the motor vehicle? Up to the present, very few of the general public have given the matter even a passing thought; and mainly because of the various shortcomings of the motor driven vehicle. Day by day, however, improvements are being made in the latter means of conveyance, and the time is not far distant, when it will make itself felt to an appreciable extent in the receipts for the passenger traffic of many of the smaller railways.

✦ ✦ ✦

AT the present time, electric cars, motor 'busses, motor cars, and other engine propelled vehicles, have more than made themselves felt in the race for the capture of traffic by the various railway systems throughout the kingdom. A few years ago, the majority of individuals were wont to fight shy of the smelly vehicles which plied for hire, in some of the suburban towns. To-day, all this has been altered, and there is a growing inclination on the part of the multitude to patronise the road vehicle, to the detriment of the railroad competitor. The time has not long passed, when it was customary to read daily in the newspapers of smashes, breakdowns, and a hundred and one calamities happening to one or other of these road engines. Recently, this kind of thing has practically disappeared, and railway smashes appear to be the order of the day.

✦ ✦ ✦

OF course, it is understood that, as far as long runs go, there will be nothing in the nature of competition between the two modes of conveyance, for many a long year, but the railways which depend on securing a large amount of short distance passenger traffic, will have to look to their laurels. It's no use waiving the motor vehicle aside; it has come to stay, and the sooner this fact is realised, the better for all concerned. Rome was not built in a day, nor were our present magnificent and gigantic railway engines brought to their present state of perfection in a similar number of hours; giving the birth of the motor as fifteen years ago (that is since it has been seriously taken up) there is not much fear of contradiction, when it is stated that there has been more improvement in the design, manufacture and utility of the latter, than there ever was during the first fifteen years after its birth, of its railroad rival.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE management of certain railway undertakings are ever on the alert for some fresh weapon, wherewith to fight this motor fiend, and this particular subject is likely to engage their serious attention in the near future. They are beginning to realise that it is handy to be picked up and set down where one wishes; that the traveller appreciates comfort; that there is no signal nuisance; there are times when fresh air is necessary, and moreover, looked for, by the more or less weary passengers. Again, when the weather is propitious, what comparison can be made in the two modes of travel? Time not being an object, how many people are going to travel in a stuffy railway carriage, when the top of a road vehicle is available?

IT is not even necessary in many cases to allow that nuisance "want of time" to be a deterrent in the matter of motor travelling. In regard to private vehicles, we know full well how time is treated—and the police; but in the case of the public carriage, matters are different, and there is a limit. But to hark back to the want of time part of the business: There are, at the present moment, conveyances running from the metropolis to the coast, which perform the journey in considerably less time than is done by the railway train. Traversing a magnificent country, is there any wonder that this particular style of travel bids fair to become popular? It has additional advantages and very few of the drawbacks of its competitor, with the result that the receipts of, at least, one particular railway company, will suffer considerably during the next few years.

✦ ✦ ✦

BRAKE troubles were at one time held out by alarmists as one of the causes of the certain downfall of the motor vehicle, but these are on a very fair way to being set aside. Tyres and their troubles were also the source of millions of complaints, but these are now sharing the fate of the brake nuisance. There are tyres on the road, solid ones, which owing to a careful and considerate manipulation of the springs, cause the amount of vibration to the car to be reduced to a minimum. Skidding is also on a fair way to becoming a thing of the past, and when this and a few of the other minor troubles, peculiar to these road engines, have been done away with, then will the future of the public car be assured. The interval will not be a long one.

✦ ✦ ✦

THAT the railway managers fear this, there is no doubt, and this is proved by the style in which any move in the way of motor opposition is strenuously opposed by the loco. men. Later on, when the competition does become keen, then, will the public reap the benefit. In those days, there might be a chance of having a decent compartment in which to seat oneself for the half-hour or so, which is taken up with travelling to work, or for that matter, play. One of our pet troubles is the apathy shown by the local railway companies with regard to the comfort of travelling man. The carriages, all classes of them, are filthy beyond description; cheerless and comfortless, on a dull day they are enough to drive an ordinary individual to a hospital for mental afflictions.

✦ ✦ ✦

THESE things will all have to be seen to, if the favour of the public is to be retained. It will be a case of the survival of the fittest, with a benefit to the traveller. The time will come, when it will not be compulsory for the individual of slender means, to have his "Sunday best" smeared and smirched by a deposit from the clothes of the gentle trimmer, fresh from the ship's hold. It will be quite possible in the near future for your better half to wear a reasonably light skirt in a railway carriage, and to emerge therefrom, with the knowledge that she appears decent as viewed from the rear. What a glorious time for mere man, when he will not have to face the ordeal of footing a dressmaker's bill every time that his wife travels by train. This, friends, is one of the items which will bear weight, when the opposition comes along in the shape of road cars! Don't smile, we've had some!

✦ ✦ ✦

SINCE the year 1900, the iron trade of the North of England has been steadily declining. While the output has decreased, the price has risen, with the result that, at the end of last year, the price was higher than it has been since the middle of 1901. For the twelve months

ending December 31st, the output barely exceeded the half of that returned for 1900, which, to say the least, is not promising. The exact reason for this decline is not easy to ascertain, but it is more than likely due to the displacement of iron by steel, for most purposes. The falling off is particularly noticeable in respect of railway lines, the output for the last year being just over one-seventh of that for 1900.

✦ ✦ ✦

It must be a source of satisfaction to the manufacturers, to perceive in the face of a decline in the output, an increase in the prices. For the past two years, these have been steadily increasing, and are, at present, some 11s. 5d. per ton more than they were twelve months ago, and about 18s. 6d. ahead of those of 1904. For the past thirty years the prices of finished iron, in the North of England, have not equalled the present figures, with two exceptions, that is for a short period during the years 1899 and 1901. The wages during the past year have risen to the extent of 7½ per cent. over those paid twelve months ago, although under the sliding scale arrangements, the latest increase in prices does not bring about any rise in wages.

✦ ✦ ✦

Despite assurances to the contrary, the report of the Swansea Harbour Trust, proclaims a considerable and gratifying improvement in the state of the trade at that port. There has been a marked increase in the exports, amounting to about 17 per cent. over that of the previous year, while on the other hand, the import trade is but some 24,000 tons ahead of the returns for 1905. It is interesting to observe, that in addition to the improvement in the coal and fuel trade, that the exports of tinplates continues to improve. The shipments for the last year, proved to be a record in this particular commodity. With regard to the new dock, it is reported that excellent progress has been made, and in view of recent negotiations, the Trustees are to be congratulated on the steps which they have taken with regard to this important development.

✦ ✦ ✦

At a special meeting of the Swansea Chamber of Commerce, very serious complaints were made anent the facilities provided for getting coal to the tips, and the clearing away of the empties. Apparently, the blame does not lie with the dock company, but with the railway companies which have failed to grasp the importance of the increased trade of the district. The Great Western Railway Company have, during the past two years, increased the siding accommodation by one third of the total capacity; but this appears to be inadequate for the requirements. Even as the accommodation has increased, so has the demand for it, and as a result, the benefits accruing have not made themselves felt. The main cause held out as the reason of the delays, appears to be the lack of men who thoroughly understand the management of the traffic, and there may be more in this than meets the eye. One member went so far as to state that if a man who was used to such traffic was brought to the spot, the cause of the trouble would be ascertained in a very short time.

✦ ✦ ✦

There is no doubt, in many instances, that the cause of siding delays is due to the lack of proper supervision over the men responsible for the shunting, etc., and unfortunately, the remedy for this particular delinquency is not sufficiently often enforced. Times out of number it has come to our notice, that when proper records of the time taken by men engaged in shunting operations, have been made, and the cost of those operations properly ascertained, the result has been astonishing, not to say mortifying. The work done by the shunters after they have been "carpeted" has been nearly equal to twice the amount done previously. It is quite understood that railway companies are not governed by angels, or for that matter, devils, but at the same time, a certain amount of fault often lies at the doors of those who are ever ready to cast stones (and worse things), at the partly offending loco. people.

✦ ✦ ✦

Anyhow, one thing is certain, and that is, if Swansea wishes to increase her shipping trade, vast improvements in the facilities for so doing will have to be made. One of the main points to be remembered is, that the collieries in the district are fortunate, or unfortunate enough, to produce many sizes of the various qualities of coal. This being the case, it becomes necessary to have those sizes and qualities so separated that when required, they can be quickly handled. Another remedy which will have to be adopted before anything like a respectable system can be worked, includes a better understanding between the various railway systems which serve the port. At present, there appears to be very little chance of fixing the responsibility for delay on any one particular undertaking, owing to the fact that the blame is, in nearly every case, passed "along the line."

✦ ✦ ✦

There seems to be a tremendous lot of improvements wanted in this Swansea place; and the pity of it is, we are not sure that we can recommend the authorities to follow the systems in vogue in any of the other Bristol Channel docks. Never mind Swansea, you will soon be able to take a few lessons from the new South Dock, shortly to be opened close to our headquarters; and then, we shall expect great things from you. Just you peg away at picking your bones with the railway companies, and keep your eyes closed to all the many latent defects which are absolutely in your own hands for treatment, and the rest of the docking world will be delighted. On the other hand, you might take our suggestions in a friendly manner, and as a result enquire into the doings of your own little community. At any rate, there will not be much to lose by so doing. Fare ye well!

✦ ✦ ✦

The report of the Albion Steam Coal Company, Limited, has been issued, and the preference dividend of 6 per cent. paid. Nothing has been paid in the shape of a dividend on the ordinary shares, although the profit has been earned, the reason given for the non-payment being that the directors consider it a wiser policy to provide for part of the increased outlay which has been incurred. The sum of £20,000 has been written off the expenditure on No. 2 pit, and the carry-forward just exceeds the £1,200 stage. Of course, it is wise to provide for outlays, and various things of a similar nature, but what have the shareholders to say about it? The latter community don't live for ever, and have a little weakness for expecting dividends during their stay on this wicked planet.

✦ ✦ ✦

Unless some mention was made of the doings of that sweet little undertaking, known to the financial world, as the Brecon and Merthyr Railway, but to the more vulgar minds, as the stop-and-fetch-it line, it would appear to the sympathetic reader that the writers of this page were lacking in up-to-date intelligence. Now, as this is not the case, for the benefit of those interested, we are going to state that the management of this enterprising concern have seen fit to pay a dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. on the first preference stock, and at the rate of 2 per cent., per annum, on the second preference stock. This is not all, for the large sum of £357 is to be carried forward. Rather rash for such a huge undertaking.

The accounts of the "Grindon Hall" Steamship Company, Limited, which we publish herewith, provide interesting food for reflection for the investing public generally. It is pleasing to observe that the managers have maintained their reputation for dividend paying, the return for this, the sixth voyage, being at the rate of over 10 per cent. per annum, free of income tax. All the Cardiff "Hall" Line vessels seem to have acquired the knack of providing decent returns for not only the managers, but the shareholders as well, and this is more than evidenced by the results achieved by the *Grindon Hall*. During the time which this vessel has been at work (something under eighteen months) she has yielded a total profit of £7,137 3s. 7d. Of this amount, £2,700 has been paid in dividends; £988 13s. 2d. in interest on debentures; £3,350 16s. 5d. in paying off and reserving for the redemption of debentures. Results such as these speak for themselves, and any further comments which we might make would be superfluous.

The "GRINDON HALL" Steamship Company, Limited, Cardiff, in account with Edwd. Nicholl & Co., Managers.

WORKING ACCOUNT FROM OCTOBER 29th, 1906, TO JANUARY 24th, 1907.

Port Talbot to Alexandria with Coal and Sulina to Antwerp with Grain.

Dr. VOYAGE No. 6—88 Days.

1906.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	To Disbursements @		
Nov. 1	Port Talbot	263 4 1	
„ 24	Alexandria	222 10 8	
Dec. 24	Sulina	327 5 1	
„ 26	Constantinople ...	72 1 7	
1907			
Jan. 24	Antwerp	321 6 0	
„ „	Wages	418 14 11	
„ „	Bunkers	497 8 7	
„ „	Stores	115 6 1	
„ „	Provisions	136 19 2	
„ „	Insurance— ...		
	Lloyds £449 10 8		
	Clubs £ 29 6 5		
		478 17 1	
„ „	Management Commission at 2½ per cent. ...	107 0 2	
			2960 13 5
	Interest on Debentures		157 3 10
	Dividend @ £1 5s. 0d. per share		500 0 0
	Income Tax...		97 14 0
	Balance to Redemption of Debentures Reserve and Depreciation ...		582 15 4
			£4,298 6 7

VOYAGE No. 6—88 Days. **Cr.**

1906.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Nov. 24	By Freight on Coals, Port Talbot to Alexandria, 5,105 tons @ 5/9 per ton, less 2 per cent. in lieu of weighing ...	1,438 6 8	
1907.			
Jan. 24	By Freight on General Cargo Sulina to Antwerp, 5,683 $\frac{887}{1000}$ tons at 10s.	2,841 19 11	
	By Separations ...	18 0 0	
			4,298 6 7
			£4,298 6 7

SEPTEMBER 26th, 1905, to JANUARY 24th, 1907.

Appropriation Account.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Gross Profits, Voyages Nos. 1 to 5		5,799 10 5
No. 6		1,337 13 2
Income Tax ...	97 14 0	
Dividends paid ...	2,700 0 0	
Interest on Debentures	988 13 2	
Paid off and Reserved for Debentures, etc.	3,350 16 5	
	£7,137 3 7	£7,137 3 7

Audited and found correct,

C. E. DOVEY, F.C.A.,

Chartered Accountant,

CARDIFF.

February 5, 1907

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 157. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1907. Threepence.

A TROUBLED SLEEP.

Poor old John Bull, and since Lord Charles Beresford has jibbed—there's a hot time in front of the nation!

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A TROUBLED SLEEP	1
MARITIME MURMURS	2
CONCERNING BRAINS	5
POOR PEMBROKE!	6
FEDERATION FANCIES	7
JINGOISM!	9
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	11
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	12
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	13
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	14

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

POOR old *Montagu!* The west wind ought not to trouble her any more! In the early days of her sojourn on the Shutters, she supplied a text for quite a number of would-be nautical experts, every one of whom intended to go one better than his predecessor. But as far as national property is concerned, the wave-swept crocklet has no further interest. She has been sold to the highest bidder, and he forecloses on her for the sum of £4,600. Think of it, you good people who have been filled with tales of Governmental economy. The alleged salvage operations which were undertaken with reference to the one-time battleship, must have exceeded £100,000, and yet the magnificent vessel—now that she is adjudged unsalvable—is worth no more than £4,600! At the same time, it should be remembered that the estimator is still about, and that he is of opinion that another three years are essential ere the last bit of plating has been rescued from the rocks. Truly was the warship well-built, and if she is really going to need such an extended period ere she is finally unbuilt, then, her being left to rust out under Lundy, is a national disgrace. It isn't all beer and skittles, lumping a ship ashore at a place where "ground seas" meander along. Is it, now?

EXAMPLE is an awful thing—at times. Here is the workman of this country being driven to the verge of bankruptcy through the misguided tactics of a free library giver, and the chief millionaire on earth—Mr. John D. Rockefeller—is inclined to follow suit in America. At least, if he is not going to follow suit, he is having a bid that way, for where Mr. Carnegie faked up a free library as long as it happened to be asked for, Mr. Rockefeller intends to make every large town in America, a centre for the so-called higher education. That is to say, the Great John is intent on establishing a college in every hundred square miles of thickly-populated chunks of American ground, and there is trouble around in consequence. So much so, that quite a number of thinking people are asking what 'tis all about, and why this thusness? The millionaires, admittedly, had neither free libraries nor colleges in their youth; yet they piled up the millions. This newest venture is probably for the purpose of safe-guarding the hoarded millions—at least, the lion's share thereof—to the uses of the progeny of the millionaires? It's very seldom that the son is as smart as his father. Possibly, those millionaire gentlemen have been studying the matter on those lines?

DISCIPLINE in the Senior Service is not altogether dead—whatsoever might be the facts in connection with the Mercantile Marine. We note that a second-class stoker on the cruiser *St. George*, who had a weakness for striking a superior officer, has been committed to two years' imprisonment, and dismissal from the service with disgrace. That is precisely as it should be, but at the same time, one has to wonder why such examples should be made of a second-class stoker in the Navy, and yet if a first-class fireman hailing from Tyndal Street should perpetrate the same trick—well, he is usually doused with a caution. Why is it, good people? Do you give it up? If so, that is precisely what good dependable officers are doing with the Mercantile Marine. They are all giving it up, and mainly for the reason that the powers that be appear to be bent on that line of conduct. It is a heinous offence—in the Navy—to strike a "superior officer." In the other service, it is a positively meretorious piece of work! No, we aren't sarcastic. We merely size it up as it appears to be, these days.

THE White Star Line is again intent on emphasising its enterprising effort. This time, Madeira is coming in for a further share of the good things of life, and because of the enterprise referred to. Hitherto, the island has been of importance, mostly, because it is a port of call on the South African route. We are not altogether sure that the said importance was anything to brag about; but it was there in greater or lesser degree. As a matter of fact, we do not remember hearing that the natives had any hankering after further notoriety in this respect. Be that as it may, the White Star Line has attended to the matter, for in

future, good old Madeira will figure as a port of call for the White Star boats which run that portion of the Trans-atlantic service from New York to the Mediterranean. We note that the first steamer to take advantage of the new order, was the *Celtic*. By and bye- and as others of the "ic" boats happen along—the Madeira men will be putting on side. It wasn't all a tea-party, dealing with those gentry, in the past. But, with all this new importance, well, there is likely to be trouble for the patient voyager you'll find. However, that will waste no sleep for the enterprising people who are attending to this latest departure. Of that, we may be sure.

"And the coast wise lights of England watch the ships of England go," sung Kipling, and we have often wondered why he plunked the matter out in precisely that form. Not that it matters a very great deal, as the whole thing resolves itself into a case of poetical licence, we presume? Anyhow, keeping to the same poetical vein, we are half-inclined to believe that the ships may now return the compliment; may see the coast-wise lights do a guy! And after the lights, the lighthouses which lately contained them. Two of the buildings referred to, and both of which have done excellent service in their time, have just been sold by public auction. They are situated on Portland Bill, and one of them slid away for the modest sum of £405. The auctioneer, after the manner of his kind, remarked that those lighthouses would form "ideal bungalows," and we have been thinking over the apparently hidden beauties of the business. Situated as they are, in close proximity to a house of detention which contains the most desperate criminals in the country, those "ideal bungalows" would hardly appeal to many as being desirable residences? Especially during the dark nights in the winter months? Still, you cannot reasonably hope to please everybody, and if the nervey ones wouldn't have anything to do with the sales, there were others. We informed you that one "went" for £405? Very well, then.

There is no getting away from the fact that the Welsh miner is rapidly becoming educated up to the happy notch where the agitator's wiles upon him will be more or less wasted. The recent compromise in the matter of wages, and the disinclination to invoke the powers of the independent chairman amply demonstrates this fact. Where, a year or two ago, the complicated machinery of the Conciliation Board would have been called into use, the whole matter has been amicably settled, and a 5¼ per cent. rise in wages agreed to. Possibly, this is the reason why one Mr. C. B. Stanton is objecting? He appears to be intent on sounding a discordant note, and why, think you? Because he feels that the coalowners would have been more or less glad to throw a 5 per cent. rise at the colliers! Good old Stanton! Good old Stanton's feeling! At the same time, isn't the good soul somewhat giving his case away? Why not accept those "labour leading" defeats at what they are worth—for conciliation without a fight is a "labour leading" defeat, of course? When the matter is worked out to its definite conclusion, the "labour leader" gets most of the mercies that are about in this very indifferent world, so if, once in a way, he is pushed aside, why not practice a little *nous*, and stoop to the wind?

Of course, we are willing to admit that this Mr. Stanton is a somewhat important personage—to Mr. Stanton, at least; and for that reason, we are not surprised to read that, "He personally, thought that Mr. W. Abraham, M.P. should have gone before the owners and insisted upon 5 per cent. He suggested that the men should have an intelligence department to deal with the selling price of coal and to assist them with the wage question." Can impertinence farther go? In the first place, which of the leading gentlemen are likely to command the greater meed of respect among thinking people—"Mabon," or Stanton? There can be no two opinions, we submit. Very well. "Mabon" was willing to accept justice without placing obstacles in its path, when Stanton personally thinks that the leader-among-leaders should have done something entirely different. Of course, Stanton has a perfect right to think about these items of local interest; but as to whether he is justified in throwing around suggestions which might easily create disturbances, we are not so sure. And coming along to that "intelligence department," well, we have an idea that—albeit in an informal manner—it is already in force.

As far as we can see, the cost of administering the Federation is already out of proportion to the benefits accruing, so if that "intelligence department" be started, and the additional expense of running it is placed upon the long-suffering miners, then, the end will not be far off. You see, you may not expect to run an intelligence department for love. It will need "officers"—they are all officers in pushes of this kind? Then, officers need remuneration—you never pay these officers; always remunerate them! And as the other "officers" are already fairly-well occupied in attending to their former duties, that suggested intelligence department will call for the creation of new satellites. This puts us wondering if any of the present officers have sons arriving at "intelligence department" ages? If so, we could the better understand the urgent need of the new fake. But under existing circumstances, we submit that any such creation is doomed to failure. Who, among the leaders, has intelligence of the subtle kind which would tend to the glorification of an intelligence department? None but Stanton, the would-be creator of the affair? But Stanton is already engaged on "labour leading," even if it should be of a fifth-rate character, so he would hardly be in a position to take over the intelligence thing, what?

Local interest has centred, to some considerable extent, upon the loss of the steamer *Hazeldene*, and the subsequent Board of Trade enquiry thereon. After the usual number of adjournments, judgment was given on Saturday, last. The Court found that the master was at fault, and suspended his certificate for six months. The Stipendiary passed some pointed remarks anent the ever-growing danger of alien seamen, and again called attention to the danger of carrying "seamen" who could not report a light in intelligible English, or who were unable to understand enough of our mother tongue to admit of their carrying out an order with promptitude and efficiency. We are not altogether sure that the wholesale suspension of navigating certificates—in cases of accident—would not bring about the needed reform, quicker than anything which has been tried to-date. That is to say, if the shipmaster had it borne in upon him that with aliens on board, suspension would indubitably follow disaster, we are half-inclined to believe that he would object to be made a cat's paw as applies at present. Under existent circumstances, it is mighty seldom that a "shipowner" is debarred from collecting his insurance money, in which event he may purchase something newer, and more up-to-date; it is just as mighty seldom that the Old Man escapes a suspension of certificate.

Candour compels us to admit that the skipper is usually his own executioner, for when all is said on this vexed question, he is the greatest encourager of the dago seaman. It is somewhat difficult to make him see where he is cutting his nose to spite his face, as the phrase runs, and thus it comes about that he will join up with any phantom "association" which spins him a good cuffer; and having joined, will straightway cease to exhibit any interest in its manipulations. Consider the number which, at one time and another, has entered into and dropped out of that Liverpool guild affair which is now, after some fourteen years' run, trumping up another set of rules which will occupy our attention in an early issue. Guild policy (save the name) was supposed to be the elimination of the alien from navigating rank, yet its members are among the greatest offenders in carrying alien seamen. It is only the alien navigator which raises its gall; and yet the alien navigator must first practice as an alien seaman! The pity of it! Anyhow, the *Hazeldene* skipper has now an opportunity of sizing up the advantages (or otherwise) of footling away with a crowd of foreigners; her underwriters may think up the seaworthiness of their risk when the custodians thereof have a difficulty in understanding a few simple orders issued in the language of the country whose flag flies over the vessel implicated. We shall return to this feature of seaworthiness in an early issue.

The Late Mr. C. H. Bailey (Newport).

The recent "cold snap" has been responsible for much suffering and sorrow in South Wales, where the consequent death roll has been abnormally large. In this connection, we regret to note that one familiar face has gone over to that bourne whence there is no returning, for on Monday last, Mr. C. H. Bailey, J.P., passed away at his home, in Newport. The deceased gentleman had been suffering acutely for many weeks past, and although rumours of a disquieting nature had leaked out on several occasions, the end came with startling suddenness. We have no intention of going into the early struggles of "C.H." as he was affectionately styled by his host of business friends at home and abroad; all beginners have struggles, although it is given to but a few, to successfully win through. To realise that Mr. C. H. Bailey did so win through, however, it is simply necessary to consider the hives of industry which his pluck and perseverance called into being at Newport and at Barry Dock. It is unnecessary for us to attempt a consideration of the personal side of this Captain of Industry—every local man already knows that wheresoever "C.H." originally found an enemy, there he ultimately left a friend; and whether it was the office boy, or the man who swept the yard—well, "C.H." had the happy knack of making each believe that he, alone, were the corner stone of the whole undertaking. Needless to say, a personality such as his will be sadly missed, and we tender our sincere sympathies to his bereaved family, and personal friends.

The question of miniature rifle clubs, and their existence in public houses, is raising a quantity of comment at the moment. Although such environment may prevent many from indulging in a sport which has always been popular, we cannot help thinking that the objections raised are after the manner of straw-splitting. It is surely better to have rifle clubs on licenced premises, than to have none at all, and if the "conscientious objector" so wills, he may easily put up enough money to admit of his practicing clear of McBung? And why all this talk against rifle practice, and never a word against public house run billiards? Is it for the reason that rifle shooting will assist the homeland in time of stress, while billiards will not? In other words, is it merely the "Little Englander" who objects to rifle practice on licenced premises? If so, it is useless bothering with him, for he would still object, supposing the said practice were held in a church. It isn't the venue which the 'Little Englander' grumbles about, really; it is the—to him—disconcerting fact, that a Brother Briton might get to know something of the methods that are useful in wiping out a Brother Teuton—a knowledge which is impious, and generally wicked, in British subjects; but which is highly meritorious in the alien which the Briton welcomes hither.

Like the poor, the question of emigration is for ever with us. One of the latest breaks in this direction, is in connection with the Australian Government, which has agreed to pay £6 per head, as "assisted passage money," to such emigrants as they deem desirable. In this connection, we note that there is a handbook published (with taxpayers' money!) by the Emigrants' Information Office, which positively bulges with all the glorious conditions of labour that are to be found in the United States—no less a place. This is not a joke, mind, for it is a stern fact, and we, in this country, are footing the bill to boom a country to the direct detriment of our own land. Obviously, if a Briton emigrates to the United States, he is lost to this country for ever. Indeed, instead of posing as a unit of support, he straightway becomes a menace to us, while his children are reared to regard the old land with the eyes of a foreigner; and he may not pose as a customer to us, for the tariff effectually stops all such little weaknesses.

Concerning Brains.

MR. HALDANE has been giving the British Science Guild his views on the present day value of brains. He assured the members of the aforesaid guild that "brains have a better market in Great Britain, to-day, than for a long time past." So that the ribald portion of the community may not start out to say unkind things in this connection, we hasten to explain that the brain referred to is not that which is to be found on the butcher's slab; but real, unadulterated human brain.

TRUE, we are not very much in love with the instances cited by Mr. Haldane, for as far as we can learn, the biggest item in which brains appealed to the gentleman, was in the matter of motor cars, and their manufacture—and sale? Here let us digress. We are willing to admit that it needs a fair amount of brains to think up a new style of motor car; also to find it a name that will do it justice; but in view of some of the good souls who affect to sell this product of other people's brains—!

No, we aren't going to be rude. Motor car agents are no worse—and no better—than are some of the good souls who sell typewriters, and bicycles. True, they must be expensive luxuries—those agents—if we judge by the difference between the price at which a motor car is invoiced to them, and that at which it ultimately passes over to the purchaser. But that is, after all, the purchaser's concern, and when a man has been bitten by the motor car bug, then, he isn't going to cavil at a handful of sovereigns, there or thereabout.

OF course, on occasion—and as portrayed by our artist, recently—a man might obtain a motor car through the kindly offices of a dry dockman, in which case brains are not unduly in evidence. Still—but let's get on. After motor cars, Mr. Haldane gave a meed of praise to railway management. In our opinion, the management was an easy first, but of course, we are not at all aware as to what sort of talent predominated at that science guild affair. It might have been motor makers: it might not have been; but we are fairly certain that railway managers were not unduly in evidence.

As a class, railway managers are too busy using their brains, to admit of their attending séances where they are merely discussed in the abstract, so to put it. However, there was more comment on the occasion referred to, for Mr. Haldane admitted that while the private employer was giving way to the joint stock company, and that there were disadvantages in the deal, yet, the ready command of capital possessed by the company meant that the price of brains was a rising item in the expenditure thereof: that the manager romped in ahead of the private employer which is only as it should be?

IF any doubt be expressed on this head, it is merely necessary to consider the present day ship manager with his old-time friend the legitimate shipowner. There's a difference, if you like! Where the old time shipowner lived hard, died hard, and was buried by the parish—as we have remarked ere this—the present exponent of the art does just the reverse. True, his trusting shareholders might do the live-die-and-be-buried-hard act, instead; and that is where the brains come in?

BUT with all due respect to Mr. Haldane, there is yet one very great industry where brains are stultified. Indeed, if the exponents of the art or science of that industry wish to live, they must throw away (or otherwise dispose of) any brains which might have been passed over to them by their forbears. What industry is it to which we refer? The shipping industry, of course, and the seagoing portion thereof. Time was, that brains counted here. That time alas, is past.

MIND you, the Board of Trade affects to do all in its power to keep that brainy idea on top, for it provides all manner of tricky little examinations for the would-be executive officer and engineer. But having demanded the semblance of brains in an examination room, it straightway rings off the claim, for once a man has obtained his certificate of competency, he is expected to go forth on the world, and submit to conditions that would be unbearable to a Hottentot—a human who is not unduly blessed with brains?

PECULIAR, isn't it? Peculiar and pathetically sad. You first demand that a man shall know enough to admit of his building and loading a steamer; he must then convince you that he is able to navigate her anywhere; that he is a diplomat of wide experience; that he can knock spots off most of your specialised clerks in the matter of translating the terms of an obscure charter; that he can dip to all the stays involved in exchanges; that he is a past master in the matter of bunker coal; can mend a broken leg, or cure the smallpox or fever; can rig a jury rudder—out of a cigar box: and mend a fractured tail-shaft with a pot of seccotine.

IN the result, what do you offer him for this combination of knowledge? About the same as you pay the yahoo who looks after your motor car, aye, and then expect loyalty, love, and straight dealing. Brains! We hardly know who shows the greater lack of the commodity—the owner for expecting so much for nothing; or the officer for giving so much for such a small return. Still, Mr. Haldane is keen on assuring all and sundry that to-day is the cult of the brainy one, so it must be even so.

PERSONALLY, and in view of some notable examples, we had come to the belief that brains were a drug in the market as the saying goes; while lungs; real, capital letter LUNGS; had the everlasting bulge on the market. Why did we think this way? Well, if you notice a man who has insufficient brains to admit of his earning a full week's wage (35s.) at the trade of which he is said to be an exponent; and yet, as an agitator, can romp off with £3 per week as salary, and all manner of side amounts which depend upon the votes of the men for whom he is agitating; can't you see the everlasting beauties of lungs *v.* brains?

OF course, you can, and with all due respect to Mr. Haldane, we yet are inclined to believe that although brains might be a first-class investment in the present year of grace; then, lungs, are surely an extra first-class investment—right around and always. But there! Perhaps some such thought was before Mr. Haldane on the occasion which we are now considering. For among other remarks, he plunked out this: "Besides industrial magnates there were other magnates who commanded colossal salaries because they were men with the power of organisation."

ERE arriving at the words after "because" in the foregoing, we were half inclined to think that the gentleman had in mind a parochial concern in Liverpool, and of which we have often written. We really believe that—with regard to the utility of the work indulged in—the salaries there are colossal enough in all conscience. Anything up to twice as much as their seagoing paymasters can earn. Still brains are a valuable asset, to-day. Let the fact not be forgotten. For that matter, you might remember our remarks about the lungs, too?

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 15, 1907.

POOR PEMBROKE!

SOME twelve months ago—there or thereabout—consternation and tribulation both were rife in the neighbourhood of Pembroke Dock, because of the persistent rumours which were circulated with regard to the wholesale discharge of men from the dockyard, and of the supposedly inevitable decision to dismantle the whole show. Newspaperdom took sides—as usual—and on the one hand we were treated to lamentations on behalf of the men implicated, while on the other, "the poor taxpayer" was patted on the back and exhorted to consider favourably, the heaven-sent geniuses who were so angelically-engaged in "cutting down expenses." The discussion continued for a week or so, and then—as the enterprising scribe tobogganed into another sensation—the whole matter petered out. True, the "labour leader," and when moderately hard-up for a vote-snatching tale, harked back to the soulful subject, but nobody seemed to bother much about it, one way or the other. Pessimism had come in, and that was all there was to say in the matter. However, it is somewhat reassuring to note, that in spite of all that pessimism to which we have referred, the discharges from Pembroke dockyard were anything but so colossal as was alleged at the time; also that these have now been stopped, altogether. Furthermore, the position of the men who were kept on at work has been much improved, for, in the majority of instances, they have been accorded an advance in wages. That is to say, many of the grievances which formerly existed have been removed, and if the Admiralty is really in earnest in its latest efforts to win back some little semblance of public confidence, the remaining grievances will rapidly be wiped away. This brings us to a consideration of how these grievances may be assessed. Hitherto, red tape has had a full sway with Pembroke dockyard manipulation, even as it has with other—and possibly better regulated—Government undertakings. "Reports" have been quite all that have reached Headquarters, and once those same reports had arrived, they were indubitably plunked into the nearest pigeon-hole—and there the matter ended. Needless to say, "a reporting officer" is but human. When employed by a Government, he is very much so, and under the circumstances it is absurd to suppose that he is likely to "report" anything that will be calculated to throw discredit on himself. In other words, those reports are simply examples of official poppycock, and as a natural result, grievances accumulate in a nerve-shattering array. Government employers—no more than those of a private kind—may not hope to successfully dodge the labour troubles which have grown into a part of the national life, and thus it comes about that where the high hand has been indulged in, dissimulation must be used in the making of the resulting "reports." That the high hand is all-too-frequently in evidence, may not be successfully gainsaid, and so it happens that methods more in line with modern requirements are essential. That those methods are no longer of use if carried out on a "report" basis, goes without saying, for it is utterly impossible for the Headquarters Staff to assimilate the truth of the situation, merely through a perusal of the dry-as-dust, and colourless twankey which usually goes to the making of a "departmental report." What, then, remains for an easement of the situation? Surprise visits, of course. Responsible members of the Headquarters Staff should undertake the roving commission act, and having undertaken it, should hie them to the various scenes of disaffection, armed with the power which has been named plenary. If the "reporting" gentlemen once assimilate the fact that they are never safe from a surprise visit, they will surely give less time to thinking up non-committal "reports," even as they strenuously attempt to put their houses in order, and thus save the sack—or other punishment befitting the circumstances. And it doesn't really matter how well—or how badly—a given undertaking is managed (or otherwise) disturbances are bound to arise. What is needed, therefore, is a due appreciation of the magnitude of the disturbance; not a smoothed out and garbled statement which tends to show that those in authority are altogether right, while the other side is altogether wrong. And to get that due appreciation, something more than routine correspondence is essential. Realising this fact, the Government has already instituted a series of semi-surprise visits, and poor as they undoubtedly are, they have yet been productive of much good. We write semi-surprise visits advisedly, for in far too many instances, the powers that be have shown a somewhat too great amount of intelligent anticipation in this connection; have seemed to "feel" that a visit were about due! One of these days, the Admiralty will make up its mind that the visits shall be, in deed and truth, of a surprise nature, and then the Government works will be carried out more on a business line. In the meantime, it is reassuring to note that grievances must have been in existence, or there would have been no necessity to raise wages as they have been raised? Moreover, the dockyardee at Pembroke is by way of having plenty of work, for his district has actually received a commission to build another ship! Why the yard should not be kept continually employed, is among those things which no fellah can understand, for there is no getting away from the fact that Pembroke Dockyard compares, at least, favourably, with other Government dockyards, in the matter of work turned out there. And if the district were handled in a business-like manner, it has advantages which none of the other dockyards possess. But then, we may none of us get away from one disconcerting fact. What is it? Simply that, in Service circles there is but one sheet of water that is worthy of attention, and that the English Channel. Take the average Navy man away from the Silver Streak, and he is lost. For that matter, so is the vessel on which he happens to be serving, and in this connection it is merely necessary to write *Montagu!* If that splendid battleship had been kept around in the English Channel, she would probably be afloat to-day; but as she was ruthlessly sent away into unknown waters—albeit waters whence comes the whole of the nation's coal supply in war—the inevitable happened, and the country is now the poorer by well-nigh two millions of good bright sovereigns. But reverting once more to Pembroke Dock, and its utility as a venue for the big dry dock which is so urgently needed for the Naval contingent: Why not carefully consider this matter, and having considered, why not construct a number one dock in the finest harbour in the United Kingdom? We quite understand that a number of those Service gentlemen will declare that it is too far away from the charmed circle of the Channel; but surely the time has arrived when national utility should count somewhat more than personal convenience to the nation's servants? No matter where a dry dock is built, it will be out of the way for some vessels; but there is no gainsaying the fact that with a dock at Pembroke, a long-felt need would be filled, and when the inevitable day of trial arrives, it might be all in the nation's favour, to have a high-class repairing centre somewhere remote from the scene of action? And if the dry dock is built as suggested, there will be ample opportunities for it—in view of the amiable, and aimless manner in which the Navy friend is for ever on the rocks with his costly playthings?

Federation Fancies.

To our mind, the efforts of Shipping Federation, Limited, are pathetic in the extreme, and surely has that soft-snap-for-two-or-three fallen on evil days. Before the advent of the Compensation Act—at least, before the seamen's inclusion under its benefits—there was some little reason for the continuance of that presently moribund affair; but to-day, well, the sooner its little plaything are laid away, and its present staff are introduced to other channels of labour, the better will it be for the shipping investor and seafarer who together, are being mulcted in anything up to £30,000 per annum on Shipping Federation account.

A FORTNIGHT ago, we took occasion to ask for some sort of balance sheet from this peculiar undertaking. To the time of writing, our request has borne no fruit. Not that we are surprised on that account, for to the best of our belief, we are quite the first shipping journal that ever thought it worth while to ask for an account of the stewardship of this same little hereditary sinecure. Generally speaking—and mainly because but few of them know anything about ships and shipping—our contemporaries have taken the Federation at its own valuation.

THIS is, manifestly, a wrong thing to do, for if 'Aavelock Wilson's "union" is to be subjected to all manner of rigorous examination by the so-called financial and shipping Press; why should the Federation be allowed to escape? When all is said, both organisations move toward the same end, and as a "union," the Federation has nothing to recommend it in addition to the blessings (real or assumed) which surround the Wilson affair. We have repeatedly asked what Wilson's "union" has done to deserve well of the seafarer, and to the moment of writing we have received no satisfactory reply.

BUT then, we have just as frequently asked what Shipping Federation, Limited, has done to deserve well of the seafarer (or, for that matter, shipowner), and once more to the moment of writing we have received no satisfactory reply. Why is this, think you? Give it up? Very well. Let us oblige you in this connection. The reason why no satisfactory reply meanders along, is because no satisfactory work has been indulged in. That is all. The federation is precisely similar to that Liverpool guild which now, after some fourteen years of subscription collecting, is engaged on faking up another set of "rules" for its government!

CARDIFF CITY HALL.

TRUE, Federation isn't working up any new set of impossible rules, for it is a registered limited liability concern, and that, of course, the guild never was, or there would be no necessity for this continual choppy-for-changey in the matter of rules. But where the similarity comes in, is that both federation and guild have struck a soft snap for themselves, and the policy of both—much cry and little wool—would appear to be exactly the same. Guild is for ever sticking up a bogey so that it might knock it down, even as, with a manly hand on an equally manly chest, it remarks, "Alone I did it!" Federation—*tout le meme chose!*

STILL, neither of them would be missed—other than for good—and meanwhile, Federation is inclined to take unto itself the management of the whole Mercantile Marine!

Indeed, we are not altogether sure but that it will undertake to train presidents for the Board of Trade, aye, and ship managers for earnest shipping investors. Anyhow, its latest impertinence—the suggested medical examination for all would-be seamen—has been receiving some little attention here, locally.

Not that one need wonder at any such thing, for somehow or other, the local secretary of the Federation is usually a many-sided individual who also poses as secretary for the shipowners' association, and one or two similar undertakings; and thus it comes about, that when St. Mary Axe issues instructions, the provincial small-fry squares itself up on its lifts and braces, whacks out another pot of shine-bright for the badge and buttons of his local Man Friday, and—well, it then tables the boss' instructions!

Funny people, those shipowner gentlemen! Accept instructions from any of its servants—as long as they do not take to the sea. Mind you, there be some of 'em who have gall enough to put those provincial minnows into their proper net. Let that fact not be overlooked. And it is one of the kind of which we are writing, at the moment. It was a Bristol Channel shipowners' association, and its secretary had brought on for the consideration of the members, the Shipping Federation's newest little fake.

Many of those present were inclined to examine the thing with a nice little reading glass, but one, at least, was too busy to be in a position to play the fool with his chances in life. For that reason, he attacked the subject like a man. Said he: "What's all this prattle about examination of seamen? Who authorised the Federation to undertake all this nonsense, and what is it all about, anyhow?" Of course, Mr. Secretary obliged with information. Assured the questioning one that in the interests of the shipowners, and now that seamen were under the Compensation Acts, it was essential that would-be voyagers should be medically examined, and passed (if possible) "orl c'rect."

Dref'ful, isn't it. But truth compels us to admit that it didn't appear dref'ful to that inquisitive shipowner. Not at all, for the whole fit-out provoked him to lively mirth—even as it does us, and you, dear reader? Said he: "Medical examination? Why, in another six months, and at present rates of progress, we shall be mighty fortunate if we are able to ship a crowd of wooden-legged aliens, or a host with arms in slings. How d'ye account for that"?

Of course, the secretary gentleman couldn't account for it. He isn't paid for such very common items. Account for it, forsooth! Why, we consider that such a query was most disrespectful on the part of a mere shipowner, to the secretary of a shipowners' association—so we do. But leaving the disrespect on one side, there is no getting away from the fact that the wooden-legged brigade will be a spot job in the near future, for while the Briton is almost eliminated from the tramp of commerce, there is an ever-growing scarcity of the alien scum which have sufficed to-date.

Welsh Coal.

At the Colliery—Screened and Picked.

And when all is said on the subject, whose fault is it? Simply the Shipping Federation, Limited's? Personally, we have no blame for the shipowner in this connection. None whatever—other, that is, than indirectly. Collectively, shipowners have paid the Federation right royally to attend to this phase of life, and all the return which has been vouchsafed for the money is, a wholesale importation of alien riff-raff, when the country was brimming over with native-born sailors simply waiting for an opportunity.

No, viewed in any light one cares to adopt, the plain fact stands out clearly: Federation should have ceased to gather in the shipping investor's ha'penny per ton, directly Wilson's "union" was proved of doubtful value—and that was over ten years ago. And as it had no right to accept the investor's ha'penny per ton, it has less right to accept the sailor's shilling per annum for a "benefit book." What is going to be done with this phase of the deal?

JINGOISM!

TRULY has the world developed a most uncomfortable set of nerves. The business man has undertaken to live the strenuous life: has followed it in season and out; and can't forget it, no matter what happens; but now the same merry microbe appears to have seized upon the vitals of the men who are not businesslike, being merely of the warrior brand, for jingoism is rampant all over the world!

THERE is, too, a quantity of seeming occultism in the whole fit-out? For instance, Germany and the United States are among the greatest rivals possessed by Britain; from the saddle; and while that amiable time is materialising, he considers it good style to sass perfidious Albion at every point. True, he doesn't make overtures to Uncle Sam, in the interval, and mainly for the reason that our Eastern Ally appears to be keeping that worthy friend busy.

WHEN Uncle Sam is too busy to attend to the music of the German Band, it is useless for those musical gentlemen to waste a number of notes and bars in that direction? At the same time, the situation has some reassuring features about it, and we don't care who knows it. Personally, we are inclined to the belief that the Chief Fire-

WELSH COAL.

ON THE DOCKSIDE—AWAITING SHIPMENT.

observant folk have declared that the two countries have frequently endeavoured to work up a rapprochement to our undoing; Britain and the nimble Jap have struck up an alliance that is going to keep the world happy for quite a number of years; and how is the matter working out?

WELL, as far as we can see, Germany is being kept too altogether busy to admit of her finding time to play the soft-sawdor act with the United States; is hard at it building warships, convening Reichstags, making ride-down speeches, and all that sort of fireworky business: and in the meantime, John Bull is playing the fool with his defences—or else he is making a brave attempt to do so. Whether Johnny is really "stuffing" the world, we shouldn't like to say. Possibly he thinks he is, and that might account for much that is otherwise of an occult character.

ANYHOW, the Chief Firework is of opinion that when the time comes, his Teutonic boys will be enabled to do some tall riding, with a set of Deutchsland over-alls in evidence work already alluded to, realises that he has been somewhat out-manœuvred in this diplomatic undertaking. It is one thing to shout about riding down things when surrounded by an admiring mob of your own neighbours; it is altogether up another street to undertake the same ideas when away from home, and with admiration as a *minus* quantity.

BUT as we have already remarked, the situation has some beautiful points about it. A couple of years ago, we had quite a lot to say about American Jingoism. Indeed, we undertook the rôle of the prophet in our issue of March 24, 1905, and among other items remarked: "Quite a number of Uncle Sam's lawmakers seem to be imbued with the idea that, when he has finally sent the Bear home to be curry-combed, the amiable Jap will give vent to a long-concealed desire to possess himself of the Philippine Islands."

THAT was nearly two years ago, you'll note, and during

the past week as ever was, a number of American law-makers appear to have arrived at the same decision. You all know the fuss which has arisen over the Californian's refusal to admit Japanese children to the schools patronised by the white children? Well, that refusal appears to be the peg on which the ultimate grab is to be hung. We admit that it is a hard bit of cheese, so to put it, when a father is constrained to accept every alien brat that comes along.

But shouting bars of the "Star-Spangled Banner" isn't going to alter the matter, any more than would snatches of "Rule Britannia" alter a similar deadlock if worked up with Britain. The trouble is, that a nation goes nap on business aggrandisement; swops its sword-blades for fountain pens; and then, foolishly believes that the remainder of the world will copy the "noble example." But the remainder of the world is by no means so silly. It hugs the bad old tricks of a degenerate day to its united bosom; bluffs; lies; does anything to keep the business simply disastrous to the United States." There you are! That is Mr. Roosevelt's frank opinion. Leaving the might, could, would, or should be of the question, what is the lessen to be learned from all these little slips in diplomacy? Simply that it is a fool's policy to give up the big end of a given poker, until the other fellow is either dead, or paralysed!

Here, at home, we are troubled with the presence of a number of peace-at-any-price 'uggins'; estimable—and betrousered—old women who, out of the hugeness of their own funk, imagine that the remainder of the world is in similar state, and only wait for a hint to make them wobble off and turn their swords into ploughshares. With that belief on top, the British Navy has been monkeyed with until it has been scattered over the waters of the earth, and any attempt to win it back into its original grouping would be considered as an "unfriendly act."

The Army is just a plaything upon which amateur

A Typical Welsh Colliery.

The Lewis Merthyr Consolidated Collieries.

man full of his own conceit; and then, just when the said business man has succeeded in gathering in a quantity of cash—the remainder of the world jabs in with a "stand and deliver."

Of course, the whole thing has been emphasised, again and again. Bellamy commenced the worry by giving the world his "Looking Backward," and judging by present indications, the prophetics of that tale are about as near to demonstration as make no odds to anybody. Meanwhile, the Yankee friend goes on amassing millions, and one of these odd first days, he will be up against the surprise of his life! Anyhow, and as a chance of putting off the evil moment, the President of the United States has assured the jibbing Californians that they must permit the Japanese children to attend the white schools in 'Frisco.

In the alternative, there is a serious danger of Japanese resentment, while, if that resentment should take the shape of red, rank war, then, "that war with Japan would be Ministers are supposed to work up some semblance of wisdom—in short, the whole notion of defence is carried out on lines which would raise the dander of a nigger colony! Added to this, is a Mercantile Marine that is a grave national danger; and an Aliens Act that is gradually drawing the life-blood away from the nation.

In connection with the latter, we have, on the one hand, a wholesale exportation of our brightest and best, and an importation of every kind of diseased, and pauperised alien who leaves his country for his country's good. Not at all a pleasing picture is it? And the worst of it is, it is a true one. One hardly knows which comes into it most—jingoism, or merely the jinky part of the phrase! Anyhow, it will be interesting to watch the German Headman; also to note the trend of American politics. And if nations will affect the rôle of the weak and wicked, then, they must expect to meet the fate thereof—and it is by no means a nice sort of fate, what?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on January 24th, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

22,452/05—STONE & CO. AND DARKER—*Improvements in apparatus for purifying, treating and attemperating air, and for supplying same to railway carriages, ships, and other vehicles.*

This invention relates to apparatus for purifying air and for supplying it to ships, railway carriages, and other vehicles. The apparatus comprises a T shaped tubular inlet, provided with swing flap hinged so that when the vehicle moves forward the front portion of the horizontal T shaped inlet is open to the vertical member of the inlet, and *vice versa*. This inlet is adapted to convey air into an enclosed chamber containing a tank supplied with water at a constant level by a bird fountain. This chamber is also provided with an opening for conducting air to the suction end of a ventilating fan or pump, which discharges into a pipe having branches conveniently adapted to be revolved to direct the supply of air in any direction. If desired, the distributing pipes may have steam coils used in connection therewith for the purpose of heating the purified air in cold weather.

347/06—FRASER & CHALMERS—*Improvements in toggle arms particularly adapted for use in rock breakers and like machinery.*

This invention relates to toggle arms designed for use in rock breakers of that type in which a swinging jaw is oscillated to and from a fixed jaw by means of a reciprocating pitman operating upon the knuckle of a toggle, the extremities of which bear against the machine frame and the oscillating jaw, respectively. In such machines it is found necessary to frequently replace the toggle arms by longer ones, for which shorter ones must again be substituted when new jaws are required and it is the object of this invention to avoid this. According to this invention the toggle arm is composed of two permanent end pieces between which are inserted portable packing pieces. A screw having right and left hand threads at either end respectively, engages with the end pieces, and permits of their being separated for the removal of a packing piece or being tightened upon the same. The packing pieces have a rectangular under portion ending in a shoulder, above which the sides incline together, and these packing pieces are of various widths for altering the length of the arm as desired.

1,385/06—HECTOR—*Improvements in submarine vessels.*

This invention relates to apparatus for varying the buoyancy of submarines the object being to control the water displacing devices without affecting the pressure of the ordinary breathing air within the vessel, and to repeatedly use the same air for replacing the displaced water. Compressed air chambers are provided on the vessel and are connected to collapsible bags or cylinders. When it is desired to raise the vessel compressed air from one of the chambers is admitted to the collapsible bags or cylinders by means of its own force or by power driven mechanism. The bags then expand or the pistons of the cylinders are forced outwardly, increasing the displacement of the vessel, and thus causing it to rise at a rate determined by the degree of the increase of displacement. Having permitted the compressed air to expand into the bags and cylinders, and desiring to again submerge the vessel, it is only necessary to operate the power driven mechanism to drive the air back into the compressed air chambers or in the case of the bags to exhaust the contained air into the atmosphere, thus reducing the displacement.

3,453/06—AISBITT & SHOTTON—*Improvements in the construction of ships.*

This invention relates to improvements in the construction of cargo ships, and has for its purpose the provision of greater facilities for the receipt and distribution of the cargo, and increased longitudinal strength. The principal feature of the invention consists in the provision of two longitudinal bulkheads, extending throughout nearly the entire length of the ship, although it is not feasible to continue these bulkheads through the engine and boiler compartments. The second important feature of the invention consists in providing in the space between the two longitudinal bulkheads a first-floor, extending the whole length of the longitudinal bulkheads and thus providing a tunnel that will allow the whole length of the ship to be traversed at the level of the bottom floor. This tunnel space may be used for ventilating the holds, and also for cooling the cargo and maintaining it in a frozen condition.

14,626/06—FULLER—*Improvements in pulverizing or grinding mills.*

This invention relates to separating devices for pulverizing mills, the object being to provide improved means for elevating the crushed material and presenting it to a screen for discharge. A series of obliquely arranged wings are rotatably mounted in two sets one above the other, the obliquity being in such a direction as to cause an elevation of the material with which it comes into contact. Above these blades is provided a screen against which the particles are raised by the wings and through which the particles of a certain degree of fineness are forced, and allowed to fall by gravity into a chamber, from which the matter is carried away by a rotatable platform.

15,852/06—LOBNITZ—*Improvements in the cutters of rock cutting apparatus.*

The object of this invention is to provide means for connecting the hoisting rope in rock cutting apparatus to the cutter. The upper end of the metal cutter is made with a hole in which grippers are fitted, and the end of the rope is inserted between the grippers which are then tightened upon the rope by means of screws engaging in recesses in the grippers, the surfaces of which in contact with the rope are ridged or waved so as to bite the rope and hold it more securely.

These applications for patents, are until March 9th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on January 27th, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending February 27th.

Class 20—*Explosives substances.*

No. 286,620—OLEONITE—No claim is made to the exclusive use of the word "Oleon." Cæsar Gustav Luis, Chemist, and James C. Williamson (no occupation), both of 33, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., 1st October, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *February 13, 1907.*

THE change in the coal market since our last time of writing has been infinitesimal, which is to say, there is still noticeable something of that healthy tone which has been ruling therein of late. In the matter of actual business, transactions cannot be said to have been so numerous as formerly, for the intending buyer is beginning to show a marked lack of initiation—small blame to him!

YES, the buyer is about convinced that the waiting policy is even that which will best suit his pocket, although such determination on his part, is affecting the seller but little. The latter, proud soul, is not to be turned from a blissful contemplation of the possibilities which are now with him, and in the result, both sides of the wrangle are cheerfully employed in sitting on the fence.

IN other words, the buyer holds off and the seller won't budge. Under the circumstances, what is there left for the trade? Again, early business is not so plentiful, although the state of stems in this particular branch of the industry, still borders on the edge of congestion. This being so, it is easily seen that the seller is by no means anxious for new accumulations.

THE seller's present engagements are keeping him fully occupied, and as the quantity of free coal is as limited as ever, he naturally declines to sell, unless his own ideas of price are approximated into. It's a grand thing to be able to sit tight—and that is precisely what the potential seller is able to do at the moment. Of course, one or the other will have to quit the perch in the near future—all the indications are in favour of the belief that Mr. Buyer is going to be the scuttler.

THIS forecast is borne out by the fact that the prices which are ruling for anything in the shape of forward business, are quite on a level with those which are alleged to be current, and which, moreover, cannot be materially discounted just now—at least, not to any very appreciable extent. This, by reason of the full-up state of stems for next month—for these have been by no means neglected.

IN the matter of tonnage supplies, although a goodly number of steamers have been dispatched during the week, it is a noteworthy fact that the arrivals have again been numerous enough to practically fill the places of the fleet which has sailed. So much is this the case, that the local docks are yet abundantly filled with choice—and other—samples of steam tonnage.

NATURALLY, such a state of affairs is inclined to keep the collieries busy, and thus prices remain as heretofore. At least the quotation is. It might be possible for the buyer (in isolated instances) to improve upon the figures scheduled by the collieryman; but to a limited extent, and then only through the assistance of the middleman.

FOR actual figures, we refer you to subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 19s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d 19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 7½d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 1½d.	18s. 1½d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	17s. 9d., 18s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	14s. o l.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od.	10s. od.
Best Newport ...	10s. od	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 3d	9s. od.	9s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	34s. od.	34s. od.	33s. 6d.	33s. 6d.	33s. od., 34s. od.	33s. od., 34s. od.
Ordinary ...	32s. od.	32s. od.	31s. 6d.	31s. 6d.	31s. od.	31s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od.	24s. od., 25s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *February 13, 1907.*

THERE has been but little change in the tone of the Market at Swansea for the period under review. In fact, that erstwhile firmness is still knocking around. The demand for all qualities has been well up to the recent good average; indeed, if anything, there is a slight improvement, especially for certain descriptions. This, coupled with the already full state of collieries' stems is giving this market strength, and values are showing a tendency to still further harden.

ANTHRACITE COALS are rather scarce for this month's shipment, collieries being very busy, and having very little to spare after their present engagements are considered. As these are also good for the ensuing month, there is every prospect of present figures being upheld, especially for LARGE COALS. MACHINE MADE COALS are active, and quotations keep very firm, supplies being rather under the requirement. CULM and DUFF are easier to arrange, but sufficient business is passing to uphold recent values.

STEAMS cannot be considered as easier, as quotations are much the same as of late, and stems for this month are very full. It might be possible to discount last prices where the position suits the seller, but prices generally are being kept very steady.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. od., 21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 6d., 21s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od., 19s. od.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 6d.	16s 6d	16s. 7½d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 6d., 14s. o.l.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	23s. 3d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.	23s. o.l., 24s. od.	23s. od., 24s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. o.l., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.
Duff ...	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. od.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. od., 6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 3d.	15s. od	15s. od.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. o l., 19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. od	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d. 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 10½d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 4½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending February 13, 1907

N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Maroa*, 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Olive*, 11s. 6d.
Dakar, *Largo*, 1,600 tons, 7s.
T. M. Werner, 2,000 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel.
Trinidad, *Torgorm*, 2,000 tons, 9s. 6d. (Admiralty)
Rio de Janeiro, *Hydra*, 5,000 5,500 tons, 13s.
Rosebank, 5,000 tons, 13s.
Teneriffe, *Lord Londonderry*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Monte Video, *Trident*, 4,000 tons, 11s. 6d.
Harmony, 3,700/4,000 tons, 11s. 7½d.
Buenos Ayres La Plata, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 11s. 6d. (N).
Las Palmas, *Eshcolbrook*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Or Teneriffe, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Westward Ho*, 5,500 tons, 5s. 7½d. spot.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Beethoven, 5,300 tons, 5s. 9d. (P.T.)
Countess of Warwick, 5,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Sirocco, 6s.
Genoa, Steamer, 3,100 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Coronel, 1,200 tons, 7s.
Folmina, 5,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. ppt.
Michelangelo, 3,100 tons, 7s.
Or Savona, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s.
Alexandria, *Wooda*, 5,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Algiers, *Amasia*, 2,000 tons, 6·25 fcs. ppt.
Marcille, 2,350 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Theresedal, 2,000 tons, 6·50 fcs. (N).
Barcelona, *Glanhoney*, 2,300 tons, 7s.
Cid, 2,200 tons, 7s.
Deramere, 1,150 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Mimer, 1,300 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Colona, (?) 2,200 tons, 7s.
Torre Civita Vecchia, *Nordcest*, 1,950 tons, 7s.
Civita Vecchia or Leghorn, *Amphitrite*, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Savona, *Eastgate*, 2,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Venice or Ancona, *Diana*, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Glutra, 3,000 tons, 8s. 6d., 400, (s).
Naples, *Rowa*, 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d. 800.
Leghorn, *Albert Koppen*, 1,950 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Porto Empedocle, *Modena*, 1,950 tons, 7s. 3d. 250.
Cagliari, *Minna Boldt*, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Edmund Gustave*, 3,800 tons, 7·12½ fcs. 700.
Andalusia, 3,300 tons, 7·75 fcs. coal, 8·75 fcs. fuel (s).
Arvonian, 4,300 tons, 7·25 fcs.
George S. Emburios, 5,100 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Fiume, *New Orleans*, 1,700 tons, 7s. 6d.
Sofia Brailli, 3,300 tons, 8s.
Carnlorr, 5,300 tons, 8s.
Denewell, 1,500 tons, 8s.
Oran, *La Vienne*, 2,000 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Tunis, *Norma*, 2,000 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Bona, *Ingrid*, 1,600 tons, 8·50 fcs. fuel.
Sargasso, 1,700 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel, (s).
Sousse, *Hesperus*, 8 fcs.
Bari, *Nellie*, 2,300 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Smyrna, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s.
Corunna, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 5s.
Malta, *D. Negropontes*, 3,850 tons, 5s. 3d.
Dundas, 4,000 tons, 5s. 2d. (C. or N.)
Gibraltar, *Northfield*, 3,100 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Steamer, 1,300 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
C. Sundt, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cadiz, *Fane*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Vigo, *Rocio*, 1,650 tons, 6s. fuel.

BALTIC, Etc.

Nieudiep, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (P.T.).

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Gwalia*, 1,650 tons, 4·62½ fcs.
Varna, 1,750 tons, 4·75 fcs. (C. or P.T.)
Steamer, 3,150 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Camargo, 2,500 tons, 4·75 fcs. (s).
San Miguel, 2,700 tons, 4·50 fcs.
Alwina, 1,700 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Bayonne, *Fancy*, 2,100 tons, 5·75 fcs. coal, 6·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Chantenay, *Aberlawe*, 1,700 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Pocklington, 1,600 tons, 5 fcs.
Nantes, *Maliano*, 2,100 tons, 5·12½ fcs. (N).
Amicitia, 1,600 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Tonnay—Charente, *Clieveden*, 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Isidoro*, 2,700 tons, 4·87½ fcs. (N).
Bilbao, *Pena Castilla*, 2,000 tons, 4s. (N).
La Rochelle, *Castro Urdiales*, 2,000 tons, 4·87½ fcs.
Pasages, *Axpe*, 1,750 tons, 5s.

COASTING, Etc.

St. Helens, (I.W.) *Allerwash*, 480 tons, 5s.
Haulbowline, *Kyanite*, 600 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Belfast, *Stainburn*, 450 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Falmouth, *Christina*, 500 tons, 4s. 3d.
Cork, *Iron King*, 600 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Treport, *Rival*, 600 tons, 4s. 9d.
Cowes, *Linn O'Dee*, 600 tons, 5s.
St. Malo, *Skipjack*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Springbok, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. coal, 5s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Calais, *Garth*, 950 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Benedick, 3,000 tons, 4s.
Havre, *Mountpark*, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d.
Stokesley, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d.
Larpool, 1,400 tons, 4s. 7½d. option Brest, 4s. 6d.
Presto, 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Fecamp, *Race Fisher*, 580 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Dunkirk, *Elg*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Dieppe, *Aladdin*, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. 6d. option Fecamp, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Caen, *Belgica*, 1,250 tons, 5s.
Odd, 880 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Skrim, 800 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *Augusta*, 1,150 tons, 5s. 3d.
Pouvoir, 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Ophir, 1,450 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Start, 800 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Seagull, 750 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Aline Montreuil, 4s. 7½d. (P.T.)
Guernsey, *Race Fisher*, 600 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *Sunniva*, 5s. 7½d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Neptune*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Pasages to Newport, Steamer, 1,700 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Lisbon to Barry, *Devonia*, 840 n, 5s. ppt.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE interim dividend of Messrs. Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds, Limited, has been declared. It is for the six months ended December 31, last, and is at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the preference shares, and 10 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares. The dividends are to be paid on the 26th of the present month, and are free of income tax. At the price at which the ordinary shares are now quoted, the return given would be at the rate of 3¾ per cent. per annum, while on the preference shares the yield would be at the rate of four per cent.

+ + +

THE Board of Trade returns, of the trade of this country for the month of January, augur well for a successful year. The number of working days in the month were the same as in the corresponding month of last year, and this being so, there is every reason to be satisfied with the substantial improvement shown under each of the headings classified as imports, exports, and re-exports. With regard to bullion, the figures given show a decided upward tendency in the importation of filthy lucre, while the export of this necessary evil has decreased by about a quarter of a million sterling. The improvement shown in the general import business is due to a great extent to the import of raw material.

+ + +

STEEL and iron has not come in, in the quantities which applied last year, but sundry other metals have been imported in increasing parcels. Food imports show some striking figures, and while there has been a slight increase in the importation of food as a whole, nevertheless, a big decline is shown in the value of the meat introduced for the benefit (or otherwise) of our citizens. Turning to the exports, the principal items responsible for the increase, are: Cotton yarns, woollen ditto, iron and steel, machinery, ships, chemicals, etc. Telegraph wires, electrical apparatus, and other electrical goods (with the exception of machinery) show a reduction, and this is to be regretted.

+ + +

AT the half-yearly general meeting of the South Western Railway Company held last week, the chairman stated, that he did not think many shareholders would be disappointed, because, for the first time for many years, they would have to receive reduced dividends. It is our opinion that the individual who has forgotten the deplorable accident at Salisbury, in so short a time, well, he doesn't deserve to have anything to do with finance. That accident, in addition to causing perpetual anguish to many families, has caused much trouble and anxiety to those who were indirectly associated with it. The sum of £20,000 was placed to a special reserve fund at the last meeting, for the purpose of dealing with claims arising from the accident, and now another £30,000 is to be set aside for a similar purpose. At this procedure, there should not be a murmur, for the dividend recorded by this particular undertaking for a number of years has been 6 per cent. per annum.

+ + +

PASSING over the dismal part of the speech, we come to what is probably the most important of this, or in fact, any speech made for many years, at the meetings of this company. It is in reference to the White Star service from Southampton Docks. After commenting on the manner in which the "bait" had been set, in the hope that sooner or later, it would attract the attention of one or other of the large shipping companies, the chairman proceeded to give an interesting history of the docks. In 1892, the largest vessel using the docks was between five and six thousand tons. When ships reached the ten thousand tons' stage, a graving dock was built, which, it was thought, would accommodate the largest ship afloat—then, or in the future. A few years ago there were rumours that the ten thousand stage was to be exceeded, and another graving dock was built, which would again accommodate the "largest ship afloat." The chairman was not far wrong when he gave as his idea, that if there had been no graving dock, there would be no White Star at Southampton?

+ + +

GRAVING docks are not the only sort of resting place which vessels require, and so it has been suggested that more wet-nurseries shall be built in order to try to attract, and also to accommodate other large fry. The shareholders of this undertaking are to be asked in the near future, to give their sanction to a large expenditure on additions and improvements in the dock line. It is believed that it will be necessary to construct a wet dock which will admit the largest of vessels at low water, and when this is an accomplished fact, then the future of the L. and S. W. shareholders will be doubly assured. A start has been made in the right direction, anyhow?

+ + +

IT cannot be ascribed to the Imperial Tobacco Company that its doings all end in smoke. The profit on the year's trading is well over one million and three-quarter pounds sterling. It makes us puff—but don't smile. In spite of the prejudice in this country, to anything resembling a Trust, this undertaking has accomplished sufficient for its members (and for the smoking public) to make them feel thankful that a strong enough power was available to fight the Yanks in this particular line. Just think of it, readers, over one million and three quarters in smoke, and that is only the trading profit! Unlike various Trusts, this gigantic concern has fulfilled its many promises and in the case of the deferred ordinary shares, has more than fulfilled them.

+ + +

STARTING with a dividend of 4 per cent., these shares have steadily, but rapidly, increased until 10 per cent. has been reached. During the time that the I.T.C. has been in existence, great extensions have been made with regard to factories and land; substantial reserve funds have been formed; and last but not least, £100,000 has been set aside for a pension fund. What does all this prosperity mean? That the Trust treats its customers humanely—and that people will smoke! Now having metaphorically patted the combination on the back, it behoves us to ask: Why, in the face of these substantial dividends, reserve and various other funds, cannot the consumer reap a little benefit? After all, unless there were smokers, there would be no I.T.C. Those of our readers, who are lucky enough to have holdings in this undertaking, will not, in all probability, accept this view, but even a "Trust may be bust" (excuse breaking into poetry!) as was exemplified with the American attempt. A little more cheap (but not nasty) baccy please Messrs. Trust?

+ + +

DURING the past week Railway and Dock Companies meetings have been plentiful. Among the more prominent, at least prominent from the daily paper standpoint, has been the meeting of the Rhymney Company. At previous meetings it has been customary to make the proceedings somewhat akin to farcical. Personalities

have been indulged in, which do but stultify those responsible for them, and which certainly do not benefit either the company, or the public. Apparently the main cause of the trouble in the past has been removed, and it was thought by the shareholders that the recent meeting would be particularly free from abuse of any description. Unfortunately, this was not altogether the case, and the result is that the report of the whole proceedings are read by the general public, in much the same manner as they read the latest scandal, or the sensational reports of some nauseating murder trial.

✦ ✦ ✦

That a public company should thus be exposed to ridicule is certainly a great pity, more especially when there is no need for it. How can the business of a commercial undertaking be successfully managed, if the time of the meeting is to be taken up, with vilifying sundry members of the board? All the world knows that there are grievances which must be aired, but there are also remedies. A splint is of no more use for a sore eye, than is a "slanging" for a dilatory director? It has been suggested to us, that personal spleen has too often been introduced into these meetings. Perhaps it has; perhaps not! At all events, we don't think there was any spleen at the present one—simply mis-guided notions.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is satisfactory to be able to think, with some degree of certainty, that in all probability the recent meeting will be the last of a series of more or less unpleasant ones. The shareholders are fortunate in securing the services of a thorough business man as chairman, and also in prevailing upon Sir W. T. Lewis to take a seat on the board. Having such men at the helm, the affairs of this much-talked-of company should make a fair way to prosperity in the form of increased business—and dividends.

✦ ✦ ✦

For over a period of seventy years have meetings of the Taff Vale Railway been held, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to those gentlemen, who at the present time are on the directorate, to be able to report that the past half year has been the highest on record, as far as the earnings are concerned. The dividend paid for the half-year, made four per cent., for the year, which is equal to 10 per cent. on the original stock, and it is the highest paid since the Barry Railway Company was opened. Previous to the last mentioned company commencing business, the dividends of the Taff Vale Co. gladdened the hearts of those who held an interest in the undertaking, and at the same time, were a source of discomfort to opposition companies, which, try as they would, were not able to achieve the same results.

✦ ✦ ✦

The tonnage shipped at Penarth Dock for the half-year, was considerably over two millions, and showed an increase over the previous half-year's return of a quarter of a million tons. With regard to traffic in coal and minerals, the company carried over nine millions during the year, an increase of over a million tons, as compared with the amount carried during the previous twelve months. The increase in expenditure was due chiefly to the payment of more wages, and a rise in the cost of materials. The coal bill, however, showed but a moderate increase (some £889), and the shareholders should congratulate themselves on the fact that those in authority knew when, and how, to buy. Taking it altogether, the result of the meeting should prove satisfactory to the most exacting of shareholders.

✦ ✦ ✦

The half-yearly report of the Port Talbot Railway and Docks Company, shows that progress is still being made by this—as yet in its infancy—undertaking. There is an increase in the revenue for the half-year, and at the same time the percentage of the working expenses as compared with the revenue has been reduced. The balance of the net revenue after paying for renewals of lines, &c., amounts to £19,000 odd, and out of this sum the directors recommend a dividend at the full rate of four per cent., on the preference shares, and at the rate of two per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares. There is very little doubt that the dividends of the P.T.D. & R. Co., will remain at their present rate for a long period, but rather that they will rise steadily but surely. The prospects of new works and collieries opening out in the district is bright enough to augur well for the future of the dock company.

✦ ✦ ✦

Hurrah! The Weston-Super-Mare Grand Pier Company have had their meeting. Quite recently we had occasion to refer to the delay in publishing the accounts of this belated concern, and thus our shout of joy on hearing that the meeting had been held. It was of the style peculiar to company meetings, and the time was passed mainly by various individuals bobbing up to ask questions, and sitting down again, having received partly satisfactory answers. It is a sign of improvement to learn that the expenses of management have been considerably reduced, and that there is a prospect of the new jetty being opened in the near future. About time too? Quite an interesting feature of the meeting was, that the directors were voted their usual remuneration—in shares!

✦ ✦ ✦

The "Alpine" instead of the "Aldine" Publishing Company, Limited, would, in our opinion, and in the opinion of the majority of the shareholders, be a more appropriate title for this peculiar concern, seeing the amount of coolness which hangs around its management. The (cool) Board of this company, have called an extraordinary meeting for the purpose of asking the shareholders, to adopt an agreement (the contents of which, the latter have received no information) and which the Directors in their wisdom may be able to modify from time to time. That's freeze number one! Next, the shareholders are requested to consent to the issue of First Mortgage Debentures for £8,000, without any of the usual little remarks as to interest. That's freeze number two! Again there is a suggestion that those self same shareholders should consent to the issue of Second Mortgage Debentures to the tune of £10,000. Freeze number three!

✦ ✦ ✦

If that was all, well we should smile, but there is more to come. It is proposed to alter the articles of association to such an extent and in such a manner, that the freezing process is more in evidence than ever. Seeing that this company has been on the register since 1895, and during those eleven years, has paid but one dividend, we are wondering what the shareholders think of the whole concern. Moreover, when that one solitary, and consequently, famous dividend was paid, a chartered accountant shareholder had the temerity to assert at the general meeting that it was paid out of capital. That rash person was not even contradicted! And we have a very shrewd belief that the facts would not admit of successful contradiction.

✦ ✦ ✦

The coolness of the management of this concern nearly perishes our fingers as we drive this out of a not-too-warm machine; it really does. The shareholders have had no notice of any meetings being held since the early part of 1905, nor have they received any communications relating to the doings (shortcomings perhaps) of this

undertaking. That they should have received something in the nature of information is evidenced by the fact that the secretary has been appointed receiver and manager. The question which appeals to us is: Who made that appointment? Some one must be responsible unless the secretarial gentleman thought fit to appoint himself? Who are the directors of this well-managed concern? We ask, because no one seems to know.

+ + +

Balance Sheets have been issued, but they have been unsatisfactory in nearly every particular. The information as to the price at which the goodwill and other property of the company has been set down, has been of the scantiest, in fact it can hardly be called information. What have the auditors to say for themselves over this part of the proceedings? What they should say, ought to provide interesting reading? People, on reading these few paragraphs, you must understand why we suggested the "Alpine" title. It's cool and refreshing—and applicable. By the time we have gone to press, the (very) extraordinary meeting will have been held, and we may shortly have a few further remarks to make anent the doings of the management of this cool company.

+ + +

Below, we give the third voyage account of the *City of Cardiff*, the property of the Instow Steamship Company, Limited (Messrs. W. R. Smith and Son, managers). The profit made for the voyage is £2,191 odd, and out of this a dividend of 13s. per £10 share has been paid, equal to 6½ per cent. Altogether, the profits earned by this vessel have allowed of dividends equal to about 14½ on the total cost being paid, and this in ten months. One of the advantages of the Instow Steamship Company's shares is, that if a vessel is lost, the insurance money is paid to the shareholders, and not invested in new tonnage, unless they consent to the latter procedure. It is to be hoped that the *City of Cardiff* will stick to the profit earning course which has been set for her.

THE INSTOW STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

S.S. "CITY OF CARDIFF."

Voyage Account No. 3, from September 20th, 1906, to January 25th, 1907. 127 days.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Working Expenses--		
Port Charges:		
Cardiff	410 17 0	
Buenos Aires	591 19 4	
Rosario	150 9 1	
San Nicholas	741 17 6	
St. Vincent	17 14 3	
Liverpool	247 15 1	
Sundry Expenses	20 0 0	
		2180 12 3
Wages		538 5 10
Provisions		147 7 1
Stores		125 19 10
Bunkers		973 6 0
Insurance		640 10 0
Management		70 0 0
Balance—Profit		2191 17 8
		£6,867 18 8

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Freight		
Cardiff to Buenos Aires		3497 0 0
Rosario to Liverpool		3270 15 2
Sundry Rebates, Returned Premiums, &c.		100 3 6
		£6,867 18 8

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Profit--Voyage No. 1	2049 10 8	
,, ,, 2	660 7 7	
,, ,, 3	2191 17 8	
	£4,901 15 11	
Dividend—Voyage No. 1		1968 0 0
,, ,, 2		656 0 0
,, ,, 3		2132 0 0
		£4,756 0 0

I have examined the above Account with the Books and Vouchers of the Company, and find the same in order.

RICHARD LEYSHON, F.S.A.A.,
Incorporated Accountant,
Auditor.

12, Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff,
9th February, 1907.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

Candide et Secure

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.: Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 158. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1907. Threepence.

A "BRITISH" SEAMAN, INTERVIEWS A "BRITISH" CONSUL.

Sailor: "I, me, ze gomplaint have got, sare."
Consul: "Yah? Well, dere put it, on der dable."

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A "BRITISH" SEAMAN, INTERVIEWING A "BRITISH" CONSUL	17
MARITIME MURMURS	18
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	21
THE CHAMBER OF SHIPPING MEETING	22
MORE ABOUT THE CHAMBER OF SHIPPING MEETING	23
THE BUNKER TROUBLE	24
"THERE'S A HARD TIME COMING—SOON THERE'LL BE A CHANGE"	26
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	28
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	29
SOME INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE	30

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

NASH lights shone out upon another maritime disaster early on Sunday morning, last. The two steamers implicated were the *Heliopolis* and the *Orianda*, the latter outward bound from Cardiff with a cargo of coal, the former inward bound to the same port to drydock. The *Orianda* was lost, and some fourteen of her crew drowned. We regret to note that it has been freely stated that the *Heliopolis* rather callously proceeded on her way up Channel, and there would appear to be some grounds for the statement, in view of the fact that she docked early on Sunday morning's tide. Of course, what blame there may be attached to any of the survivors implicated, is a matter for the Courts to decide, and we understand that the owners of the *Orianda* were offering a particularly low wage as an inducement to their first and second mate, the figures being £8 and £6 respectively. In our opinion, it is useless to expect a display of much ability, or particular vigilance at such prices, and the pity of it all to our mind is, that those who appear to have been responsible for such "sweating" tactics, would be the only ones who are likely to benefit from the disaster. For when all is said, the dependents of the unfortunate souls who were ushered, at express speed, into the Great Beyond, are exactly the ones who may do the best that is possible, without the help of the drowned breadwinners. Insurance money will assist them but little?

IN connection with the foregoing, the shipwright member of our staff assures us that, apparently, the total extent of the damage to the *Heliopolis*, is two comparatively small holes in the fore lower peak. This, taking into consideration the terrible results to the other ship, is remarkable. Truly has it been said that there is little to choose between the stem of an on-coming steamer, and the furious contents of a gatling gun. We remember one or two instances where, in a collision, the survivor has cut clean through the other vessel, and although the two halves passed apparently clear of the colliding ship, the latter had scarcely a scratch on her paint. But in neither of the instances referred to, was the vessel manned by a crowd of unspeakable Chinamen. That was left to the *Heliopolis*, and we can quite appreciate the remarks appearing in an up-town contemporary, to the effect that practically all that could be obtained from the Celestial gentlemen who were away in a lifeboat for one hour without seeing one of the drowning crew of the *Orianda*, was "Me hear big bump!" Nice stuff to uphold the integrity of the British Empire, what? Nice stuff to muss around the land with, in a light ship, on a dark and windy night?

BUT then, the unspeakable trash is cheap; is docile; doesn't eat much; and will bear nearly anything in the way of hazing. Furthermore, it is splendid stuff with which to handle a ship—in fair weather and favourable circumstances. How splendid that same stuff is on a winter's night, and when in difficulties, was emphasised on Sunday last? We are a great nation. Of that there can be no denial. But how long the greatness is to continue under present circumstances—well, we shouldn't care to say. Time and again, the Cardiff Stipendiary has called attention to this condition of affairs nautical; we have eked out his strictures by every means in our power: but the wickedness continues, and why? Mainly because the sailor is a man without a vote; is of no political worth; and therefore, he may starve on shore while the alien takes the bread out of his mouth at sea; or he may get a chance of dodging off to sea, and risk drowning at the hands of the nice, alien "seamen" who are picked up from motives of economy. There is no getting away from the truth of these strictures, although such examples as those which we have been discussing, do not happen along every day.

WRITING of collisions, reminds us of the *Nile*/*Bodlewell* case. These two vessels got mixed up with each other to such an extent, that the latter was very badly damaged. Naturally, the case was brought into Court, so that the piper who would have to pay could be determined. A somewhat remarkable feature of the trial was, that the defendant's solicitor proved to the satisfaction of the Court, that the *Bodlewell*, in a praiseworthy effort to get a footing in the East Indian trade, was not on a profitable voyage at the time of the accident. After mature consid-

eration, judgment was given to the effect that as the *Bodlewell* was not paying at the time of the collision, her owners were not entitled to any more than their out-of-pocket expenses, for the period during which their property was in the ship-repairers' hands. If that decision is to be allowed to stand as a precedent, then is there a hard time ahead of some of the good souls who write themselves shipowner! Judging by a number of voyage accounts which come our way, there are a goodly number of vessels ploughing the watery waste, in a disgustingly unprofitable manner. What would happen to either of those, if they were to come to grief? Let us draw a veil over the picture.

WHAT, with Secret Commission Acts, sensible Admiralty Court decisions, and things generally, shipowning will soon become a played-out theme. No wonder *Shipping Gazette* writes piously about some of its friends sitting on the verge of bankruptcy! Second-hand steamers will soon be cheap and plentiful! Men, dear, it's awful. Everybody knows that the prevailing cry in shipping circles to-day, is that ships do not pay; haven't paid: and judging by appearances, never again intend to pay. We are on the look-out for a change in that parrot cry. If it is allowed to continue without let or hindrance, the growlers might easily find themselves hoist with their own petard (what's a petard, anyhow?). Time was, and that not so very long ago, when a "club job" was somewhat of a golden dream. Obviously, it is a dream which is in sad danger of a cure, if decisions such as that quoted above are to become common? Yes, the bad old days of non-paying steamers is about finished, and after this, our shipowning neighbours when engaged in carrying coal to Port Said at 4s. 6d. a ton, will cheerfully assure you that the figures are magnificent; that a big dividend will result: and that everybody concerned is sure that freights to Port Said should never exceed 4s. 6d. a ton. This is a hard world, good people, and the shipowner is, unfortunately, the very man who toboggans up against the rockiest portions thereof! He has our sympathy.

THAT "on the knee" episode has now become a matter of history, for even that enterprising picture post card man who saw golden possibilities therein, is probably finding his sales diminishing, seeing that the great British public is constant to one sensation, never. At the same time, the spirit of unrest which caused the Handy Men to resent orders is still in evidence. Fresh instances are frequent, and the disease is by no means confined to Britain's First Line of Defence. The worthy Gaul has been let in for a taste of the medicine, for some 200 Handy Frenchmen refused to work in Toulon dockyard on Shrove Tuesday. Our Nautical Growl declares that it is hard for a man to be wooed from his proper labours on epicurean ideas bent, and he might be merely a little bit correct! However, following the lead of the Portsmouth lads, to say nothing of the Frenchmen, some 300 Turkish soldiers preferred a struggle shoreward through the Bitter Lakes, to honest and legitimate work. These latter patriots may hardly be accused of choosing the least of two evils, for though a number of them did escape, far too many passed into the realms of the dark-eyed houris in a semi-masticated (and an "altogether") state. The Red Sea shark is no epicure, and would as soon have a square meal off Turkish soldier, as he would off British sailor.

BUT getting away from the lighter side of the trouble, what is the bed-rock reason for all this mutiny? Is there anything occult in it, and does the thing crop out after the manner of the brand-new microbe that is responsible for the dreaded spotted-fever? Certainly not. The whole thing is plain enough, and results absolutely from this asinine fashion of throwing about a quantity of one-sided free education. The various powers that be are keen on educating their servants up to a high pitch of excellence, and are then silly enough, to suppose that these partially educated men are to be persuaded to continue in surroundings which were *en regle*, in the bad old illiterate days. The whole matter is absurdly simple. If those powers must have educated men, then, they must agree to give them surroundings in line with that educated state for which their souls hanker. If they are disinclined to bring the surroundings into line with the new requirements, then, education should be switched off, indefinitely. It is only ignorance that will submit to all that old prattle about "Divine right." Once you educate a man up to a given point, he straightway realises that a hard biff will make his boss' nose bleed, and that a bash on the side of the head will give him a thick ear. When that point has been reached, it is useless to put on the high and mighty.

WE wrote above, the words one-sided education. Let us explain. The lower orders are being filled up with all manner of quiffs which amble along as "book learning," but the geniuses who are placed in authority over those lower orders, are allowed to amble along with the belief that what was, is good enough. Needless to say, any such a state of affairs is impossible. If you wish to educate your men, you must also educate their masters into a knowledge of a different style of treatment to that which obtained in the "good old days." And this fact is nowhere more evident, than at sea. In the old days, an old whale, when laying aft on growling bent, could be safely turned down with the belief that the Old Man was a sea-lawyer. Jack would seize the meat-kid, and after the usual supplication to the steward, the Old Man would come on the scene. That worthy would ask: "What's the matter, my man?" "Come aft to growl about the grub, sir." "Ah? Not enough of it to-day?" "Enough of it, such as 'tis, sir." "So? Then 'tisn't good enough in quality?" "Good enough, what there is of it," and then Jack would stroll off, for'ed, with the assertion that it was no good to interview this particular skipper, for he was a Philadelphia lawyer, at least. Of course, the Old Man would return to the cabin, with an expansive smile in evidence.

BUT just you try those tactics in the present year of grace, and see how you'll come off. Take it from us, you won't come off with anything like éclat. Jack has been educated up to the essential point which convinces him that no matter what old chat you might care to indulge in, the piece of beef in that meat-kid is exactly as small and fousty as it was before you commenced to prattle. Obviously, then, there is but one way out of it—if you wish to avoid trouble. You have to open up the harness cask, supplement that miserable whack of beef, after which Jack will go away, for'ed. But even so, he will not be altogether satisfied with you, or with the general conditions under which he is cast. He will have a haunting belief that you tried to cheat him, and that you merely rendered justice to him, because he kept you pinned down to the meat-kid and its contents, so to speak. Every right-thinking man must admit that this is a truthful rendering of the situation, and instead of slanging us for calling attention to the actual facts, much more good would result if the employers would admit those facts, after which, they would right the wrong. Having done the latter, mutiny would be off on that particular count. The same thing applies to the wage question. All hands at sea, to-day, know only too well, that a sovereign contains exactly 20s. You might try to bounce them into the belief that a "quid" equals 25s., but it is useless.

WHY, the merry boarding master is powerless in that direction, to-day. Ten years ago, the worthy referred to could work out a sailor's advance note after the following: "There's five shillings you had, and five shillings you didn't have; that's a pound. There's seven-and-six you asked me for, and four bob I promised to give you; that's two-pound-five. Then, there's a hook-pot, plate and pannikin, a bar of soap and a dozen of matches, the writing paper that I gave you to use for the old woman, and the thread. Altogether, £3 5s., but I won't be hard on you, Jack; here's half-a-crown to get a drink before you go aboard." In the foregoing manner, the advance note of £3 5s. went—scat! But let boarding-master try that dodge to-day, and what is likely to happen? Well, principally a wrecking of the hitherto happy home. Jack has been educated—in a way; boarding-master has to be educated also. True, he will probably "do" Jack all the same. That is why he is educated. But he mustn't try any of the old japes which worked when the world was younger, and more foolish. You see the point, of course? And seeing it, you might apply its teaching to your own case, in which event, you will have yet another reason to saunter around and thank us for giving you a touch of actual experience.

AYE, aye, but this is awful! After all the old cackle that has been bandied about with reference to Peace Conferences and the horrors of war, most of us had grown to the belief that the millennium was something near a spot job. Such things, however, are not to be. Germany won't hear of it. She has voiced her opinion in the matter, through the columns of one of those Teutonic "official organs," and that is all there is about it! The gist of the said announcement is, that Germany is not prepared to discuss armaments—or disarmaments—at the Hague Conference, and for once in our lives we have nothing but unqualified admiration for the Emperor Wilhelm. He is, at least honest, and apparently, has no time (nor, for the matter of that, inclination) to pretend to be keen on playing at philanthropy, when he knows only too well, that the whole fit-out is bluff of the most transparent kind. As a pastime for a number of spring-side-booted and cotton-gloved cranks, that Peace Conference has potentialities; but, for serious business men: men who realise that the only possible phase of life to-day, is the strenuous phase—well to those men, the Hague Conference is nothing but a mortifying of the flesh.

MIND you, we are not entirely agreed with his Magnificence. We have a sneaking sort of suspicion that he too, on occasion, can work the joker in a game of euchre, for all it is worth—to say nothing of a chip or so farther. For instance, when his Chancellor is empowered to say that his august master "has no warlike intentions as it is erroniously supposed in other countries," well, we have to throw our thoughts out to the actual facts of the situation. We think up the gangs of Teutonic seamen with whom we have sailed; gentlemen who made no secret of their ultimate intention to wipe ourselves and country off the map; and then we start sizing up the hordes of German naval men who have sailed with us (for £3 per month), just for long enough to become accustomed to the navigation of our different big seaports; and who, on their return to the Vaterland and its navy, will receive so many pfennings *per diem* as a reward for stealing that pilotage knowledge. Emperor William might have no warlike leanings, but his Ministers take every care to foster such in the minds of the straying Teutons who come to Britain on business bent. In the meantime, John Bull busies himself with the latest League match—as a spectator; or goes off to shoot big game in the Rockies, thereby believing that he is nursing up old traditions, and keeping off all cowans and intruders. Dear old chap is John Bull, but he is inclined to be silly!

THERE is evidence that, in the near future, there will be great times in store for those local dandies, who are known to be members of that rather vague denomination, "something at the Docks." Clothes do not make the man, it has been said. This is, perhaps, a pity, for if such were the case, what a goodly company of stalwarts we should have in our midst! From what our own Beau Brummel tells us, the realm of the gaudy waistcoat is to be extended to coats and to—well, other things. Soon, therefore, we may expect to see our local leaders of fashion (?) turning out in purple and red suits, with, we hope, the usual amount of fine linen. It may go alright on this Island, but take a bit of advice from those who have travelled, and pray don't go on the Continent, "on business," wearing anything of the kind, for we have been assured on good authority, that such are the style of "pants" affected by the "mouchard" in the French "maison publique." Now, no one cares to be taken for a person of that description, what? Still, there is no reason, in these days of votes for women, why man (the worm) should not wear "gaady collos," as our Geordie engineer puts it. You see, there are a number of strong-minded women about, and they are making themselves heard, too: but we must remember, men dear, that there are quite a lot of beings about, who, although betrousered, are yet women in every particular, save—but you understand?

THE Navy League letters and their bearing on the recent German elections continue to exercise the minds of the Teutonic friends. Somehow or other, there is an awful sameness in human nature, whether it happens to have been built in Germany, or in other, and better lands. Proneness to be "stuffed," is the predominant feature. You see, the German Navy League—somehow or other—"lost" a number of incriminating letters just prior to the recent Elections. Strange to say, those letters got right into the hands (and journals) of the very person who should be last on earth to have them—the Clerical Press! Of course, the latter had to be squared, some way or other, so the Council of the N.L. accuses some wicked and abandoned wretch—name and number unknown—of having been guilty of a low theft, what ho! The writer of the said letters was a Major-General Keim, but mind you, he merely wrote them as a private individual, and not by any means as headman of that Council thing. Oh, dear no! By the same token, the gentleman appears to have lost those letters as a private individual, although they were ultimately printed with the official weight added to them. All of which goes to show that semi-official leagues in Germany, are in danger of the fishy trait, even as are those in other climes, and beneath other flags.

WHERE are the local dock-congestion-yarn mongers? "We wants yer our honeys!" Want you to leave your dyspeptic-born fairy tales, e'en while you consider a bit of actual fact. Here it is: On Wednesday of last week, the steamer *Falcon* arrived in Roath Dock with a cargo consisting of 3,500 tons of iron ore. That little lot was turned out between arrival and 8 a.m. on Saturday morning. Now note, you congestion-talkers. *Falcon* finished discharging ore at eight o'clock, and at nine o'clock she was under a tip, ready for the loading of her outward cargo. One hour's wait, gentlemen, of the congested brain! And don't think that *Falcon* wasted any undue time at the tip. She didn't, for at eight o'clock the same evening, she was ready for sea, having, in the eleven hours interval on Saturday, taken on board 3,500 tons of cargo and bunkers. In other words, *Falcon* was in the Roath Dock, Cardiff, three-and-a-half days, and in that time her 7,000 tons of cargo was handled. These are facts. Most of the congestion-prattle is fiction. That is the difference!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on January 31st, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

2,854 07—ASHE—*A new or improved nautical position finder and course protractor, applicable also for other purposes.*

This invention relates to a device for finding a ship's position from cross bearings. Two compass cards are placed one above the other on a central metal boss fitted with a clamp screw. The upper end is free to revolve and can be set to the compass error and clamped. Two pointers, with their inside edges bevelled, are mounted on the central boss so as to be adapted to revolve between the two cards. In order to find the position of the ship, a compass bearing is taken of each light, and one arm clamped to each bearing, having the bevelled edge cutting through the observed degrees as read from the upper card. The instrument is then placed on the chart, and moved carefully until the two bevelled edges cut through the observed objects, a dot made through the small hole in the centre of the instrument shows the position.

2,985 06—LASZEZYNSKI—*Improvements in and relating to the manufacture of explosives.*

This invention relates to chlorate explosives giving a high explosive force. According to this invention potassium or sodium chlorate is mixed with the theoretically necessary quantity of hydrogen, which quantity varies according to which of the two chlorates is employed. The resulting explosive will not explode upon the percussion of an ordinary explosive cap, but absolute certainty of explosion is obtained if a cap comprising 0·5gm. of fulminate is employed.

3,272 06—CRABTREE, CRABTREE AND WOODHEAD—*Improvements in automatic safety devices for hoists.*

This invention relates to an automatic safety device for use in connection with the cages of coal pits. According to this invention an eyed lever is employed in connection with each of the ordinary guide wire ropes usually arranged at each corner of the cage, and these levers are pivoted in bearings secured to the top of the cage by means of iron straps enclosing the cage. The levers are normally held by chains which, in the event of the operating chain breaking allow the ends of the levers to fall, and the eyes grip the guide ropes and prevent the cage descending.

4,925 06—BULLINGHAM—*A new reversible screw propeller.*

According to this invention the boss of a propeller is formed in the shape of a complete sphere, composed of three sections. The centre section is a disc thick enough to permit of its being secured to the driving shaft at some point on its periphery, the two outer sections are flat on the inside only and carry the blades. The three sections are held together by a steel passing through the whole boss. Each blade has a bevel wheel on the flat side of its boss section, and this bevel wheel gears with a bevel wheel on the outer of two concentric shafts. The rotary movement is produced by turning the outer shaft in either direction, relatively to the inner.

6,524 06—PURCHASE—*Improvements in rotary drills or Augers for boring, applicable for mining purposes.*

This invention relates to improvements in the method of attaching the bits of rotary drills to mandrels. The bit is constructed in the form of a cylinder with four threads coiled around the surface. For attaching the bit to the mandrel a square socket is made in the plane end of the cylinder and tapered inwards. The end of the mandrel is squared and tapered to fit into the socket and when the handle of the mandrel is rotated, the shaped end presses into the socket of the bit which it engages and rotates.

7,337 06—DAIMLER—*Improvements in reversing gears for engines for boats.*

This invention relates to reversing gear of the friction cone type. According to this invention two friction cones are mounted on the propeller shaft to act in opposite directions in connection with corresponding conical surfaces inside a hollow member secured to the engine shaft, one of the cones being keyed to and the other loose upon the propeller shaft, a bevel wheel being keyed upon the loose cone and two intermediate wheels mounted upon non-rotating shafts transmitting rotary motion from the bevel wheel to another bevel wheel keyed upon the propeller shaft. The propeller shaft and bevel gearing are adapted to be longitudinally displaced with the friction cones for the purpose of throwing the cones in and out of gear, and thereby reversing the direction of rotation.

9,013 06—BRAUNIC AND SCHMIDT—*Safety appliance for miners descending into or leaving the shaft.*

This invention relates to a safety appliance for use with winding cages where the cage is attached to a rope which is coiled and uncoiled on a drum by the winding engine. According to this invention a safety rope is provided on a second drum. This rope is of the same length as the cage rope, and this rope the miner fastens round his body. If the cage rope should break, the person who has the safety rope round his body will be suspended, and can be drawn up or lowered as required.

9,123/06—HARY—*Improvements in or relating to the surfaces of propeller blades.*

This invention relates to surfaces of propeller blades. In order to produce a propeller surface according to the present invention a horizontal generating line is moved in such a manner that one end point travels forward on a circle lying in a horizontal plane, whilst the other end point travels with uniform speed downwards on a vertical axis in the central part of the circle, the movement being continued until the former end has described an arc of 90°. The latter point of the generating line is fixed in the position reached and the former point moved through another 90°, and downwards until the generating line reached a horizontal position. Two such surfaces may be arranged about one axis and be used as propellers.

19,854 06—CUMIN—*An improved apparatus for supporting a person in water.*

This invention relates to a safety device for supporting a person in the water, in which device two hollow metal sleeves filled with air and hermetically sealed are connected with a belt of some textile fabric provided with metal boxes also filled with air and hermetically closed in such a manner that the arms of the person to be supported by the device can be placed inside the sleeves and the belt put round the waist so that head and neck are always kept above the water level.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

These applications for patents, are until March 11th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22. Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 22, 1907.

THE CHAMBER OF SHIPPING MEETING.

SOMEHOW or other, it appears to be the fashion for a meeting of shipowners to pile on the agony, as far as the supposed disabilities in connection with their own business is concerned. For the matter of that, nearly every "chamber" which concerns itself with the doings of a given industry, follows the same lugubrious rôle, so perhaps there is but little need to wonder? Anyhow, on Friday last, the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom held its annual meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel, and as far as we can see, pessimism was rather more in evidence than usual, and that is admitting a very great deal. In the present writing, we are concerning ourselves merely with that portion of the presidential address, which dealt with the inclusion of seamen under the blessings (real or assumed) of the Workmen's Compensation Act. On frequent occasions, we have expressed doubts as to the advisability of coddling the British workman with a Compensation Act. At the same time, we have ever claimed that if the 'longshore worker is to be thus coddled, then, the seaman has every bit as much right to be similarly blessed—or cursed. However, we find that Sir John Ellerman—the new president—in his inaugural address, admitted that the past year had been filled with anxiety for the shipping community. Precisely why the admission was made, we have no means of ascertaining. To say the least, it was anything but original, for if you care to search over the back files of the chamber's "inaugural addresses," you will surely find that a similar admission has been made with monotonous regularity. Indeed, we should like to hear of one year wherein—according to the then-president—anxiety was eliminated from this particular phase of the white man's burden. Still, there are ways of working off this pessimism—and ways; and for our part, we much doubt if any past president ever had such a beautiful opportunity for distinction, as was supplied on Friday last. Be that as it may, we have pleasure in admitting that Sir John handled the subject in a most convincing (to his colleagues) manner, and if the mere man in the street is inclined to put his tongue in his cheek as he reads the Chamber of Shipping's *memorabilia*—well, the man in the street isn't a shipowner other than by proxy, so what will you? You see, according to the address which we are considering, the new Merchant Shipping Act will undoubtedly increase the cost of working vessels under the British flag, and as this is so, why not commence a little long-needed retrenchment? Why not save the ha'penny per ton which has been saddled on to shipping, merely for the purpose of keeping a shipping federation in metaphorical clover? The present is supposed to be an economical age, and yet, here have we a combination of growling shipping men quietly paying out some 10,000,000 halfpennies per annum, even while they wax pathetic about the increased cost of working their vessels, that is consequent on giving the sailorman the same dog's chance as is accorded to the 'longshore labourer! Why, it makes you smile, doesn't it? It does us, anyhow, and having smiled, we pass on to a further consideration of the president's complaint. Here you are: "While all shipowners are quite ready to compensate their employés for accidents which occur to them in the ordinary course of their employment, they consider that to be made responsible for the 'acts of God,' which are beyond all human control, is putting upon shipowners a responsibility of a kind and to an extent which no other industry of the country is asked to bear." Now, as a pretty little burst of academical eloquence, the foregoing is passing good; but as a piece of real, eighteen carat, and practical business assertion, isn't it a bit drivelly? We have no intention of entering into an argument as to whether all shipowners are, or are not, willing to compensate their employés for accidents which occur in any shape or form; and mainly for the reason that we have sailed for owners who made no bones about their decision to see us hanged, before they would reimburse us for the loss of our personal effects in a total loss occurring. A total loss for which they received anything up to a third more than the old crock was either worth, or originally cost, too. Perhaps Sir John Ellerman never heard of that class of shipowner, and if not, then we congratulate him on his successful dodging of whole veins of the seamy side of a great industry. But from a personal point of view, we have to admit the soft impeachment, and therefore, when we read that bit of piff-niff which is intended to assure us that shipowners will pay, then, sirs, we work up one more smile. However, come we now to another quotation from Sir John's inaugural address: "Parliament has not attempted to apply the Act to mines, workshops, factories, and plantations owned by British subjects in foreign countries, but it has extended its provisions to all British ships in all parts of the world." Of course it has! How could it reasonably do otherwise? Isn't a British ship, British territory at all times? And is compensation only to apply up to and including the three miles limit? Certainly not, and we are not going to believe that Sir John Ellerman had any such thought concealed about his person. But there is a certain amount of orthodoxy expected from the gentleman who allows himself to be nominated for the President of the Chamber of Shipping job, and—well, and there you are! For our part, we admire orthodoxy (fine word, isn't it?) whereso-ever we happen up against it; but for all that, we are just as willing to admit that, on occasion, it is awful drivel. You see, if the sailorman—when his day's work were done—could do the same as another worker (go home, you understand) there might be some sense in the claims of these inaugural-address-gentlemen. But as, willy, nilly, John must stick by the old crock, watch on deck or watch below, then he is deserving of a little consideration from the legislature. Times out of number, it has been definitely shown that certain brands of "shipowner" will not render a bit of justice more than they are compelled to render; and thus it comes about that something has to be done in the matter. In this case, it is a Compensation Act, and in our straight opinion, the Chamber of Shipping would be doing itself more good by paying less attention to the hazing of its seagoing servants, even while it plumped solid for a little combination for the purpose of boosting freights into a notch that would admit of the payment of all essential working charges. But no! All hands appear to be of one opinion that a solid front with regard to freights is impossible; so, as is usual with weak-kneed people, they pursue the line of least resistance; a line which gars them sit around and grumble about the inevitable! Of what use is it to prattle about the Compensation Act, anyhow? It is on the Statute Book, is likely to stay there, and in the near future, other essential additions will be made thereto. Here then, is the real *point d'appui*—the rallying point, so to say. Those Chamber of Shipping geniuses appear to imagine that if they kick at present legislation, it will put a stopper on any further attempts in the same line. But it won't bless you, and if the cost of British shipping is too great to admit of two or three spare motor cars to any individual exponent of the game, then, he must simply drop out of the running, in which event, he will have to patronise the city tramcars. Elsewhere in this issue, we are giving a further attention to this annual sample of pessimism.

More about the Chamber of Shipping Meeting.

IT has been said that it is impossible to give frail human nature too much of a good thing, and we believe there is a certain amount of truth in the assertion. We have no wish to appear rude, but, at the same time, we consider that the annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping is among the good things of life, hence our inclination to give you a further portion of it. With the foregoing as some sort of an introduction, let us at once come to another quotation from the "presidential address" already referred to on page 22.

HERE it is: "The past year has been one of extreme depression in freights in almost all quarters of the world. It has been very difficult for British shipowners to make profits, and they can ill afford to pay the increased expenses which will have to be borne under the new Merchant Shipping Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act." There you are! That is a fairly decent text for one nice, clean page of printed matter, and if you entertain any doubts as to our ability to deal with the subject in a fair and aboveboard style, please read on. In that event, we know that we shall convince you—of quite a number of apparently dubious points.

IN the first place, it will not be amiss if we ask why the past year was so terribly depressed in the matter of freights? Was it because the shipowner excelled himself in the matter of wages to his employés? Was it because he ran riot in the matter of food and accommodation to the same people? Was it because he had backbone enough to admit of his laying his vessels up, rather than give the merchant the benefit of practically free carriage? It wasn't—in either instance.

As a matter of fact, and in trampville, wages were seldom lower than applied right through the year, and the daily food bill was never so low. Where, in days gone by, the officers cost the shipowner half-a-crown a day, and the forecastle hands one shilling and sixpence, last year, the average right through, amounted to some nine-pence *per diem*. In other words, then, this side of the expenditure was all in favour of big profits, and if freights were low, whose fault was it?

OBVIOUSLY, the shipowners' fault, and yet, now that he has won through without much personal inconvenience, he is anxious to still further hash up his future chances, by growling about matters which have but little to do with the subject. Aye, and even as he dodges clear of the real reason for all the trouble. When all is said, the bill for food and wages is quite the smallest item in the shipowning wrangle, and yet a number of apparently sharp business men meet together, and stuff each other (and the world, generally) with fairy tales which are much like the flowers that will bloom in a few weeks from now.

AGAIN, what is precisely meant by the assertion that it has been very difficult for British shipowners to make profits? If the difficulty is intended to apply to the private establishments of shipowner, then, we must admit that it has escaped our notice. We have the pleasure of knowing quite a number of the good people who manage steamers, and personal observation has led us to believe that things were simply humming in the shipping industry. If we are any judges of the business—and we claim a fair amount of practical experience therein—the past year was in no wise worse than dozens of other years.

As a matter of fact, the patient reader who has given a passing attention to our weekly money column (held over this week from pressure on space), will have gleaned much knowledge of where a constant ten per cent. dividend has been in evidence, and where, in addition, substantial amounts have been carried to an ever-growing reserve fund. How do you account for this, you growlers? We account for it, thus: The dividend-payers know their business, and knowing it, act even after the manner of their kind. The non-payers do not know their business, and are simply learning it at the expense of the long-suffering shipping investor.

IT'S plain enough, isn't it? In short, shipping is no worse, and no better than it ever was. A survival of the fittest applies now, as ever, and if a man ropes in an old crock which broke her last "owner," what right has he to suppose that he is going to earn his shareholders a dividend? None whatever. He will probably earn something handsome for himself—at least, he will walk off with it, even if he doesn't earn it—and if his trusting supporters are disappointed, well, what about it? They entered into the venture as gamblers. The cards are against them. What will you?

WE are quite willing to admit that some brands of "owner" can ill afford to pay the increased expenses which will have to be borne under the New Merchant Shipping Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act. But then, those same pushing atoms will ever find a difficulty in paying the bunker bill, while, if the old crock comes to grief, and the underwriters pay up at once, the drydock-man who effected the repairs will still have to be satisfied with renewals on the promissory note which was issued when the *Flopsy Dopsy* first started away from the repair yard.

THE class of "trader" referred to, are simply among those who live by their wits. Sometimes, they have wits enough to admit of their continuing as traders; sometimes, they haven't. If they happen to be of the latter kind, then, they prevail on some kind friend to say things up against the legislature; on other kind friends to get the stuff printed in the daily papers; and then, if a growling shareholder asks for his pound of flesh, he is referred to the report of this, that, or the other meeting; when the information therein contained is supposed to be good enough to pay the bills of his butcher, baker and candle-stick maker.

FUNNY, isn't it, and you never looked at it in that light, did you? Your sympathies went out to those apparently poor, and down-trodden "shipowners," didn't they? Of course, and you are half inclined to be vexed with us for withdrawing the veil? But then, it will be all the same fifty years hence. If there is any difference, it will simply lay in the fact that there will be another set of exploiters engaged at the job—and another set of exploited! Thus the merry game continues!

MEANWHILE, it will be as well for you to assimilate the truth of the situation. And having assimilated, to practice a little perspicaity as to where you invest your money. There are any number of reputable shipowners about as yet. There are also quite a number of the kind that might hardly be written as reputable. The former kind invariably send you a cheque at the end of each voyage run by the "magnificent steamer" with which they won your approbation—and shekels; the latter send out regrets, and newspaper cuttings showing that freights were never so bad as in the present year—no, not since pa died.

EXCUSE us for again calling your attention to the matter, but we told you in the beginning of this little screed, that we should show you a thing or two on the text which we had chosen. We sincerely hope that we have redeemed our word. Anyhow, as we are at the bottom of the page, we have room for no more effort on this occasion.

THE BUNKER TROUBLE.

THERE is more grief around on the ambient air, for somebody has been pulling the leg of sundry "shipping writers," anent the alleged shortage in weight, of bunker coals up Newcastle way. So far, the merry microbe has kept away from "gallant little Wales," but as these matters generally work around in cycles, you may safely bet on the Bristol Channel getting a rub, presently.

WHAT'S it all about? Somebody has been filling the "our Newcastle correspondent" of a contemporary, with a quantity of high-class growling about short weight in bunkers. The poor shipowner is once more made a dead set at, and the wicked and abandoned wretches who sell bunker coal, are simply attempting to shove him over the brink of bankruptcy! It will have to be seen into. Meanwhile, we might as well consider the matter from a practical point of view.

PERSONALLY, we are disinclined to believe that the average shipowner is going to bother his soul with the moonshine scattered broadcast by that "our Newcastle correspondent." We know shipowner too well for any such belief. Realise that he knows his business too thoroughly, to do other than put his tongue into the recesses of his starboard cheek, when he reads the piffle to which we are referring.

IT'S like this. Tyne tips are not by any means the kind of mechanical appliance over which coal dust may be tipped, without some 2½ per cent. thereof, flitting away on the wintry wind. If shipowner were in the habit of purchasing coal for bunkers, he might easily get away with a loss no greater than 5 per cent. on the whole. But he doesn't purchase coals—as a rule.

SOME heaven-sent genius assured him that he could raise sufficient heat with coal dust, and as he has a mighty respect for anything of the heaven-sent brand, he has been purchasing coal dust right along for years. This being so, it is simply brigandage to blame the loss in weight, on to the colliery man. As a matter of fact, every practical man realises that you may not tip coal dust, and come out as lightly on wastage, as would apply if genuine coal were shipped.

GENUINE lump coal, that is. But this is how "our Newcastle correspondent" sizes the matter up: "It is bad enough to have to pay 12s. 6d. to 13s. a ton on Tyneside for bunkers, but it is worse when at these prices the shipowner has to put up with short weight"—and his editor passes the stuff for the printer! Worse, for later we read: "One Newcastle firm having doubts as to the weight of coal put on board and charged for (explicit, isn't he?) has recently, I understand (oh, great I!) had three lots of bunker coals carefully checked, and finds as a consequence, a shortage in weight on an average of about 2½ per cent.

YEA, lor'! What about it? Did he expect to find a choice consignment of bunker stuff tipped over an old-fashioned tip, and that it ultimately panned out to 2½ per cent. more than when it left the colliery? Besides, of what use—in a general way—are these piffley statements? Why not give us all the particulars. Tell us the name of the doubting firm of shipowners; explain the methods which constitute your "carefully checked;" and tell us what kind of coal was involved—simple dust, or double-screened coal.

WELSH COAL.

A TYPICAL WELSH COLLIERY.

Having gone so far in the explanation, tell us what kind of tip was used for the shipment of that coal: say whether it was a calm day, or if the wind was blowing in gusty streaks: and, incidentally, tell us whether a public house was handy the scene of operations, or whether it was impossible to get a "sleever" with which to wash away at least a portion of that 2½ per cent. loss. These are the points which the shipowner would like to glean.

So, for the matter of that, would the colliery man, for both of them are about tired of reading a number of random statements which might, or might not, be worth the paper on which they are written. Again, of what use is it to prattle of these 2½ per cent. losses, and then, as a sort of hedging, go on to remark that "most of the collieries in Northumberland and Durham have very elaborate and costly weighing machines, and the weight of each truck as sent out is carefully recorded?"

What is the implication? Is this another attempt to put the losses on to the alien seamen? Is it pretended that they "scoffed" the coal dust, so that a 2½ per cent. loss eventuated? Or what is precisely meant? Why give us these round-about assertions—particularly when the silly season is not yet? Here you are, again. "Our Newcastle correspondent" is obviously a past master in the art of first burning them, and then blowing on the sore!

Why do we size it up, thus? Read, please: "There may, in some instances, be careless weighing (elaborate and costly weighing machines notwithstanding?) and in others there may be a percentage of coal lost in transit to the staith, but the collieries usually err on the side of generosity, and throw in a little extra coal to make good any possible wastage that may occur in transit." This being so, what is our solonesque friend getting at, and how much is he paid for all that perhaps-like piffle?

And here is a literary gem of purest ray serene, and no error: "Of course, when coals are cheap, neither buyer nor seller bothers much about exact weights." Doesn't he—on either side? That is worth knowing. But who is going to decide as to the cheapness of coal? The seller—with the scarcity that is about at present—is inclined to the belief that bunker coal at 13s. is dirt cheap. No insinuations, you understand. Possibly the buyer might regard it as dear, but in either case how is the matter to be regulated?

According to "our Newcastle correspondent," robbery is only that in exceptional instances. It's all a matter of opinion, and has nothing to do with principle—up Newcastle way? Strange arguments, aren't they? As long as both seller and buyer are convinced that coal is cheap, then, a ton might mean 19 cwt., and nothing farther need be said. But if both can be persuaded that the stuff is dear, well, a 20 cwt. basis comes in at once! Strange arguments, we wrote. It is more than that. It's simply idiotic.

Welsh Coal.

A Pithead Frame.

Either the coalman robs or he doesn't. If he robs, then, the shipowner has a right to be informed of his methods of procedure. If he doesn't rob, "our Newcastle correspondent" has no right to be given liberty to make a number of rambling and contradictory statements—no, not even for the purpose of eking out a precarious living as an occasional correspondent.

When the thing is simmered down into plain, everyday language, bunker shortages are the result of shipping coal dust over tips that were built to handle ordinary coal; the shortages are accentuated by bad weather; there is absolutely no sense in attempting to besmirch the fair fame of the coal people; and finally, the shipowner knows exactly why his bunkers occasionally pan out a little below anticipations. This being so, why eke out the columns of a supposedly responsible shipping journal, with a quantity of piff-niff which would scarcely pass muster with the editor of a school "magazine?"

"THERE'S A HARD TIME COMING— SOON THERE'LL BE A CHANGE."

THE foregoing occurred to us after reading our esteemed and venerable contemporary, *Shipping Gazette's* remarks, concerning Mr. Lloyd-George's holdforth at the Chamber of Shipping dinner on Friday last. In a pious attempt to see good in everything, "the oldest shipping journal" finished up its consideration of "Georgie's" explanation, with the words, "It is a relief to find the Marine department (of the Board of Trade) no longer controlled by a mystery man," and we are unfeignedly glad.

NOT so much because we believe there is any truth in the pious assertion which we have quoted. On the contrary, rather, for we are convinced that there is now more mystery in the Marine Department, than ever before. Where our gladness crystallises, is around the fact that *Shipping Gazette* would appear to have become tired of that eternal pessimism which has been *de rigueur* for years past.

AT the same time, it will be as well if the shipping man goes on possessing his soul in patience, for to our mind, it would be extremely difficult to fake up a more non-committal consideration of anything, than *Shipping Gazette's* "leader" dealing with "Georgie's" post prandial lucubrations on Friday last. There was such an awful amount of "if" in it all, that one sighed—albeit unconsciously—for a really genuine expression of opinion on what was said, and suggested.

FOR when all is out, Mr. Lloyd-George suggested considerably more than he said—as is usual with the gentleman. Dark hints were thrown around on the cigar-smoke laden atmosphere; condign punishment was more or less luridly cast upon the metaphorical screen; and if the gentlemen present didn't feel sort of creepy, and uncomfortable, then it must have been because they have been treated to the same unsatisfactory clap-trap, year after year.

ACCORDING to the President of the Board of Trade, the supremacy of British shipping is due to the fact that the exponents thereof have ever maintained a state of nervous apprehension, and as a matter of course our contemporary already quoted "cannot subscribe to that theory." Of course not! How is it to be expected. But hold on a bit. Why cannot *Shipping Gazette* subscribe to the said theory? Is it because it realises—although chary of admitting it—that the supremacy of British shipping is merely a catch-phrase; a chimera; that it has no existence in actual fact?

PROBABLY so, for we should hate to think that the giant intellect which is running "the oldest shipping journal," should be so far left to itself as to believe that a country is maritimely supreme, when it has to depend absolutely on the sufferance of the foreigner for crews wherewith to man its "maritime supremacy." Of course, at after dinner speeches, and when the Heidsick is bubbling and fizzling in the goblet, it is quite the right thing to bury dull care; to wave the said goblet when "Rule Britannia" is rendered by the stringed or other sort of band (made in Germany, too!); but in the editorial offices of an ancient, and sublimely respectable newspaper—well, friends, it should be different, there?

ESPECIALLY when the said newspaper makes some claim to shipping knowledge? At times such as that, it would be ever so much better to tell the truth and shame the old

WELSH COAL.

A PIECE OF THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY'S LINE.

fellow whose name is never mentioned in "Sassiety." You know the party referred to? He is popularly supposed to have peaky ears, a forked tail, cloven hoofs, and the description is possibly as correct as it is to say that Britain has anything in the maritime supremacy line.

Under the circumstances suggested, it would be far more noble for the newspaper referred to, to say right out that Britain is not maritimely supreme, hasn't been for over a quarter of a century, and that the only reason why she is allowed to go on stuffing herself with such an idiotic notion, is because the Continental nations hadn't enough sailormen to admit of a successful wresting away of the pinchbeck shipping which is supposed to be supreme.

Of course, all this is by way of alteration. The British shipowner—thanks to the pernicious doctrines enunciated by some of these "oldest shipping journals"—has allowed the German (whose future is on the sea) to glean all the information that is essential for the final wrestling match with Britain. That shipowner was "kidded" with the belief that cheap seamen were ever the best kind, and regardless of nationality, so, in the result, the foreign competitor has quietly gone on doubling his fleet—even as the supply of British-made German seamen satisfied the demand.

Mind you, the cheap idea was right enough—as long as it continued. That time, alas, is rapidly finishing up, and shipowner finds nearly as much trouble in manning his ships with aliens as, a decade ago, obtained with the British article. Nervous apprehension, forsooth! Wholesale stuffing is nearer the mark. And the disquieting feature of the whole fit-out is, that the stuffing continues. The "educators" have had such a lovely innings, that even now, when they find their fat days are about done with, they hate, like all that, to turn from their delusions.

With a perseverance deserving a better cause, they have nailed their flag of duplicity to the mast, and in the end they will go down with it flying. Go down they must, and that inside of five years—unless a radical change is made; unless twankey is dropped and real facts are faced; and unless those estimable and venerable journals give over stuffing themselves and their *clienteles* with pretensions that "It is a relief to find the Marine Department no longer controlled by a mystery man," whatever the precise meaning of that string of words might be.

And here is another sweet gem of rhetorical water—if we may be allowed to put it thus: "We scarcely think that a man who is always living on the verge of bankruptcy is the man who will be the cleverest in new ideas." As if Mr. Lloyd-George ever suggested any such silly notion. The gentleman assured his hearers that it was "nervous apprehension," and what has apprehension to do with the verge of bankruptcy? Furthermore, are shipowners pleased to see their comfortable positions stigmatised as the "verge of bankruptcy"? We trow not.

Verge of bankruptcy, indeed! How many shipowners have toppled over the verge, anyhow? What is the percentage, oh, *Shipping Gazette*? Infinitesimal, isn't it? They have *nous* enough to keep on the verge without going over, in the majority of instances? Of course, for they are like the millions who live, grow wealthy, and give the world all that is best in art, literature, music, and the like, although existing on the verge of Vesuvius? Eh, what? The metaphor is apt? Of course it is. It's one of "ours!" Still, there's a hard time coming, soon there'll be a change, for "Georgie" has uttered dark hints against the railway men.

He is going to love the shipping man better—when he has succeeded in dropping Aavelock Wilson—and will concentrate his attention to the railway men! Until he is invited to attend a railway man's dinner, perhaps, in which event he will sass the wicked shipowner, and thus square the political circle. Funny world, *n'est-ce-pas*? Funny people in it, too? That's what's the matter.

Welsh Coal.

A Typical Scene in Welsh Coal Land.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *February 20, 1907.*

IN summarising the state of the local market since our last, there is but little alteration to report, for there is yet something of a quietness hanging around. As a natural result, but little has transpired to affect the state of trade locally, either one way or another. So far, the quietness is nothing very serious. Merely a possible sign of the fluctuation which is ever about, but which is frequently overlooked.

THE fact is, there is a lull in the demand at the moment, and although collieries—in the main—are keeping busy on account of their favourable stems, there are a few exceptions. With these latter, their little arrangements have been upset through some of the stemmed tonnage running a little out of gear; and this, coupled with the easing in demand already mentioned, has enabled coals to be booked—in one or two instances—at lower than the prices which have been ruling of late.

BUT what may one expect, in face of the boisterous weather ruling? Ships may refuse to face the weather, and having refused, may not come in on time. But gales of wind do not affect the colliers overmuch. They go on with their output, 'fore all the world as if nothing were wrong at sea. In Utopia, weather would equally affect the ship and collier—but we aren't in Utopia yet, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding.

ANYHOW, in consequence of the little items enumerated, the market has an easier appearance, for prices are undoubtedly weaker than at our last time of writing. As a result, the buyer continues his stand-off tactics, hoping to accentuate that weakness. He may be right; he may be otherwise, and ultimately awaken to the fact that the easiness is altogether consequent on the prevalence of bad weather. In the latter event, he will be a sadder and a wiser man, for after the gentle halt in upward prices, well, you see how matters are likely to go?

AGAIN, the good old middleman has been freely discounting the quotations of the collieries of late, but at the same time, and as previously mentioned, lower prices are only accepted, for shipment in the right position at the moment. For any business beyond this, the seller is just as willing to stand-off, as is his friend the buyer. The pessimist is about, of course, and is keen on assuring all and sundry that the seller is playing a mug's game; that he ought to sell while he has the chance.

HAVING heard that same old tale a considerable number of times, we are a bit sceptical. Experience has taught us that the seller is generally every whit as keen and astute, as his very dear friend the buyer. In fact, viewing the matter all 'round, and one has to admit that the honours are about divided. This is only as it should be, for were a different set of conditions to obtain, there would soon be no coal trade?

HOWEVER, for the actual prices, we refer you to subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	21s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 1½d.	11s. od.
Seconds ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.
Best Newport ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	34s. od.	34s. od.	33s. 6d.	33s. 6d.	33s. od.	33s. od., 34s. od.
Ordinary ...	32s. od.	32s. od.	31s. 6d.	31s. 6d.	31s. od.	31s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od.	24s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *February 20, 1907.*

SHIPMENTS at Swansea during the past week, have not been up to the recent totals; but this, notwithstanding, the market has not shown any change in a downward direction. On the other hand there has been no upward movement, and the conditions can best be summarised as remaining very steady. Certain it is that prices have been well maintained in the majority of instances.

ANTHRACITE COALS, for instance, are meeting with continued good demand, and as this keeps well up to the supplies, quotations have been sustained. Indeed, for certain qualities there has been an active enquiry, and this, coupled with the already satisfactory engagements of the collieries, has kept prices firm; aye, even improved upon, here and there. What is better, too, enquiries for forward shipment are more plentiful, and sellers are obtaining prices very near those now current. BESTS AND BIG VEIN qualities are quoting firmly, and RED VEIN is steadier. CULM is keeping a firm market both for prompt and forward delivery, and there is no weakness in DUFF. MACHINE MADE COALS are much about the same.

STEAMS are a trifle easier, supplies being obtained rather more freely of late, the demand not being quite up to the mark, with tonnage not quite so plentiful.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. od., 21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 19s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 9d.	17s. od	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s 3d.	15s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 4½d.	19s. 4½d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 9d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	22s. 9d.	22s. 9d.	22s. 6d., 23s. od.	22s. 9d.	22s. od., 23s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
Duff ...	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ..	18s. od	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending February 20, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Terra*, 12s. 6d.
Rvall, 5,000 tons, 12s. 6d.
St. Paul, 2,800 tons, 12s. 3d.
Vauxhall Bridge, 12s. 6d.
Buxton, 4,000 tons, 12s. 6d.
Isle of Lewis, 4,000 tons, 12s. 3d.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 12s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Rags*, 5,000 tons, 11s. 7½d. 250.
Dowlais, 4,000 tons, 11s. 10½d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 6,500 tons, 13s. 3d.
Llansannor, 5,000 tons, 13s. 6d.
Llanwern, 13s. 6d.
Santa Elena, *Glenby*, 2,300 tons, 17s. 6d,
Las Palmas, *Tolesby*, 5,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bermuda, *Tockwith*, 2,400 tons, 8s. (Admiralty)
Bahia Blanca, *Hartlands*, 6,300 tons, 12s. 6d. 200, or 12s. 9d. if 250.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 12s. 6d. (N).
Fayal, *Dordogne*, 800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Buenos Ayres, *Penarc*, 4,200 tons, 12s. 4½d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Wearbeck*, 5,700 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Genoa, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Naples, *Wastwater*, 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d. 800.
Dorothea, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d. 600, 10d.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 7s. 4½d. (S).
Algiers, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Atlanten, 2,900 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Spezzia, *Emma*, 3,150 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Venice or Ancona, *Blenheim*, 3,800 tons, 8s. 6d.
Nunima, 4,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 500, (N).
Gem, 2,800 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (S).
Elmsgarth, 4,500 tons, 8s. 10½d. 500.
Eolo, 5,300 tons, 8s. 6d. 500.
Saltillo, 3,000 tons, 8s. 9d. 400.
Lady Palmer, 3,600 tons, 8s. 6d. 400.
Castlegarth, 3,400 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel (S).
Barcelona, *Gardepee*, 2,100 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Oporto, *Garvelpark*, 1,200 tons, 6s. (S).
Mazagan, 2,300 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Marseilles, *Vendee*, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs. (S).
Mervinian, 2,000 tons, 8 fcs. (S).
Torre Civita Vecchia or Leghorn, *Lincluden*, 3,800 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Bona, *Olaf*, 2,000 tons, 7 fcs. 350.
Leghorn, *Jasper*, 1,750 tons, 8s. 4½d. fuel, (S).
Dunsley, 2,700 tons, 7s. 3d. Genoa terms, spot.
Schwennau, 1,800 tons, 7s. 4½d. Genoa terms.
Constantinople, *Clara*, 2,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Beyrout, *Rossetti*, 2,300 tons, 8s. 10½d. coal, 9s. 7½d. fuel, (S).
Lisbon, *Antwerpen*, 1,650 tons, 5s. (N).
Riga, 3,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Trieste, *Luson*, 5,500 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (S).
Fiume, Steamer, 5,200 tons, 8s.
Melbourne, 4,800 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Gibraltar, *Tana*, 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Malta, *Poldhu*, 3,900 tons, 4s. 4½d. (Admiralty).
Dundas, 3,800 tons, 5s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Start*, 800 tons, 6s. (S).
Vinaroz, *Haugesund*, 750 tons, 7s. 9d.
Libau, *Jaegersborg*, 2,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Venus, 1,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Kiel, *Syfang*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *Camargo*, 2,750 tons, 5·25 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Westwood*, 1,800 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

Portland, *Muriel*, 2,700 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Bangarth, 2,900 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
Porthcawl, 2,400 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
Knightsgarth, 4,000 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
Chatham, *Carn Marth*, 2,000 tons, 3s. ,,
Portsmouth, *Ruabon*, 2,000 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
London, *Newent*, 1,260 tons, 4s. 1½d. (S).
Waterford, *Helen*, 3s. 9d. (N).
Belfast, *The Baron*, 410 tons, 3s. 4½d. (S).
Jersey, *Abercraig*, 420 tons, 5s. 9d.
Brest, *Haselmere*, 1,450 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s.
St. Malo, *Vestmandrod*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Tyne, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,650 tons, 4s. 6d.
Rundo, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dieppe, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d.
Caen, *Sheila*, 520 tons, 5s. 9d. (S).
Boreas, 600 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Sindbad, 1,100 tons, 5s.
Elemore, 1,150 tons, 5s.
Vinga, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Tyne, 800 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Havre, *Peterbourg*, 890 tons, 5s. (S).
Castleford, 2,400 tons, 4s. 3d.
Congress, 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d. (S).
Rouen, *Gustav Bogel*, 1,460 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Gransha, 1,550 tons, 5s. 7½d. option Havre St. Malo/or Dieppe, 5s. voyages from May to February, 1908, (S).
Schleswig, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. 9d.
G. N. Wilkinson, 900 tons, 6s. (S).
Adolf, 1,100 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Honfleur, *Glassalt*, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (S).
Calais, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 4s. 6d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Matienzo, 3,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. option Cardiff, 4s. 3d.
Bayonne to Cardiff or Barry, *Pocklington*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. ppt.

Some Interesting Correspondence.

AS there appears to be a quantity of misunderstanding in connection with the correspondence between Mr. W. Clark Russell and Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, and which has been issued in pamphlet form and widely distributed, we have decided to print the whole of that interesting matter herewith.

IF our friends will favour us with a careful perusal of same, they will quickly recognise that the S.E.A. is, in no wise, desirous of making trouble unnecessarily: that it is actuated by the best of patriotic and Imperialistic motives: and that its one desire is to protect the officers and engineers of the Mercantile Marine, from thoughtless hazing on one side, and covert exploitation on the other.

THE thoughtless hazing referred to, has brought the supply of efficient officers and engineers down, until every open-minded employer is convinced that the situation is fraught with danger; the exploitation has rendered a large number of the certificated men incapable of considering the conditions through other than a biassed outlook. Every person who is favoured with a knowledge of the circumstances at present applying with the certificated ranks of the Merchant Service, must be struck with two great truths:

THE first is, that smouldering unrest is everywhere in evidence, and is merely awaiting an opportunity to break forth with all the virulence applicable to this class of madness; the next is, that instead of attempting to stem this tide of incipient mutiny, most of the salaried but self-elected champions of the profession are doing precisely the reverse. Being "in the know," we are in a position to state that the disinterested seamen who are responsible for the government of the S.E.A., are intent on altering the present dangerous state of affairs, by removing the cause thereof.

IN other words, it is no part of the S.E.A. policy to pander to the worst features of the seagoers' character; to blow hot and cold on his feelings; and by covert—but empty—suggestions, insinuate that if he will but pay up to a given extent, all will be well with him. Furthermore, there is no desire on the part of the S.E.A. to slink along as a "dark horse," with a non-corporate existence, peculiarly managed finance, and things of that kind; neither does it affect to have corralled into its grip, an impossible number of members.

THAT is to say, the Association on whose behalf we write these lines, is a regularly and lawfully constituted concern; is managed by a set of rules which may not be played fast and loose with, seeing that they have been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies; limits the liability of its members to the extent of one sovereign; and makes no secret of its intentions to bring about a state with the Mercantile Marine, which shall be at once a pleasure and a safeguard to the national integrity.

HOWEVER, we have no intention of running on indefinitely, but will give you the contents of the pamphlet referred to, at once. Here it is:

To the Executive Officer, his Engineering Colleague, and the British Public, generally—

IN issuing this pamphlet with its interesting correspondence between the seafarer's best friend—Mr. W. Clark Russell—and Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, it has occurred to us that a few prefatory remarks might not be altogether out of place. Especially in view of the fact that a quantity of misleading nonsense concerning the Association has been printed, and by those who recognise in the advent of the S.E.A., a termination to their own exploitation of the certificated officer.

HIS unassailable position in the world of letters, makes it unnecessary for us to say that Mr. Clark Russell's efforts as shown herein, are purely disinterested; or that they are the outcome of his consistent championing of the sailorman of all ranks. Every reader will acknowledge the fact, even as they might express a certain amount of wonderment as to what Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, really is.

FOR the purpose of clearing up any doubts—and to give the lie to a number of would-be traducers—we have printed on the preceding page, a copy of the Memorandum of Association under which the S.E.A. has been registered. Any doubting Didymus may, therefore, convince himself of the truth of our assertions, by applying to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies—a source which would supply no information in connection with that "guild" referred to by Mr. Clark Russell, for, to the time of writing, that same "guild" is unregistered, non-corporate, is a myth, a something—or a nothing!

CLAUSE 3, (a) provides for the adoption of an agreement between Captain W. J. Ward, who is Founder and *Honorary* Secretary, of the Association. Now, in that word "Honorary" you have the key-note of the whole undertaking, for the S.E.A. is purely and simply a professional undertaking, without the taint of commercialism anywhere about it. In the words of the letter which is printed on the next page: "There are no salaries. We unite to improve our common lot." That is plain enough, isn't it? Plain, and uncompromising?

BUT why are there no salaries? Simply because the signatories to that Memorandum of Association are already in receipt of satisfying incomes: are neither among the hard-ups, nor the about-to-become hard-ups; and therefore, need no payment for the services which they are, personally, prepared to offer to their less-fortunate brethren at sea.

AGAIN, why "unite to improve our common lot," when those same signatories have no pressing need to follow the sea? For several reasons, the principal of which is: That they have a genuine love for the profession which called them in their youth, and before matured wisdom convinced them that a livelihood there—under existing circumstances—was impossible. The fates have allowed them to cut the painter, but they do not forget the old-time miseries, nor the unfortunates who still linger with them.

AMONG the other reasons may be found the realisation that, unless regeneration is brought about in the near future, Britain's maritime supremacy will be a thing of the past; that, even as befits true seamen, we are Imperialistic, and genuinely patriotic; and as such, must shirk no labour which will again place our Motherland in the forefront of the nations.

THE Memorandum of Association will convince you that we have no trades union leanings; no party feeling; no religious bias. We simply mean to do, what others have merely talked about—raise wages, obtain better accommodation, and inaugurate (and perfect) a better system of employment. By these means, we shall call back a full and plenteous supply of British lads to the Sea, and out of gratitude for our efforts, they will sail under the pennant of the S.E.A.

UNDER these circumstances, will you fall in with us; hoist that pennant; allow us to deal with your grievances; to fight your battles—when fighting is the only alternative; to protect your interests, whether of the professional, or legal kind; in short, get behind us, all along the line? We are willing to accept the responsibilities which belong to the position—what about yourself?

IN deciding, it is well to remember that:

We have already awakened public interest in your unsatisfactory lot—this is evidenced by the newspaper controversies which we have inaugurated and helped.

We have created a new spirit of fairness in the tribunals which sit in judgment on you—by venturing to offer expert objections to obsolete methods.

We have no quarrel with the Shipping Federation. We are convinced that many of its most conspicuous members are our friends. It is on the lowest section of that confederacy that we propose to fasten our gaze.

We have the approbation of those of your employers who recognise the urgent need of a genuine effort to put the Mercantile Marine in line with modern requirements—and the enmity of those who, by the dissemination of foolish half-truths and misleading claims, fatuously imagine that they can prolong the "sweating" tactics which have driven all *esprit de corps* from your ranks.

We have brought about the foregoing by fearlessly stating the truth; by steering clear of mutual admiration affairs; and by standing loyally by our sea-going brethren, in spite of all inducements to the contrary. Are these the traits for which you are looking? Are you willing to make yet another effort to deserve, because you have grit enough to dare? If so, send us your name, address, and subscription—the latter will be used for your interests, and not to provide us with salaries twice as large as we could earn at sea. Don't forget. And meanwhile, read on:

SHIPPING EXECUTIVE'S ASSOCIATION,
LIMITED.

Bute Docks, Cardiff,
January 2, 1907.

W. CLARK RUSSELL, Esq.,
9, Sydney Place,
BATH.

DEAR SIR,—We are venturing to send you a copy of the circular issued by the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, with every assurance that its objects will meet with your sympathy and support. We also enclose a copy of our Memorandum and Articles of Association, and a form which shipowners will be asked to fill up, when seeking the services of our members.

You will easily gather the character of this combination of the Executive of the Merchant Service, and more especially of the officers and

engineers who are in control of our cargo and food-carrying ships, from the language of the circular. Specifically, we aim at (1) an improvement in pay; (2) an improvement in shipboard accommodation which in tramps is, for the most part, disgraceful and humiliating to gentlemen; (3) an improvement in the general treatment of officers by those who serve them. We are not a Trades Union. We are not an oligarchy. We are blending our interests in a common confederacy in which every member is a leader, and in which the control is vested in the whole body. There are no salaries. We unite to improve our common lot: but that lot must be greatly promoted if we are to continue to serve the country and the empire; and we do not hesitate to say that if our lawful and just claims are not recognised; if any effort is made to elude them by Federation tickets, importation of aliens, or other devices which must result in the further diminishing of the narrow stock of British officers; our remedy will be drastic enough to render the British Mercantile Marine the despair of our insular country, and the hope of every alien competitor.

Our Association was formed at the earnest request of over 30,000 certificated men, and although our paid-up members are yet below 2,000, when it is remembered that Registration of the Association was only effected on September 11, last, you will probably admit that the profession is in earnest on this occasion? As our brethren return from sea, they are rallying around us in gratifying numbers, and as our head-quarters are the head-quarters of the Tramp Service, we have everything in our favour.

For whatever words you can speak in advocacy of our great Imperial undertaking, every British Officer in the Merchant Navy will be deeply grateful.

Believe us,

Yours faithfully,

SHIPPING EXECUTIVE'S ASSOCIATION, LTD.

9, Sydney Place,
Bath.
January 7, 1907.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd instant, and assure you that I am fully sensible of the honour you do me, though modesty obliges me to witness, in your request, a compliment to the sincerity of my sympathy with such efforts as yours, rather than a tribute to my work as an advocate.

Unfortunately, my health is scarcely equal to the labour of a controversy, nor can I ask the London press to help me, as it is pitifully true that the British Merchant Service does not appeal to the people whom it feeds, and whose empire it founded. The average London editor, therefore, should be excused if he declines to flood his columns with a subject that is insipid and without interest to the million who love to hear "If spiritualism is true;" "If Sir Oliver Lodge's catechism is superior as a religious impulse to a hymn by Dr. Isaac Watts;" and "If cats ought to be left behind when families take a change."

May I suggest that your vehicle of appeal to the mariner as well as the landlubber should be the pamphlet?

That I may be of some slight use to you in that way, may I further beg leave to ask you the following questions, so that I may possess more information that your letter and circular provide to base my comments on?

There exists, in Liverpool, an Association called the Merchant Service Guild. I understand that it claims to have enrolled about 10,000 members. I do not know what the entrance fee is, or the annual subscription. I am told that it has a very large amount of capital at its back, and the figures, as represented to me, enjoy the wide range of from £10,000 to £20,000. This concern is manifestly a flourishing affair. It was started by a Mr. Moore, a retired master mariner, and its tradition is maintained by Mr. Moore's son. The president is Lord Muskerry, who, as a member of the House of Lords, enjoys the privilege of asking questions on matters relating to the Merchant Service. I have been told, but do not know if I am correctly informed, that the Marquis of Graham is the vice-president of this Guild. If so, I can only say that the Association is greatly honoured; for Lord Graham's experience of the sea is as remarkable as his enthusiastic devotion to it, and no political event ever caused me more annoyance than his lordship's failure to win the contest for the Eye Division of Suffolk. In him the British Merchant Service lost an illustrious and sincere parliamentary representative.

Now, gentlemen, may I venture to ask why, instead of starting a fresh Association, you do not combine with the Liverpool Merchant Service Guild?

I do not quite gather whether your Association is, or is not based upon Trade-union foundations. Will you kindly make this clear? My antipathy to sailors' unions is by no means concealed, as I am sure you know, by the letters which were published in the *Times*, and reprinted in pamphlets by the Shipping Federation. I wish your enterprise so well that I could much desire it should win public sympathy and approval right down the line, by dignity of policy and self-respect in tactics.

You speak of pay and treatment in relation to the Executive Branch. Will you help me to a conclusion by specifically stating (1) the character of the accommodation and treatment complained of; (2) the present rates of pay to all ranks of the executive, including, of course, engineers; (3) the pay that would be demanded if officers withdrew their services until their claims were conceded?

I presume that the complaints made are levelled chiefly at the Tramp service. It would add interest and importance to your pamphlet if you would state the tonnage of the Tramp service; the number (approximate) of officers employed in it; Trade statistics of Cardiff, your head quarters.

On receipt of your reply I will do myself the pleasure to send you a letter in which I will strive my utmost to deliver a thoughtful and candid opinion, consistently with my habitual attitude of mind, which is that of reverence for the truth.

Believe me, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

SHIPPING EXECUTIVE'S ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

Bute Docks, Cardiff,
January 11, 1907.

DEAR SIR,—Your esteemed favour of 7th inst. has received the careful consideration of our Managing Committee, and they desire me to convey to your good self their sincere sympathy for the unfortunate and painful illness which has so handicapped you in your efforts for the amelioration of a Service to which you have ever been a consistent and disinterested friend. At the same time, I am instructed to submit for your perusal, the following replies to the various queries contained within your letter already referred to:

Your suggestion that this correspondence should be issued in pamphlet form is unanimously agreed to, as also are your remarks concerning the majority of daily journals, and their disinclination to assist the men who have made the continuance of such journals possible.

With reference to your query as to why, "instead of starting a fresh Association, you do not combine with the Liverpool Merchant Service Guild?" the following points might be of interest:

1. As Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, is a legally-constituted combination of certificated officers and engineers, and as "the guild" is merely a phantom possessed of no corporate existence, or legal status, the suggested combination is utterly impossible.

2. That as "the guild" has been in existence for upwards of fourteen years, and that coincidentally with its rise in power, the pay, treatment, and accommodation meted out to the Executive Officer has persistently declined, it follows that, in our opinion, "the guild" has outlived its usefulness if it ever had any?

3. That although Lord Muskerry is connected with "the guild," and has the opportunity of asking questions in the House of Lords—an opportunity which, over the last financial year (please see enclosed balance sheet), cost our seafaring brethren the sum of £763—his efforts to date, appear to be practically of no value to the Executive Officer.

4. That this same Parliamentarian friend is not above counselling an outsider to apply for information re. "the guild" to the assistant secretary, going past the secretary and founder (please see copies of letters bearing on this subject, enclosed herewith); and that the assistant secretary (a non-nautical person) is willing to accede to this species of back-stair work.

5. That although "the guild" blatantly claims a membership of "over 10,000 certificated captains and officers," its balance sheet would justify the belief that this number is, in reality, nearer 7,000.

6. That its financial status has been very much overrated, and in plain figures works out to—if its own claims as to membership be taken as a basis—appreciably less than £2 per head; an absurd amount on which to prattle of "financial strength?"

7. That in the absence of specific information on this head, we are unable to find where the "funds" are invested; in whose name; whose signature will be essential for the release of that amount of money; and that if each of the existing members should, by any combination of circumstances, elect to drop out of the guild, who the invested £18,000 would ultimately belong to.

8. That "guild" administration is, in our opinion, out of all proportion to the value of the work done—supposing that work has any assessable value, which we do not admit. In plain figures, once more, the cost of administering "the guild"—for one year—has been admitted as over £3,000, while its admitted income from subscriptions, is slightly over £6,000. Obviously absurd as a proportion?

9. That we believe that "the guild" has been most active in fostering that suicidal (if not worse) policy which is expressed by the legend DECK v. ENGINEROOM—instead of realising that the only way to win the cause of which they are self-elected champions, is to use every endeavour to unite the two departments, in which case the "playing off one against the other" which has nearly ruined the Empire, will no longer be possible.

10. That after due consideration, and out of the knowledge gained by membership to "the guild," our Managing Committee is convinced that its aims are too parochial; that its chief care is to toady principally to the Liverpudlian who is enabled to "drop in," when at home; that its chief work to-date, has been the concoction of poorly-written letters to the Press, eked out with an occasional—and somewhat restricted as to price—legal defence for sundry members.

11. That as a serious combination of executive officers, it has but little to recommend it. And

12. That being an unlimited affair, each of its members—whether paying or otherwise—are severally and individually liable for all expenses incurred in their names, and regardless of the fact as to whether they have consented to a given line of action, or otherwise.

With these few points before you (there are many more, but hardly of a kind to form the subject matter of a letter), our Manageing Committee venture to hope that you will see eye to eye with us in our decision to "keep clear of the guild, at all hazards?"

Regarding your query as to whether the S.E.A. is based on Trades Union principles, I am instructed to emphatically assure you, No. Enclosed Articles of Association will show you that we have no point in common with trades unionism; that, as already explained in our former letter, "We are not a Trades Union. We are not an oligarchy. We are blending our interests in a common confederacy in which every member is a leader, and in which the control is vested in the whole body. There are no salaries (and no graduated scale of commissions for procuring the enrollment of members). We unite to improve our common lot."

Furthermore, our Managing Committee are resolved to eschew all idle prattle, mutual admiration, tales of what should be done (in Utopia), and tricks of a like nature—so common in the past. We are "out" for amelioration, and mean to receive it, or leave the Merchant Marine to those who are willing to stand idly by, while the alien of any colour takes unto himself the Empire upon which the sun never sets—as yet.

Side by side with our engineering colleagues, we are intent on seeking better pay, better treatment, better quarters, and better conditions, generally. Our efforts in this direction, have already received pleasing success, and our Managing Committee desires me to say that although they are willing to state—for your private information—the amount which is to be regarded as a minimum for each grade of officer and engineer, yet, in view of the plagiarists that are about, the figures are best retained in the offices of the S.E.A. At least, for the present.

That is to say, as each of us gives his services gratuitously, we do not mean to help existent exploiters with the outcome of our disinterested work. But as showing the urgent need of better pay, our Committee wishes to instance the following:

Fourteen years ago, a mate sailing out of Cardiff, and on board a 2,000 tons steamer, received £9 per month, and his victualling was assessed at 2s. 6d. *per diem*. At present, a mate on a 7,000-tonner is paid £9 10s. per month, while his victualling seldom exceeds 9d. *per diem*.

As to accommodation: Fourteen years ago—and notwithstanding that steamers were a third the size of those common to-day—a junior officer had a room to himself, and it was furnished with comfort, and under the impression that to be an officer was also to be a

gentleman. At the moment, junior officers (and engineers, of course) have to pig in together, anyhow, and with the implied belief that anything is good enough, for the men who uphold the integrity of the Empire. As an association, we are setting ourselves the task of altering all this. That we shall succeed, we have no doubt, and in the end we trust that our pleasing task will show us a Mercantile Marine that is in line with modern methods, and conditions; a sufficiency of native born and contented officers; and—best of all—native born seamen in the forecastles.

You are correct in assuming that our complaints are levelled against tramp steamers. The liner man has no grievance, for his employers treat him even as the times demand. When it is remembered that the tramp tonnage of the Empire approximates into the 10,000,000 tons stage; that it uses up the energies of some 30,000 executive officers, and another 30,000 engineers; that the tonnage owned at Cardiff—our headquarters—is upwards of 500,000 tons; and that, in the course of each year practically every tramp officer afloat comes here at least once—well, sir, you will understand that the S.E.A. means business; that it is fired with patriotic and Imperial zeal of the highest kind; and that notwithstanding the dry rot which has undoubtedly crept into the Service (and thanks to the time-servers and exploiters who have battened thereon); we stand every possible chance of deserving well of our professional brethren, and after them, the nation.

This letter has already exceeded the limits of decency! But the subject is a great—and to ourselves—a very pressing one. There is much left unsaid, but if the foregoing has succeeded in convincing you of our disinterestedness, our patriotism, and our Imperialism, then, the letter is not written in vain. For it is surely unnecessary for us to add one word as to our belief in your own ability as an advocate—every sailorman under the British Flag knows it; or of your love, and untiring devotion to those who, in the main, are among the most helpless of all mankind.

Asking you to overlook any little lapses in writing, and pleading in extenuation therefor, that we are just a combination of sailormen and engineers—more at home on the bridge, or in the engine-room of a light tramp steamer engaged in clawing off a lee shore.

Believe us,

Your obedient servants,

SHIPPING EXECUTIVE'S ASSOCIATION, LTD.

9, Sydney Place,
Bath,
January 14, 1907.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your interesting and informing letter of the 11th inst.

I will deal at once with the subject of the Liverpool Merchant Service Guild as it has really no bearing on the matter which you have done me the honour to submit to my opinion.

I understand that you decline to coalesce with this Guild because you do not regard its promotion as sincere. You hold that it is a commercial rather than a professional venture; that its efforts are absurdly inadequate; that if its appeals to officers have met with response, it is because no other Society, animated by a severe spirit of progress, is in existence; that its efforts are too elementary and languid to be of appreciable worth; and that its aims have not the unselfishness which should characterise all such corporations. I hope I have not misunderstood you. It is for the officers of the British Merchant Service to distinguish between what is good for them and what is needless and therefore, costly.

It is easily seen that the necessity for decisive views and decisive actions grows urgent. I have a strong objection to Sailors' Unions because of the methods employed by their leaders. Nevertheless, I hold that unity is a primary feature of social and professional progress. You do not need to insult employers. You do not hire men to vociferate piffle at street corners. You have a right to demand recognition of just claims and of the meritorious and absolutely essential duties off the bridge or quarter-deck. And nothing gains attention but individual or collective strength obtained by confederation. The sick father in the fable bade his sons break the faggot if they could. They easily broke it when he told them to dissever the bundle and break the sticks separately.

There is a great deal of Mrs. Gummidge in the sailor's life. David Copperfield tells us that this old lady was ceaselessly complaining of being lone and lorn. A sailor is very much lone, and also very much lorn. Whether his name is Forecastle Jack Muck, or whether he is Mr. Cabin John Mess, R.N.R., he is lone and lorn. He lives out of the world in a wet universe whose diameter is the sea's horizon, and whose slender companies of men are of the order called damp. The sailor is always at sea, and never more at sea than when he is ashore. Nobody understands him. He only occasionally understands himself. He peers over the rail and sees—water. He vanishes in the ship's bowels and hears—water. If he wants a drop of rum for that water he doesn't get it. In short, his life is wholly (not holy) water, and the circumstance of its being blue and salt does not render it the less—water. The condition is cold and comfortless. The outlook is as dim as the daylight over the sea to the deep-water fish. The man who understands the life of the sailor least is the man who profits from it most. And, so odd is the mechanism of the ship-owning mind, the owner who has been a sailor forgets the sailor when he becomes the owner, and so far from suffering the sympathy of experience to colour his views of pay, wages and treatment, he drops the curtain upon memory and sinks into the easy chair of slippers, sufficiency and contemplation of profit.

It is right that the spirit of Jack, whether abaft or afore, should rise before the gentleman of "purple cheer" in the armchair and exclaim "If I am not a man and a brother, at least allow me to be a man whose presence in your ship is of value more profound than the engines which drive her, the sails which compel her, or the rudder which turns her." But let the spirit of Jack be decorous. Let him hear the reasoning of the shipowner and weigh it. Let him not fail in civility, for if not always easy it is always possible, and often more effective than the subtlest logic. Let him hold the Star of Truth high above the horizon, for by that glorious orb only will he get his true latitude and longitude. Let him exert his common sense, and reason out the trouble in his own mind as though he were a judge in a law court whose business it is to sift evidence and deliver the equitable judgment.

Can the shipowners afford to pay higher wages? You say, yes: then prove your assertion by rigid reference to the economic laws, and so be right. For by adherence to the right only, can we hope to prevail ultimately in this world of blunders and lies.

Can the shipowners improve accommodation? Here you must go to the shipbuilder. Can you procure paradisaical conditions at sea? No, gentlemen, and you know it. The ship never has been, and never can be, made a comfortable home, by the shipwright's art—I mean, not for the sailor who labours. It is otherwise for the passenger who pays. But can she be made less comfortless than she is for officers and men? It is for you to answer. If you reply, yes, then I thoroughly agree with you.

It is impossible to fight the economic law—the law that regulates wages. It governs every industry, not that of shipping only. I would as soon think of fighting the law of gravitation.

But I hold to this: the economic law applies only to the existing standard of wages. How was that standard established? It was artificial in its inception. It was based upon conveniency. A man says to another "I will work for you for so many pieces of silver a week." The other agrees, and the market price for hire of labour in that particular walk is fixed. But being artificial in its primitive form, am I to be told that it cannot be modified to meet the increasing demands of life? The wage of 1807 ought not to be the wage of 1907. In this year the wage has not doubled that of 1807, but the cost of living has increased by 2½. Therefore, the standard of sea-wages should be advanced, artificially if you will; but remember that the founding of the standard was artificial.

I submit then that the standard of wages being susceptible of increase should be raised, and it is for your Association to bring this about.

Believe me, gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

THERE you are. We admit that the correspondence is somewhat lengthy, but it is filled with pregnant meaning, and therefore, is worthy the careful attention of every well wisher of the certificated officer and engineer. We are informed that a copy of that pamphlet was sent—with a covering letter—to the Marquis of Graham, who, we understand, has given his honoured name for use with the Merchant Service Guild referred to by Mr. Clark Russell.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Secretary of the S.E.A. we are enabled to give Lord Graham's reply, which is as follows:

EASTON PARK,
WICKHAM MARKET,
SUFFOLK.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter of the 2nd inst., and for the papers which it covered. I have read with interest the correspondence which has passed between your Association and Mr. Clark Russell. I regret, however, that you should find cause to quarrel with the Merchant Service Guild. For sailors to differ as regards their own interests can do nothing but harm. I am ready to admit that the Merchant Service Guild as a useful body could be improved, especially in the direction of adopting a legal form of incorporation, starting affiliated branches in other ports, and enrolling engineers as members; but, nevertheless, I am of opinion that the Guild has done a lot of good for certificated officers, and does not merit the abuse with which some papers and individuals favour it.

I have no intention of taking part in quarrels between Mercantile Marine Officers' Societies. I recognise too well that the enemies of the Service rejoice to see these differences made public; and I wait patiently to witness the time when seafarers will recognise that 'crabbing' means weakness, and unison brings strength.

I am, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) GRAHAM.

The Secretary,
Shipping Executive's Association,
Limited.

February 11, 1907.

ALTHOUGH we have no wish to deal with his Lordship's reply in any carping spirit of criticism, we still think that, in fairness to the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, it is but right to point out that its only "cause to quarrel with the Merchant Service Guild," is that the latter is not legally incorporated, is too parochial in its efforts, and does not enroll engineers, thereby playing into the hands of those "enemies of the Service" referred to by Lord Graham.

WE quite understand that guild is presently engaged on another new set of rules; that it even suggests that, in future, its finances shall be duly examined by a chartered accountant; and this latter feature, in spite of the fact that its official organ for August of last year, contained these words:

> *"Should the present sytem of the accounts being audited by the Guild themselves be abolished, and Chartered Accountants appointed by the Finance Committee? The reply 'No' is in the proportion of over 3 members to 1."*

How do we account for this sudden *volte face*? Well, we have ideas on the subject, of course, and they mainly coruscate around the belief that the S.E.A., with its fair and aboveboard methods, has made the pace a little too hot for a continuance of that "*reply 'No' is in the proportion of over 3 members to 1.*" If this is the case, does not a spirit of fairness imply that the certificated man should rally around the Association which has brought about all these contemplated reforms in connection with guild? We shall return to this subject next week, when we hope to take our readers through a careful consideration of the newest set of "draft rules" emanating from the guild palace of varieties. We can assure you that they are awfully funny!

Registered as a Newspaper.

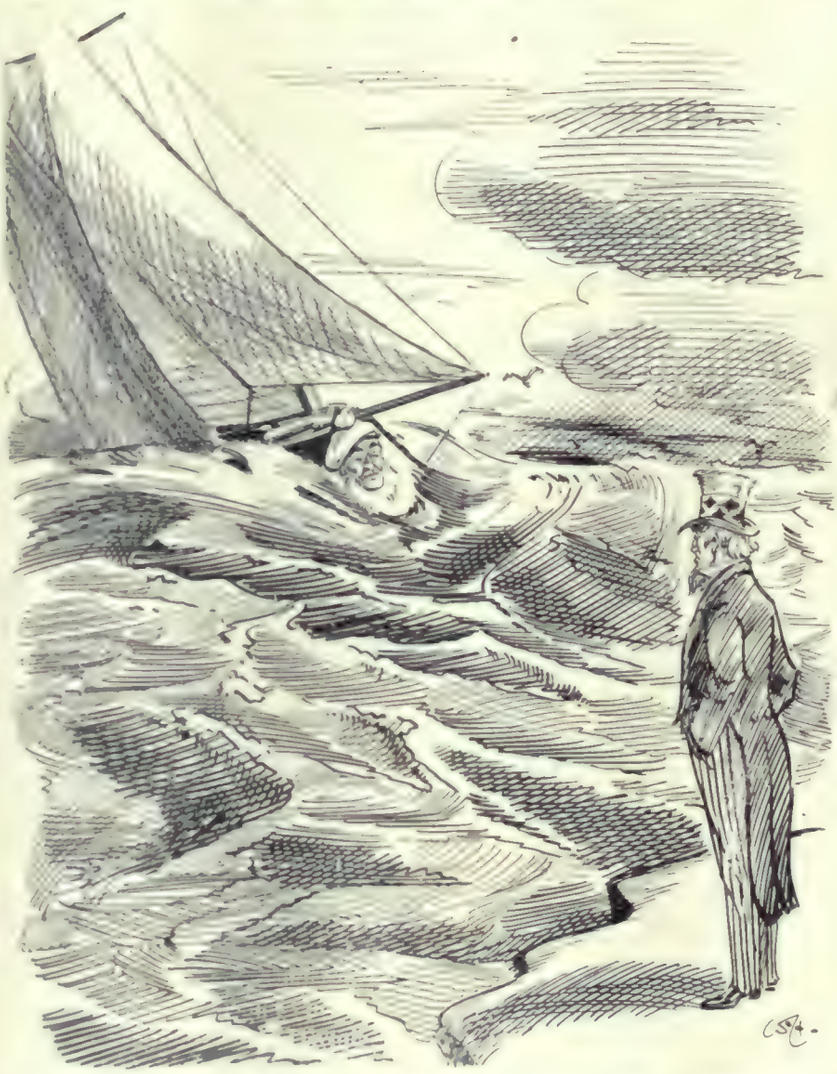
The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 159. FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1907. Threepence.

THE AMERICAN CUP RACE.



The New Tryer: "Shamrocks are 'off.' Dinna stan' glowering, mon Jonathan. This'le dae it, ye'll find."

Jonathan: "Snakes and Sulphur Springs—aye, and Scotchmen!"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE AMERICAN CUP RACE	33
MARITIME MURMURS	34
THE "BERLIN" DISASTER	38
OLD AGE PENSIONS	40
THE SHIPPING BAROMETER FOR 1906	42
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	44
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	45
TO EXAMINE SEAMEN, MEDICALLY!	46
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	47
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	48

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

MORE than the usual piffle appears to be going the rounds as a result of the deplorable accident which befell the *Berlin*. One of the greatest samples thereof, in our opinion, is that old jape which attempts to convince us that the unfortunate commander of the stranded steamer asked the surviving Captain Parkinson to "take charge" after the accident. We should hate to think that the latter gentleman's unpremeditated burst of heroic swimming had affected his mental faculties, and therefore, we are inclined to believe that his alleged "statement" as indicated above, is all fudge. You see, as professional brethren of that Captain Parkinson, we happen to know that any such claim (in a serious manner) as that which states that an utter stranger was asked to "take charge" immediately following a stranding, is piff-niff of the rottenest kind. Supposing the dead shipmaster was "knocked all of a heap" by the calamity which had overtaken him (and in view of his long and meritorious career we discount any such far-fetched belief); that, in a moment of mental aberration, he asked a brother shipmaster who had forced his way to the navigating bridge to "keep an eye on things" for a moment; is that any reason why the prattle should be repeated to every penny-a-liner who is insatiable for a five-shilling-paragraph?

WE say no, most emphatically. And for this reason: Captain Parkinson, being a sailorman, would necessarily know that it was an utter impossibility for him to "take charge" under the circumstances. Who, in the stress of the moment, would know that a new hand had taken over the command? Some people seem to think, that all that is essential in taking charge of a steamer, is to go on the bridge, yell, and say things generally, when the trick is done. Sailors know that it is essential for a new commander to be introduced as such. They also know that if Captain Parkinson had attempted the rôle of greatness thus thrust upon him, he would have been told, in no uncertain tones, to go to 'elljoram, the first time he opened his mouth to give an order. Furthermore, if we had been unfortunate enough to have been present, we should surely have led the revolt, for when a shipmaster doesn't know more about the etiquette of his profession than is here suggested, it isn't of much use to potter around with such gentlemen. A short shrift would certainly be less painful for them in the end. For these reasons, then, and because we know that Captain Parkinson is a genuine brother "salt," we decline to believe that he worked off the yarn which is being lapped in even as pussy laps her milk. But sensations must be worked up, and the guileless 'longshore writer knowing nothing, fears nothing!

AYE, aye! "official organs" are booming! Here's dear old *Phoenix* posing as one! At least, it would appear so to us as we casually scanned a copy of one of its recent issues. The stuff in question was an attempt to support the claims of Shipping Federation, Limited. Now, in spite of all that might have been said to the contrary, we are sure that there are millions of people who have never heard the name of our contemporary, and more millions who have never been favoured with an opportunity of reading its dulcinea-like ramblings after truth. This is where THE MARITIME REVIEW comes in with telling force, and as a natural result, we shall attempt to give you the tale as we read it. Edited of course, but all the better for the operation. Our friend's young man commenced by 'lowing that that he felt almost sorry for a certain maritime labour organisation, although why he should so worry himself was not stated. Next, came in a poor attempt at very cheap wit, and as we do not countenance such rubbish—being serious shipping journalists—we object to immortalise the piffly jape referred to. Indeed, we, in turn, felt quite sorry for the *Phoenix* headman, and wondered if "flu" had embraced him in its fell grip, and as a result the "goak" had been smuggled through?

VERY well, then. We'll assume the nonsense was smuggled, and that the writer was, therefore, a contrabandista of the bold, and bad kind. Don't tell us about *Puck* in this connection. *Puck* is really funny. *Phoenix* merely tried to be. But let us get on. Leaving the "goak" behind, we came to the following: "Apparently, Mr. (er,

that is the "sailors' friend" already referred to and who was the innocent cause of the *Phoenix* "goak") is under the impression that the Shipping Federation has some connection with the Charity Organisations' Societies, or similar body, and exists solely for the purpose of making provision for the subsistence of physically unfit seamen." Fudge, dear. Don't you bother your poor little head as to what seamen think of the Federation. They have it nicked down to the most infinitesimal point of due appreciation. They know all about the Federation—and that is where you differ from the seaman, *Phoenix*. And, thou amiable smuggler of paragraphs, we will take back all we suggested about your representation of Federation. That quoted remark gives you away, for if the Federation isn't a charitable institution, then, dash it, what can it be? Moreover, we have ever considered that it is of the cult which believes that charity begins at home, what ho!

HOWEVER. Act II, Scene 1. Ourselves entering from o.p.—to say nothing of q.r.s., etc. "Minion advance," was our command, and lo! the boy in buttons appeared. "Get thee to the sub's room, and in the top-left-hand drawer of which thou wottest, procure us the book which lieth therein." Righto. The boy went, returned, and on a silver salver, presented us with the book referred to. Smart youngster—that boy. Knows a thing or two. [Mem. Shall lend him to *Phoenix* for a week or so; might then see some shipping stuff appearing—but never mind.] Coming back to the book, we note that it reads "The Shipping Federation, Limited," also that it is enclosed in a Board of Trade publication entitled "Continuous Certificate of Discharge." The most imposing portion of the Federation's booklet, is a parchment registration certificate. Quite a too-too thing it is, sirs, and is quite calculated to put the hoodoo on any uneducated sailorman who might become its happy—or otherwise—possessor. It's "done" in green, but you may take it from us that it isn't nearly so green as it looks- not arf! Among other items of interest, that certificate contains three lines which are marked respectively, for name, capacity (which is a rude way of putting the matter?), and address.

THE name appearing on the first line—hus-s-s-sh! Yes, it is our own! Eh, what? Did *Phoenix* ever own such a book? Don't be silly, please. Well, the initial letter of the noble name referred to, just fouls the fore-topmast of the antiquated type of steamer which is portrayed in the centre of the certificate. Said steamer might reasonably pass as a "Federation ship"—at a ha'penny a ton, thank you. Judging dispassionately, and without bothering with the artistic perception of the Federation's boss, that steamer (land sakes!) appears to be making a bold bid to boost herself clear of the vignette in which an unkind something-or-other has seen fit to place her. It's palpable that the steamer—antique and all as she undoubtedly is—is ashamed of her environment, and, really, we cannot find it in us to blame her. In fact, we have shared the same shame with her, full many a time and oft—tricky sentence, that? But like the poor vessel, we couldn't—at that time—help ourselves. Circumstances were too heavy for us, and although we have struggled through, and frequently make faces at the erstwhile symbol of servitude, we still remember the galling circumstances which misguided shipownerdom allowed to intervene, between themselves and their erstwhile thoroughly loyal servants.

BUT harking back to that "benefit book," we note that we are entitled to participate in a certain "benefit fund" providing we are able to bring off the impossible. It is mainly for this reason, presumably, that the entrance fee is assessed at a shilling? We ever considered that Federation was playing pitch-and-toss with us, and was using a double-headed coin for the pitching. Let us explain: The nimble "bob," and providing you conformed to the impossible rules, made you eligible (in the event of accident to yourself) for a ten shilling "benefit" for thirteen weeks—if you were a "common sailor;" while, as a full-blown master mariner, you could claim (even if you didn't get) 40s. per week for a similar period. If that accident wound you up for a proper sort of continuous service in unknown lands; if it killed, that is; your sorrowing relatives could claim say, £25 for a Jack, up to £100 for a master. Don't forget that you could claim those amounts; whether you succeeded in obtaining them—well, it was all a gamble, don't forget. We had a relative who was killed at sea, and when his sorrowing (and trusting) wife wasted her postages in claims for a clear £100, she was coolly informed that as her husband had not obeyed rule something-or-other; had engaged a non-federated seaman in Novorossisk; he was obviously "out of benefit."

THE lady showed us the correspondence, and in an absence of knowledge how best to act under the circumstances, we went out and said things, even as we registered a mental vow that "we would"—you know—by and bye. Take it from us, dears, by and bye isn't so awfully distant at the moment. As Byron wrote, and our Tame Poet reminds us as we write:

> "For time at last sets all things even
> And if we do but watch the hour,
> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong."

That's clear enough, isn't it? Well, we're searching—that's all. Moreover, we have foregathered with quite a number of patient searchers, and long-vigil-keepers, and in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom? But we mustn't give too many points away, so return we now to the nimble "bob," and its alleged possibilities. Are you going to believe that it is possible to "cover" the risks implied for one shilling? Just you try to "cover" Mary Jane against the results of a possible collision with a loaded coal vase, and at a time when she is carrying out the plates on which prettily reclines the ribs and trucks of the matutinal bloater. See how much they'll charge you for the insurance. We have just effected the business for five bob a time—seven-and-six for the 'rouseabout. When we start a coachman, it is going to cost us another ten shillings, after which we shall need to pay ten guineas for a passage through a place in St. Mary Street!

VERY well. If that federated shilling won't honestly cover the risks of £100 for a mutilated master mariner, isn't the affair issuing the "benefit book" a charity organisation? Again, if, as the smuggling "copy" coper referred to at the beginning of this happy combination of letterpress suggests, Federation is not a charity organisation, and yet affects to pay a benefit for a shilling when such payment is impossible (commercially considered), what is Federation? Is its "benefit" a swindle? And is that impossible rule inserted in its "constitution," just as a cover to itself, and as a stumbling-block to the illiterate or helpless sailor? We want to know, you know, and we shall continue in the same happy condition, until we have either remedied the evil, or removed its cause. Going further, we are willing to admit that the sailor is a careless animal, with thrift anything but his strong point. In fact, he is so used to being

wet, that he never bothers about putting anything away for a rainy day. Possibly this little trait appeals to Federation, for with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; and working on the lines of "we are cruel but to be kind (to our ainsels?)"; it sees that all seafarers (or nearly all) whether for'ed or aft, are compelled to join "'d Fiderashun," as the Tyndall Street "bhoys" style that hybrid lash-up.

In our case, we were told that if we didn't join, there would be no alternative but that our place on board be filled by somebody who would. In short, this was a general order for the whole ship's company. Of course, the Federation knew nothing about this! Not at all. It all emanated in the massive brain of a seductive superman. He had no instructions, bless you. Never one. He simply dreamed a dream, but the actual benefits to Federation were a blissful reality. "You all have to join, for such is our abounding charity towards you." Of course, some fatheaded people style it intimidation, and through the machinations of a concern which prattles about "free labour!" But go your ways—which will be short—Federation. Shipowners subscribe to you, but as the subscription is toward a "benefit" concern, such subscription can be deducted from their assessable incomes. It is, too, you bet. But let us wind it up for now, so, once more, old contrabandista, if Federation is not a charitable organisation, what is it—and where is it's balance sheet? It's a public company; has been in existence quite long enough to justify a showing of effort; it is in receipt of a colossal income (composed in part, of blood-money?); so let us have the document. After that, we might see some good in the thing—although we doubt it.

Of a surety have we awakened the progressive members of the Merchant Service Guild to a due appreciation of the debâcle which appears to be ahead of them! We have a number of letters before us as we write, and one esteemed friend remarks, after discussing the advisability of closing down the guild, "See what waste of time and money it means if we close down now, when, by re-modelling it, we could have a first-class association; but the 'plum-hunters' would have to be hunted out somehow." This is just the trouble, and basing our knowledge on the experience gained in connection with the S.E.A., we unhesitatingly say that the "plum-hunter" is as much in evidence generally, that naught save drastic treatment will eradicate this pest. For he is a pest, and we have already tobogganed into him, although the S.E.A. is the youngest association of its kind. We seriously ask our correspondents if they really believe—in view of the Guild's new set of rules which is now before us—that it is possible to re-model a concern which has no corporate existence; is as parochial to-day, as at its inception fourteen years ago; and which will end up a set of 18 more or less impossible rules for its guidance with these words: "These rules shall not be altered or added to except at the Special Annual Meeting of the Guild, *or at an Extraordinary General Meeting summoned for the purpose?*" The italics are ours, and in our opinion the tag provides that the other 17 rules shall be considered as so much waste paper.

It is admitted that the power to do ill deeds oft make ill deeds done, and we can conceive of nothing much easier than to alter an existing set of uncomfortable conditions, when such may be done by calling an "Extraordinary General Meeting" which, as guild is non-corporate, would be just as moonshiney as the remainder of its "rules" appear to be. However, we are in receipt of a somewhat lengthy letter from a writer who was the first member of the guild, and as such, his words are worthy of attention. If our opinion were asked as to the better method of procedure at the present moment, we should unhesitatingly say that if the members of the guild wish to see their fourteen years of work brought to a successful issue, they should take those accumulated funds into their own hands, and having distributed them among existing members, should then incontinently—and in a metaphorical sense—"leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore;" the shore in this respect, being the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited—a duly registered concern where the absence of salaries removes all temptation from the breast of the plum-hunter already referred to. The lengthy letter alluded to, is as follows:

To the Editor of The Maritime Review.

Dear Sir,—I should like to point out, for the information of "Guild" members, that our rules are not carried out, except when and where it suits the executive to carry them out. I went to the trouble of verifying this in the case of Rule 2, the secretary's son-in-law, being a Member of the "Guild" and Advisory Committee, although he is a *Registered Managing Shipowner* of the steamers of the "Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway," trading out of Goole. This was confirmed by a letter from the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen. So it is perfectly reliable.

On the 29th January, at the Council Meeting, I asked the chairman of the meeting if Rule 2 was carried out, and after some delay, I was told that it was. So, I then proved to the satisfaction of the meeting that it was not. I next proposed, as a resolution, that the secretary be instructed to write to Capt. Atkin (the son-in-law) and ask him to resign his membership, in such a manner as not to give offence, and to state that as he was a registered managing owner we could not obey our rules, he being a member, which resolution was carried by a majority of more than two to one.

At the meeting of the "Guild" in council, on February 5th, a letter from the secretary was read to the meeting, in which he stated that he could not carry out the resolution. The letter and action of the secretary was then discussed in no measured terms, and resulted in a resolution being put to the meeting and seconded, asking the secretary to either carry out the instructions of the "Guild" in council, or resign, and was lost by one vote, as apparently there were too many of the secretarial friends present.

It is also a noticeable feature of most meetings that, where any alteration for the better is asked for, or suggested, this particular clique is usually at hand, in more or less strength to defeat our object (some instances of which I will give you in a future letter), and thus any meeting can be packed at short notice—and, I believe, it is often the case.

The two resolutions mentioned above now stand at that, neither being taken the least notice of, yet we are told that the "Guild" in "Council" govern the "Guild," which is *rot*, as the Secretary really rules the roost, the Finance Committee being his grand support, they being elected through his influence; and as they do not attend Council meetings they can not be in touch with the members on active service, and just act under the Secretary's orders. I have asked for a statement of the attendance of the members of the Finance Committee at the Council meetings for the past year, but did not get it. I also asked if it was thought possible for the Finance Committee to work in harmony with the "Guild" when they so seldom appeared at the meetings. I was told that there was no compulsion to attend, therefore, we must endeavour to get members on that Committee who are willing to attend without compulsion. As an instance of the way the Council's resolutions are blocked, a resolution was passed, after discussion at several meetings, to establish a branch at Cardiff, but the Finance Committee and Secretary promptly put their veto on it. Therefore, one section of the Society is working against the other, and now, to crown matters, we have a new set of rules sprung upon us just before the Annual Meeting, which are nothing less than an insult to the members' intelligence as we already complain of so much power being taken out of our hands, and rules are framed to take it all away.

I ask you to notice the names of the members of the Committee engaged in concocting these new rules, and in watching developments, trace these names and see whether their rewards are prearranged as an acknowledgement for services rendered. I am not altogether ignorant of appointments to come, and believe that there are plums for the obedient ones. Also, it is pleasant to see the nice propositions regarding the disposal of our funds, proposed in Rule 7. We are to prepare ourselves for paying a pension list—we are starting early in life! When, and where, I should like to know, do we come in? And is *that* the reason the Guild was formed? Is that what the £23,000 has been accumulated for? Where is there any mention of any fund for *our* benefit, although it is our money they propose squandering. Nobody will, I take it, in the ordinary course, object to faithful servants receiving a pension, but I maintain, that the granting

of such things should rest with those who provide the money, and not with the Secretary. So I say, and would like to impress upon all members, that that Pension Scheme must never pass. No! We can do all that is necessary in that line at the Ordinary Council Meeting, and if necessary, confirm it at the Annual Meeting, and the Secretary should have nothing to do with it, but administer it.

I asked recently, what was proposed to be done with these accumulated funds, for the benefit of the members, but was told that it was all "Hypothesis;" but there does not seem to be much Hypothesis in the above scheme, and I begin to think I must have forgotten why the Guild was formed. To employ a staff and pay them, and pension them, seems to be about all the tangible benefits to anybody, so far. Now, we, the minority, as yet, I am sorry to say, but rapidly growing into a majority I am glad to say, desire sundry reforms. Can anybody say ill of them? They are as follows:

We want to maintain, or rather, re-claim, the fundamental principles upon which the "Guild" was founded.

The government to remain in the hands of the Council.

The Council to select the Chairman as well as every member of Committee.

To revert back to the original rules and revise them for the benefit of the members, *and not for the private interests of the staff.*

To spread the present educational influence of Council meetings by having branches in other ports, that being the only means by which members can have inter-communication of ideas and experience for the benefit of the profession.

To have definite terms of agreement with each member of the staff.

To ensure that any member in receipt of remuneration for services, should not have a vote on questions of pay or honorariums, in any shape or form.

Trustees and officials should not be eligible for membership of the Finance Committee.

The contents of the *Gazette* to be approved of by the Council before publication.

To have separate funds for each specific purpose, and to check the present extravagant use of money and material.

To have the Society registered under the "Trades Union" or the "Friendly Societies" Act.

To have honourable competition for all appointments, and backstairs influence to disqualify the candidate.

Nomination papers to be laid on the table for at least 14 days, and Committees to be elected by ballot.

All applications for masters or officers for sea or shore appointments should be laid before the Council with a full statement as to the competition for the same or objections thereto.

All rules to be strictly carried out.

If members would only keep the above points in mind, and assist in obtaining them, we would soon have a Society second to none. It is only by the *neglect* of the *members* that we have our present parody of a Society, and it is high time that more support was forthcoming for a complete reconstruction. We are getting pretty strong now in Liverpool, and are doing more than I have hinted at, because it would be inadvisable to say too much in the present stage of affairs.

Now, Mr. Editor, knowing your feelings on the matter, I feel sure you, with your good wishes for the "*Guild*" pure and simple, will find room for this crude attempt to put the true state of things before members. I have endeavoured to state nothing as facts which I am not sure of, and spleen on the matter—well, I have none. I blame nobody but ourselves for the present state of affairs, and desire nothing but the *good of the "Guild."* I see no other way to bring or help to bring it about, so have to resort to publicity. Yours respectfully.

14, Broughton Road. ALFRED GITTINS.
Seacombe, February 26, 1907. (1st member of the Guild.)

THERE is the letter. What do you think of it? There isn't a particle of spleen in the whole tale, and we have reason to know that our correspondent is actuated by the best of feelings in thus attempting to bring order out of the existing chaos into which guild has indubitably fallen. As far as we can see, the whole miserable condition of affairs has been brought about by "commercialism." The wire-pullers appear to be too intent on the loaves and fishes, to have time for the safeguarding of the interests of the members who put up the money, and then, by nature of their employment, have to rush off to sea. The "rules" referred to by our correspondent are

> RULE 2. Members of the Guild must be certificated British Captains or Officers and of the Merchant Service. Certificated Captains or Officers who have become officials or assessors of the Board of Trade, Officers of the Royal Navy, or Managing Shipowners, shall not be eligible for membership.

YET, the Secretary's son who is hoisted into the position of "Assistant Secretary," and who is, therefore, presumably a member of the Guild, is neither a certificated captain, officer, or engineer; isn't even a foremast hand; and as he is serving on the same "ship" as his respected father, we are wondering if he is the cook? But, whatsoever he is, or is not, we maintain that he has no business to write letters for the Guild, nor to attempt to shape its policy. That he has done the latter on various occasions, we have already given conclusive proof. The portion of "Rule 7" referred to by our Seacombe friend, reads:

> ". . . They (the Management Committee) shall also have power to draw up any scheme for the purpose of providing funds, either by way of superannuation pension or allowance for any member of the staff retiring after fifteen years' service, or who may become unable, through illness or infirmity, to discharge the duties of his office."

IN this connection, it is merely necessary to remark that guild has only been in existence some fourteen years; that its Secretary is (with his son) the oldest member on this so-called "staff;" that both illness and infirmity are merely relative terms; and that if the members of the guild agree to any such one-sided arrangement, then, they deserve all that they may receive in future. As a finale, let us give you one more gem from that "Rule 7:" "And the Management Committee shall have power in their discretion to grant to any member of the staff (good old "staff") retiring before having completed fifteen years' service, such sum by way of gratuity or otherwise, as they shall think fit under the circumstances." Did you ever hear of a greater impertinence, or read of a bigger insult to the intelligence of a group of educated men? If the guild members agree to any such charitable schemes, we shall have to lay around for a new name for the outfit. Time was that M.S.G. stood for a respected combination of sailormen. Our own Cheerful Idiot asked us on one occasion if M.S.G. meant "Moore's Stupid Gulls," and we launched a boot at the C.I. We are sadly afraid that we shall have to offer an abject apology to our Cheerful Idiot. We are beginning to realise the depth of his powers of observation!

WE have given a somewhat extended consideration to this peculiar situation, and our action is solely for the reason that we wish the seafarer of every grade to look upon THE MARITIME REVIEW as his friend. *Candide et secure* is our motto: openly and fearlessly we tackle these combinations which, in our opinion, are doing more harm to the maritime supremacy of our Motherland, than all other ills in existence. Years of personal experience of the profession have convinced us that, in deed and truth, the full-blown navigator is but a child of larger growth; and even at the risk of offending him—an item which is far from our minds—we intend to spread out a clear, and succinct account of the quicksands which beset his path. Not only around the East Coast do dangers confront the navigator. Unfortunately, he is beset therewith, and in places where his trusting nature has prompted him to believe that all are friends. We have identified ourselves with the S.E.A., because the principal object of that association, and its issues, is the free and full discussion of all matters relating to the professional and social interests of the executive officer and engineer, and unlike "Guild Gazette"—and other piffley compilations of its kind—we are willing to give publicity to any points which they could wish to have thrashed out. Here, for this time, we leave the matter.

FRIDAY, MARCH, 1, 1907.

THE "BERLIN" DISASTER.

FORTUNATELY for the travelling section of the community, disasters such as that which befell the ill-fated steamer *Berlin*, do not occur with very great frequency. Indeed, to obtain a parallel with the catastrophe referred to, one has to go back to the loss of the *Drummond Castle*, and which is yet poignantly clear to the recollections of not a few who suffered therefrom. With the appalling scenes which occurred in connection with the latest great sea loss, and outside of an expression of sincere sympathy with those who are still suffering acutely because of their bereavements, we have no concern. The whole unfortunate affair has already been done to death, and every possible sensation has been extracted from the terrible sufferings of the shipwrecked passengers and crew. But there remains a duty yet to be undertaken, and lessons to be considered from *Berlin's* sudden removal from her sphere of usefulness. We have no intention of infringing on the duties which will transpire at the inevitable inquiry into the *Berlin* loss; but, at the same time, we believe that there is room for a nautical consideration of the happening. Much conjecture has been bandied about: speculation as to the why and wherefore of the accident has been indulged in; the man in the street has given his opinion; and so has the nautical expert. Needless to say, that between the decisions arrived at in this tentative manner, a great gulf is fixed. Furthermore, that gulf will never be bridged, and mainly for the reason that amateurism is responsible for most of its construction. Viewing the matter from a nautical standpoint, it will be admitted that the weather at the time of the sad calamity was somewhat exceptional, and, from fairly reliable sources, we gather the belief that worse conditions could not well be worked up on any future occasion. Be that as it may, we are convinced that the conditions which brought about the undoing of the *Berlin*, would have acted in exactly similar manner to any other steamer afloat. There is no necessity to bring in any old japes anent the cracked pitcher, and its journeys to the well, and mainly for the reason that the *Berlin* was mechanically perfect, was well-manned, exceptionally-well commanded and officered, and yet she had to submit to the inevitable. What was that inevitable? Well, we are willing to give you our opinion thereof, and it is an opinion based on personal experience of that same old Hook of Holland, and the Niewe Waterweg which has been cut through it. To do this, it is essential for us to go back as far as a January night, in the year 1895. January 30, was the exact date, and on that cold, blowy night, we undertook to bring an old crock out of the River Maas, en route for the Tyne. Getting out was comparatively simple, but having got out, and endeavouring to get back into safety once again, was altogether another item. The pier on which the *Berlin* came to grief, was a perfect smother of foam, and although it is probable that the light thereon, was aglow and in order, it was worse than useless to the crew of the under-ballasted crocklet which was thus recklessly trusted outside in the wet. However, by sheer luck rather than by any over-abundance of good management on our part, the crocklet referred to was safely brought to an anchor at Maasluis, and on the following morning we were informed that the *Elbe* had foundered even while we had been negotiating a passage into the confines of the Niewe Waterweg. Of course, it will be remembered that the *Elbe* foundered as the result of a collision with the steamer *Crathie*, but in view of the life-loss that was there apparent, it will be realised that the weather was about on a par with that ruling at the time the *Berlin* met her doom. To get down to the actual facts as applying to-day, we find that on the end of the north breakwater where *Berlin* foundered, there is a fixed light, but it is left to take care of itself. In other words, after it has been fixed up for the night, it has simply to trust to Providence—and other items of an earthly character—for a continuance of its warning rays. In all probability, it will never be satisfactorily explained as to whether that "fixed light" was throwing a warning gleam around for the use of the *Berlin's* navigator; whether it was alight and useless because of the smother of spray and foam that was in evidence: or whether it had shared the fate which is usually meted out to all earthly arrangements which are left to their own sweet wills. Very well. The night then, was bad—in the open sea: but not so bad as to constitute a grave peril for a powerful and well-found ship such as the *Berlin* undoubtedly was. Where the real danger came in, was when the steamer entered the broken water that was consequent on a furious gale and a depth of only some forty feet of water. That the steamer was well able to cope with the perils of the night, is evidenced by the fact that she negotiated the journey from Harwich to the end of the fatal pier in perfect safety, and without very much loss of time. This brings us to the question as to whether that pier is efficient, or otherwise? We have seen it suggested that a jammed steering gear, or a disabled engine might have been responsible for the mishap, but personally, we believe that either suggestion may be safely disregarded. Steering gears do break down, we know; for the matter of that, engines have been known to jib, on occasion; but it is drawing out the long arm of coincidence somewhat unduly, to suppose that either of the failures are likely to be due, at the precise moment when a practically submerged rounding mark is about to be dealt with. No, we are not inclined to the belief that anything went wrong with the *Berlin*, as far as her mechanical features were concerned. The alteration in her course, after having "made" the pier light was inappreciable, so all we can conclude as practical seamen, is that the pier light was either "out," or so covered with spray as to be useless for a guide. Again, in view of the fact that the time was early morning; that it was pitch-dark, as the saying goes; that the pier light had been burning on in an unattended manner through the long hours of the night; that in abnormal circumstances, the pier is altogether too low and exposed; well, you may easily see where the difficulties came in; and where just a shade too little allowance for the send of the sea meant all the difference between shipwreck and safety. In other words, the Great Eastern Railway Company had followed their own honourable traditions in providing everything of the best; but their efforts were neutralised by one severe gale of wind, and the possible carelessness of the Dutch authorities, in not seeing that their end of the undertaking were efficient, and therefore dependable. You know, it is far better to face the probable facts in these little affairs, for although such wholesale losses do not transpire every day, when they do come, they leave a heart-breaking legacy of sorrow and despair. The north pier at the entrance to the New Waterway is either efficient or the reverse. Again, it is either efficient for ordinary circumstances but not for the exceptional, or it isn't. What the travelling public would like to know, is precisely what are the facts, here. A little open criticism would establish the truth, and if the pier is insufficient for extreme circumstances, it should either be brought into line with modern conditions, or the steamer service should be suspended when the exceptional transpires. It is not enough to say that these world-shaking accidents do not occur every day. In the present perfected state of sea

travel, they should not occur at all, for when all is said, it is hardly creditable that a steamer should be sufficiently powerful to buffet her way through any quantity of deep water, only to be met with disaster when one poor half-hour from her moorings. It might be said that no matter what the precautions taken, the same shipwreck might have occurred. That the personal equation will ever enter largely into all these undertakings: and as far as the personal equation is concerned, we shall consider this later on: but the public is in need of information as to whether all precautions were taken. We know that as far as the steamer was concerned, the last word in all-round excellence had been said, and that as far as man's ingenuity went, nothing better could be evolved. Indeed, the superiority referred to was capable of braving the dangers of the open sea, and came to grief merely by a paltry slip at the finish. For a careful consideration of the kink that is essential in the course when entering the New Waterway, will convince anybody that a few yards more of sea-room would have been amply sufficient. Because we see that the few yards were not taken, are we to suppose that the *Berlin* was really overpowered by the broken water found in the vicinity of that pier-end? No, sirs, for we know the vessel, and the circumstances, too well. We are convinced that the brave seaman who was among the first to render up his life in expiation of his first nautical slip, was engaged in a game of blind-hookey: that he couldn't see his way as would have applied if the pier and its light had been what the travelling world has a right to expect; and that, as a consequence of attempting to "make time," and round his vessel in without undue loss thereof, he kept closer to the end of the pier than he believed himself to be. We know that it is fairly easy to be wise after the event, and for that reason we are insistent on calling attention to the real issues of the case. To be wise after the event, implies that one has to profit by past failures, and if the *Berlin* came to grief solely as the result of an impossibility for the captain to see whither he was steering, then, there must be a reason therefor, and a means of obviating that reason in future? This being so, let us have a clear pronouncement as to the merits or demerits of the entrance to the Niewe Waterweg. If the navigation there is merely possible under ordinary conditions, and with existing facilities (and we incline to that belief), let the fact be faced, openly and fearlessly. Again, if it is impossible to bring those facilities in line with the rush and hurry of to-day, let that fact also be stated, in which event, a suspension of steamer traffic will be essential during times of abnormal weather conditions. That these latter conditions are not unduly frequent, must be admitted, in which case the suggested suspension would not occur so frequently, that traffic need necessarily be dislocated. If these lessons from the loss of the *Berlin* be not taken to heart: if the travelling public is willing to take all the risks in return for rapid transit, then, nothing further need be written. At the same time, and under the circumstances stated, it is useless to go on unnecessarily harrowing the souls of the ultra-timid. Better far to drop a curtain over the sad happenings of that Thursday morning's episode, and trust to luck in future. In the earlier portion of this present writing, we animadverted upon the question of personal equation as connected with these disasters. Far be it from us to write one word in detriment to the gallant soul who was faithful unto death: on the contrary, rather, for we have nothing but the deepest admiration for the sailor who, in face of almost impossible conditions, will attempt to win a way for himself, and the people who have been confided to his care. With the help of such men, has the British Empire been founded, and we are unqualifiedly proud to remember that we belong to the same honourable profession. But some store has been set upon the fact that the unfortunate captain of the *Berlin* had been 26 years in the service of the G.E.R., and 14 years of that time as captain. Personally, we have ever maintained that it is a mistake to keep a man too long on one route. We know that numberless people of the "expert" persuasion are inclined to state that a man may not be too long on a given station (providing he is in sound health), for by this means, alone, may practical experience be gained. There may be a lot to say for and against this dictum, but the fact may not be successfully gainsaid that accidents are more frequent with the "old, old hand," than they are with the man who has not been long enough at the job, to be tainted with a touch of that possible familiarity which is calculated to breed contempt. Everybody has heard of the artiste who, after repeating the same lines for a run of 600 nights, baulked disastrously on night 601. When asked how it was that he could make such a hash of his chances in life, and especially after repeating the same lines so frequently, the artiste in question replied: "You don't expect me to go on for ever with the same old jape, without making a mistake, or with my mind eternally perfect?" And there was a quantity of human nature in that reply. Considerably more than meets the eye at the first glance. Anyhow, and as we have remarked above, it is generally the old-stager who ultimately comes to grief, and the fact should be reckoned with seriously, where grave issues are to the fore. We have foregathered with navigators who have assured us that a given piece of water was as easy of negotiation, "as walking up St. Mary Street, Cardiff," and the statement was the outcome of frequent navigation in the locality indicated. At the same time, candour compels us to admit that it is usually these letter-perfect individuals who make a hash of it, even while the new chum—who is a possible bundle of nervousness at the thought of tackling the unknown—goes clear. One would-be knowledgable person remarked to us in this connection: If the late captain of the *Berlin*, with all his accumulated experience, came to grief in such a wholesale manner, what would a new man have done under the circumstances? Our reply was, that a possible new man could not have worked the grief act in a more thorough manner, while it is highly probable that he would have rounded-to until daylight, supposing he had the noble order of the bounce as a consequence. However, it is useless to pursue this phase of the argument any further, and when all is said, there is a vast difference between a new man and one who has been blessed with a moderate amount of experience. Furthermore, it might be against the traditions of the "ferry" to round-to until daylight—might be altogether against the unwritten code—but it has a very great deal to recommend it. Had the *Berlin* rounded-to on the occasion to which we have referred in this extended manner, she would still be afloat: the Dutch coast would not be littered over with dead bodies: and the song of lamentation would not be so loud in the land. In conclusion, we ask the management of the different "ferries" to give careful attention to our remarks, none of which are written in a vain, and carping spirit of criticism. We have "been there," and therefore, are in a position to deal with these subjects from inside knowledge. Our greatest ambition is to see the British service second to none in the world, and because of that ambition, we have the courage to point the moral where, nine times out of ten, it would be far more conducive to our temporal welfare, were we to go with the stream. But with our invariable policy of writing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we venture to point the moral as experience dictates. After that, we have no further concern with the matter.

"JAY."—We are glad you are pleased with the pamphlet. But is there any hidden subtlety in connection with your pen-name?

"AGREEMENT."—We shall deal with the matter referred to in an early issue. Meanwhile, don't.

"FIDUS."—Yes, we saw it. Once get the boats as rate-payers, and possibly the "wrecker" will be wound up. More of this anon. Good old Fidus!

Old Age Pensions.

THERE is every reason to believe, that before the vexed question which is represented by the above title is settled, much water will have passed under London Bridge. At the same time, that is no valid reason why the subject should not be discussed a little more openly. To-date, the only upholders of this particular phase of philanthropy appear to be the gentlemen who have created for themselves, a snug living through the profession of "labour-leading."

The Up-cast Shaft covered in, under which the foul air passes from the workings, to the fan.

In season and out, those good souls throw their colossal ideas across the screen, and the reason for at least a portion of their enterprising conduct is not far to seek. To the uneducated —and of this class is the "labour led" largely composed—the possibility of getting something for nothing is always of an entrancing character. Indeed, we are of opinion that if the old age pension scheme were to materialise, we should find a terrible number of the wastrels of life sitting under the lee side of a hedge, and patiently awaiting the time when they could legally qualify for the pension brought about by their "leaders!"

You see, under those conditions, those same wastrels could be sure of occupying the lee side of a hedge for life, and to them, that is a desideratum worthy of the thinkers up of an Utopia! This being so, any shouting with regard to a pension—even if its reason is somewhat obscure—is bound to receive favour in the eyes of the "led," and then the casually working portion thereof which pays into an "union," is fired with additional zeal, when the weekly coppers come in with increasing weight, and frequency.

AGAIN, there is no one more convinced than the average "labour-leader," that his own job is disgustingly precarious. He realises that his own particular share of the *vox populi* is ever after the nature of Easter—a movable feast. To-day, he may be the trusted one of all, to-morrow, he might find himself in a hopeless minority, with either strenuous labour or gaunt hunger staring him in the face. Having enjoyed a fair run of workless beatitude, the gentleman probably realises that he would have but little chance in competition with the real workers, so, what is to be done?

OBVIOUSLY, if a system of old age pensions can be worked up before the evil day referred to arrives, the erstwhile "labour leader" may possess his soul in patience, for come what will, he is still in clover. If he retains his "labour leading" job until death, he is moderately comfortable: if he loses that job when age has dimmed his sight, and discounted his lung power, well, with a pension dangled before him, he will still be able to dodge the "Big House." And that is the bête noir of this class of professional gentlemen.

But coming down to the actual facts of the case, who is it that makes old age possible for the 'longshoreman? Never mind fussing around with a general scheme of pensions. Let us first see who it is that keeps off the shot and shell of the obviators of old age, after which, we can easily realise who has first claim to the pension business. Needless to say, the good people who, first of all, admit of our growing old in comfort, are they who make up what is termed the First Line of Defence. The Handy Men of all ranks.

To a certain extent, they are already provided for in the matter of pensions, but in view of the fact that there is an ever-growing difficulty in recruiting their ranks, isn't it just as well for us to inquire into the reasons therefor? It is, and bearing in mind the fact that those men—by held-back portions of pay—provide their own pensions, (which is really

TWO COAL CARRYING RAILWAYS.

nothing at all of the sort, being rather a kind of Government savings bank instituted to promote compulsorily thrift) any additional expenditure by the nation, should certainly go their way?

Naval officers, too, are in greater need of a kindly consideration from the nation than are the wastrels who would chiefly benefit from any old age pension scheme. Those officers devote their lives so that the 'longshoreman may grow old in comparative security, and in return for the risking of fever and consumption in peace, and a watery grave in war, they walk off with about the same emoluments which would make a tailor's runner turn his nose up in disgust. It needs no argument to show which the nation could best do without—the naval officer or the 'longshore wastrel?

Certainly not, for it wouldn't matter unduly to anybody, if the wastrels were to lay down under their pet hedge, and resolutely refuse to move ever again. Such action would mean additional expense in putting the remains out of sight; but the country would go on as before. On the other hand if the Naval contingent were to become disgusted at the continued neglect—well, in that event, there would be no hedges, and no country. The envious foreigner would rapidly acquire a knowledge of the existing state of affairs, after which, he would just as rapidly acquire the country, you'd find.

This being so—and it is—let us reason the matter out on business lines, in which case we shall admit that if the nation is to be squeezed of a handful of millions per annum by way of pensions, the first call thereon, is due the Naval men of all ranks. The next call is due the men who bring us our food—aye, who bring us everything that we use. Needless to say, the men indicated here, are they who form the remnant of the British portion of the Mercantile Marine. If old age pensions are essential for the prosperity of the nation, let Merchant Jack (of all ratings) have a look in.

As things are at present, he suffers the tortures of the damned in his vain struggles to make a living, and by the time he is forty years of age—there or thereabout—is too old for further employment. Skipper, mate, or engineer; bo'sun, lamptrimmer or seaman; with the arrival of forty years of age, "walnut stain" is in evidence, for although grey hairs might be honourable, they are of little use in the labour markets of the world—especially those which have to do with the employment of seamen. This being so, let us all take a hand in the old age pensions discussion.

Mr. Labour Leader, hitherto, has had a fairly good run for his money, and should be the last to jib because the pension scheme is about to assume national proportions. While if he does jib, the fact might make but little difference to the final solution. The world can easily pursue the even tenour of its way without the assistance of "Labour-leader"—who, at best, is a paradox and an innovation that could be comfortably dispensed with—but the Handy Man, and his humbler brother, Mercantile Jack, are absolutely indispensable.

But even if both seaman and agitator are to be looked upon as evils, it is still good policy to choose the least thereof, and it doesn't take much intelligence to determine that, under any circumstances, the sailor is a lesser evil than the purely (but equivocally) ornamental agitator who prattles so much about old age pensions? Think it over, please, and having thought, metaphorically place the agitator in the lazarette, pending a settlement of the question.

Welsh Coal.

The down-cast Shaft, showing a tram of Coal just brought to the surface.

THE SHIPPING BAROMETER FOR 1906.

AS usual, the Statistical Tables from Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping for the year 1906, is crammed with interesting reading matter, as well as with plenty of food for thought for those interested in the great national industry. In fact, those Tables—as indicated at the head of this page—are a veritable barometer for the shipping community. For a start, we note that no less than 1,493,120 tons gross has been added to the nation's steamship supply, while the figures 23,404 in tons, represents the addition in sailing ship gross carrying ability.

FROM this it will be seen that the steamer has yet the bulge over the older style of propulsion, but this fact notwithstanding, we yet reiterate the belief that it is merely a matter of time ere the sailing ship again romps into favour, to say nothing of commercial superiority. We are willing to admit—as matters are trending at the moment—that everything is against the belief that Britain will ever come to the front as the great owner of sailing ships, and principally because she is stupidly allowing the men who will be essential for the new-old-order (if we may write it thus) to die out.

AT the same time, the future bread-stuffs of the nation will have to be brought hither by sailing ships, for when Australia has taken her inevitable place as the national granary, the freights ruling would not pay the coal bill—if steamers are to be employed. We know that this line of argument commands but scant attention from the many. They are too busy in attending to present needs, to admit of their indulging in too much "forward business." But that attention notwithstanding, the return of the sailing ship is inevitable—and that before many years have passed into the *ewigkeit*.

WITH that return, Lloyd's Statistical Tables will tell another tale—we hope it will be equally flattering to the Briton; and meanwhile, we must content ourselves with a consideration of the conditions as presently applying. With reference to the figures already mentioned, over 95 per cent. of the additions consist of new tonnage, from which it will be admitted that the investing public has not yet become tired of shipping shares? With practically a million and a half of tons added to the former total, confidence would appear to be about, in very great amounts?

AND this is exactly as it should be, for although a number of shipping ventures are a blank as far as the supporters thereof are concerned, possibly the majority are all the other way. In any case, we know of quite a few which send out fat dividend cheques with a somewhat monotonous regularity; we also know that those same concerns are among the crowd which has been responsible for the million and a half increase in Lloyd's Tables. However, among the largest items which figure in the remaining five per cent. of additions, is the transferred tonnage from foreign countries and from British Colonies, to the British Register.

How does this fit in with the oft-repeated threat of transferring British tonnage to a foreign flag, because the poor old "flat-foot" is inclined to ask for an additional quart of water *per diem*, or five biscuits instead of four? Well, it doesn't fit in at all, even as we have ever con-

WELSH COAL.

A Signal Cabin on the Cardiff Railway Co.'s System.

tended. We quite realise that Jack must growl about his grub. Also that under such conditions the shipowner must threaten to transfer his tonnage to a foreign flag. But then, we are not deceived on that account. We recognise that although Jack might growl, he will receive but little benefit therefrom; and that, while the shipowner will threaten to transfer his ships to a foreign flag, he will go on adding a million and a half tons per annum, to the previously existing total.

THEREFORE, good sirs, the whole game is one of bluff, and nobody realises the fact better than the shipowner and the sailor. The former's writing partisans do not recognise it, and thus it comes about that the world is treated to those apparently nautical fairy tales, every now and again. This latter feature, too, is one of the essential items in the game, so no one need be surprised thereat? However, the transferring of British tonnage to a foreign flag goes on, all the same, for in 1906 the whack amounted to 428,717 tons.

BUT don't become excited on that account. The figures are fairly large, we admit. But, dear hearts, there were very cogent reasons for that transferrance, and large as the figures indubitably are, they are 83,984 tons less than were transferred in the previous year. You know, when all is said on this very important matter, the average Briton is a "downy" sort of critter, for while he is unloading his antique tonnage to the foreigner at fancy rates -ranging as high as £4 15s. per ton—he is adding on his million and a half of modern stuff, at prices ranging along at under £6 per ton.

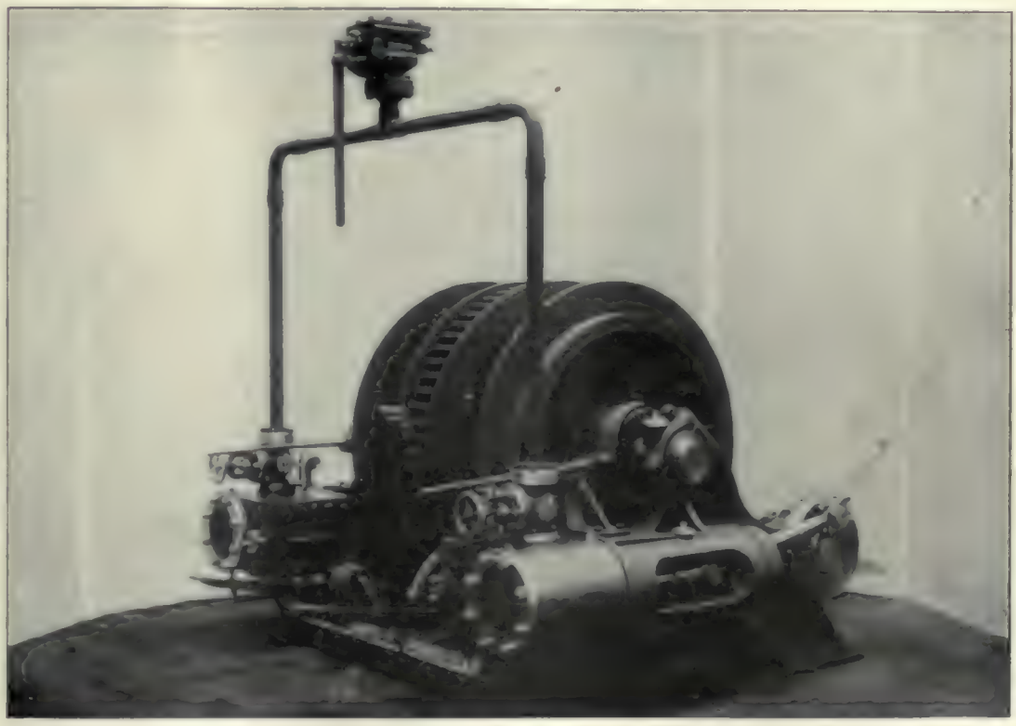
NOT much of the decayed business man about those tricks, is there? Anyhow, some 15 per cent. of the sold-foreign stuff was built before 1880—say thirty years ago and you cannot reckon on earning much of a dividend with such old crocks as that, when placed in competition with 1906 models, as they say in the bicycle world? Going farther with a percentage consideration in this respect, we find that 36 per cent. were built before 1885; and 48 per cent. before 1890—although it is unnecessary for us to go with the percentages which are apt to be misleading to the lay mind.

FOR, notwithstanding this sold-to-the-foreigner jape, the steamers on the Official Register of the United Kingdom increased, during 1906, to the extent of 383 vessels; while sailing vessels have decreased by 202 vessels. In other words, the major portion of that sold-foreign contingent, was composed of a number of giddy old crocks of the sailing persuasion which the new Merchant Shipping Act ruled out of a British count. But in getting away from all this addition and subtraction, it is pleasing to note that the net gain for the year under review, amounts to 181 vessels—sufficiently reassuring for most of us?

OUT of that 181 vessels, twelve were steamers of over 7,000 tons each, as against 12 in 1898, 17 in 1900, 9 in 1901, 23 in 1902, 21 in 1903, 15 in 1904, (a year of exceptional depression!), and 14 in 1905. From the foregoing figures you will note that the average shipowners' breast is in no whit different from that possessed by other members of the community, for hope springs eternal therein!

CONSIDERED from the shipbuilders' point of view, it is good to note that the old country still leads with 91 per cent. of the building to her credit—or otherwise; and that among foreign countries, Germany, Holland, Italy and Norway come in the order named. And yet no sailing ship of over 1,000 tons was classed during 1906! Seems rough on our prophesy, doesn't it? At the same time, we stick to it—and so will you (or you'll accept it) in the near future. When that time has arrived, don't attempt to twit us with being wise after the event.

WELSH COAL



A Colliery Hauling Engine

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *February 27, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the local staple since our last time of writing, has shown no increased activity; on the contrary, rather, for the market continues in a state of more or less easiness. Of course, there are reasons for this apparent lethargy—for it is merely apparent, when all is written on the subject. Prices remain much about the same as those ruling at our last, but this is by no means for the reason that nobody is in need of good Welsh "smokeless" coal.

IN military parlance, the present lull would be termed an armed neutrality, and that is a situation where the fighters are still in front of each other; the disputed territory is still disputed; but neither side of the contestants hardly know what move to indulge in next. That's precisely what is the matter in coalville. The seller is as keen to sell as ever—at his own price; the buyer wants to buy—at his price; unfortunately for the lookers-on, there is no agreement as to the basis of that price—and there you are.

WE do not mean to infer that this is altogether an instance of where "The soldier leaned upon his sword, and wiped away a tear." It isn't, for a nearer approximation to actual fact would be, "The buyer fumes and uses words, then goes out on a tear!" At the same time, you mustn't suppose that the buyer's tear is anything worthy of attention. The seller has sized it all up at its true value, and realises that if he can only hold out long enough, the amiable buyer will be convinced as to the righteousness of existing prices, and—there you are, some more.

ON the other side of the contest, Mr. Buyer believes that if he can hold off until there is a pronounced scarcity of wagons; and until there are large heaps of good coal scattered around on the Spring landscape up the hills; well, this is where he is coming in with telling force. He is the more inclined to this rôle, by the present scarcity of tonnage. If steamers will not come along on time, Mr. Seller is in a fix, and the buying friend smiles the smile of the contented and happy.

ANYHOW, tonnage is scarce, and the fact is bringing a wee twinge of apprehension to the inward economies of many colliery concerns. These latter are fairly busy—taken as a whole; but if the ships hang back for yet a while longer, then there will be trouble about on the ambient air. In fact, old Boreas has a lot to answer for. He not only makes and mars the shipowner, for he works the same trick up against the gentle coal dealer.

AND this scarcity of tonnage has left a few collieries with an uncomfortable amount more of coal on hand, than is at all pleasant or profitable. For this reason, the easiness mentioned above contains the essential seed of a slump. It mightn't come off. Again it might. Meanwhile, the actual prices ruling are even those which are set out below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 6d.	18s 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	10s. 9d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od	20s. od.	20s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d., 20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	32s. od., 33s. od.	32s. 6d.	32s. 6d.	32s. od.	32s. od.	32s. od.
Ordinary ...	30s. od.	30s. od.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	29s. od., 30s. od.	30s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od.	23s. od., 24s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od, 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	19s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *February 27, 1907.*

THE Market hereaway for the past week has not been so active as of late, a fact which is not due so much to any absence of business itself, as to a scarcity of tonnage. Prices considered, generally, have undergone no material alteration, as stems are sufficiently good to enable sellers to maintain recent values, and although in certain directions a concession can be obtained for prompt shipment, there is no weakness. Quotations for forward shipment are keeping firm. In the ANTHRACITE section, prices are being maintained, as these collieries continue to be busily occupied, and the demand is keeping ahead of the supply—which is a factor naturally in the seller's favour. LARGE COALS are by no means over-plentiful, even for prompt shipment, and there is also a good demand for coals of the "MACHINE MADE" description, and the quotations here, are as firm as ever. CULM AND DUFF remain unaltered, being a steady market.

STEAM COALS are, however, weaker, and prices for immediate shipment have declined. STEMS are by no means full, and something of a prompt description would enable the buyer to cover at much lower prices than those ruling of late. BUNKER COALS are also easier. Naturally, when there are no steamers about! Anyhow, position is the governing factor. For next month, quotations are being maintained, but with no great success at present.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. od., 20s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d., 20s. 3d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. od., 18s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 18s. od.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	16s. 9d.	17s od	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 1½d.	15s 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od., 23s. 6d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. 3d.	7s. od.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. od.	6s. od.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. od	18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending February 27, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Knight* ——, 8,500 tons, 9s.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 9s.
Hong Kong, *Glenaffric,* 5,500 tons, 13s. 9d. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Wilberforce,* 4,200 tons, 12s. 3d.
Inveresk, 5,000 tons, 13s.
Sirdar, 1,800 tons, 12s 4½d.
Kelvindale, 4,100 tons, 12s. 3d.
Trader, 4,900 tons, 12s 3d.
Ellaline, 5,400 tons, 12s. 3d.
Eastingwold, 4,400 tons, 12s. 6d.
Campana Villa Constitucion, Steamer, 12s. 9d. option Rosario, 13s. 3d. 200.
Rio de Janeiro, *Inveresk,* 6,800 tons, 13s.
Bertholey, 13s.
Las Palmas, *Chatton,* 7s. option St. Vincent, 7s. 6d.
Briardene, 3,000 tons, 7s. 200.
Cape Verdes, *Heklos,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Wearbeck,* 7s.
Ilseen, 5,700 tons, 7s.
Dumsdalehall, 5,700 tons, 7s.
Rugbeian, 5,700 tons, 7s.
Llanishen, 5,500 tons, 7s.
Knight of the Thistle, 6s. 6d.
Llandudno, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Genoa Savona Spezzia or Leghorn, *Biak Bat,* 2,700 tons, 8s. 9d. 500.
Savona, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 8s. 3d
Steamer, 2,[illegible] tons, 8s.
Venice, *Ecaterina Couppa,* 4,000 tons, 9s. 500.
Gratia, 2,250 tons, 9s. 3d. 400, (s).
Fjordheim, 3,500 tons, 8s. 9d.
Stag, 2,400 tons, 9s. 400.
Cycle, 5,000 tons, 8s. 7½d. 500.
Naples, *Christian Nobe,* 1,[illegible] tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
Or Torre, *Giugenti,* 2,[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d. 800, (s).
Or Leghorn, *Asmuna,* 3,[illegible] tons, 7s. 4½d. 700. spot.
Valencia, Steamer, 1,2[illegible] tons, 6s. 3d. 250, (s).
Ren, 1,200 tons, 6s. 350, (s).
Constantinople or Piræus, *Trefusis,* 3,4[illegible] tons, 7s.
Beeforth, 3,7[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Harlyn,* 5,2[illegible] tons, 7s. 700.
Carthusian, 5,7[illegible] tons, 7s. 700.
Farringford, 4,2[illegible] tons, 7s. (C. or P.T.)
Moorby, 3,300 tons, 7s. 9d. 400.
Palermo Messina or Catania, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 8s. (s).
Marseilles, Steamer, 2,[illegible] tons, 8·25 fcs.
Marsala, 2,500 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Spezzia, *Almeria,* 3,100 tons, 8s. 3d.
Piræus, *Peterston,* 3,000 tons, 7s. ppt.
Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7s. 3d.
Barcelona, *Coventry,* 2,100 tons, 9s. fuel, spot.
Emma, 1,350 tons, 7s. d.
Canganian, 1,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
Oran, *La Rochelle,* 1,750 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Bari, *Erminie,* 2,300 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Trieste, *Luson,* 5,500 tons, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Algiers, *Cap Negro,* 3,9[illegible] tons, 7 fcs.
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Steamer, 2,9[illegible] tons, 7·25 fcs. ppt.
Steamer, 2,6[illegible] tons, 7·25 fcs.
Bizerta, *St. Abbs,* 2,000 tons, 8·25 fcs. coal, 9·25 fcs. fuel.
Barletta, *Trevarrack,* 2,600 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Smyrna, *Dunraven,* 4,800 tons, 7s.
Leghorn, Steamer, 2,500 tons, about /s.
Malta, *Portsmouth,* 3,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Trevanian, 3,000 tons, 5s. 9d. ,,
Homewood, 2,600 tons, 5s. 9d. ,,
Kildonan, 3,200 tons, 5s. 9d. ,,
City, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Gibraltar, *Kilmaho,* 3,100 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Adamton, 3,000 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Cambro, 3,[illegible]00 tons, 3s. 9d. ,,
Radnor, 1,450 tons, 5s. 9d.
Auckland Castle, 1,450 tons, 6s.
Lisbon, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Louise, 1,750 tons, 5s. 6d. spot.
Active, 5s. 3d.
Thor, 1,900 tons, 5s. 3d.
Cadiz, *Lovart,* 1,300 tons, 5s. 6d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Riversdale,* 4,400 tons, 5s. 1½d.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Uriarte No. 4,* 3,300 tons, 6 fcs. ppt.
Blanka, 1,750 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Steamer, 1,650 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Arratia, 2,600 tons, 5·87½ fcs. 600.
St. Nazaire, *Juan,* 2,000 tons, 5·30 fcs. (s).
Collivaud, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs.
Peter Benoit, 2,000 tons, 5·50 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Neptunus,* 1,050 tons, 5·75 fcs. spot.
Decido, 2,400 tons, 5·12½ fcs. optn. Rochefort, 5·37½ fcs.
Orestes, 2,200 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Nordsjernen, 1,650 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Rochefort, *Deerpark,* 1,350 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Rosehill, 1,900 tons, 6 fcs.
Pasages, *Baracaldo,* 1,400 tons, 5s. coal, 5s. 9d. fuel (s).
Chantenay, *Atlas,* 2,150 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Earl of Dumfries, 1,800 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Sables, *Ragusa,* 1,600 tons, (private terms).
Charente, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, *Skaala,* 1,550 tons, 6 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Neweut,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Portsmouth, *Tyne,* 1,500 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Hazelmere, 1,450 tons, 3s. ,,
Quickstep, 1,250 tons, 3s. ,,
Devonport or Portland, *Larpool,* 1,500 tons, 2s. 10½d. option Portsmouth, 3s. (Admiralty).
Skeldon, 1,750 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Dartmouth, *Tyr,* 800 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Littlehampton, *Clifton Grove,* 5s. 9d. (s).
Guernsey, *Eleanor,* 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Bygdo,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Mercia, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Havre, *Lady Bertha,* 800 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Congress, 1,400 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Eppleton, 1,150 tons, 5s.
Argus, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Universal, 1,750 tons, 4s. 6d. spot.
Rouen, *Volscian,* 800 tons, 6s. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,180 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Honfleur, *Vinga,* 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Dieppe, *Odd,* 900 tons, 5s. 4½d. (s).
Fecamp, *Test,* 550 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Seville to Newport, *Warwick,* 782 n, 5s. Tinto terms.

TO EXAMINE SEAMEN, MEDICALLY!

GENTLE reader, have you ever indulged in writing, at a time when you felt that you would cheerfully pay fourpence ha'penny if someone would but show you how to write a combination of signs which would convey the impression of a sardonical laugh? You have? Then is there a bond of sympathy between us right away. Moreover, you have our sincere sympathy in being unable to capture the combination referred to, for, personally, we would willingly give fivepence—but there! Of what use is it?

WHAT'S that? Why do we wish to work up ze laff sardonique? Mainly because an unthinking friend has waylaid us with a cutting from an up-town contemporary. Now, you will admit that we don't often offend you with a combination of scissors-and-paste wishy-washy? We aren't built that way, and thus it comes about that multitudes of friends have assured us that they like THE MARITIME REVIEW, "because it always appears to have been written on purpose!"

THERE'S praise for 'oo—no, for us! Nothing accidental about us, dear boys. We are here of a set purpose, and—let it not be forgotten—we are ever loyal to that same set purpose. But, lor', how we do run on when contemplating the kind things which our friends say about us! Forgive us, please, and we will again come back to ze laff sardonique—which is to say the press cutting about which we told you, some few lines back.

That there may be no doubt as to what we are driving at, we will transgress our rule, and immortalise the writer of the press cutting referred to. Here is the real Simon Pure:

> The new Workmen's Compensation Act will shortly come into operation, and as it extends to seamen the Cardiff branch of the Shipping Federation a few weeks ago appointed . . . a medical officer for the port of Cardiff for the examination of seamen proceeding to sea.
>
> The appointment has been made with the object of minimising the liabilities of owners under the Act, but it is left entirely to the option of owners to examine their crews and ascertain their physical fitness.
>
> Similar appointments have been made at Newport and Swansea; the medical officers receive 1s. per head of seamen examined.

EH, what? As it—that Compensation Act—extends to seamen, the Cardiff Branch of the Shipping Federation *a few weeks ago* (ours the italics) appointed, etc. Now, then, do you see where the laff sardonique is due? Think of it! The Cardiff Branch of the Shipping Federation—some of whose officials have a weakness for inadvertently opening envelopes left through the carelessness of a postman, but which are typed so plainly that he who runs might read, and which is another story and meet for another occasion—has appointed a medical officer for the examination of seamen proceeding to sea! See the joke?

VERY well, then. Let's get on to the next joke. "The appointment has been made . . . but it is left entirely to the option of owners to examine their crews and ascertain their physical fitness." Apart from the fact that we wrote of this subject some three weeks ago, but that our up-town friend might, therefore, have been off on a well-earned furlough—or is it only "sojers" who get off on furlough? Never mind, the idea is right, even if the words are a bit doubtful. But what were we saying? Oh, ah! We wrote of this little matter some three weeks ago, so we may safely pass that portion of the joke.

BUT what we particularly wish to call your attention to, is the fact that the Shipping Federation, Limited, doesn't really boss the shipowner—not anything to speak of, that is. It reserves its bossiness for the down-trodden skipper, mate, engineer, or whale-and-cinder-worrier. Where the shipowner comes into the purview, matters are left *entirely* to his own option. We know, because our up-town friend put it in exactly that fashion. So—that's all right.

OWNERS might please themselves about the examination idea, and that's a mercy. Personally, we should hate to see the secretary of the Cardiff branch of the Shipping Federation insisting—or trying to insist—on a local owner of any heftiness (you understand) trotting out his bundle of Federation-Greeks for medical examination. Besides—and apart from the indignity of the insistence—how could one expect a shipowner to be able to set up a standard for an examination test?

WHY, one of 'em might insist that a man's fitness be gauged solely on his lack of appetite; another on the amount of sleep which he could do without; yet another might insinuate that as long as a man's mind were rocky as to log-books, it didn't matter a toss about his legs and arms—seeing that the owner isn't going to sail with him; and so, on, through a bewildering maze of possibilities. But no, the examination is to be left entirely—don't overlook the entirely, will you?—to the option of owners.

DRAT it! We are vexed about the absence of that combination of signs. The stuff which would make ze laff sardonique, you'll remember. But let's get on—even if we did pass the same remark, 'way back. What's that? We are not treating this subject with becoming decorum. We should smile. Fancy having arrived at our years of discretion, and yet able to treat anything emanating from Shipping Federation seriously! Can't do it, sirs. We know the cult too well. Case of familiarity breeding contempt, and all that sort of thing.

WHY, we know one or two shipowners who are afflicted even as are we, and we have heard them soulfully ask why in thunder they (and their colleagues) go on being clipped out of a ha'penny-a-ton-and-fixings, just to pay a few local secretaries, and their Men Friday—or should it be Mans Fridays? Never mind, you pay your money and you take your choice. When asked by those good and patient shipowners, we had to give it up. We couldn't see "why in thunder" they should be so silly. Can you? If so, please give us the essential tip, and we'll pass it on with pleasure—and our blessing.

HOWEVER, there appears to be a bit of ambiguity in this little affair of examinations. You see that the up-town scribe remarks that "the medical officers receive 1s. per head of seamen examined," and we are wishful to know exactly what is meant by the term. Are we to understand that the Shipping Federation is willing to pay that nimble shilling; will the owner who has the entire option of availing himself of Federation kindness pay the money; or—ah, this is where we strike the real query!—do the words "1s. per head of seamen examined" mean that the Federation-Greeks will have to anté up as suggested?

WILL somebody please enlighten us on these dubious points? Personally, we do not believe that Federation will pay; we are absolutely certain that shipowner will not; there is only the Greek then, left. If he is to be mulcted in an examination-fee, and the Board of Trade hears about it, what is going to happen, then? Still, we can go on looking for the lost combination of signs alluded to in the beginning—and elsewhere—can't we? Happy thought! Is the combination at St. Mary Axe? We have an idea that, in view of the happy manner in which shipowner is regulated by this Federation, ze laff sardonique ought to be about in quite big lots, at St. Mary Axe. Will any of our London admirers inquire for us? And having enquired, will they be good enough to let us know?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 14th, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

1,942 06—LAKE—*Improvements in coal and like washers.*

This invention relates to coal washers of the kind in which a pan to receive the coal and water is hung on suspended rods and is given a reciprocating motion and a percussive action so as to separate the material into two layers according to its density the top layer being floated away over the tail end of the pan while the lower and denser layer is discharged at the head of the pan. According to this invention the bottom of the pan is formed of a series of riffles with intervening spaces gradually diminishing in size towards the tail end of the pan. A series of pockets is thus formed and in these pockets the impurities collect and are jolted into an inclined chute.

2,105 06—HEMUS—*Improvements in course and bearing finder for vessels.*

This invention relates to a device for determining the position of a vessel without having to resort to an independent compass. According to this invention a slide guage leg is slidably mounted on the under face of a compass plate containing a quadrant scale. A swinging arm having a second compass plate mounted thereon is attached to the first compass plate. To the pivotal pin of the swinging arm is secured a pointer which swings in unison with the movements of the swinging arm, so as to designate on the quadrant scale of the compass plate the degree due to the swinging of the arm, thus enabling the navigator to readily read the position of the vessel as indicated by the designating point on the slide compass plate, when the same has been placed on the navigating chart immediately above the known location of the vessel.

5,374 06—WOLF—*An improved friction igniting device for miners' lamps.*

According to this invention a friction igniter for miners' lamps is made flexible, and of such a form that it can be guided, and while it is arranged with its point vertical, it is capable of being actuated by a very easy spring action. The wound up unused portion of the fuse is pushed over a roller, and the used part winds on a spindle actuated from without, the fuse being conveyed over a support opposite the point of the igniter.

5,480 06—TATCHELL—*Improvements in or connected with spars applicable for marine and other purposes.*

The object of this invention is to obtain a suitable curvature to a spar, and at the same time to brace the spar in such a manner that it will be strengthened or stiffened. For this purpose struts are arranged transversely of the spar so as to project from each side, these struts being made of metal and furnished at their extremities with notches or forks. In connection with the struts on each side of the spar is employed a stay of wire-rope made fast by one end to one end of the spar, and then carried across the notches at the extremities of the stay, and at the other end made fast to a tackle at the other end of the spar. The wire rope at the opposite side is similarly arranged, and provided with tightening means. By tightening the stay on one side of the spar and somewhat slacking the other any desired curvature within certain limits may be given to the spar, whilst by subsequently tightening the stay on the convex side the spar will be efficiently braced.

7,235 06—THE HARDY PATENT PICK CO. & BLEARS—*Standards for supporting rock drills and the like.*

This invention relates to rock drill standards of that type which is constructed of notched bars which support the drill and are extensible as required, the object of the invention being to provide improved means for securing the standard when extended to the required extent. The upper end of the pillar is provided with a collar through which the pair of notched bars are free to slide. The collar is transversely slotted to accommodate a locking bar which may be engaged with the notches of the extending part of the standard, thereby locking the parts together. The lower end of the extending part is provided with a sleeve capable of sliding upon the pillar which is provided with the usual extending screw.

14,011 06—PRATT—*Improvements in and relating to safety suspending apparatus for mining cages, hoists and the like.*

The object of this invention is to automatically suspend mining cages on their guide ropes in the event of severance of the winding rope, and to prevent galling of the guide ropes in one particular place when the pitcage rests at the bottom of the shaft, and the winding rope is slack. For this purpose bell crank levers are pivoted to plates fixed in the top of the sides of the cage so as to revolve in a vertical plane, the remote ends of the levers passing through the guide ropes on the near side, and carrying plates bolted thereto so as to embrace the ropes, the remote ends or grips resting normally on the ordinary guide ropes and the near ends of the levers engaging with double oblong levers whose upper ends are pivoted to the head of a flat metal bar bent at the bottom to enter a recess in the bottom of the cage. The remote ends of the bell crank levers are kept normally horizontal, and out of binding action by a chain connecting the bent bar with the ring of the haulage rope, but in the event of the winding rope breaking the tension is relaxed and the weight of the bar in falling automatically applies the grips whose grip on the guide ropes is increased by the cage in falling. The bending of the bar to enter a recess in the bottom of the cage prevents the bar dropping when the cage is at the bottom of the shaft and thus actuating the grips with the consequent risk of continually galling the guide ropes in one place.

These applications for patents, are until March 30th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on February 20th, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending March 20th.

Class 4—*Including coal.*

No. 288,717—A circle enclosing two men shaking hands with the words around "Belfast Coal and Iron Limited." All goods included in this class. Belfast Coal and Iron Limited, South Hill, Ballycastle, County of Antrim, Ireland, Coal and Iron Masters. December 10th, 1906. (To be associated Sect. 24).

Class 8—*Including nautical instruments.*

No. 288,912—SIROCCO—All goods included in this class, but not including gas regulators, and not including any goods of a like kind to gas regulators. Davidson & Co., Ltd., Sirocco Engineering Works, Queens Bridge Street, Belfast, Ireland, Manufacturers. December 17th, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

AN information-seeker wishes us to explain the apparent subtleties which gravitate around that financial freak who is known as an absconding bankrupt. Being willing to oblige at all times, we should hasten to explain on this occasion; but, unfortunately for our willingness, there are no subtleties—either apparent or real. The whole thing is as plain as the proverbial pike-staff, and is distinctly a case of having paid your money (or the shekels belonging to somebody else, an' it better falls in with your ideas of the fitness of things (you take your choice.

✦ ✦ ✦

No, that isn't a little bit subtle. It is just the plain unvarnished truth, and for the purpose of giving you some slight elucidation on the subject, we may quote two parallel instances. A, was a young man in business, somewhere (really, the venue doesn't matter, as we are describing absconding bankrupts), and having found himself in debt to the tune of £237 (although living in the utmost respectability and with a great regard to economy) feared bankruptcy proceedings. His fear was justified, and on a hint being supplied by a well-wisher, A, "lit out" for Canada.

✦ ✦ ✦

TIME passed—as it will do, even supposing a poor young man's "estate" is being wound up by an Official Receiver—while the minions of the Court said tall things about the young man who could thus brazenly incur debts to the extent of £237, and then fly the country—as certain "detective story" writers put the matter. However, as there was but little money left after the "wind up," nobody thought it worth while to issue a warrant for the £237-short young fellow—especially as the inquiry elicited the fact that he had lived in a most careful manner, and with due regard to his unfortunate position—and he remains in Canada.

✦ ✦ ✦

THUS for A, and quite a number of estimable people express sorrow on his account. Now consider B. He was a fair example of the jolly good fellow, and kept open house with as it afterwards transpired—other people's money. In fact money was no object with B, and principally because most of the cash involved belonged to other people, although he had found out a method of enjoying it 'fore all the world as if it were his own. B played high, low, Jack and the game for quite a while; laved the manly limbs of his "friends" in the wine which has been named "fiz;" emulated the Piccadilly girl, generally—which is to say that he went in for a short life and a merry.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was a great similarity between A and B, for strange to say when the metaphorical brick wall was reached, B did a bunk—as the vulgar portion of the community would remark—and if the said bunk didn't mean Canada, then, it was popularly supposed to. But, after all, it was right there that the similarity ceased, ended, petered out, finished—what you will. We'll explain. B's "estate" was wound up in his absence "at the front" (let us say), and although the general indebtedness amounted to heaven-knows-how-many-thousands-of-pounds, his sorrowing friends saw the matter through.

✦ ✦ ✦

OF course, subtle pars went the 'round of his local press, as to where the poor fellow could have vanished. His friends suggested that it was a case of temporary loss of memory, and that in the sweet by and bye, he would work the Bo Peep's sheep act—would come home, and bring his tale (spell that correctly, Mr. Printer, won't you?) behind him. Those who were not quite so friendly toward B, basely insinuated that he was an absconding bankrupt, that he deserved to be, and that, for their part, they always knew he would end up in precisely this manner. Cru-ell world, isn't it?

✦ ✦ ✦

FURTHERMORE, those non-friends of B suggested that if he could be caught, the proper thing to do would be to hale him back in chains, and after making a public example of him, to cast him within the deepest dungeon beneath the moat, where, in silent solitude, he could think over the mistakes of his life—which had been many; and the bare-faced trickeries thereof—which had been more. But again time passed, and in the fulness thereof, B's affairs were dealt with according to law. Which is to say, his "landed estates" were put under the hammer of the descriptive-writing auctioneer; and—well there wasn't much beyond the "landed estate."

✦ ✦ ✦

BUT don't you run away with the idea that B stayed out in the lone bleak Colony which had befriended him in his hour of need. Nary a stay, for as soon as the first fire of public indignation had eased off, more subtle pars went the 'round of his local—or erstwhile local—press. The community was guardedly informed that B had been found! Yea, lor'! Found! That he had been suffering in some peculiar manner. In other words, that although Fate had knocked him at home, it didn't mean to let up on him abroad. Hard old Fate, what? In the end, B seemed to be impressed with the belief that as Fate was out against him in earnest, he might as well take its rubbings at home, as remain abroad in company therewith.

✦ ✦ ✦

THAT was good sense, and if practiced before B's bankruptcy, might have saved him no end of bother and loss. Anyhow, B returned to his sympathetic friends, and even after the fashion of their kind, they welcomed him with open arms—not to say rich banquets and things. Moreover, they started a subscription list among them, and in remembrance of the days when B had been a "jolly good fellow" (with somebody else's money), they started a brand-new job for the gentleman; gave him a life-long berth in a snug little limited company which contained seven names, but never a one of which was B's!

✦ ✦ ✦

THEREFORE, oh, information-seeking friend of ours, compare the two instances, and then mayest thou size the matter up as seemeth good to thee. A—who merely broke for £237 is still in Canada; B—who broke for many thousands—is not in Canada. A is working out his destiny on his own; B appears to have been inducted into a job out of charity—or for some other more occult reason. All of which tends to the belief that there are ways of working the absconding-bankrupt act; also ways of not working it. Unkind people might think that B saved enough out of the wreckage of his fortune wherewith to make a fresh start when the hue and cry had ceased; again, they mightn't, even while inclined to fancy that the subscribers of the new job hinted at, were also "jolly good fellows." At the same time, we should like to know what the law as to undischarged—to say nothing of absconding—bankrupts really is.

✦ ✦ ✦

ARE these little matters worked out on a cash basis? If you merely fizzle slightly, are you a bigger rogue than if you break for a handful of thousands? Is justice really so blind, that she can't tell a goat from a sheep—or *vice versa*? And if so, isn't the art of the oculist sufficiently advanced these days, to enable Justice to see what a by-word she sometimes makes of herself? What's that? We haven't explained the subtleties surrounding the financial freak known as an absconding bankrupt? Well, what about it? Did we say we would give any such explanation?

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 160. FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1907. Threepence.

LIBERAL TREATMENT TO THE NAVY!

"C.-B." "No good, old chap. Can't give you any more money. Too many of us in pay as it is! Cut off the other leg—you won't need so much, then!"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—LIBERAL TREATMENT TO THE NAVY	49
MARITIME MURMURS	50
PLAIN WORDS ON A PLAIN SUBJECT	56
PLAINER WORDS ON A PLAIN SUBJECT	57
THE "BERLIN" DISASTER'S AFTERMATH	58
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	60
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	61
ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT	62
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	63
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	64

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the average daily paper sets but little store on matters appertaining to the mercantile marine of this country, whatsoever it might be inclined to do with the questions affecting the merchant navies of our rivals. The proof of this little matter is to be found by the amiable—and bottom-of-a-column—manner in which items of "news" affecting the national industry is treated. It's usually a case of "You'll find it at the bottom," and if its inclusion isn't through the grace of heaven, then, it looks like it. However, THE MARITIME REVIEW has no such weaknesses, and is, therefore, willing to place these same little items right out in bold type, and where he who runs might read. Our friends have been treated to a quantity of literary garbage concerning the Boy Sailor—and the poor little chap is usually dignified by the use of capital letters; but how many of you remember that there is a Committee on the Supply and Training of British Boy Seamen—which is somewhat paradoxical, not to say contradictory, what? Well, there is such a Committee, and it has been holding a meeting recently—on Thursday last, to be exact—at no less a place than the Board of Trade offices, in Whitehall, as ever was.

WHAT supply and training data did that Committee glean? You shouldn't ask such rude questions. By and bye, you will be able to purchase—for a few coppers—an official report of the Committee's doings, aye, and gleanings, providing there is a British Empire left at that time. You see, all these little matters are arranged for in the British Constitution, and precedent must be followed; chin music must be indulged in; various opinions are supposed to be given; and if the opinionators (that's a good word, eh?) give wholly one-sided information (the side which will benefit themselves, you know) there need be no misgivings on that account. Most of the sides are represented, and it is the duty of the Committee to throw the whole conglomeration into an official hat, shake it about, and then get a blindfolded member of their own august combination to "pick" a top piece, when the resultant "pick" becomes law. Beautifully simple, these Committees and things. Go like clock-work. Henry VIII.—of ample form and regretted memory—started the ball going in that manner; it will continue along now, until Archangel Gabriel gives the signal for the remaining earth-worms to quit fooling—as our American cousins remark on similar occasions; and there you are.

IN the meantime, and supposing you have just a passing interest in the business, you may learn who gave evidence—we believe it is styled; and that—in the absence of the said evidence—is something to go on with. Mind you, we are not altogether sure that any of the evidence-giving gentlemen know much about Boy Sailors (mind the capitals Mr. Printer, as we like to be orthodox in these simple matters); but that, of course, is beyond the question. As a matter of fact, there aren't any Boy Sailors; they left, long since, and went off on a big game excursion. Tried to find the dodo; and as this happened quite a number of years ago, it naturally follows that those one-time Boy Sailors, are now Old Men Hunters. Still, if you cannot obtain present information of the weight of evidence regarding the Supply and Training of British Boy Seamen, the names of the good souls who prattled on the subject, are at your service. For instance, the list includes a Mr. Charles Hellyer, a Mr. Charles T. Glanville, and—but dear us, that was about all! What's that? You never heard of their names till now? That's your misfortune, for they are precisely the proper folk to give that Committee "points" about Boy Sailors. The former is the chairman of the Hellyer's Steam Fishing Company; the latter is senior partner of Messrs. Nelson, Donkin & Co. That's good enough, *n'est ce pas?*

POOR old Guild. Merchant Service Guild, we mean. Has it fallen on evil days, and is the intelligent Pressman beginning to differentiate between stuff that should be treated seriously, and that which should be left at the bottom of the column? We're sorry, and believe that if the average Pressman could get a peep at guild's latest attempt at rule making, then, its tiddley-widdley bits of piffle would help ballast the different editorial waste paper baskets. Possibly that time is not far off, and meanwhile,

the bottom of a column is about all it receives—or deserves? We quite realise that our strictures have awakened the good souls who administer (we like to be magnanimous, at times) that guild: but, lor', lor', there is an awful quantity of leeway to be worked up, before guild, in our opinion, will be worthy the serious consideration of either Pressman or seamen. We showed you things, last week, concerning its "Rule 7," and now a "guilder" has been trying to persuade us into the belief that "young Tom" is under notice to leave! We don't believe it, and explained the fact to our "guilder" friend. Said he, "Then, how do you account for the proviso that 'the Management Committee shall have power in their discretion to grant to any member of the staff retiring before having completed fifteen years' service such sum by way of gratuity or otherwise as they shall think fit under the circumstances?'"

THAT was a bit of a poser, and in the face of it, we are going to watch very carefully. Not that we shall express surprise at any move which might ultimately come from the Lord Street palace of varieties. For that matter, you who have read our opinions will be in exactly the same position. But it is awfully difficult to make the average certificated man see the matter in the same light. Some of him has paid the whole of 24s. per annum into guild coffers for years, and has received but precious little in return; but he has ever held the belief that quite the major portion of guild's "accumulated funds" belong to him, individually. Needless to say, he has dipped to the wrong stay; has straightened himself at the wrong moment; and although he might have dodged the laniard of the main stay, that which belongs to the main topmast stay is still awaiting impact with his cranium. When the collision comes off—phew, won't sulphur be cheap, and plentiful? Aye, aye, sirs, "Rule 7" is fairly obvious to us; we wish it were to the good souls who have given their names (and money) for the framing thereof. However, reverting to the bottom of the column paragraph which met our eye in a London "daily."

WHAT said that paragraph? O, just the usual stuff. Guild has been protesting. It's a great hand at protesting. One of these odd days it might learn enough to set about extending its protest—but long ere that time arrives, we shall have passed away after the manner of all flesh. Shall have died of old age! What? Where will guild then be. Great Scott! Sirs! A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and as long as it is possible to make some £45 per week out of seagoers, you may be sure that there will continue to be guilds, or other affairs equally successful—as salary-fixers, and retiring-pension makers. Anyhow, the inspired "puff" assures us that the guild "has addressed to the Board of Trade a protest against a resolution adopted at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, to the effect that owing to the scarcity of second officers the Board of Trade be requested to remove any obstacles and give greater facilities for this grade of officer to pass the necessary examination." What does it mean? Ask us another. But then, its meaning is of little consequence. The perpetrator of the obvious joke got the words which help him with living inserted—at the bottom of a column—and that should be sufficient? We might remind you—just as an aside—that the protest is merely one of guild's bogies, and we are somewhat surprised to note that a serious journal would give space to such nonsense.

THE Chamber of Shipping's resolution was about of equal value with the guild protest. If the Board of Trade were to simplify the examinations out of all semblance to its present shape, it would make no difference to the supply of second officers. That examination as it stands, would not preclude any sixth standard schoolboy from passing after a week's cramming, so why dread any simplification? The plain facts of the shortage are, and there are no British sailors possessed of a sufficiency of ambition to persuade themselves that a second mate's ticket is worth having. Leave the exam. an open question, and you would still fail to get enough young officers. Every existing aspirant for B.T. honours, will pass as soon as his time is complete—aye, and he would do so providing the exam. were ten times as difficult. The trouble is, there are no aspirants. Hence the shortage in the supply. Read this, guild paragraphist, and if you can spare the essential time to withdraw your tongue from that cheek which our professional brethren have fattened for some fourteen years, write the protest that will give the country the urgently-needed supply of second officers; the protest which convincingly shows that the shortage is merely one of a cash character.

WE admire the able manner, guild, in which you stuff our colleagues on the daily press; for we saw the paragraph which originally came from the Secretary's son-in-law, and with reference to the raising of wages in those Goole boats which that enterprising relative and member of the guild owns as proxy. That little dodge secured the free ad.; your latest "protest" has gained you another; but if you would enter the right protest, you would get a really useful kind of advertisement, aye, and you would probably safeguard your present job right up to the banks of the Styx, and to the liner which will take you across under care of one Captain Charon. Just do that, guild, and we will help you as was our wont of old; before the time when we saw through your uselessness as a professional ameliorator for the executive officer; and as *volte face* appears a simple evolution for you, go one better—take in the engineering brother as a member. Never mind your past twankey against him; never heed your stupid policy of keeping deck and engineroom apart; jump-Jim-Crow once more; gather in the whole of the executive and engineering branches; ship a sailorman as an assistant secretary (thereby acting up to your "Rule 2"); and there will be no need for the S.E.A. It wasn't started to "make a pile." It undertook to do what you have failed in doing. Register, guild; give your members a legal limit of liability; save them from the possible confiscation of all they possess; and do the other things which have been suggested to us by guilders (and passed on to you, by ourselves) when you might succeed in plucking victory from defeat. Otherwise defeat is indubitable. It is impossible to fool all the people all the time—we have it on the authority of a philosopher. Still, we much doubt if guild—while its present quartermasters are at the helm—will do the essential.

WHAT has been named the "Italian Railway Problem" is still occupying much attention. Needless to say, both sides of the contestants are laying the blame on each other—that is only to be expected. Equally needless to say, until both sides agree to pool issues and call in an umpire, the trouble will remain. Meanwhile, the warm-blooded Southerner is giving the world a splendid example of how not to do it. Anarchy is a fine name for the railway trouble, but then, it has been coming on for years, and when those in authority refuse to accept their responsibilities, it is useless to set up a cry when the mob follows suit. For very many years past, the Italian Railways have been merely a caricature of the real thing, and half—possibly more—of the detentions and troubles which have been so common at Italian seaports, have been the direct outcome of maladministration of the railways. In a country where the

working classes are more than usually susceptible to the wiles of the agitator, it is fairly easy to work up a strike, every time the scarcity of rolling stock obtrudes. Fairly easy, and to the trusting individual in free and happy England, difficult to find out. The Italian is blessed (or cursed) with too many holidays. Under the circumstances, then, it takes but a small amount of provocation to make him go in for more.

You see, Italy is a land where the gods have been somewhat lavish in the matter of climate. That is to say, there is a genuine climate thereaway. So much of it, that it takes but little provocation to induce a man of the labouring (or any other for the matter of that) class to indulge in the *festina lente* idea. In fact, the average native in that land of love (and several other things) is a past master in the art which is exemplified by the italicised words. What between the genial warmth which costs nothing, the smallness of the food that is required to keep the human mills working, and the glances of *la bella Ida* of the langorous looks—well, there it is! The shipowner in cold and phlegmatic Britain might say things because his vessels are held up pending alterations and repairs in the social life of say, Genoa or Leghorn; smart preachers at home might hurl smart invective at a supposedly smart set: but it is all the same to the compatriots of the local ice-cream vendors, chestnut fit-out keepers, aye, or even journalists—*festina lente* will obtain, as it ever has obtained. That is to say, there is one way out of it—and one only. If shipowner will base his freights at rates which will show the Sons of the South the iniquity of their respective ways, matters will mend. For the Italian—in common with the remainder of mankind—is touchable by the "medium of circulation," as the wag styles good red gold.

At the same time, one almost despairs of that remedy being applied. Where the Italian is cursed with a too great fondness for *festina lente*, the British shipowner is troubled with too great a desire to play off his own bat. He works up associations, yes. Sometimes, he attends their monthly meetings—while at other times, he allows a number of frothy deputies to appear in his stead. But in either instance, the trouble of the moment is either "referred back," or the secretary is instructed to embody a greater or lesser amount of drivel into an alleged letter, when everything is supposed to be trending as in manner provided. Meanwhile, the state of the shipowner is drifting from bad to worse, and what the end will be—well, he neither knows, nor seems to care. All of which might be considered as partaking of the *festina lente* already written of in connection with the Italian. But such an assumption would be wrong in the extreme. When an Italian refers a given thing back to its fountain head, the act is said to be of the hasten slowly kind; when a British shipowner follows the same lead, his conduct is either put down to masterly inactivity, or to proud, if somewhat insular, isolation. But let us leave it. The subject is entrancing enough, we admit; but it is also fraught with danger!

The month of March is notorious for wind. Presumably it is for this reason that there is so much of it around the Houses of Parliament at the moment? Especially on the inside thereof. We are sadly afraid that the greatest patriot among us—if there is a greatest where all are supposed to be equal!—could hardly be persuaded to say that there is any possibility of understanding the windy speeches which have come from the Government with reference to national defence? At the same time, there is a quantity of fun around the subject. Fun at the moment, although national extinction will surely follow at no very late date, unless the business of that nation's defence is given into practical hands, very soon. The Government has talked considerably about something which they term an Army (with a capital A). Can anybody tell us where that arrangement is kept? Have they cooped it up in the Museum, or lent it out to a circus proprietor? The same thing applies to an alleged Navy—again with a capital N. In this instance, there is a portion of the arrangement available. We have a few ships, some guns thereon, and a few nautical curiosities styled "nucleus crews." Further than that, however, it would be unwise to venture. Without due thought, that is to say.

But, considering that Army, well, it would appear that it is run on a Miniature Rifle Club basis! All talk and mighty little shooting! There is one at the Docks, here at Cardiff; a rifle club, you know; and judging by the amiable manner in which its members prattle thereof, one would be justified in thinking that if Kaiser Wilhelm undertook to send his rock-renders into the Bristol Channel on mischief bent, then, the doom of those same rock-renders would be sealed. Out would come the rifle-club gentlemen; bang would go the toy cartridges: sore fingers to the bangers would follow—and there you are! That is characteristic of a British "Army," as understood at the moment? Although the country doesn't appear to realise the fact, it is crossing a very wide, and deep brook. At the time of crossing, it is also swopping horses, and the end of it will be—well, what usually happens when a "sport" indulges in the same game? Certain portions of his garments—to say nothing of his anatomy—become damp and uncomfortable? That's so, and the same thing will happen if real administrators are not soon placed in power. Amateurs are nice enough—theoretically; but when you get down to actual practice, you want the real practical McKoy? Of course, and we are merely wondering when you are going to set about getting them.

In this connection, we notice that the member for Stoke—Mr. John Ward—has some sensible ideas. We have frequently quoted that worthy Labour M.P., and mainly because we are proud to see that he looks at the subject from an impersonal point of view—a point which is somewhat rare in Labour representation. However, Mr. Ward is obviously interested in soldiering, for he expressed a hope that the Government would at all times insist upon the full maintenance of our voluntary system, even while he urged that a larger proportion of commissions should be set aside for the rank and file of the Army. If this were done, then, in the opinion of the gentleman referred to, it would not only help to solve the officer problem, but would attract a superior class of recruits. It is for the latter reason that we have brought the soldiering subject into these columns. For our part, we have consistently pleaded a similar cause for the Navy. But somehow or other, the powers that be affect a belief that nothing save the son of a nobleman, or "worker for the Party," is, by nature, in a position to think. The mere fact that all the examples available are to the contrary understanding, has nothing to do with the case. We had it shown us, *ad nauseam*, in the Boer War, that the average soldier officer was altogether the wrong individual to be trusted outside in the cold, damp air.

His baggage was understood to need more transport service, than all the impedimenta of the Army put together. He had to hump along his "fiz.," his cigars, his everything that should have been left behind; and which would have been left behind, if some of the so-called "lower orders"

had been in charge. It was said in extenuation, that these gilded youths knew how to die, and we are willing to acknowledge the triumph, if such it be. But it would have been ever so much more satisfactory, if they had known how to live, meting out the dying particular to the enemy? When one comes to size these matters up in a rational manner, the first essential to success in an Army—whether it be with its officers or rankers—is for it to know how to live, while passing the dying part of the undertaking to the other side. The same thing applies with the Navy, and if a little new blood were introduced into commissioned rank there, the country would be all the better for the introduction, and a better class of recruit would indubitably offer for service. Once let the man in the street know that merit would give him a commission, and he would be thronging around the Naval recruiting offices like flies around the proverbial sugar-basin.

But as matters are now, he will see us all hanged before he'll offer to chip in, for not being an ass, he sees no encouragement in joining the Naval forces at prices approximating that which might easily be earned by a London gutter merchant. The unthinking portion—yes, they'll line up for you, right enough; and of course, their services are essential, and it is quite the fashion to say all manner of nice things about them; but the average father would think twice, before he denied himself comforts for many years so that his boy might be well-educated, if he knew that, after all, the talents of that boy would be wasted at a Navy job, with under £3 per month as salary. You see it is essential to face facts, for these are hard, material times, so to speak. In the old days, and when the traditions of the Service were in process of manufacture, prize-money helped matters considerably; while little raids on Spanish galleons, and tricks of that sort, eked out the meagre pay that was *de riguer*. But at a time when the nations of the world have agreed to stand each on its own fence, and merely bark at the other fellow—well, there isn't much oof in that, is there? Moreover, if war did eventuate, prize money wouldn't unduly enrich the British sailor, seeing that most of the tonnage is under his own flag! On the other hand, although prize-money would be scarce, to say nothing of glory, as it was understood of old, wounds and sudden deaths would be plentiful. Here, again, the thinking man comes in—and stays out!

Eh? What's this? "The shipping community must be getting wholesomely tired of reading of the heroics of Sir Alfred Jones and the officers and crew of the *Port Kingston* during the recent earthquake in Jamaica." Eh? Where did we see it? We didn't see it—at least, not until an unworthy member of the shipping community aforesaid called our attention thereto. He, poor misguided fellow, is one of the brood who passes the time away in scanning free copies of current "journalism," and (but hanged if we know how) appears to have happened upon a copy of our esteemed, if peculiar, friend *Phoenix* of London. The latter—strange bird—is keen on seeing nothing but visions of the most pleasurable kind where the shipowner comes in. That is to say, we have noticed the trait in connection with shipowners who advertise in the columns of the cinder-worrying conglomeration which poses as the mythological *Phoenix*. That reminds us, and we know you won't be vexed if we digress for a few lines. Will you, now? Anyhow, we are about to risk it, so there! You all know that the phœnix yarn is a myth? Well, is that mainly the reason that its modern would-be copyist indulges in so much of the mythological?

Is it incumbent on *Phoenix* of last week (and a few weeks before) to keep to old traditions, and flood its columns with older japes of the mythological order, out of respect to the shade of the original bird which never existed? But don't bother to size the matter up, please. It will be all the same next week—aye, and the week after, for the matter of that. But why is the shipping community getting wholesomely (good word, wholesomely, what?) tired of reading of the heroics of Sir Alfred Jones and the other fellows who accompanied him on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, out West? Is it because *Phoenix* says so? Heaven forfend, for we shouldn't like to think that the said community had become so much left to itself—and consequent *ennui*—that it would take very much notice of anything which *Phoenix* might care to spread about, more or less. In connection with this little outburst (and free advertisement to a "journal" which, in our humble opinion, is sadly in need thereof) we would advise our friend that the "whole hogger" is never taken much notice of, in these degenerate days. His tale usually savours of the loaves and fishes notion, and people will turn over to the "whole hoggers" advertisement pages (if it is a "journal"), culling much inward wisdom therefrom.

Anyhow, we asked the individual who brought us the above quotation, if the Elder, Dempster concerns advertised in *Phoenix*; he said, "not that I can see;" so we reckon that we see the reason for that "wholesomely tired" business. For the matter of that, we can see the reason for the letter from "A Shipmaster" which appeared on the other side of the page out of *Phoenix*, and which was shown us by that friend already referred to. Commencing with a large-sized ess, our sapient friend remarks, "So Captain J. G. Moore is to retire from the Secretaryship of the" palace of varieties in Lord Street! Then followed some more of the hi-tiddley-hi-ti stuff for which our friend is famous (we don't really suppose that the journal is famous at all, you know. It's just our idea of etiquette, and things of that sort). After the hi-tiddley-hi-ti stuff referred to, comes in that letter from "A Shipmaster." We hate to appear unkind, but in the earlier days of our journalistic endeavour, we were requisitioned to write a number of letters weekly, under (or over) all manner of fictitious names. This was supposed to be "running a crusade" on this, that, or the other subject. We were in turn, "A Shipmaster," "Anxious," "Interested," "Doubtful," oh, and a dozen or so of other styles which escape us at the moment—but you see the point, all the same.

Anyhow, after that sort of experience, we elected—when commencing The Maritime Review—to steer clear of that somewhat low-down scheme for notoriety, and as you are aware at the moment, it is essential to sign your name "like a man," if you wish to get letters accepted for these pages. Nothing of the bogus, here, sirs, nor of the kind which might be remotely considered as bogus. But coming back to "A Shipmaster" of the *Phoenix* brand, we note that he prattles, among other items, after the following: "The public must have been struck with the criticisms which appeared recently upon the management of the Guild." Quite so, but why not honestly admit the source of those criticisms? Why not own up, fair and above board, that the whole contents of that letter from "A Shipmaster" is faked up from matter which has appeared in these columns? Journalistic area-sneaking is hardly the thing in pages which are supposed to be dedicated to Saint Shipowner (as long as he advertises?). This journal was the first to question the *bona fides* of the Guild; has been alone in its endeavour to bring about amelioration for the

unfortunate souls who erstwhile accepted that same guild as a heaven-sent institution; and now, that public opinion has been awakened to some good effect, along comes *Phoenix* with a twice-laid tale from "A Shipmaster."

GIVE us the name, old bird. Get away from the mythological when printing letters for a man who has sufficient interest to send his lucubrations to a "shipping journal," of your sort. You must admit that when topics of general interest are written about, the writer has no need to be afraid of appending his honoured, or otherwise, name. If your correspondent, *Phoenix*, had been in collar, and had written an *expcse* of the methods adopted by his employers, then, a *nom de guerre* would have been essential; but if you really wish to be taken seriously; if you would not provoke the curl of the lip which is usually apportioned to the gnawer of the bones which fall from the tables of better men; in short, if you wish to be respected, and accepted as an exponent of shipping, then, act the straight thing. Failing that, give up your struggle, and—float steamer companies. Of course, the M.S.G. is "unincorporated, unregistered, and of no legal status." You have seen it stated in these columns, *ad lib.* Why not admit the fact? And why introduce your column of "free copy," with a conglomeration of cheap wit, and cheaper grammar? Let us quote you once again, old ashes: "In fact, we would go so far as to express the unrealisable hope that in time society may amalgamate with society until only one remains, and if that one decided to voluntary wind-up, we do not know that many tears would be shed over its bier."

TAKE it from us, old bird, there is quite a number of things which you don't know, and as far as we can see, are never likely to know. For instance, why should you be so far left to yourself as to go the length of expressing an "unrealisable hope?" Isn't that a work of supererogation, while your *forte* is mythology? And what, precisely, is meant by "if that one decided to voluntary wind-up?" Did you mean, "voluntarily wind-up?" And if so, why in thunder don't you say what you mean? Many tears shed over its bier, forsooth! If you had put the matter as "many tears shed over it's beer," we could have understood he maudlin tendencies expressed, and would have chided you never a bit. We have told you before that we hate to be rude, or unchristianlike. At the same time, we have to admit to the possession of a feeling and belief that the shipowner must be somewhat hard-up for a champion, when he takes a *Phoenix* to his ample—or other sort of—bosom. If shipowner in the bulk will take a gentle hint from us (he has taken many, in the past, *Phoenix*, although, like yourself, he is ashamed to admit the fact), he will steer clear of the mythological, and pin his faith to the real; the tangible; the truthful; and which (you won't mind the grammar, being a bit rocky yourself?) is us! Fortunately for the country, there are very many good shipowners about; but they aren't all good—even if they can be cajoled into giving, an advertisement (through the charity of one old "Mac.") to a London review of this and that! Next time, dear, acknowledge the source of your inspiration. It's manlier, and anyhow, everybody that might see it, will know whence it came—THE MARITIME REVIEW.

OUR American friends are bawling themselves hoarse over the passage of the Shipping Subsidy Bill into an Act. They—when it is too late—are working up the feeling that the said passage isn't a deal, for it is—unequivocally—a "steal." Well, well! To think that, after three years, those misguided people are seeing eye to eye with us. It is just three years ago that we remarked in this connection: "If that Subsidy Bill ever becomes law, it will make no difference to the maritime might of Uncle Sam; it will merely mean the transfer of so many thousand dollars per annum from the pockets of the many, into those of the few." And now, the whole miserable truth is palpable! Americans, you have our sympathy, but seeing that this was an instance of where you fiddled while your country burned (if you'll forgive the metaphor), it is useless for you to jib, now. The subsidy will be paid, and thus will a few shipowners reap the reward which ever follows pertinacity. They stuck to their work, and the blessings which follow the "sticker" is their's. The new enactment will affect British interests neither one way or another—as far as cash is concerned. At least, not directly. But our already depleted Mercantile Marine is bound to suffer.

ALREADY, the remnant of British seamen are gleefully assuring themselves and friends, that soon there will be a free stem for anything that can "steer the binnacle." Joyfully they whisper, "Thirty dollars a month, me boy, and plenty of good victuals. No more lime-juice and vinegar for me. Dough-nuts and tantatlin tarts. No more lion and unicorn ships—the Stars and Stripes have it all on." And somehow or other, we are afraid there is a quantity of truth in the whisper. The American will not put every obstacle in the way of the race of seamen which he will now attempt to create. He has too much sense. Medical examinations, benefit books, continuous discharges, and cattle branding, generally, might do for your Act of Parliament Britisher; but a free stem—free every way—is *en regle* in the United States, and mainly for the reason that the American believes that given a free hand, his shipmasters can lick creation. On this side of the Pond, however, things are different. The only man who is supposed to know nothing at all about ships or shipping, is the shipmaster. As a natural consequence, he is kept in leading strings, and if at any time he toboggans into the unexpected—well, he is always in telegraphic touch with "the office." And time isn't money with the shipowner—as long as his boat has left a home port. Queer beliefs, aren't they?

CONTINUING with a brief consideration of the American phase of the subject, we note that Mr. Edwin S. Cramp, vice-president of the William Cramp and Son's Co., has been giving his views on the matter. When confronted with the information that Government shipbuilding yards were hopelessly out-classed in the matter of price as compared with private undertakings, he replied with:

"Why, that is not strange at all. In fact it is usually the case where figures are compared between vessels built by private contract and those constructed by the Government. That is the reason why municipal ownership has not proved a success. That is why London is going bankrupt in the effort to carry out municipal ownership."

We are glad to note that Mr. Cramp said nothing about the bankrupt state of Cardiff, and because of the same idiotic tendency. At the same time, he had a splendid opportunity offered him, an' he wished for one. Perhaps he had forgotten that, in the matter of transport, and as far as tonnage is concerned, Cardiff is "next to London." The week after next—there or thereabout—it will be ahead, and London's proud boast will be that, in tonnage handled, the city is next to Cardiff. However, continuing with the remarks of Mr. E. S. Cramp, we read:

"A battleship is just as much a manufactured article as are shoes and hats. The same principle applies. Now, the Government has no business to build ships any more than it has to manufacture rugs. Of course, there should be Government stations."

Of course, and with the remainder of the Gramp dictum—seeing that it applied to problematical trusts and things of a similar nature, and all of which are impossible in this country—we have no concern. But it is pleasing to note that some sensible people remain; that Socialism hasn't, by any means, obtained full charge as yet—praise de lor'! But why is it that a Socialist is always a poor unfortunate individual who has nothing to socialise? Human nature, isn't it? The exponents of the new cult, having nothing, and having been born tired, are willing to listen to the words of the human gas-pipe intent on spinning fairy tales!

Good old Socialist; But didn't he receive a back-hander on Saturday last, and in the City of Smoke? Don't make any mistake about it. Where there's smoke there's fire, and although the Socialists had grown to the belief that London was all smoke, Saturday as ever was, convinced 'em that there was yet a pretty fair dose of fire at hand—when needed. Anyhow, the Socialist waster of other people's money, has had the throw down of his life. One thing about it is, that the fall was well understood. Germany—as usual—took the lead, and we happen to know that quite a number of Socialists considered (after reading Germany's statement *re* the cult) that the game was over, save shouting. Still, we are at a loss as to why the Right Honourable John Burns should be speechless with rage as suggested by some of the London "dailies." "Honest John" "chucked" Socialism, quite a while ago. Right at the time when he threw his cherished £500 per annum salaries notions overboard, and took e'en as much as he could get. We have ever declared that these good souls affect Socialism as a pose; as a substitute for something better; and once allow that something better to loom above the horizon—phew, isn't there a scuttle for the new regime.

And London's victory is already putting the fear of things into the bosoms of the "labour leader." As dear old guild has attempted to work up a pension scheme, since fearing that its commanding officer might be out-classed; a has-been; and all that; so will the "labour leaders" attempt to work the same dodge. Indeed, we have it on good authority that plans are already formulated to this end; that the "leaders," realising that soon they will be a negligible quantity, are looking around for the purpose of seeing if something may not be saved out of the obvious wreckage. As we have consistently remarked: The pendulum was bound to return, and our wonder has been that it has taken so long. Think up the number of times that we have told you that the workingman was developing the habit of thinking for himself; that he objected to wholesale stuffing; and that with the march of education, the erstwhile tritons of the minnows were changing place, and soon would be the minnow of the tritons! In reply, we were given tall tales about the magnificent libraries possessed by those "labour leaders." Fudge—as we have often remarked in this connection. Book-learning is merely useful when you are prattling to a number of illiterates. Books are so cheap to-day, that the labourer as well as the "leader" may purchase on hire-system terms.

Now that winter is drawing to a close, and the fine long days will soon be upon us, the question of Sunday Excursion Steamers is one that is liable to crop up in its usual "hardy annual" fashion. There has been in the past considerable discussion over such things, not only locally but at different points around the coast where paddle wheeled "greyhounds" are wont to ply. The greatest objection to Sunday excursions locally, seems to be the evil that is attached to a too frequent bending of the elbow, in the "fore shaloon." We may say, too, "the after shaloon," for there is just the possibility of the "well dressed hooligan" being in evidence, if excursion companies decide to obtain powers to run their boats "on the seventh day." Our own experience has been that the well-dressed blackguard, who abounds in this locality, is far more objectionable than the "'orney 'anded" one. In both cases he is out seeking trouble, and he invariably findeth that which he seeks. An experiment in the matter of Sunday boat trips was tried in a Bristol Channel port a few years ago. The affair was advertised in the ordinary way during the week, and pastors were assuring their congregations that "evil would come upon the ship, and her Godless cargo." When Sunday came around, the excursion steamers' gangways were put out in the usual manner, and had to be withdrawn half-an-hour before the scheduled time of sailing, as the ship was crowded, 'fore and aft, with a "Godless cargo!"

Legislation in the matter, as far as the local powers are concerned, is often very difficult; but we fail to see why such should be the case. Councils, Local Governments, &c., are supposed to represent the feeling of the people. That they do not do so has been proved time and again, taking for instance, the case as shown above. The persons who are likely to suffer most, are the officers and crews of the boats, who during the season, put in a big percentage of hours to the twenty-four. This matter could, however, be arranged. Whatever the arrangement, it stands to give a man a better time than can be obtained "tramping" the ocean in a cargo vessel. There is a great controversy on the subject of Sunday boats, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, the council having divided over it. The clergy and other professional gentlemen, imagine that they see the smug respectability of Ventnor, degenerating into a resort for third-rate trippers. The affair has created quite a diversion in a place, where the smashing of a pane of glass (or something of the kind) is often the most exciting incident that occurs for weeks. It has now become a municipal electioneering cry at Ventnor, and the bill-posting man is doing very well over it!

It has been said that anything which affects ships and seafaring, must be of consuming interest to the Britisher. Personally, we cannot endorse the statement, for we have proved the terrible apathy of the British public to anything appertaining to the merchant ship and its crew. And not only with regard to the British public, for British Ministers are just as callous to anything which concerns the interests of Britain's "sons of the sea." However, a link of the right sort is by way of materialisation, in the Conference which begins on March 26, between the representatives of Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. We do not pretend to be sanguine as to any exceptional good which will come out of this conference, but the Colonial delegates have been chosen by their own people, while the President of the Board of Trade—a gentleman singularly gifted where ships and shipping comes in?—is concerned with representatives for the old country. As to the items which will occupy attention on this occasion, they are many and varied. Principal among them, however, will be the science of navigation, as it applies to the whole British Empire. At present, we have one Empire with many laws. By and bye, we might have one Empire, one law. Who knows?

"H. J."—We'll attend to the matter in our next issue. But why not keep it short? The "it" being understood!

"Argus."—Not much of it about you, old chap. We should have put it "near-sighted!"

"Spot."—Yes. We had a dog named that way, years ago. He's dead, now. We wish you were!

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1907.

PLAIN WORDS ON A PLAIN SUBJECT.

IN our issue of March 1, we had something to say concerning the lately-sprung Shipping Federation idea of medically examining seamen who are prepared to sign-on. We have no intention of unnecessarily traversing our remarks of that occasion. We also feel that there is no need for us to declare our beliefs as to the value of the sailors' "union." Our friends have had an opportunity of realising that we have absolutely no use for any such an "union," while it is run on lines identical with those which have obtained to the present. At the same time, we quite realise that we live in a democratic age, and that if the employer is to be given half-a-chance to carry on his business in his own way—then, that "way" must have no suspicion of caprice about it, nor must it give the looker-on the impression that anything of a spiteful nature is in evidence. This will be conceded? Very well. As the time for the practice of a "Divine right" has passed; as all that is recognised in commercial circles is the *quid pro quo* arrangement which belongs to an educated race; then, it follows that anything appertaining to the capricious should be swept away—aye, even if to successfully carry out the sweeping, means the removal of a trading company? That brings us down to a further consideration of Shipping Federation, Limited. That concern is a trading company, of course, and the liability of its members is strictly limited. No matter what trouble is brought about in the shipping world through what the Federation might be pleased to term its policy, its members are merely responsible for the amount set against their names, in the register of the concern which, in our opinion, should have been wound up years ago. An esteemed correspondent asks us if, in our opinion, the "policy" of the Shipping Federation is the outcome of its Council, or rather the privately thought-up moonshine of its alleged "management." Not being on nodding terms with the so-called "management," we are unable to state, from information received—as friend Robert would remark. But we should not like to think that a Council composed of representative shipowners, would be so misguided as to formulate an examination scheme which would be certain to play right into the hands of the sailors' "union." In all probability, that Council acts even after the manner of some of the so-called shipmasters' societies' councils. That is to say, the permanent official "thinks up" a dodge; puts it to the meeting with all manner of assurances that it is hardly worth while to bother the council therewith; the members of the latter, having only a vague and shadowy knowledge of the arrangement, attach their signs manual; and there you are. Law, straight away! Anyhow, the Shipping Federation's scheme of medical examination of seamen, has brought about the only possible result—the sailors' "union" is petitioning Parliament to compel shipping to supply its share of local poor rates; and although the thing might not come off at the first try, we may take it as an absolute fact that, ultimately, the shipowner will be assessed even as suggested. Personally, we have nothing to say on the matter of the right or wrong of the question. Nothing further than to acknowledge that for many years past, quite a number of our friends have contended that ships should supply their share of this supposedly essential item of taxation. Shipowner, himself, of course is equally insistent on claiming that such a procedure would be rank robbery, and he has quite a battery of reasons as to why he shouldn't pay, ready at a moment's notice. This is only as it should be. The shipowner, being an interested party, could hardly be expected to hail a shipping poor rate as a heaven-sent joy, and when all is said, it isn't the interested party who determines these little matters, as a rule. It is the other fellow, and you'll find—when increases in rates are suggested—that he is just the man to attempt the easement of his own burden, by plumping it on to shipowner, or anybody else for that matter. But reverting to Federation's medical examination nonsense, is it possible to imagine a greater *faux pas* on the part of a concern which affects to look after the interests of the shipowner? You see, the Federation had nothing to justify it in its busy-body tactics, and we are seriously of opinion that its "management" simply saw in the Compensation Act as applicable to seamen, an opportunity of hoisting up a bogey, so that by its mailed fist, that good old bogey could be laid by the same "management." These little dodges have been successfully worked in the past, and at the conclusion thereof, we sailormen were asked to contemplate the Chief Figure in the deal, standing majestically tall among his fellows: with a sublime smile upon his speaking countenance: a disengaged maily fist upon a massive chest; and the words, "Alone, I did it," gently meandering from out his mobile lips. It was all right, as far as it went. And we presume that, becoming bold with past successes in this direction, the Great Oneyer had come to the conclusion that he could work the same little trick indefinitely. 'Tis ever thus—if you care to consider the matter dispassionately. But on this occasion, the Mailed Fist has shattered itself against a metaphorical granite wall, and there is likely to be a legacy of regret left, after the ultimate demise of Shipping Federation, Limited. And our earnest advice to the shipowner is, that he brings about that death in short order, and before more legacies have been wrought for him. We write in this strain out of no bad feeling with either shipowner or his federation. Quite the contrary, as a matter of fact. Having worked for the shipowner for a lifetime, we naturally have an amount of respect for him, and because we also have the essential pluck to show him where the figurative rocks are —well, he shouldn't blame us for that. Before the advent of Shipping Federation, Limited, the shipowner was surrounded by wholly loyal servants; the words "owners' interests" had a real meaning; *esprit de corps* was about in overwhelming quantities; and ships paid. Let that fact not be forgotten. Since Shipping Federation—in a mistaken belief that its salaries depended on such foolishness—undertook to breed dissension and mistrust between the shipowner and his servants who must be trusted, willy, nilly, loyalty is an unknown quantity; "owner's interests" are just empty words; *esprit de corps* has fled from the scene; and ships oftener fail to pay, than otherwise. The shipowner—because he has been beguiled with specious tales with which he has no time to deal—allows the matter to go from bad to worse; and what the ultimate fate of the shipping industry will be, well, the shipowner doesn't seem to care, so why should we worry him with descriptive matter appertaining thereto? We won't, but instead of any such an apparent work of supererogation, we will ask him in all seriousness, if the latest example of Federation ineptitude (whether it be resultant from it's Council's policy, or merely from that of its "management") doesn't convince him that the sooner that Federation is laid securely away, the better it will be for all concerned—save, perhaps, the Federation's official salary-hunters? Ships will inevitably be placed on the poor rates—of that we may be sure; there are other disabilities pending, and which we have no wish to hurry along by mentioning them; and if the shipping industry is to be allowed an opportunity of putting its house in order, then, we frankly believe that this may only be done, by clearing Shipping Federation, Limited, off the scene.

PLAINER WORDS ON A PLAIN SUBJECT!

WE have been favoured with the advance proofs of some matter appearing in the March issue of our enterprising, and very successful contemporary, *The Shipmaster*. Matter which deals with the subject already appearing on the preceding page, and as our friend gives some very convincing advice on a most momentous question—the winding-up of that same Federation to which we have referred—we cannot do better than "crib" a few of its remarks for the benefit of our readers.

FOR the full text of the advice alluded to, we must refer you to the columns of *The Shipmaster*; our "lift" therefrom is represented by the following:

ERE leaving this serious subject, it will not come amiss if we recall an incident which happened to us at Hoboken, on one occasion, when discharging ballast. This true episode is given solely for the benefit of the shipowner, and as exemplifying our kindly feeling towards him.

THE name of the vessel is immaterial, but she was a lovely sample of Prince Edward's Island shipbuilding. Ribald members of the crew styled her a "cabbage stump," and they might have been near the truth, while, again, they might have been miles from it. Not that the item matters one way or the other, and it might be more to the point to remark that we happened to be the second mate on that wind-jammer.

THE Irish patriots who had originally undertaken to dig out that ballast, had gone on strike. They weren't going to work out ballast for a paltry 25 cents the hour, so a number of Italian patriots—they are generally patriots in New York, for most of them left their country for their country's good, which is a detail—were engaged at a similar rate of pay. Of course, the same "shtavy" continued at the job, and after a bit he became somewhat excited, because the tubs came not from the hold with the regularity which he considered was german to the occasion.

THIS was serious—to that "shtavy." You can see it was, can't you, now? For even a "shtavy" has a superior boss, and this one was a Semitic gentleman. A lovely discussion as to the proneness of certain races to work for other certain races obtrudes here, but—albeit reluctantly—we leave it. Well, for the purpose of squaring matters with he of the nose and beard—otherwise old Semitic—"shtavy" descended into the main hold of that Prince Edward Island built sailing ship, and what, think you, did he find?

JUDGING by the subsequent noise, we are inclined to believe that he found a variety of things; but we know that he found a number of abbreviated shovels. In other words, those Italians—with the absence of guile for which the race is famous—had chipped a couple of inches from the ends of their shovels, and that was mainly why the tubs came up from the hold with such a disheartening irregularity. Those men weren't asinine enough to strike. They had more sense. They didn't even ca' canny. But their little dodge was equally effective.

YOU can see that with a "chipped shovel," it is impossible to heave so much ballast in a given number of throws, as would apply if the shovel were several inches deeper from point to rim? Very well. The moral is fairly obvious, but to save our shipowning friends from worrying it out on their own behalf, we will explain a bit further.

IN effect, the executive officer and the shipmaster are built on lines which appertained with those Italians. The certificated seaman is too proud to parade his woes in the view of a possibly unfeeling world, so, metaphorically, he chips a bit off his shovel. If he is an engineer, he is not altogether sure that his engines will bear the last three revolutions which go to make up her number per minute; and anyhow, there is a log-book, and coal is terribly unsatisfactory at times.

FOR the matter of that, trouble with inefficient firemen has been heard of, and bad weather and racing may be made responsible for quite a quantity of lost distance. Federation freaks, too, who make big esses in the wake, and thus waste a lot of valuable power and time—well, they are all requisitioned, and are the nautical equivalent of a chipped shovel.

IN port, too, steam pipes have a nasty habit of breaking—at least, we have seen it logged that way; and winches are unsatisfactory affairs at times, supposing that reputable makers were responsible for their manufacture. You see, "reputable makers" might mean quite a number of things, as also might "weather working days." A shipowner might consider that a given day were the best in the year, from a manual labour purview; but the Old Man might have different ideas, and anyhow, he is on the spot, while the owner isn't—which probably makes all the difference?

AGAIN, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the correct rendering of the words "in turn." Some shipmasters have excessively queer ideas thereon; others have ideas that are simply queer; but in either instance, the chipped shovel comes in—as far as detention is concerned. These are but a few of the items which conduce to poor dividends, and Mr. Shipowner, cuss-words and the sack will never alter them. As we have already assured you, the sack might merely take you from the frying-pan into the fire; and a devil you know, is, admittedly, better than another that you don't know?

AND don't be offended with us for giving you this, *a la* "honest injun." We need not have done so, for it would have paid us better to pretend that everything is all right, and that the Federation is a concentrated chunk of heaven-sent wisdom. But having worked a life-time for you, we are willing to go on to the end of the chapter at the same rôle; for we, too, are sailors, and cannot ship and unship our affections as do some of the rotters around you, on shore.

THE west wind is in our blood, the sough of the sea is still in our ears, and shipowner—in our estimation—is the incarnation of both those items. Why wonder, then, that we yearn to see you educated up to the point which will admit of your realising facts? Especially as we are asking you for nothing in return? We can print your photographs, and we are conceited enough to believe that we can write genuinely readable articles anent your perfections; for that matter, we are anxious so to do, and thus show the faces of the good men to our brethren at sea.

BUT first of all, there is a greater duty before us. We wish to awaken you to a due appreciation of the fact that you are risking your magnificent supremacy, solely as the result of listening to the words of the time-server; are flouting those whose whole interest is wrapped up in your well-being; aye, as you tootle to a number of sycophants who can give you nothing in return for the thousands which you squander their way.

IT isn't too late to alter. Soon, it will be. Will you avail yourselves of the little breathing time which remains? Or will you go on in the way which we have all-too-imperfectly explained? The shipmaster is ready to forget decades of exploitation because he, too, has the west wind in his blood, and the sough of the sea in his ears; and because—which is best of all—he is a true seaman, and knew no guile until it was pumped into him by your minions.

THAT guile is merely a veneer. Is no portion of his life. He has simply adopted it to keep him, in many instances, from running amok. It is for you, Mr. Shipowner, to wean back his loyalty, even as you estranged it. Give the Old Man a chance; remember that he has a soul; that it is white until you make it some other colour; that he yearns for a return of the day when the owner's encouraging smile was a rich reward for Herculean efforts abroad; for with the return of that smile, will come the appreciation which will give the Old Man a living wage; and long passages, port detention, all clipped shovel ideas, will be off for ever.

IN that event, there will be no need for any of those Federation affairs; some £20,000 per annum will be saved on that account, alone, and will rank as a possible fund with which to pay the advance of wages which will bring about all this suggested benefit.

THERE will be more of this in the March issue of *The Shipmaster*, which, if interested, please see.

The "Berlin" Disaster's Aftermath.

NOW that the first poignancy of the shock consequent on the sad loss of the steamer *Berlin* has had time to subside, the man-who-knows is about in quite big numbers, with his heaven-sent ideas as to how all these accidents may either be obviated, or having occurred, may have their sting withdrawn. And the unfortunate part of the business is, that not only does the irresponsible man in the street rush in where angels should fear to tread, for alleged shipping journals—in their pawky attempt to side in with the shipowner—are just as bad.

ONE of the kind of "journal" referred to let's itself go after the following: "it must be remembered that passengers have it entirely in their own hands whether or not to cross in bad weather," and the solonesque piece of advice is consequent on the suggestion that the steamer companies should either give instructions for their boats to wait for daylight before entering on dangerous work; or in the alternative, hold them in altogether, when tempests lour and dangers are more than normal.

ROATH BASIN—Barque loading under C.W.R. Tip. C.R. Co.'s Tips in the distance.

IT is somewhat difficult to imagine a more asinine plea than that which we have quoted in the preceding paragraph. Indeed, it is so asinine, that one would be surprised—not to say disgusted—to find the nonsense in the columns of a comic journal which never hoped to be taken seriously: but among the "news" items of a serious "shipping journal"——! Of course, in its whole-hearted fashion of holding-up the shipping man, that "journal" hadn't *nous* enough to realise that intending passengers fulfil a dual rôle when purchasing a steamer ticket?

IN other words, the sapient "authority" referred to cannot realise that an intending passenger buys a ticket, first, to be carried to a given place; secondly, to be carried there in an expert manner. Of what use is it to pretend that a steamer passenger is weather wise, or that he knows anything about the dangers which lay around the track of the steamer on which he travels? Isn't that left—at least by implication—to the steamer company which issues the contract-to-carry?

CERTAINLY, and if those same steamer companies would issue instructions to their "shipping journal" admirers; instructions which would make them keep their comicalities to themselves, or compel them to get their blatant twaddle sub-edited by somebody that knew something of the subject; well, in either of the suggested events, it would be better for the steamer companies. When all is said on the matter, the intending passenger trusts the steamer line on which he throws his choice; it is for the managers of that line to decide when a given condition of weather is dangerous or otherwise.

AND if in the result, a little healthy criticism follows on disaster, it is utterly useless to attempt the dodging of unpleasant truths, by the dissemination of impertinences which are an insult to the intelligence of the public. Admitting that "shipowning companies are obliged, under mail contracts or other agreements, to run their vessels to scheduled time, weather or no"—which is another quotation, please note—what about it?

UNDER the conditions suggested, those companies are not compelled to carry passengers, and if a little timely advice were offered at the point of embarkation, how many would care to risk the conditions applying, in face of that advice? Mighty few, we may be sure, for experience teaches that however much a man might be in a hurry to get to a given place, he will never risk it if it can be demonstrated that he must flirt with the Great Beyond, ere arriving at his destination.

So much for that portion of the argument—if such it can be considered. The next item is the question of a rocket apparatus. Would-be solons have suggested the advisability of compelling all passenger vessels to carry a full equipment of this class of life-saving quiff. This is another instance of the wisdom of the armchair expert. Of what utility would any such a quiff have been on the ill-fated *Berlin*? Absolutely none whatsoever, and the suggestion is merely made for the purpose of winning a little cheap notoriety.

OF course, it is simple enough to think up all these little items of nautical superiority, when one is snugly ensconced in one's pet chair; when the firelight's fitful glare is rippling across the carpet-slipper-covered feet; and when the same firelight glints, and ripples across the bubbles made by the special brand of mineral water which has been introduced to the drop of whisky at the bottom—of the glass. At those times and occasions, it is similar

to trying the rocket apparatus in a Board of Trade examination room—a delusion, a sham, and a vile snare.

We quite realise that it is better to have a rocket apparatus on the ship than on the shore, and mainly for the reason—as we have seen it stated—that while one might easily miss the ship, it would be practically impossible to miss the shore. All this, however, is merely as may be. Try to think up a rocket affair working from some part of the sea-swept hull of the *Berlin*. Think it up, and having thought, say straight out, that the suggestion is preposterous. In the first place, the responsible hands went overboard at the initial rush of water which struck the doomed vessel.

Who was there left to work the suggested quiff? And if it had been possible to work it, who was there about that had the essential ability to send the poor souls on shore in the carrier? Nobody of course, for the whole thing was utterly impossible. Let us leave the domain of romance in serious considerations of this kind, even as we come down to actual fact, and an honest endeavour to put the possibility of any such future happening out of the reckoning. Steamers are already overburdened with "fancy" quiffs, none of which are worth the toss of a coin when actually needed.

If our solonesque friends had any experience of these matters, they would realise that life-boats are merely that in name: that life jackets are frequently impossible under any sort of consideration: and that life rafts, although splendid affairs when tried in dock, and in fine weather, are just a snare and a delusion when wanted in bad weather, in excitement, and when each soul present is eager to take the front place, leaving the devil to take the hindmost. Steamers similar to the *Berlin*, are in need of no suggestions from the armchair expert. Those boats are mechanically perfect, and as such, are deserving of the entire confidence of the travelling public.

Both East Dock Basin. Vessels ready to proceed to sea.

And in any case, what are we to think of the total failure—from a life-saving point of view—of the life-jackets, rafts, and affairs of a similar kind, with which the *Berlin* was supplied? For all practical purposes, those Board of Trade items might just as well have been left at Harwich. Why is this? Can any of those arm-chair experts—or the "shipping journal" solon—offer an explanation that is worthy of serious attention?

Certainly not, and mainly for the reason that both of the parties alluded to are merely speaking through their hats. As a matter of fact, the life-jacket of commerce is most useful when least wanted—and that appears a paradox. Perhaps it is a paradox: again, perhaps it isn't. But that in the case of the *Berlin* they were of little use, is amply demonstrated by the fearful loss of life. And the same thing would apply in any other instance.

In a dock, or a smooth river—where the B.T. examinations usually occur—life saving apparatus is all that may be reasonably wished for. Especially as a due notice of the examination is usually to the 'fore. But in the stress of sudden disaster, what is bound to transpire? Just what happened in connection with the *Berlin*, which was as well-found, and as generously supplied, as anything afloat. Let there be no mistake about this matter.

In other words, it is useless piling on the agony as far as the ship is concerned. Where the improvement is needed is on the shore. As we have frequently remarked, the powers that be imagine that when they are suddenly brought up against the real thing, it is proper to throw dust in the public's eye, by blaming the steamer company. Generally speaking, too, this game succeeds, and for the reason that the shipowner has merely a number of amateur champions prepared to break a lance in his favour, while the powers that be—being flush with public money—procure expert championship.

And the real need here, is a statement as to the fitness or otherwise of that north pier on which *Berlin* struck; of the efficiency of the light which is placed on its outer end; whether that light is dependable, and burns brightly in its unattended state: whether an approaching navigator may do other than guess his position in the midst of the smother of foam which continuously covers the pier; and whether the Dutch authorities have done their share of the business, even as did the steamer company?

We have no wish to ask these questions out of idle curiosity. We happen to have navigated in past that same pier on more than one occasion, and out of the fulness of the knowledge gained by that experience, we unhesitatingly say that the pier is not efficient; that its light is not trustworthy; and that an approaching navigator may never get more than an approximate idea as to where he is steering—when bound for the Niewe Waterweg, in bad weather and darkness. The place is bad enough in the broad light of day, for even then, one is in doubt as to where the pier begins, and the water around it, ends.

Therefore, let us have no more of this idle chattering, either from the alleged "expert," or from his yoke fellow the London "shipping journal" of a sort. As we remarked last week, the travelling public is in need of fact on this occasion, leaving the fiction for summer skies, and summer zephyrs. The Niewe Waterweg is either a safe waterway or it isn't. What is the decision to be?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 6, 1907.*

MEN may go, and men may come—no, no, that is wrong. But never mind. Our intention was to remark that no matter what mankind happens to be engaged upon at the moment, an unsettled feeling continues in the coal trade. Of course, there is nothing particularly new in that. The same old unsettled feeling has been about for several weeks past, and both seller and buyer are engaged upon the "I would if I could" act.

CERTAINLY, there has been no increased activity on either side, and in the absence of any pressing amount of demand, this may hardly be wondered at. The seller cannot sell, and the buyer cannot buy, so under those circumstances, prices will not vary very much—in fact, they are prices merely out of courtesy, and for the purpose of giving them a name.

As a matter of fact, and outside of the collieries' present engagements, there is but little of a prompt nature about, so that the position continues in a most unsatisfactory state. Naturally, the collieries which are managed by far-seeing people, are fortunate enough to have stems that keep them well employed. Others again, are in the opposite condition, although in all too many instances, it is not so much a near-sightedness where future requirements were concerned.

No! It is the tonnage question which is playing havoc with the coal trade. At least, it is the absence-of-tonnage question. A few weeks ago, and quite a number of those good souls were groaning about congestion at the docks. Well, at the present moment they would willingly give a big apple to see the docks moderately filled with empty tonnage. It is ever thus, and, as the philosopher remarked, it never rains but it pours!

MEANWHILE, and in the absence of that essential tonnage, there is nothing for it but to go on accumulating a string of filled wagons, even as one prays for the advent of an equally long string of ships—and hang all congestion. But where a given colliery has one of the strings of wagons referred to, and the visible supply of empty wagons is rapidly becoming of a microscopic character—what is to be done? in reason, that is to say?

WELL, all that may be done, is precisely what those unfortunates are doing. They are prepared to concede, as long as the concession will release a given number of those Wagons. You see, a sensible man argues that it is better to sacrifice, say, threepence on a ton of coal, than it is to lose a shilling in wagon hire—and he is right every time, At the same time, we have to acknowledge that even here, there is but little to favour the coalowner.

You see, the buyer is a leary individual—or he wouldn't be able to practice at Cardiff Docks! Being of that class of human being, he feels that "in for a penny, in for a pound" is as likely to suit him as anybody else. Under these circumstances then, you can see how matters are ranging. By a study of subjoined list, you will be able to see how prices range:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 3d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 0d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d, 10s. 0d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.	9s. 0d.
Seconds ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3 l.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	12s. 9d.,	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	32s. 0d., 33s. 0d.	32s. 6d.	32s. 6d.	32s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	31s. 0d., 33s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. 0d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	23s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 6, 1907.*

THE market, here, during the past week, has not varied materially, and, taken on the whole, has remained fairly steady. True, prompt coals have been more plentiful, but this has been ascribed to delay of tonnage; and odd, prompt lots have been secured at somewhere under recent prices. This, as it may be, but there is no weakness noticeable, and trade is still regarded as satisfactory. Forward, there is a good enquiry, and the indication is all in favour of present values being well maintained into the future.

ANTHRACITE COALS continue firm. Stems being full, and a good demand; they could hardly be otherwise. This demand being rather in excess of the supply is giving values a tendency to improve, and already here and there better prices have been obtained, even for prompt shipment. RED VEIN LARGE remains in splendid request at recent figures. MACHINE MADE COALS, especially PEAS and NUTS, are a strong market, the stuff being actively enquired after. CULM and DUFF show no alteration, but are ruling steady at present figures.

STEAMS have not improved. Supplies are plentiful for prompt shipment, for which position there is not much demand. Consequently, quotations are not always adhered to, but all depends upon the position.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked / Malting Large ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 21s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 7½d.	15s 9d.	15s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 9d.	22s. 9d.	22s. 6d., 23s. 0d.	22s. 6d., 23s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d., 6s. 0d.	5s. 9d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 0d	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending March 8, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Hong Kong, *Gibraltar,* 5,000 tons, 14s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Aden, *Asama,* 8s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Cape Colonna,* 3,600 tons, 12s. 3d.
Selma, 5,000 tons, 12s. 3d.
Roath, 5,700 tons, 12s. 3d.
Las Palmas or Teneriffe, *Cordova,* 2,800 tons, 7s.
" " *Behera,* 2,500 tons, 7s.
Cape Verdes, *Cairn——,* 2,200/2,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Nether Holme, 2,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Najaden, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cairnalt, 2,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Huttonwood, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Burnholme,* 4,800 tons, 14s. 9d. fuel.
Maltby, 5,200 tons, 13s.
Induna, 5,300 tons, 13s.
Buenos Ayres La Plata, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 12s. 4½d.
Dakar, *Herakles,* 1,900 tons, 7s. 3d.
Cairnglen, 1,900 tons, 7s.
Colastine, *Yearby,* 3,200 tons, 15s.
St. Vincent, *Cairnross,* 2,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cairn Marth, 1,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Dunholme,* 4,000 tons, 11s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Simoom,* 6s. 9d.
Amarvllis, 6s. 9d.
Northam, 6,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Imperial, 4,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Khalif, 4,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Abbotsford, 5,900 tons, 6s. 9d.
Wimborne, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Swindon, 5,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Genoa Savona Spezzia or Leghorn, *Josef Agost Fohereeg,* 4,200 tons, 8s. 7½d. 500.
Savona Spezzia, *Romsdalen,* 3,700 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " *Cronshagen,* 2,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " *Carranza,* 3,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Cheltonian,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Woodburn, 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Lady Gray, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Christian Born, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Hartburn, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Grocsaen, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Rugheian, 3,750 tons, 7s.
Craigronald, 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Ramleh, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Algiers, *Velos,* 1,800 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Diligente, 2,100 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Messina, *Frisia,* 1,900 tons, 7s. 6d.
Naples, *Maria,* 3,700 tons, 7s. 4½d. 1,000, or 7s. 6d. if 800, (N. or P.T.)
Or Leghorn, *Spennymoor,* 3,850 tons, 7s. 3d. 700.
Venice, *Andriana,* 4,300 tons, 8s. 6d. 500, 8s. 7½d. if 400.
Valencia, *Luque,* 1,900 tons, 6s. coal, 6s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Reading,* 2,700 tons, 8·75 fcs.
Steamer, 4,900 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Mistral, 2,400 tons, 8·70 fcs. coal, 9·70 fcs. fuel, (s).
Segontium, 1,100 1,400 tons, 8·75 fcs. (s).
Ninian Stuart, 2,300 tons, 8·50 fcs. ppt.
Resolution, 2,750 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Steamer, 3,600 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Steamer, 1,900 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Sirius, 5,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Savona or Spezzia, *Norden,* 2,700 tons, 8s. spot.
Spezzia, *Bagdale,* 4,600 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Steamer, 2,700 tons, 8s.
Palermo Messina or Catania, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Brindisi, *Mountoswald,* 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 500.
Trieste, *Southport,* 5,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
Syra, *Lady Iveagh,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
Constantinople, *Ellewoutsdyk,* 3,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Piræus, Steamer, 7s. 1½d.
Iser, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Ergasteria, *Penpol,* 2,500 tons, about 8s. 3d.
Kustendje, *Tre——,* 7s. 6d.
Villaricos, *Saga,* 1,500 tons, 8s.
Arzew, *Talabot,* 1,500 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel (s).
Seville, *Elorrio,* 1,600 tons, 6s. (N).
Tarragona, *Venedotian* or sub., 1,300 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Bona, *Sahel* or sub., 2,600 tons, 8 fcs.
Gibraltar, *Porthcawl,* 2,500 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Malta, *George Royle,* 3,200 tons, 6s.
Loyal Briton, 6s.
Lisbon, *Tyr,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 3d.
Westergate, 2,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Vigo, *Larpool,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d. f.d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Libau, *Dodona,* 1,500 tons, 7s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Ida,* 1,450 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Solon, 1,800 tons, 6·25 fcs. (P.T.).
Nantes, *Avoca,* 1,900 tons, 6·75 fcs. coal, 7·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Sapphire, 2,000 tons, 6·50 fcs. (P.T.)
St. Nazaire, *Rundo,* 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Mary Lohden, 1,800 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Treherbert, 2,000 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Charente, *Pomaron,* 1,900 tons, 6 fcs.
Sables, *Botnia,* 1,400 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Frutera,* 1,000 tons, 5·75 fcs. option Rochefort, 6 fcs. (s).
Matienzo, 2,900 tons, 5·37½ fcs., option Rochefort 5·62½ fcs.
Astillero, 2,000 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Chantenay, *Discovery,* 2,950 tons, 5·75 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Dunelm,* 1,000 tons, 4s. 3d. option Rochester, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Limerick, *The Monarch,* 700 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Belfast, *William Rowland,* 350 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Invergordon, *Lossie,* 250 tons, 8s. (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Wear,* 1,500 tons, 3s. "
Portland, *Enterprize,* 1,500 tons, 3s. "
Portsmouth, *Kilmaho,* 3,400 tons, 3s. "
Dalegarth, 2,200 tons, 3s. "
Sheerness, *Swiftsure,* 1,150 tons, 3s. 6d. option Chatham, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Dartmouth, *Tyr,* 750 tons, 4s. 1½d. (N).
Guernsey, *Odd,* 880 tons, 6s. (s).
Augusta, 560 tons, 6s. option Llanelly or Burryport loading, 5s. 3d. (s).
Duclair, *G. Player,* 700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Rouen, *Aarvak,* 1,100 tons, 6s.
Loughborough, 880 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Seagull, 800 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Brest, *Ophir,* 1,450 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Devonia, 1,900 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Gatesgarth, 2,200 tons, 3s. 3d.
Honfleur, *Spind,* 1,200 tons, 5s.
Calais, *Juno,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 3d.
Or Dunkirk, *Bifrost,* 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
St. Valery, *Mary Emily,* 350 tons, 10s. (s).
Dieppe, *Adolf,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Peter Hamre, 1,500 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Caen, *Frederick Carow,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Girda, 1,150 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Trouville, *Abingdon,* 500 tons, 6s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Lisbon to Cardiff, *Tyr,* 1,900 tons, 5s.

Articles of Agreement.

Is it a physical impossibility to draw up an efficient set of Articles of Agreement, for use in the Mercantile Marine? Judging by the everlasting law-suits which are indulged in—and generally over simple matters which an ordinary business man would dispose of in ten minutes—over the existing sample, it would appear to be a rank impossibility. Why is this? Is it that the shipowner is so fond of the lawyer, that the former feels he must subsidise the latter by every available means?

We can hardly believe that the suggestion is responsible for the rubbishy clauses which amble along in the Articles as we have them to-day, and that the clauses referred to are rubbishy, may not be truthfully gainsaid. Roughly speaking, there is a generally accepted form of Agreement current at the shipping offices of the country; but if the shipowner so pleases, he may supplement these even as seemeth good to him.

Needless to say, such supplementing is carried out by amateurs, and at the last moment, so when the validity of the agreement is questioned—on either side—nothing but a law suit (with a probable final appeal to the House of Lords) will satisfy those concerned. And even here, there is no possible good to be expected, for in nine cases out of ten, the point at issue is terribly remote, and unlikely to again occur, in ten generations.

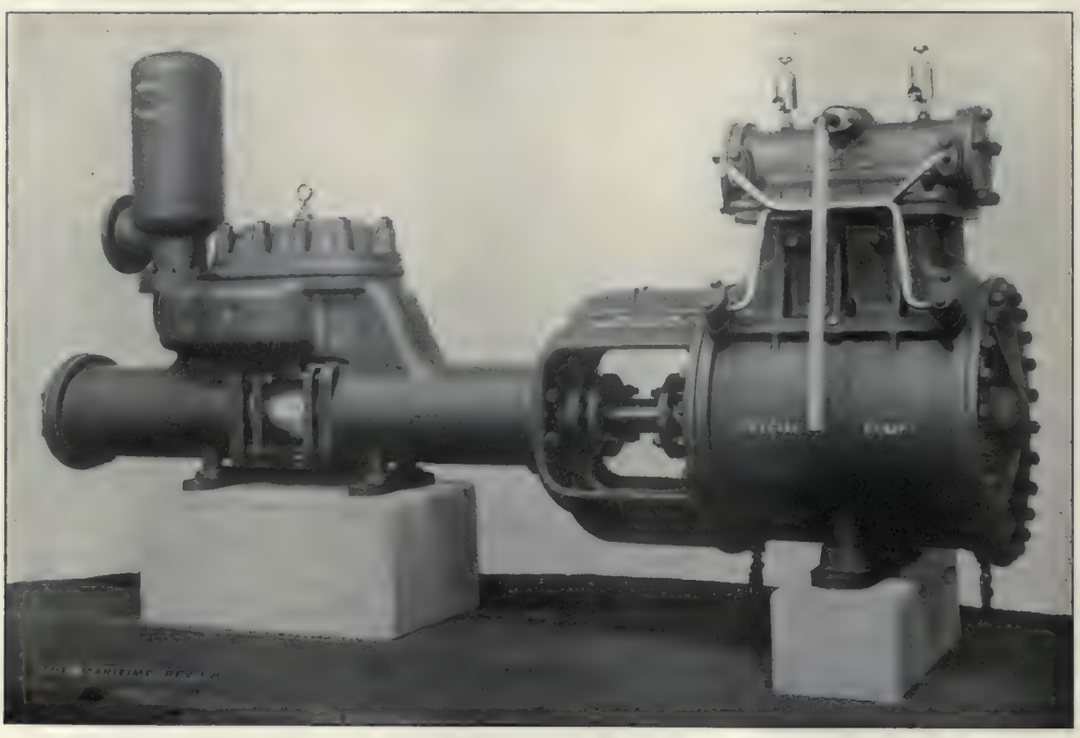
It has been said—and in all probability with much to warrant the assertion—that shipowning disputes with seamen are much after the nature of a gamble; a gamble, too, where the employer owns most of the trumps. In other words, the latter gentleman fights the case with public money (that is to say, with the cash which should belong to his shareholders), while the seaman has to fight with his own—or be bested.

Obviously, this is poor business, and when a fight comes off, the lawyers are quite all that benefit, for probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the amount in dispute is equivalent to a tenth of the resultant costs. If these fights were on account of a fundamental principle, well and good; but as we have already remarked, they are nothing at all of the sort, and mainly take the form of a pronounced disinclination on the part of the shipowner, to be proved guilty of a mistake, once having made an assertion.

This being so—and it certainly is—hasn't the time come when an up-to-date set of Articles of Agreement should be drafted? The country surely possesses a sufficiency of brains to admit of this, and once it is done, there need be no further squabbling on the part of either employer or employed. For, when all is said, it is anything but seemly to find a respectable employer represented in the law courts, as refusing to pay a few paltry pounds which might, or might not belong to the seaman.

That is to say, the might or might not is apparent to anybody who studies the agreement under which the dispute arises. And anyhow, it is certainly the employer's business to see that the agreement which he offers a servant, is in order, and capable of sensible interpretation, without a law case on every occasion where a dispute is toward. We have an idea that if the shipping industry would take the trouble to total up the amount which is spent in legal expenses, and also total up the apparent gain from the various "wins," there would be greater heart-burning than already exists in those quarters.

Of course, it is only right that the legal gentlemen should be supported. They serve an apprenticeship to their business, and are available on that account. At the same time, we fail to see why the shipping investor should be made to put up the larger portion of this support as an investor, and also pay out another amount as a private individual. Do you, good people? If not, you can easily see that the time has arrived when the sailors' Articles of Agreement should be written out on lines which do not suggest that an escaped lunatic has been busy therewith. What do you think?



The Class of Pump used in Modern Collieries.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 21st, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

2,676 06—JOHNSON—***Improvements in Indicators for measuring the fathoms of ships' chain cable veered out or hove in.***

This invention relates to an indicator for measuring the length of ships' cable veered out or hove in, and consists of a wooden box within which is a pulley in communication with the windlass which is veering out or heaving in the cable. On a projecting end of the spindle of the pulley is maintained a pinion which gears with a larger toothed wheel on a second motion shaft, the toothed wheel transmitting motion to the second motion shaft on which is another pinion gearing with another toothed wheel. On the spindle of this toothed wheel is another pinion in gear with another toothed wheel, the largest of the series. On the face of this are markings indicating the number of fathoms paid out. The box has a quadrant-shaped piece cut away at the side with an indicating finger mounted below, and as the dial is rotated past the opening, the finger indicates the number of fathoms.

2,706 06—SIEMENS BROTHERS, LTD., & DIESELHORST—***An improvement in the manufacture of submarine cables and the like.***

According to this invention a substitute is provided for the tar used in the insulation of submarine cables. Instead of the tar, coal tar pitch or stockholm tar pitch mixed with green oil or anthracene oil is employed in such proportions that the mixture has a consistency equal to that of gas tar.

2,756 06 PITT—***Improvements in and relating to gear for use in raising, lowering, and disengaging ships' boats and the like.***

This invention relates to disengaging gear for ships' boats, and consists of various improvements tending to give greater rapidity and simplicity of operation. The after lever hook is so designed and mounted on its pivot that it is capable of ready control by a lever of limited length. The adjustment of the span connecting the span shackles is provided for by means of a stretching screw inserted in the span. Lubrication of the bearing surface on the frame is provided for at the after lever hook supports by making openings at various distances from the rotative centre, and filling these with vaseline. A locking pin is provided, so arranged that when in use it will ensure that the after lever hook is fully home. The underneath surface of the lever of the after hook is provided with an extended bearing surface, and the hook is so formed that the insertion of a safety pin through the frame is only possible when the hook is fully engaged.

9,552/06—YOUNG & CLARK—***Improvements in or relating to the winding cages of collieries.***

This invention relates to colliery cages of the open-end type, the object of this invention being to prevent accidents caused by men being thrown out on a sudden jerk. Accordingly, at the ends of the cage, platforms of flexible metal shutters are provided. The shutters are conducted over rollers on the top of the cage, and provided with guides sliding in slots at the sides of the cage. At the upper ends the shutter is connected by springs securely anchored to the cage. When not in use, the springs pull the shutters over the roof of the cage. When men are being carried the shutter is pulled down and retained by a catch. In order to prevent the shutters yielding to the full capacity of the springs if a man is flung against them, safety chains are anchored above the roof and attached to the shutters, the chains only allowing a slight yielding of the shutters.

5,961/06—PARKIN—***Improvements in the method of and means for conveying or transferring coal or other mineral or substance from the underground workings of mines to the surface thereof.***

This invention relates to means for transporting coal from workings of mines to the surface without the use of tubs or trams. The coal is delivered direct on to conveyors fixed in the main roadway of the mine, close to and at right angles to the working face. From there it is transferred into bins or hoppers provided at the bottom of the pit-shaft. It is then delivered into the cage, drawn up to the surface, and emptied on to more conveyors.

1,936 06—LAKE—***Improvements in coal and like washers.***

This invention relates to coal washers of the kind in which a pan to receive the coal and water is hung on suspended rods and is given a reciprocating motion and a percussive action so as to separate the material into two layers according to weight. The object of this invention is to provide an improved pan so that there shall be a thorough separation of all impurities.

According to this invention the pan has a single bottom of riffles adapted to retain the water, and at the same time allow of the escape of the finer impurities. A series of looser riffles are alternated with a series of stationary riffles, the loose riffles oscillating with the movements of the pan.

17,466 06—HULETT—***Improvements in ship loading apparatus.***

This invention relates to a fueling apparatus for ships. An open framework is mounted near the source of supply, and supports an excavating bucket to remove the fuel and deposit it into a hopper whence it is directed into an inclined conveyor for carrying it to an adjustable conveyor. This conveyor comprises an endless belt, mounted to run on rollers and supported by idle rollers. The conveyor belt passes below a drive roller secured to a flexible driving shaft. When it is desired to move the conveyor inward or outward, the conveyor belt is locked to one of the rollers on which it is mounted, and the drive rollers are turned in the proper direction, thereby drawing the frame of the conveyor away from or into the ship. A lever is pivoted to the frame of the conveyor and carries a brake shoe engaging the conveyor and clamping it to the roller at the end of the frame. A segment is provided to be engaged by a dog on the lever to hold the brake shoe against the conveyor and prevent its moving over the roller. When the conveyor is thus locked to the roller on the frame, and the driving mechanism is operated, the frame will be made to move longitudinally as the conveyor is prevented from moving over the roller on the frame.

These applications for patents, are until April 6th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THE remark is by no means original (indeed, we have made it on dozens of occasions, ourselves), but it is chock-a-block full of truth to say that this is—yes—a cru-ell world. Cruel, unfeeling, unkind, unanything which means the same thing, there or thereabout; and we don't care a considerable amount, who knows it. That is precisely how we feel at the moment, and it all comes about as the result of our trying to do an information-seeker a good turn, last week. You, gentle reader, might remember that we descriptionised, somewhat, on the occasion referred to, anent bankrupts of a particular sort. Very well.

+ + +

IN accordance with our invariable custom, too, we refrained from all attempt to hurt anybody's feelings—supposing those runaway girls have such things concealed about them; cited two parallel cases; and ticked the sufferers off as A. and B. In our own humble manner of viewing the subject, we honestly believed that we deserved well of our friends, but we were wrong. Awfully wrong! Let us explain; especially as there appears to be a quantity of doubt about the supposed subtleties of our last week's yarn to you on this page. As a rule, our remarks are considered as sufficiently explanatory, but last week's were exceptions.

+ + +

PROBABLY that is for the reason that we never had the felicity of "passing through the hoop," even by proxy, and if you have given attention to the matter, you will have noticed that when a writer launches forth "on the deep," from hearsay, he usually fails in making the impression intended. Eh? Yes, and that is why some of our contemporaries are so twaddley when they get off on shipping subjects. They know nothing about it, at first hand—even as we knew nothing of the absconding bankrupt act, at first hand, too. Of course, we aren't so awfully ancient yet, and—well, one never knows one's luck, in this cru-ell world. Does one, now?

+ + +

HOWEVER, this will not do. Going on at this rate, we shall never come to the real milk in the cocoanut; shall never explain to you why we consider the world as exceptionally cruel at the moment. It all happened on Friday morning, last, and the cause of it was a learned, and generally esteemed Docksman. He strolled in to these offices, quite casual-like, and after throwing him a cheery nod, he seated himself in a cosy chair at the end of our desk. "Morning," he remarked, which was a non-committal method of putting it. "Good morning," we replied, with an end-of-the-week-accent on the "good." "Fine day," said he. "It is," we admitted.

+ + +

You can easily imagine that this was becoming interesting, and we just hinted at the fact. "Financial Editor about?" asked our visitor. He wasn't, but that didn't matter. His understudy—ourselves of this occasion—was there, and that ought to have been good enough. As a matter of fact, it was good enough, for our friend quizzically remarked, "Thought this was a shipping journal?" We merely looked a bit bored. You see, we were somewhat of opinion that certain people took an awful amount of conviction—no offence, or double meaning, you understand; and our bored look soon got its intended work in.

+ + +

"TEACHING Euclid, these days, aren't you?" was the next query which fluttered around on the official carpet. ('Tisn't a carpet, really, but it reads better like that.) "Euclid?" we ejaculated. "What are you talking about?" "Well," drawled our visiting friend, "it struck me that you had made a start in this morning's issue. First proposition. First Book: to describe an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line: what?" This was becoming embarrassing! Our friend looked sane enough, but we quite realise that looks are not much to go on. Some fellows look honest, right up to the moment when their little gripsacks are packed; a single ticket somewhere is taken; and they are off on the first lap of an extended "bunk!"

+ + +

No! We are setting but little store on looks. Why, we remember hearing a man say, some little time ago, that our chief looked "soft," and another fellow chimed in with, "Aye, but he isn't!" So much for looks. Getting back to our friend, we haughtily demanded what he wished to insinuate, but haughtiness was altogether thrown away, just there. Said he: "It's right enough. Let AB be the given finite straight line, see? What comes along, next?" Talk about embarrassing! It was a heap worse. "Look here, sir," we began, "our symbols A and B had nothing to do with any straight line; on the contrary, rather, for they were merely used to express the metaphorical personalities referred to in the context."

+ + +

"THAT'S all right," remarked our bore, encouragingly. "Let AB be the given finite straight line, and thereon you wish to describe an equilateral triangle. A triangle, that is, having three equal sides and three equal angles. Geometrically expressed, that is a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever. Moreover, it is the fundamental basis of every bit of straight work extant. AB represents the finite straight line, therefore A is at the beginning of it, while B is a little bit outside the end. In other words, A has plenty of straight line in front of it; B appears to have all its straight line, behind." Right here, we became ratty in the extreme, and with a threatening glint in our port optic, bade our visitor to get him hence.

+ + +

WELL, he got, right enough, for when that glint works up as suggested, we are not to be trifled with! Thought we'd better explain the thing, in a ship-shape and Cardiff Docks manner. At the same time, the wretch had one more shy at our Euclid—as he termed it—for floating in through the rapidly closing door, we heard the last of his remarks about some old AB being the given finite straight line. Of course, you'll agree with us, that this was most unkind, aye, and altogether uncalled for? But what may one do when a bore of that class happens along? Personally, we almost wished that he, too, had done the runaway girl act, in which event, we should have been left to pursue our work, in our own way.

+ + +

AT the moment of writing these lines, it is Thursday middle-day, and we shouldn't like to state how many times we have thought of our friend's impertinence of Friday, last; or what the hangment he meant by reiterating the words "Let AB be the given finite straight line?" But, dear us! We sat down with the intention of filling this page with money matters, instead of which we have been beguiled into giving you a hark back to your happy schooldays! Never mind. There's a brand new day (and money column) on Friday next, and in the interval, we should be glad to give any reader an acid-drop, if he can explain to us the meaning of the words used by that interloping friend of ours. You know: "Let AB be the given finite straight line." We would willingly go on with the theme, but what may one do when the bottom of the page is reached? Let this be a finite straight page, Let—but never mind!

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 161. FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1907. Threepence.

WAS IT EXACTLY LIKE THIS?

The Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, etc., etc.: "I *must* have a look at my nautical *alma mater* before I go back to the City. I've assimilated more nautical facts from that same building, than from all other sources put together. Bless you, my fr-r-r-iend!"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—WAS IT EXACTLY LIKE THIS?	65
MARITIME MURMURS	66
THE ALLEGED NAVAL DISCUSSION IN PARLIAMENT	72
THE NIPPON NIPPER AND UNCLE SAM	73
THE SUBMARINE TRAMP	75
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	76
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	77
TRIMMINGS FROM THE NAVAL ESTIMATE DEBATE	78
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	79
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	80

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

VIEWING the subject with an unprejudiced mind, it would appear to be anything but a continued round of Dutch cheese and onions, beer and skittles, or any other combination thereafter which might suit one's fancy, being a multi-millionaire. We have written similar remarks ere this, but we don't mind repeating them, and mainly for the reason that there is a tremendous amount of truth underlying the business. Consider Mr. John D. Rockefeller in the connection suggested by the foregoing, and having considered, pity the sorrows of a poor unfortunate millionaire. Here are people running around making wild statements that the Oil King is worth anything up to £200,000,000, and the yarn has given the world's wealthiest wrangler a fit of the blues! So much so, that he is taking great pains to assure all whom it may interest, that instead of his "fortune" going into the nine-figures stage, he is merely worth a paltry £60,000,000. Is in fact, a comparatively poor man, as these things go to-day. Moreover, the gentleman's income is not a ha'porth more than four-and-a-half millions per annum, and if anybody dares suggest that it is, then, that same suggester is a base perverter of the truth, and deserves all he may get—of the millions.

OUR sympathy goes out to you, Mr. Rockefeller, and if we catch any feller pretending things about you, we'll throw rocks and other items at that feller—yes we will. Then again, think of those religious fanatics who, not so long ago, put the Rockefeller millions under the ban, so to write it; who declared that the whole of the money was tainted: that there were other things beside the smell of kerosene about the greenbacks; and that as a consequence, they wanted none of it. We have a shrewd suspicion that the strictures referred to were responsible for the melancholia with which the Standard Oil Magnate (all in caps.!) was stricken. But even so, there is balm in Gilead; yes, and for these comparatively poor men. There is another authority on oof out for more of the root of all evil; he has actually crossed the Pond in search thereof; and if you do not recognise the worthy soul when we inform you that he recently motored from one end of this country to the other, in search of souls and other unconsidered trifles of a more earthly nature; you might have heard of him under his home-made title of "General" Booth? Anyhow, that gentleman has acted as we have suggested, and he is now busily engaged in giving assurances to Mr. Rockefeller.

WHAT are the assurances? Well, principally, that Rockefeller's money is not tainted; that, indeed, no money can be tainted—when given over to Booth management; and the latter worthy must be growing modest in his advanced years, for he is represented as having said that he merely needs a million pounds to work off some ideas that are near to his heart. For our part, and after having stood watching the "faithful" and their efforts at raising a collection, we can believe that there is but precious little taint about the shekels which ultimately find their way to "headquarters." At the same time, we can hardly see why Mr. Rockefeller should be expected to part with a million of his hard-won money, just to give "General" Booth the near wish of his heart. Especially as so far in the struggle for the odd million, no straightforward statement has been given the world, as to what the money is intended for. Of course, if all the world were brands plucked from the burning, and had, therefore, a great amount of gratitude and other things to bestow on the "General," we could understand that these statements about near wishes, should be followed with the eye of faith. But there is a tremendous number of unredeemed people about, as yet; folk who wish to know the why and wherefore of a matter; and who have a distinct objection to anything of the nature of a pig-in-a-poke.

AT the same time, we can quite understand that it is only right and proper for the S.A. to come to the rescue of the S.O.—although we should have been better pleased if an S.E. had been sandwiched in between, if only for the sake of appearances. Yes, the Salvation Army ought to bless the Standard Oil. You see, oil will burn like all that, and if the other concomitant is good as a fire-extinguisher, then, here is its chance in life? We wish to be good, and kind,

in these little matters; but after reading the "religious" stuff which is kept on tap for Salvation Army insurance undertakings—and *vide* one *John Bull*, a week or so ago—we find it extremely difficult to believe in the disinterestedness of these jubilee arrangements. Furthermore, we have heard some quite good people remark that it was hardly in accordance with their ideas of religion, to be faced with a ten-feet poster of a patriarchal-looking gentleman, on which the sole legend appeared to be "the General is coming," and 'fore all the world as if that same "general" were the Redeemer of mankind. And personally expressed, we are willing to believe that the Salvation Army has worked wonders in the world, but isn't there just a bit too much of the "general" in it all, for modern ideas?

In other words, isn't the Salvation Army worked on lines similar to those obtaining with a certain guild of which we wot, and have frequently written up in our own inimitable style? We leave it to you. And getting away from the Army—so-called—let us gossip a bit of that same old guild. In doing so, we sincerely hope our esteemed and respected friends Mr. John D. Rockefeller and "General" Booth, will forgive us for mentioning themselves and guild administrators in the same paragraph; and we are sure that we shall receive absolution, if our remarks are followed along to their logical conclusion. Far be it from us to suggest that the secretary of the guild is, or was, a competitor with either a Rockefeller or a Booth. Not at all, and we wish to be clear on this point, for when all is said, wealth is merely a matter of personal opinion. Mr. Rockefeller is bewailing his sad lot consequent on having a paltry £60,000,000 as capital, and another paltry £4,500,000 as income; while the "general" admits that if he had another million, he could do things therewith: and all of which goes to show that wealth is, after all, merely comparative—all other claims to the contrary notwithstanding. As a suitable set-off to this affair, we are informed that the secretary of the guild is to be pensioned off with a paltry £330 per annum! There's a fall for you, good people! From a discussion of £4,500,000 per annum, we deign to notice those who merely walk off with £330!

But hold on! Don't imagine that we are clear about the matter, for the direct opposite is the case. As far as Mr. Rockefeller is concerned, we realise that he has fought the world on oil, aye, and has beaten it, too. His methods might be peculiar; they might not be: but whichsoever item is correct, there is no getting away from the fact that while accumulating all that wealth for himself, he has been the means of giving a living to quite a crowd of human beings? Very well, then. The same thing applies to the "general." He might have engineered a good time for himself out of his missions, or he might not have done. We do know that he had the splosh wherewith to do himself fairly proud on that motor-run—and tours of the country in a motor car may not be run for nothing. But viewed from any standpoint one cares to adopt, that same "general" has made it possible for quite a number of peopie to hear the chink of coin when, under other circumstances, they might have gone to the grave deaf in that particular. Think of the "lasses" who shook their collecting boxes under your nose during the past week that ever was—"self-denial week" they styled it, and it heaves around at seemingly frequent intervals? It is open to suppose that, at least, a portion of that collection goes to defray local expenses?

Naturally! Therefore, those collectors received the chance of their lives through the brainy action of the "general?" This being so, we are not among they who envy the "general" a good time in a motor car, no, nor even a good show on the hoardings of the country with the legend "the General is coming" in big letters underneath the accompanying picture—printed in a S. A. printery. It cannot be denied that the "general" has opened the way for many to earn a more or less precarious livelihood, but what, O, what, has the secretary of the guild done in this connection? We want to know, you know, for when the secretary of a concern which affects to cater for the shipmaster and his mates; and who, after a fourteen years run which is noted chiefly for its subscription-collecting ability, retires on about £100 a year more than is earned by a shipmaster engaged upon his strenuous calling—well, we wish to hear about it. It seems to us, that if a shipmaster in commission is merely worth, on an average, £216 per annum, then, £330 for a retired shipmaster-cum-secretary is a power of good money wasted. As a matter of fact, and judging by the contents of our letter bag, a goodly number of the members of the guild think similarly. At the same time we have to admit that those members appear to have been out-flanked in the main.

They might not see it—as yet. But if every man-Jack of them decided to leave the guild this afternoon, leaving only the "staff" in charge, then, there would still be enough money left in the interest of the guild's "invested funds," to pay the secretary's pension, and several other items. Now even as we have no envy for the "general" already referred to having a fine motor car run over the land, we shouldn't envy the retiring secretary of the guild his pension, providing we could find that he had done more for the certificated officer than is expressed by the words subscription-hunting. We cannot find that he has, and although the disability might be all our own, it is there. Of course, this might be a mere flash in the pan—this pension-giving idea; again it mightn't. In any case, the agreement to pay the pension, as well as the new set of rules which made the payment apparently possible, is a doubtful quantity, in our opinion. When all is said, can a concern having no legal standing enforce its rules or agreements? May not every member of that amiable combination refuse to pay one cent for a contingency that was worked up fourteen years after the birth of the guild?

And is the new set of rules anything more than waste paper, if contested in a court of law? At the same time you gentle sailormen, there is "the fund," and as far as that is concerned, we have a shrewd suspicion that possession, here, is nine points of the law! However, you have received enough warning on this head, and if you have no objection to posing as a laughing-stock for the world, we are sure we shall say never a word against it. When an alleged 13,000 of our professional brethren will sail away, and thereby tacitly agree to give a pensioner more than the vast majority of that number may ever hope to earn on active service—well, we are glad that we sold our sextant some years ago, and that up to now, we have neglected to have our certificate of competency framed and hung. We remarked, last week, that our Cheerful Idiot had been booted for daring to style the members of the guild as "Moore's Silly Gulls." Since reading that pension yarn, we have apologised to the C.I. We can quite understand that Lord Muskerry should congratulate the guild—in an expansive manner. Is it because now that there is an opportunity of seeing "the old man" pensioned off, his lordship and smart "young Tom" might do even as seemeth good to themselves?

In this connection, you won't forget the experience that we had on a certain June day in London? That day when the belted earl gave us the address of "young Tom," so that we could write him privately as suggested, and because of the supposed disabilities of the "old man?" We told you then, that we didn't believe that the "old man" had got past his job; that he was still good enough for all practical purposes; and in face of this pension scheme, you must admit that, once again, we are true prophets. As a matter of fact, we are wondering why a brainy person such as that secretary has evidenced himself to be, should wish to leave the possibly stranded guild and pull for a pension. The head that could fix up that pension in such a happy manner is anything but in need of rest, and we are not going to believe any such tale. Why then, the pension? Is there more in this than meets the eye, and does the new suggestion in "Rule 10"—where dissolution, incorporation and amalgamation is treated with—carry any hidden subtleties? Especially in view of the provision that is herein made for a possible distribution of the guild funds. We have touched on this feature of finance before; have shown the "boys" that if they become disgusted with the administration, and leave, the funds would necessarily belong to the surviving members; and now the provision is placed out in cold type! But let us leave it for this time. We're busy now.

So Dowie is at last an immortal in reality! And seeing that he has gone to his account, quite a number of otherwise estimable people are anathematising the misguided crank; are styling him arch-hyprocrite, villain, scamp, and one or two other expressive names; but those same folk are saying but little against the "mugs" who made the existence of a Dowie possible. Why is this? Give it up? Very well, then. We do the same, with the simple addition that all this invective is human, and therefore, *en regle*. But some of our friends are drawing comparisons between American 'cuteness and that which remains with the Briton; and always in favour of the home man! You see, Dowie got up against the real thing that time he undertook to bring perfidious Albion under the heel of his apostolic derby-ties; was hooted; chased off his native heath; and returned to the home of the free—where the major portion of his "mugs" were resting. Because of this little fact, the friends alluded to above, are inclined to put all their money on the statement that Britain is considerably more blessed with brains, than is America. Of course, this is debatable—especially where the seafarer is concerned.

Indeed, we should have made no mention of the death of Dowie, had it not been for the fact that we used to know a one-time shipmaster who had been converted, and who, to emphasise the fact, had a neat signboard set up in his front garden, carrying the Zionistic legend. Again, we have followed the doings of other respectable shipmasters in connection with an alleged "combine" which is nothing at all of the sort; and having done so, we are not going to sit idly by while our American friends have things said up against them. In other words, and without going so far as to say that the alleged "combination" referred to is a Zionistic movement, we yet consider that there was (and possibly is) a quantity of the Dowie one-manism about the administration of the thing. True, there is nothing of the prophetic notion on tap; but we frankly believe that the fold of that precious "combination," is in but little better case than were the inhabitants of Zion City. Time, of course, will tell, and when the thing has become so plain, that he who runs may read—well, objurgation will probably be about in quite as great a quantity, as now applies with the departed Dowie! This is another human trait, although some of us are favoured with an inkling of what will transpire, a little while in advance. Poor old Dowie; he deserved a better fate; so, for the matter of that, does the rank and file of the "combination" to which we have alluded, although we have grave doubts on the subject. Foolishness, after all, is merely a matter of degree?

Barry and its boilermakers have escaped having greatness thrust upon them, by the mere interposition of 260 crosses, there or thereabout. How did it all happen? Well, in January, last, the Boilermakers' Society—put out in the real high falutin' fashion it should be the boilermakers of Great Britain—ballotted for two Parliamentary candidates, and as is usual in such circumstances there was a fairly good selection of willing people. On this occasion, there were three to fill the two hoped-for positions, so as a natural consequence, one of them had to stand down for a future chance. The lucky man of the trio went through with an overwhelming majority, so we may consider him as an M.P.—as soon as the opportunity occurs. Of the remaining two—Messrs. J. Conley and J. H. Jose—the recorded figures necessitated another shy at the crosses. In the result, the former gentleman secured 3,720 votes, while the latter received but 3,460. The peculiarity in this connection is, that in the first ballot—and where neither of them had much chance to romp in as winner—Mr. Conley raised something near 500 ahead of his competitor. Possibly this is for the reason that the boilermaking fraternity is strong at Barry—where Mr. Jose is stationed by a beneficent society. But come to view the matter with an open mind, it doesn't appear to need a very heavy number of votes to procure the nomination of a boilermaker for Parliamentary honours, what? One may hardly consider 3,720 votes of very great importance in a country where the population runs into some 43,000,000?

Eh? The forthcoming banquet of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce is going to be a swagger affair! The presidential banquet, you know. It is due the day after to-morrow—16th inst.—and is to be graced with the presence of, among others, the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, President of the Board of Trade. We are not quite clear on the matter, but our capable artist depicts the Right Hon. gentleman as he was supposed to have appeared on his last visit to the City of Cardiff—to say nothing of its Docks. Our cartoon shows Mr. Lloyd-George taking a somewhat surreptitious peep at his nautical *alma mater*—the offices whence comes this journal. But whether the President of the Board of Trade, did, or did not examine our *locale* in the manner indicated, matters nothing at all. We are fairly easy as to where he has picked up most of his nautical wisdom, for, when all is said on the subject, The Maritime Review is the only genuine shipping journal in a country which affects to be maritimely supreme, so we can hold ourselves in anticipation of some smart things fluttering around that banqueting room on Saturday. Just you wait, dears! Saturday is a splendid day for a banquet—it gives the persevering Pressman all day Sunday to think up the *bons mots* that were uttered, and having thought them up, to immortalise them in the next week's issue.

Trust to us, dear people. We'll keep you posted. At the same time, don't expect anything definite. Indeed, we don't mind drawing a trial horoscope of the happenings of the great event referred to. The chairman of the banquet will introduce Mr. Lloyd-George in a few felicitous words; will assure the company and the guest of the occasion that

everybody is proud, and honoured to see him with his under-portions beneath the hospitable mahogany (is it mahogany, over there? But never mind. Let's assume that it is); that the honour is all the more pronounced in view of the fact that the Right Hon. gentleman is a thorough-bred Taffy from Carmarthen; that every banqueting friend present is a keen admirer of the grit and pertinacity which got him elected into the Councils of the Nation; that all hands are looking forward to the immediate elucidation of many hitherto obscure points in connection with the administration of the great national industry; that nobody believes that terminological inexactitudes will be in evidence on this auspicious occasion; and that—a little later on—the assembled guests will be proud to attest their belief that Mr. Lloyd-George is all right; is sound; is exactly what he was meant to be from the beginning of the world; and that there may be no mistake about it, or a doubt in the minds of the assembled horde of unblessed people outside the banqueting hall, the "inner crust" would forthwith put the thing in music, and to the tune of "for he's a jolly good fellow."

In conclusion, if the music should happen to be a bit throaty, not to say wobbly in certain bars, the fact must be put down to the inclemency of the weather; to weak larynx; twitchy epiglottis; to —to——anything, rather than to a luke-warmness in the whole undertaking. Then, presumably, the chairman—after throwing a proud glance around on the assembled stalwarts—will; yes he will; he'll sit down. In due course, and amid a "puffic 'urricane o' cheers," the Right Hon. gentleman will assume the perpendicular. Will stand as gracefully as the exigencies of the circumstances will admit of, and during which brief interval, the "'urricane" alluded to will be screwed up another notch. (This next item is purely optional, and may be varied to suit the circumstances of the case—if there is such a thing about). With one hand gracefully pressed on the throbbings of an elated heart, and with the wrist thereof curved patricianly outward (wrist of the hand you know. Not the heart!); while the finger tips of the disengaged hand is, with studied elegance, genteely pressed on the damask which will cover the banqueting-table: the great and Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, will speak. Yes, he'll say "Ahem!"

Moreover, he will say it in a capital letter tone of voice. There will be nothing of the deprecating about Saturday's great Ahem, you'll find. Well, in ten seconds—there or thereabout—that great ahem will have ricochetted around the banqueting hall ('tisn't a hall, really, but the term sounds better?), finally returning whence it came. That will be the signal for the great oration to come forth. (Next item is also optional. No Act has been passed in connection therewith.) Dropping the kink out of the wrist of the hand which has erstwhile worked up a pantomimic "Cease, fluttering heart. Be still"; raising his head in orthodox oratorical style: throwing his chest out in a magnificent manner; and frowning intently at the unfortunate soul who happens to have been placed opposite, at table—Mr. Lloyd-George will again speak. In a few, well-chosen words—for Mr. Lloyd-George is a member of an eminently economical Government which wastes nothing more valuable than a nation's patience—the visitor will put the chairman into a beatific state that should continue until the next evening, say; after which, he will assure the assembled guests that—with one exception—this is quite the happiest moment of his life. As an afterthought, and even as the touch of a butterfly's wing on a sleeping infant's cheek, he will interpolate, "You see, I am a married man"—or words to that effect.

The resultant cheers, and "Hear, hear," will give him an opportunity to once more dispose of his body in what has been named Style II. Then will come in anecdotes and stories; quips and jests; the press representatives will have to keep their ears skinned, if they mean to give you the whole of the "speech;" but which condensed down into workable limits will read something after the following: I have ever possessed an abiding love for Cardiff, and the Cardiffian. Rightly too, for is it not the Capital City of My Native Land? (Same jape would work in if speaking at, say, Aberystwith, which is a detail.) It is! Cardiff, the greatest coal exporting centre on the wide—or other-shaped—earth. Here, before me, are the giant intellects which have made the City of Cardiff into a household word—three household words, to be exact and non-terminological—and as already explained, I am proud, etc., etc. This, my friends, and in the words of an immortal bard, is the land "where they build funny boxes, with the lids made of slate and the sides made of stone: where the masters of some of them—downy old foxes—will breathe the word 'capel' in sanctified tones." More frantic cheers, and change to attitude of the Style III. kind.

The change being satisfactorily worked, the orator wil go over a few figures, but we needn't mind them, as you have probably seen the same collection in these pages full many a time and oft. The shipowner will be tickled with promises anent the light dues; will be assured that he has no need to squirm about that Merchant Shipping Act which was worked up by the speaker and 'Aavelock Wils—but no! He will, out of courtesy to his hosts, keep clear of that name, we believe; that the piece of legislation referred to was of a heaven-sent character, and that if it had not been formulated, those hateful fellows who are now in Opposition (but who, alas that such things should be admitted, in a free and fearless country, will soon be on the other side of St. Stephen's historic hall) would, in a month or two, work up a scheme that would be a hundred-fold more damaging to the poor shipowner. (Here, some of the latter will drop a salt tear over an ample shirt-front. You will be able to see it trickle across the steam-laundried surface, until it collides with the upper edge of the low waistcoat, there to be absorbed.) Furthermore, it will probably be conceded that the latter should not pay any light dues, or have any changes wrought in his time-honoured (but dock-breaking) tonnage rates; that he should be allowed to keep outside of poor rates for ever—and oh, a number of wheezes that are usual to the occasion.

By this time, the shipowners will begin to think that, at last, they are likely to be favoured with a look in—as the vulgar are wont to remark; in imagination, they will see the new motor car that will pose instead of light dues; of the drosky that will figure in place of increased tonnage dues; of the necklaces and Spring toques that will go "out there," instead of into the coffers of the guardians of the poor—who will fritter away some eighteen shillings of every pound collected: and taken altogether, the banqueting hall will be merely once removed from Paradise. So much so, that Style IV. will now be due, and the orator, in a voice that is filled more with sorrow than with anger, will pathetically ask why shipowner should be trammelled in this wicked manner (More tears as already described!); why, oh, why, should the upholders of the commercial might and majesty of the British Empire be treated with such scant ceremony? why not find some other set of jays on which to place the light dues, the extra tonnage rates, the new distribution of poor rates; the, the, the—everything of a financially disturbing character? Then, the hard light will come into the eyes of the shipowners

present; they will work the sound which has been named a sniff; will shoot louring glances at each other, and ask their right-hand supporter (all 'round) if things are really what they seem, or if visions are about.

THEN, while awaiting the answer; waiting it in breathless wonder; Style V. will eventuate; the orator's arms will be extended—hands open, and palms upward; the massive head will dip between the equally massive shoulders (we like to be poetical, even if the massivity, so to speak, isn't a bit in evidence); and in a voice that is strongly suggestive of unshed tears, that banqueting hall will be permeated with a refrain something after the following: "For if those other people cannot be found, then—then—my friends—I can see—I can think of—I can imagine—no possible easement of your unfortunate woes. The Government must save enough cash from the taxes, so that salaries shall be paid, for none of you would care to belong to a beggared and bankrupt nation; we may not all run away and leave the slate to clean itself; somebody must attend to the economy of the Empire—after the actual workers have received their screws; so what, I ask you, in all sincerity, is a poor struggling lawyer-cum-sailor to do under these heartrending circumstances?" Style VI. comes in, and it is the final. Head goes up; shoulders brace backward; arms drop down to "'Tention;" the band plays "Men of Harlech," and "Hen Wlad fy Nadhau;" the martial spirit is thereby encouraged; it comes; bitterness is forgotten; and he's a jolly good fellow floats out on as much ambient air as happens to be left at the Docks. There you are, sirs. See if we haven't hit it off as near as makes no odds.

Now that time enough has elapsed for the sailorman to give his opinions and beliefs concerning the *Berlin* disaster, the main reasons for the terrible life-loss appears to lay around the ineptitude of the Dutch lifeboatmen. Seafarers returning from the scene of the trouble, make no secret of the fact that, in Rotterdam and vicinity, it is freely stated that if British lifeboatmen had been available, the loss of life would have been considerably less. This statement, too, is by no means confined to the British element visiting the port. On the contrary, rather, for the Dutchmen, themselves, appear to be loudest in their complaints anent the inefficiency which loaded their shores with dead, and their prestige as a seafaring nation with something akin to shame. Furthermore, Prince Henry of the Netherlands is a popular hero with his people—a somewhat tardy achievement, be it noted—because it was mainly due to his courageous efforts that so many attempts were made at rescue work. If we discount the popular seafaring story considerably, there is still enough of truth left to show that the Dutch friend by no means covered himself with glory on that fatal morning, or on the harrowing days which followed.

WHEN a 'longshore Prince has to goad his people into some semblance of manly action for the good of suffering humanity, it tends to show that maritime affairs in Holland are anything but what they should be. As we have already remarked, personal experience has taught us that neither the north pier nor its light are worthy of consideration in times of stress; now we are assured that the "hardy Dutch fisherman" is anything but anxious to risk his precious neck where danger abounds. Yet, if a Dutch vessel were to come to grief on British shoals, it is an admitted fact that British lifeboatmen would need no pressure, before putting forth on the deep, in an effort to save as many as possible. Why the difference? And in this connection it is as well to remember our recent article regarding the Deal boatmen, and the danger in which they have been placed through the steam pilot vessel already referred to. Supposing that one of those passenger steamers, on a return journey, should make a bad hit and become entangled with any of the adjacent shoals, what would happen if the Deal boatmen had been driven out of the reckoning; if they had departed, never to return? Well, it doesn't need a prophet to determine the indubitable result, in the suggested situation. Every soul would perish, for lifeboatmen may not be kept as a special staff.

THE Merchant Shipping Act lately rushed through Parliament, continues to give the shipping industry its legacy of hopes and fears—hopes that something akin to fair treatment will be accorded those who pay the piper; fears that nothing at all of the sort was ever intended. For instance, is it possible to think up a bigger jumble of uncertainties than is represented in the tonnage clauses of that same Act? Does anybody understand what is intended—not excepting the framers of the original Bill? We certainly think that none of the said framers understand much about the business into which they entered with such light hearts, and possibly lighter heads. Anyhow, on Thursday last, an influential concourse of shipping men waited on Mr. Lloyd George at the House of Commons with reference to those tonnage clauses, and dockowners, shipowners, and pilots—all were represented. What was the result? There was practically no result. The President of the Board of Trade appears to have dallied with the subject in his usually masterful manner, and as a finale, gave it as his opinion that the whole matter was too weighty to admit of reformation following on a private members' Bill.

THIS being so, and in view of the fact that the Merchant Shipping Act is hardly on the Statute Book as yet: remembering too, that the fuss made about that same Act was anything but of a private character; why weren't these vexatious matters carefully considered, and before the indecent hurry that was apparent, was indulged in? Everybody who watched the passage of that Bill, must agree that there was too much hustle about it, and 'fore all the world as if the Government considered the passage of that Bill into an Act, as quite the only thing which would retain them in office. Why was this? For the reason that it is ever a safe dodge to make capital out of the shipping industry? But whatever the reason, Mr. Lloyd-George has given it as his opinion that a public Bill should be introduced, and that it may share the fate which the gods have in store for it. If there is any reason for this style of procedure, why not fake up another Merchant Shipping Act Amendment Bill, to reconsider the whole of the miserable travesty which hung around the sample recently passed. That Act satisfies nobody; in fact, there are quite a number of expert opinions to the effect that it does but make the old-time confusion worse confounded. Personally, we are not at all surprised that this should be so, for when a number of amateurs rush into these professional affairs, what are we to expect?

EVERY now and again, Germany's well-known hankering after a closing of the Baltic to every warship barring her own and the two or three which belong to Scandinavian folk, leaks out and claims a more or less passing attention. It will hardly be seriously denied that the Teutonic friend is hungry for such a splendid materialisation of his wants for years. Everything points to the belief that if our "rivals" could but get interested parties to turn the Baltic into an inland lake, pure and simple, one half of her national worries

would be done away with, at once. With the Baltic as a fitting-out lake, it would be comparatively easy for our dear "friend" to turn his dearer crocklets adrift there, until he had prepared the number which he considers sufficient for *le grand coup*. Anyhow, the latest claim in this connection, concerns the willingness, or otherwise, of the Danish friend to assist in this pretty little scheme. Needless to say, the official organs in Denmark are righteously indignant in consequence, and if they will keep their denials down to dignified lines, people in this country will probably believe them. But it is bad policy to follow the lead of the historic lady who did protest o'ermuch, don't you think?

Not only at home, in free and happy England, does the tariff trouble loom above the political horizon. Uncle Sam and the German politicians have been working a metaphorical game of poker over the business, for quite a while past. Most people imagined that Uncle had the court cards—in other words, that he had the best side of the game; but Germany was averse to climbing down. She has done so, at last, although in accordance with her newly-acquired diplomacy, she is "saving her face," even while she is sacrificing her pocket. The latter item is nothing, in comparison with the former, of course. Never mind how much we spend when we are on shore—let's have another ha'porth o' nuts! Anyhow, Germany is graciously pleased to continue the minimum tariff on American imports, on the understanding that the American Administration will endeavour to fix up a Reciprocity Treaty sometime next winter. Naturally, there are but few Germans—and fewer Americans—who believe that any such an understanding is worth shucks (as they say "out there"); but the pious sham admits of that "face saving" and when that trait is in evidence—well, let's have another ha'porth of nuts. Friends, its a grand thing to be in full possession of a large sized tariff.

When any of your bluffing friends amble along intent on giving you sass, you merely switch on the tariff, and the trick is done. When you haven't that tariff, you either have to risk a war which will cost hundreds of millions, and which might mean national extinction; or you simply have to climb down to-day, and again to-morrow and next day. For everybody realises that once a hostile nation has tasted the sweets of an involuntary climb down on the part of the other fellow, the sweetness never becomes cloying. On the contrary, rather, for the partaker thereof simply develops an awful appetite in the same direction. He is, henceforth, a beggar for sweetmeats of the kind suggested. By the same token, the other fellow, having once made the climb-down, and finding that he is still allowed to live, will go on with the sweet old game until he has reached the bottom rung, and can descend no farther. Yet a number of our otherwise estimable friends at home, cannot see the humiliation which they are courting, or failing humiliation, the positive danger. For argument's sake, we might admit that a tariff could cost the nation £10,000,000 per annum; but as an off-set, it would help to minimise the danger of war. The latter would cost, say, £300,000,000. Tens into that—no we need not continue.

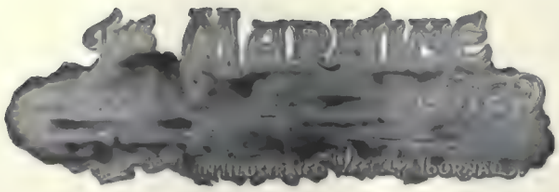
There is no getting away from the fact that, in many things, Germany can give us points and a beating. Take the case of the trades unions and certificates for the members thereof. In this country, the only guarantee that is contained within the words "an union man," is that he has paid a greater or lesser amount of money into a home-made and self-styled "union." Efficiency has nothing to do with the matter. The German wishes to show the world that genuine Trades Union tactics are summed up in the words, "Defence not Defiance." In free and altogether happy Britain, however, the words have been, right from the beginning, transposed, and read "Defiance not Defence." Needless to say, such dodges will defeat themselves in the end—and that end is by no means far off. Meanwhile, the German is intent on making his various unions synonymous with efficient work, and as a natural consequence he will show the Briton what's what at the finish. 'Tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true! Of course, it is not too late for the British workman to alter the old, and pernicious style; but to successfully carry out that alteration, he must throw out the old has-beens, and start practically afresh. He cannot do this for a season, as those same old has-beens have solidified their interests—so to write it—too well for any such trick to materialise with any very great rapidity.

All of which tends to show that the curse of commercialism has gradually crept into a movement which was first inaugurated to do away with that same taint. The workman is more to blame than his exploiters, for had the former taken only moderate precautions at the start, the latter would never have grown so daring in his methods. Writing of this subject, reminds us that the secretary of the local branch of a certain society has departed for pastures new and unknown. Coincidentally with his somewhat unexpected departure, the books of the "branch," and which were deputed to his fostering care, are in anything but the splendid condition which the executive of the said society could wish. Irregularities have been progressing for quite a time, and now the executive is blaming the "auditors" of those books. The latter gentlemen were merely expected to visé the books, and were never allowed to compare them with the membership cards. The late secretary's word was supposed to be conclusive on this head; presumably, the executive knew all about it, or they were failing in their duty; so why make a fuss about the matter after such an interval? But, anyhow, these are the dodges which are essential if the workman is to be disillusioned: and the workman must be disillusioned, if the country's trade is to be saved.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce have carried out, at least, one good resolution as a result of their recent labours. It reads:

"This Association regards the approaching Colonial Conference as an occasion of a momentous and critical character, as its issue will largely determine the nature of the future relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies. The Association would, therefore, pray his Majesty's Government to afford a warm welcome to the Colonial representatives and so to conduct the negotiations that reciprocal trading within the Empire may be promoted, and as a consequence the ties of sentiment which unite the Mother Country and the Colonies may be supplemented by the equally strong ties of self-interest furnished by reciprocal trading."

Naturally, there was an amount of discussion as the need or otherwise of the foregoing, but in the main, there was an absence of that acrimonius feeling which sometimes mars the harmony of the Associated Chambers of Commerce. In the end, the resolution was passed with practical unanimity, and—well, and there the matter ends. The non-commercial units of a non-commercial Government (although assumed to be catering for the welfare of a commercial Empire) have no use for that reciprocal trading idea, so what will you? Reciprocity is supposed to be the thin end of the wedge of all 'round Protection—that wile of the devil and of the late Government. Isn't that sufficient to damn the whole resolution worked up by a representative body of commercial men? Certainly. Very well, then.



FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1907.

THE ALLEGED NAVAL DISCUSSION IN PARLIAMENT.

THE above title might appear unkind, for doubtless the good people who have been tearing the Naval estimates to pieces during the last few days, are of opinion that they have been doing some heroic work. Still, the disputants referred to, are but a very small portion of the millions who are interested in the British Navy, and nobody will pretend that by merely putting a given individual into Parliament, he has, by the process, been endowed with all the brains of the nation? A goodly number of persons—and in view of the meretricious aids which are given at Election-time—will declare to the contrary. Personally, and after studying the prattle which goes around the country as "Parliamentary speeches," we are constrained to throw in our lot with the latter contingent. Thus far, in a general sense. Let us now give a short consideration to the "argument" which has been adduced, for the purpose of backing up the Economists, in their patriotic attempt to strangle—in a metaphorical sense—Britain's First (and only) Line of Defence. For when all is said on the matter, it will be generally admitted that the British Navy is quite all that keeps the Briton in his usual position—between the devil and the deep sea, and with all the odds on the devil. Diplomacy is of little use, supposing it is a genuine brand of the commodity, when armed force abroad is in excess of that which is to be found at home? And when diplomacy is of the amateur kind, is funky in the extreme, is inclined to scuttle directly the other fellow says a harsh word, or indulges in a covert threat—well, it is fairly easy to see that diplomacy will stand us in for little protection. Then, everybody knows that the British Empire has no Army to speak of, and even if there is any truth in the words of the alleged poet, and that a little British Army will really go a d——— long way, well, that isn't going to help us very much? An Army, to be worth its salt, should be in a position to send the other fellow's Army the same precise distance? Under the circumstances, therefore, the country has merely the Navy—oh, yes, and the shriekings of some of the Labour M.P.'s, eked out with the piffy-niffy of the suffragette. Still, neither of the two last mentioned will be of much avail, once a possible enemy gets his feet (and guns) on British soil, so they may both be disregarded, as a modern, and pinchbecky creation. Quite a while ago, Blackstone, in his *Commentaries* remarked: "The Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength—the floating bulwark of our island." There have been many to subscribe to the same belief, but unfortunately for the nation, at large, those subscribers were mainly eliminated from the councils of that nation, at the last General Election. For instance, in an endeavour to justify what many people think is criminal folly, Mr. Robertson has declared that "the two-Power standard meant originally two specified European Powers." Without wishing to appear unduly bold, we yet feel it incumbent on ourselves as exponents of shipping matters, to entirely disagree with Mr. Robertson. We venture to say that ninety-nine men out of every hundred, will coincide with Mr. Morley when, in his Life of Cobden he wrote, "that in 1817 Lord Castlereagh had stated to a Select Committee that Great Britain ought to have a Navy equal to the two strongest Navies in the world, and *that the nation had accepted this dictum as a practical maxim always to be kept in view.*" The italics are our own. Of course, the nation has accepted that dictum, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding. And if terminological inexactitudes are to be brought into the Government policy at all, then, for heaven's sake let us keep them down to the handling of the shrieking sisterhood, or the religious maniacs with which the country is more or less blessed (or otherwise). That is to say, there is no room for any "stuffing" where the nation's First Line of Defence comes into the purview. There, if anywhere, the country needs the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If Mr. Robertson is so ignorant of actual fact as is emphasised in his words already quoted, then, we are afraid that he is hardly the man for the job with which he has been entrusted. If he isn't hardly the man, here is an opportunity to practice the alleged Economy which is for ever being tootled out in front of the nation—'fore all the world as if the nation were donkeys, and Economy were the particular carrot to which it had pinned its faith, and on which it had set its cravings for food. But if the gentleman will insist on dodging around in this doldrummy manner, is there nobody who has pluck enough to "name" two Powers? We know that the *entente cordiale* is a blissful reality; but it wasn't made away back in the days of the Medes and Persians. Moreover, our Gallic neighbours are mercurial stuff, at the best, and their Governments have never been noted for any undue amount of stability, or extended time in power. As a matter of fact, they are "in to-day, and gone to-morrow"—which is one of the curses of equality, liberty and fraternity. This being so, *Albion la bien aime* of to-day, might easily be the perfidious Albion of to-morrow, so what is the matter with specifying the two Powers as Germany and France, Mr. Robertson? The mere fact of giving a specification, will make no alteration in the *entente* alluded to. On the contrary, rather, for a really powerful British Empire might easily turn the *entente* into an alliance, and that is what a great many of your friends and admirers would like to see you bring about. So far, we have contented ourselves with commenting on the terminological inexactitudinal aspect of the debate on the Navy Estimates. There is another feature which should command careful attention, and that is the manning question. The country has been treated to that old jape which claims that there are enough and to spare of sailors and stokers; every sailor and stoker realises that the claim is nonsensical in the extreme; and to bear this out, a wholesale cutting down of the *personnel* of the Fleet is by way of materialisation. Frankly, isn't this merely a variant of the policy which sold out a number of right good ships as obsolete, so that their crews could be drafted into new warships, and thus form nucleus crews therefor? Isn't this turning away of some 1,000 men, a bit of bluff, and intended to make us believe that there are any number of men willing to serve, when the direct opposite obtains? Again, why are the best warships being drafted into the Home Fleet, when the Channel Fleet will be the only thing between the country and perdition, once the dogs of war are unleashed? For our part, we are inclined to believe that the stars in their courses, are still fighting for our Homeland, and that all this choppy-for-changy business will so disgust the country at large, that a short shrift will be given to the good souls who appear to imagine that they can run a huge Empire on lines that would be good enough for a little tin chapel, situated somewhere in a remote country village. If our belief works out to anything like parity, we shall simply say "good old stars, long may you continue to work for the country which appears to have lost the power of working for itself." Meanwhile, it will be interesting to watch the continued wobble of the Naval regulators.

The Nippon Nipper and Uncle Sam.

IT is obvious that the "affaire Californian" is fraught with much danger to our friends across the Pond, and Viscount Hayashi has worked off a good point for the Californians, by undertaking an explanation on moderate lines. In other words, if the "affaire" alluded to is to be squared up in a manner that will leave no ill-feeling on either side, then, the subject will have to be tackled with the firm resolve that straw-splitting be not indulged in; and that the traditional friendship between our plucky little ally, and our cousins-several-times-removed shall not be jeopardised.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO'S

S.S. "ARAGUAYA."

TRUTH compels us to admit that, so far in the discussion, Japan has been most discreet in her attempts at solving the riddle with which she was—not unexpectedly—faced. For the Japanese friend is altogether too astute to go on in a fools' paradise, and to believe that there is love when nothing much better than meagre tolerance is to the 'fore. The American's contempt for anything not possessed of a white skin, and eyebrows that have been squared up by the lifts and braces, is no new thing: is as old as the American: and is a natural concomitant with people who prattle a lot about the equality of mankind.

You see, the American friend cannot assimilate the fact that Japan of to-day, is hardly the unprotected unit of the human race, that it was a few years ago. Times have changed with Japan, even as with the remainder of the world, and there is no getting away from the fact that the Japanese has proved himself as being right in the front row among lightning-change artistes. No matter how rapidly the kaleidoscope whirled, the Nippon nipper kept his feet, and managed to appear before the world as right side up. Now, to all fair-minded people, this should count for righteousness; not for ill-placed contempt.

UNDER the circumstances, then, the Japanese diplomatist is assured that where, a few years ago, he had to stoop to conquer—well, to-day, he need take no hanky-panky from anybody. He realises that all hands have cheerfully made superhuman efforts to keep the "tight little Eastern Island" right in the procession of nations, and for his part, he is disinclined to be a traitor to the trusting souls who have trusted him with the job of Government. Come to think of it, there is much in the Japanese character, which is worthy of careful attention (not to say emulation) from those who prattle considerably about the beauties of Western civilisation?

ANYHOW, Nippon realises that the day of continued humiliation is past, and if need be, he is willing to stand up for his inalienable rights, even as would a true Briton under the same circumstances. And when the whole matter is straightened out into plain every-day language, the "affaire Californian"—with its disinclination to admit "yellow children" to white schools—was merely a peg on which to hang an old garment, so to put it. The trouble of the circumstances chiefly happens to be that the Japanese Government recognises this truth. Were it otherwise, they would have cheerfully built schools for their own offspring—schools that would have compered favourably with anything possessed by the Californian.

THE amiable Japanese traveller would be quite the last man to suppose that he was to be allowed to enter into a foreign country, and—as our cousins would remark, were the situation reversed—"boss the show." On the contrary, for wheresoever the Japlander has travelled to-date, he has ever shown himself a most law-abiding citizen. In the old days, he had perforce to show himself a retiring individual, and this is where the trouble has eventuated. That retiring disposition appeared, in the eyes of the American citizen, as the evidence of funk when, in reality, it was merely the acceptance of the then inevitable.

AT that time, the Japanese simply couldn't afford to kick, so they drew into their shells,

S.S. "ARAGUAYA."

READY FOR LAUNCHING.

if you'll allow us to put it thus. But the Eastern Cataclysm —if we may write of the alleged war in that manner— wiped away a number of old beliefs, chief among them being that which supposed that a "yellow man" couldn't shoot with a white man's rifle; that he didn't understand the meaning of the word patriotism; and that under no circumstances, could he agree to die singing the eastern equivalent of "Land of My Fathers." In short, the "yellow man" has emphasised the fact that he could do all that the white man had hitherto considered as his own especial birthright—and one or two items at which the said white man is a bit slack.

S.S. "Araguaya."

Boat Deck.

Particularising again, for a time, it amounts to exactly what Viscount Hayashi says in this connection. So long as the point at issue was the exclusion or admission of Japanese children to the white man's free schools, the matter was simple enough; but as everyone has realised for quite a while, the root of the trouble lays in the racial antipathy which is cherished (and kept at fever heat) by the bosses of the different labour organisations. Those bosses, being unable to see farther than their noses, are inclined to believe that they may emulate that good lady who is popularly supposed to have kept the Atlantic back with a broom.

Needless to say, the same old soul was euchred, for the Atlantic pursued the road which nature intended for it at the beginning; equally needless to say, the Jap will work out his destiny as in manner provided. Perhaps the main reason for most of the fuss, has been brought about by the "Chinese cuss" who has been compelled to get more or less off the earth, in that happy region known as California. You see, the Chinese emigrant was inclined to take anything laying-down. You could kick him, starve him, work him at starvation rates of pay, write comic operas about him and style him "Chin, Chin, Chinaman" on a gramaphone record —but it made no difference. It was a case of "Me likee bow-wow, velly goodee chow-chow, etc.," and as long as John received that portion of his likes, he kept in his kennel at "China Town."

True, he broke out on occasion, but as the police in that district weren't all too surprised to find a few dead Chinamen on the side-walks in the morning, nobody else made a fuss about it. That was where the rift within the lute commenced. Time passed, and Japanese came across to California. A cursory glance showed them to be of "yellow" extraction, *ergo*, they must be "Chinese cusses." Circumstances are proving that they are nothing of the kind; that they are patriotic men imbued, with a just estimate of their own value; and in the matter of labour, they will insist on obtaining the same wages therefor, as is demanded by the lordly white workman.

Furthermore, they are dependable workmen; have none of the latter-day arrogance which is so pronounced a feature with the white brother; as a natural result, they are gradually winning the encomiums which should be given to the best wheresoever found; and herein lays the trouble. If the American friend would give over "sassing" the presently capable Japanese, even as he attempted to bring his own actions more in line with those of the emigrant; well, there would be no need to talk of possible war between the two youngest of the emancipated nations of the earth—youngest and yet in reality, the oldest.

We know that traditions die hard, and for quite a number of years, now, our American friends have believed that they have a Divine right enabling them to "lick Creation." With a few notable exceptions, this belief might work out as near to actual fact, as makes but little difference. At the same time, we have a very shrewd suspicion that the Nippon nipper happens to have recently acquired a well-defined amount of Divine right, on his own, so to say. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is as well to realise fact, and to admit that the same "Little Nipper" is among the exceptions alluded to above.

Furthermore, the Japanese friend doesn't appear to be asking for the universal world, nor a favoured entry into its markets. As far as we can see, he is merely wandering around on his merits, and if these are more pronounced than the sample hitherto enjoyed by his would-be detractors, wouldn't it be better for the latter to pull up their socks, in a manner of speaking, and thereby show that the white man had both right and might on his side? There is no getting away from the fact that the Yank has had some sterling advice given him. Will he accept it?

Personally, we believe he will, for there is no hiding the fact that the circumstances presently surrounding the "affaire Californian" have eased considerably; and viewed dispassionately, the American brother would appear to be generating a wholesome—if somewhat—tardy respect for the gallant little Eastern who, in accordance with Western ideas, is intent on proving that when he asks for a thing, he means to see that he gets it!

In conclusion, let us give you the wind-up of Viscount Hayashi's straight talk already referred to. Here it is: "We welcome Americans of all grades of society to our shores, and never forget the visit paid us by Commodore Perry—therefore, we trust that our people will be the recipients of corresponding courtesies when they cross the Pacific." For "we trust," read "we mean to see that they are the recipients, etc."

S.S. "Araguaya."

View From Second Saloon Promenade.

THE SUBMARINE TRAMP!

NO, we aren't pulling your leg, and we have no intention of working off any reflections on the tramp of commerce, as understood to-day. We know that when the said tramp is fully-laden, and encounters a decent little amount of beam sea, she is about as much of a submarine as makes no odds to those on board—viewing their condition from a standpoint of comfort and pleasure.

THE submarine tramp with which we are concerned on this occasion, is nothing at all of the sort, which is certainly paradoxical? Let us explain. This particular sort of underwater-creeper is in the embryo stage—at least, we may term it the experimental, if you like. A London engineer—and, presumably, as the outcome of going to business through a fog which might as well have been Thames water, so dense was it—has solved the vexed problem of submarine navigation.

WHAT'S that? There have been many who have made a similar claim? Well, what about it? We are not writing of the many, but of the one who has solved the terrible difficulty. We know, because a fellow showed it to us in the *Daily Express*, and that is a "daily" which is notorious for its up-to-dateness where nautical points are concerned.

You remember the "African tale" it spun, one time when the British Fleet was at a Portuguese port? Lagos to be exact. Why, its own correspondent sent home great tales of events which happened in the vicinity of the Bights of Benin; showed the Handy Men in all manner of hitherto-believed-to-be-impossible positions, and things like that. Very well, then. We know about this submarine tramp idea, and please don't you forget it.

So much so, that in the near future which is to say, at sometime in the middle years of the millennium—all our food is to be brought from somewhere, by submarine tramp steamers—new style. By this little dodge, the enemies' cruisers are to be "dished" right off from the start of hostilities; and in imagination, we can see that enemy hoisting up his slacks, preparatory to taking another peer over the rail for the purpose of seeing if one of those blanketty-blank sub.-tramps has just slipped by.

OF course, the naval officer of the Then, will not see the tramp. She will be too far down. And equally of course, his own country will continue to build half-and-half ships—half above the water, and half below, you understand—so that the copyright of that London engineer may not be infringed upon. Mind you our contemporary already quoted hasn't gone into the matter with any wealth of detail.

You have to imagine all that on your own, in a manner of writing. All that is stated is, that the brainy gentleman alluded to, has "solved the problem of the propulsion and steering of large vessels underwater;" and if you think it is a bit low-down to put it in that manner, of what odds is that? You might be under the impression that the statement is a bit rough on the good souls who have already sold the nations a splendid lot of submarines, and that the problem never was in the matter of propulsion and steering, but rather in seeing that the vessel kept up the submarine notion at all times, and ceased from "bobbing up" at inconvenient moments on the one hand, and failing to "bob up" at convenient moments on the other.

HOWEVER, there it is, and our contemporary is quite clear on the matter, although the nature of the invention is a close secret. We should smile. Indeed, we would laugh right out, if the trick weren't so beastly rude. At the same time, the idea is splendid to a degree on either side, and bless us if we don't pursue the theme a bit further. When starting out to write up this terrible affair, we had intended to dismiss it with our blessing—and a few words.

BUT having got into the matter, and writing as sailormen, we are beginning to see the beauties of the suggestion. In the first place, we should not need any seamen on a tramp of this sort. Any kind of rouseabout would be good enough to do the essential chores. Four quartermasters to do the steering—that would about total up the manning question. Then, in the matter of firemen—well, you could not utilise any of that class of biped.

You can see yourself, that the "method of propulsion" would have nothing to do with coal, or open fires, as no matter how much solving is brought to bear on the problem, you couldn't have open fires in a place where atmosphere must be strictly limited? Then, having none of those fires, you wouldn't need any firemen—no matter what the size of the submarine tramp steamer.

BUT bless us, if she had no fires she wouldn't be a steamer, would she now? No, she would have to be a submarine electricityer at least! It is presumable that she would need a master of some kind, if only for the purpose of sitting him in the conning-tower armchair, and from which lofty eminence, he could throw stale jokes at the presiding electrician in charge of the "problem solved" method of propulsion. Then, again, charts would be ruled off. You can see they would, eh?

IF a boat is down in the middle of the briny—right where the rocks are scattered about in lavish profusion, then, charts would be a superfluous luxury. And of of course, where the man-at-the-con could see well enough to steer clear of other submarine tramps, he could also see well enough to shy clear of whales, conger eels, sharks, stickle-backs, rocks, old junk, or partly submerged tramp steamers of the older era?

HE would have a bad quarter of an hour, when steering through water over which a passenger steamer just out from a home port happened to be steaming. That is, unless sea-sickness is also cured in the interval! Indeed we are of opinion that sea-sickness will never be cured, while as the submarine tramp is nearly an accomplished fact—well you can see the suggested difficulties, can't you?

BROUGHT down to a fine point, we should reckon that a twenty-thousand tonner of the type indicated—but not unduly explained—would need three officers, three electricians, one cook-and-rouseabout—and that is about all. The remainder of the tidying-up could be done on arrival. Besides, who would care for dirt, or rheumatics, when engaged upon the blissful work of sowing homicidal tendencies into the hearts of the enemies of one's country?

TAKE it from us, there is a lot in the submarine tramp notion; but there is a powerful amount more in vessels of the kind illustrated on these pages. They are real and beautiful Empire Builders. The others—well, at the best, they will be merely submarine tramps, and we are wondering at what rate the underwriter will quote them. But he would be an overwriter then, wouldn't he? Let's drop the subject, right here. It's too greatly filled with the interrogation mark, to suit us.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 13, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the local staple is distinctly "off" at the moment, and judging by the present pretence at demand therefor, the "off" particular would appear to be billed for some little time farther. At the same time, we have no wish to lead you into the belief that there is nothing doing in the coal trade. On the contrary, and in writing of demand, we merely do so in a comparative sense.

A FEW weeks ago, we gossipped with you anent the congestion-monger, and the impossibility of getting a steamer loaded in twenty minutes as usual. Well, Mr. Congestion has gone home to soak his —never mind what he has gone home for. He isn't at any of the local docks, of that you may sure, and we have a shrewd idea that he merely left the place out of shame for his growls at a time when everybody else was thinking of good King Wenceslas!

As far as a consideration with what is doing is concerned, we can assure you that although the colliery people keep up their old head of steam, and prance around filled with a due appreciation of their importance in the world of commerce—and it's a big importance, don't forget—most of their strenuosity is in consequence of business that was completed in the dim vistas of the past.

IT is highly probable that present conditions have upset the calculations of a number of our estimable friends—but they come up smiling, all the same. You cannot dishearten a thorough-bred colliery man. He isn't built that way. Hear him argue the point with a shipowner in connection with the price of small coal which, according to the latter, is an imposition, and you are in for a treat.

WE heard an argument on those lines, a few days ago, and we are bound to admit that all the cards were in favour of the colliery man. Among other items, he suggested that his dear friend, the shipowner, would like to see smalls back to the notch which applied some few years ago; when the blessed stuff was given away, and all that. Now, would you believe it, the shipowner unblushingly admitted that he would just like to see a return to that happy state!

OF course, the shipowner had a reason. He assured the coalowner that it was about time for shipowner to get a look in, and somehow or other, we agree with the contention. It is time. Very much so. Still, as far as his bunkers are concerned, and whether he goes in for small, thro' and thro', mixtures, or large, he isn't likely to obtain any of them on the nod, so to speak, just at present.

THERE mightn't be a very great deal doing, but—as the old lady said when she picked up another shovel-full of coke—"coals is coals, these days!" Not that we wish to suggest that it was ever anything else but coal, save when it was admittedly a "mixture." A "blend," some of the artists style it! However, there it is, and having paid your money (or hypothecated your credit) you take your choice.

THERE is one sinister creature who is pluming himself over the present condition of affairs coaly. He is the pessimist, and without going so far as to say that he is patting himself on the back, he is still out with his "I told you so!" Prices, anyhow, are as under:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. o.l.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. o l., 16s. 6.
Drys ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. od., 17s. o.l.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3 l.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	20s. od	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d	19s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. o l.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d, 9s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	8s. 9d.	8s 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d, 9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. od., 8s. 6d.	8s. o.l., 8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. od.	9s. od	9s. od., 9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.,	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	32s. od.	32s. od.	31s. od., 32s. od.	31s. 6d.	31s. od., 32s. od.	30s. od., 32s. od.
Ordinary	28s. od., 29s. od.	28s. o.l.	28s. od.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	27s. od., 29s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. od.	22s. od.	21s. od., 23s. od.	21s. od., 23s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 13, 1907.*

THE Market, here, has been a quiet one during the past week, for there has been the reverse of activity in evidence. In fact, there has been something of a lethargic feeling about in connection with business, both for prompt and forward shipment, the demand not being quite up to the recent good proportions. Nevertheless, values, generally, have shown no appreciable change. Here and there prompt coals have been obtainable at under the sellers' quotations, but there has been slight moderation otherwise.

ANTHRACITE COALS. The demand for these qualities is well sustained, and in this section, there is very little, if any, change noticeable. This, thanks to the good state of stems, which keep them in a good position, and the quantity free being but limited, their exponents are not unduly anxious about the future. LARGE AND MACHINE MADE COAL values, therefore, are being kept very steady, supplies of both being equally scarce. RED and BIG VEINS are unchanged, being about maintained, as also CULM. DUFF is perhaps a trifle easier.

STEAMS however, are the weak spot. Supplies, promptly, are heavy, and as there is but little demand for them, naturally sellers are not disposed to stick out for their quotations when there is an actual immediate stem knocking 'round. Delayed tonnage is responsible for this weakness, but for future requirements prices are higher.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. o.l.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s 3d	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 4½d	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	23s. 6d., 24s. od.	23s. 9d	23s. 9d.	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. od., 24s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d, 15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Seconds ,, ..	17s. 6d	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, March 13, 1907.

N denotes Newport. S) Swansea. P. T.) Port Talbot. loading.

EASTERN.

Singapore, *Ranza,* 10s. 6d.
Colombo, *Dalhanna,* 9s. 9d. ppt.
Imani, 9s. 6d.
Bombay, *Brighton,* 4,200 tons, 10s. coal, 11s. fuel, (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 13s. with options.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 13s. option Santos, 15s.
Madeira, *Kingswood,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 200.
Las Palmas, *Ruabon,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Hantelff, 3,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Or Madeira, Steamer, 6s. 9d.
Or Teneriffe, *Ercaga,* 2,400 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d. 250.
Bermuda, *Dulcie,* 2,500 tons, 8s. (Admiralty)
Teneriffe, *Hampton,* 5,400/5,900 tons, 6s. 9d. 250.
Dakar, *Carnevis,* 1,900 2,200 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, option St. Vincent, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s.
Demerara, Steamer, 7s. 1½d.
Chili (2 ports), *Pretoria,* 21s. 6d. no bagging.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Eloman, 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Genoa, *Talin,* 2,100 tons, 8s. (P.T.)
Yandiola, 3,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
Or Savona, *Luigino Accame,* 4,300 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 8s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Weardale,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Trevelyan, 4,200 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Venice, *Leonidas and Elen,* 3,000 tons, 8s. 6d. 400.
Or Ancona, *Armenia,* 3,300 tons, 8s. 6d. 500.
Leghorn, *Ellesmere,* 1,800 tons, 7s. 10½d. (s)
Reggio, *Salento,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 350, 10d.
Piræus, *Pencalenick,* 2,100 tons, 7s.
Constantinople or Piræus, *Tre* . 3,100 tons, 7s.
Syra or Piræus, *Trecarrel,* 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Palermo Messina or Catania, *Marie Rose,* 3,700 tons, 7s. ppt.
Salerno, *Haslingden,* 2,400 tons, 8s. 300. (N).
Marseilles, Steamer about 4,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Oporto, *Balder,* 700 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Naples, *Marie Leonhardt,* 3,200 tons, 7s. 4½d. 800.
Or Torre, *Anne,* 7s. 6d. (N).
Torre, Steamer, 2,250 tons, 7s. 6d. 800.
Savona, *Isle of Anglesey,* 1,700 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Ferrol, *Whimbrel,* 700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Oran, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 7·75 fcs. (s).
Aguilas, *Cap Spartel,* 1,100 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Beyrout, *Illtyd,* 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel.
Brindisi, *Constantinos Embiricos,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Malta, *Adelina Patti,* 4,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Stakesby,* 2,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Gibraltar, *Cassia,* 1,300 tons, 6s.
Silurian, 1,250 tons, 6s.
Radnor, 1,200 tons, 6s. (N).
Neptunus, 1,500 tons, 6s. (N).

BALTIC, Etc.

Wisby, *Lutti,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Stettin, Steamer, 1,850 tons, 5s. 1½d.

BAY, Etc.

Charente, *Lyra,* 1,600 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Sables, *Penshurst,* 1,700 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Corrwg, 1,000 tons, 6·87½ fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Alphonse Conseil, 1,800 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, *Gwalia* or *Garth,* 1,850 tons, 5·75 fcs. option Rochefort, 6 fcs. (s).
Garth, 1,850 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Ingoldsby,* 1,600 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Bacchi,* 3,000 tons, 5·37½ fcs.
Nantes, *Avoca,* 1,900 tons, 6 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Chatham, *Skeldon,* 1,800 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Sindbad, 1,200 tons, 3s. 3d. option Sheerness, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Portland, *Dalegarth,* 2,200 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Calgarth, 2,300 tons, 3s. „
Fowey, *Panmure,* 300 tons, 4s. (N).
Belfast, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 3s. 4½d.
Havre, *Scoresby,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d. option Dieppe, 4s. 7½d.
Stokesley, 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d.
Rouen, *Jane,* 900 tons, 5s. 9d.
Enterprise, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. option Swansea loading rate.
Ophir, 1,470 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Congress,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Heinrich, 1,050 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Surrey, 1,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Gerda, 1,200 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Dieppe, *Rumina,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 4½d.
St. Brieuc, *Opal, or sub.,* 650 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Guernsey, *Brest Rock,* 600 tons, 6s. (s).
St. Malo, *Belgica,* 1,250 tons, 5s. 3d. coal, 5s. 9d fuel, (s).
Granville, *Tyr,* 750 tons, 6s. (s).
Honfleur, *Peterbourg,* 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Calais, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 4s. 4½d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, *Earl of Dumfries,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 3d. option Cardiff, 4s. ppt.
Oporto to Cardiff/Barry/or Newport, *Larpool,* 1,300 tons, 5s. 7d.
Or Barry, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 3d.
Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Almeria,* 3,400 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.

TRIMMINGS FROM THE NAVAL ESTIMATE DEBATE.

*

WITH great pleasure we note that Mr. John Jenkins, M.P., keeps his weather eye on matters appertaining to ships and shipping. We ever had a large amount of admiration for the gentleman named—in some circumstances, at least. And when he had a gird at the Government the other night, over their suggestions in connection with giving the national Fleet away with a pound of tea or something thereafter; well, we said, *sotto voce*, "Well done, Mr. Jenkins." Aye, and we meant it, too!

In the first place, the member for Chatham—that's Mr. Jenkins, you know—said he couldn't follow the recommendations of the Government in so far as they were connected with a reduction in the *personnel* of the Navy. We should think not, and although the same old Government is still in power; didn't resign on getting the straight tip; Chatham's stalwart rounded them up as indicated, and in our opinion, they are somewhat shivery at the moment, as a consequence.

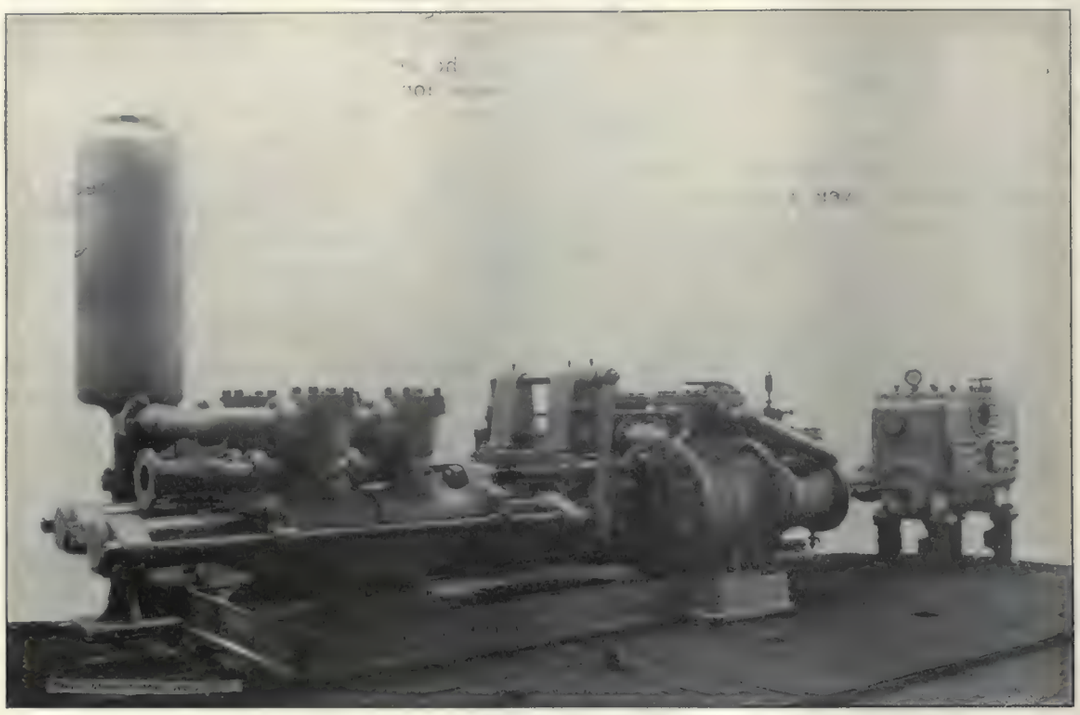
To reduce the strength of the *personnel* of the Navy was a serious proposal, in the opinion of Mr. Jenkins, and we are with him all the way in his contention. Then, when he said that the Admiralty should have given (in their memorandum) such information as would have enabled the House to form an estimate as to whether the British Navy was, or was not, undermanned—well, that is another instance of where we almost said "Bully for you, Mr. Jenkins," although we remembered in time, that such an exclamation, used in connection with a member of Parliament, would be rude in the extreme.

But why bother about the memorandum and the suggested information? Don't you, as member for Chatham, know that the Navy is dangerously undermanned; that it has been so ever since the country agreed to plunk all its money on warships with never a care for the essential men with which to man them? Of course, you do, and that is another reason for our admiration of you, Mr. Jenkins. At the same time, we recognise that you had to be somewhat diplomatic in the matter.

It never pays to bump head-first into a Government. You need to tack around them, and, if possible, board them in a smoke of your own making. It takes longer to work the oracle in that manner; but it is eminently safe; and time—what is time, where the interests of the nation are concerned? A mere nothing. We all realise fairly well that the Navy is undermanned, so we need have no further concern about it—seeing those with most interest at stake, don't care a toss one way or the other.

The next point in the bioscopic picture, was the question of stokers and their remuneration. Would the Government do the square thing in this direction, and raise the pay of a deserving set of hombras? And right here, we are inclined to remark that Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., had a word to say for the stoker. Why was this? Is it intended to get them to join "the union?" But never mind. 'Aavelock meant well, and if we are unable to drop down to his meaning, then, the disadvantage is all on our side. Of that we are convinced!

But running along over Mr. Jenkins' remarks, we note that, in his opinion, the men employed in Government dockyards—and who are, therefore, the nation's servants—are anxious to receive a pertinent reply to a pertinent question. No, not impertinent, although we'll forgive you for thinking so. The question appears to be: Will the Admiralty say whether they will accept trades union rates of pay as the basis of remuneration for these dockyardees.



Style of Pump used in Modern Collieries.

Here is another question, Mr. Jenkins, and one to which we shall revert at greater length, by and bye: What, precisely, is meant by trades union rates of pay? Is it supposed that the nation is going to pay these inside men the rates applying in outside works, for about half the output, and then pension them when they get really useful, so that they may compete with the outside men, at cut-rates because of the pension supplied in part by those outside men? Surely, Mr. Jenkins, you don't take that old tag of Carlyle's too literally, do you? You know; "36,000,000, mostly fools?" And really, isn't it about time that you thought up another "fighting phrase?" Isn't the old one somewhat threadbare?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 28th, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

2,467/06—HOLBASSIEFF—***Improvements in submarine boats.***

The submarine boat which forms the subject of this invention is driven by oil motors when afloat, and by electric motors when submerged. The buoyancy is derived from the use of a mass of cork instead of employing air. The cylinder containing the crew and the apparatus for submarine navigation is of small dimensions, and all the surrounding compartments may be filled with water for the purpose of balancing the internal and external pressure. The accumulators are arranged to serve as detachable ballast weights. They are suspended from the upper part of the shell in such a manner that at any desired moment they can be detached by means of a handle operated in the centre compartment, whereupon they fall into the wells in which they are contained. A clinometer for imparting to the boat a predetermined inclination or depth comprises a zig-zag tube filled with mercury, and terminating at each end in a small vessel containing a float which rests on the surface of the mercury and is connected with one arm of a balanced lever whose fulcrum is in the same horizontal plane with the float. The other arm of each of these two levers carries a point and a cup containing mercury, and these points and cups are so arranged in relation to each other that accordingly as the mercury rises in the one vessel or the other an electric circuit is completed, which operates a relay for setting in action the valve that admits water into the corresponding tank.

2,666/06—MANSBRIDGE—***Improvements in and relating to artificial cables and electrostatically inductive resistances, and in material for making the same.***

This invention relates to inductive resistances for artificial cables, and has for its object to cheapen the construction of these devices, and to improve the quality of the material from which they are to be made. According to this invention paper for the resistances is foiled on one side with metal in a state of very fine subdivision, but forming a continuous conducting surface. This foiled paper can be made in long strips, two or more strips being rolled up with one or more strips of plain interleaving paper, separate connection being made at the beginning and the end. The connections consist of small strips of tinfoil which are readily secured to the foiled surface in electrical contact with it. The process of making the material consists in applying to the dielectric a coating of metal in the state of minute subdivision, and firmly fixing it by means of size, then drying the coated di-electric and finally rendering the coating continuous and highly conductive by subjecting it to a thorough calendering.

3,578/06—CHAMBERLAIN AND HOSKINS & SON, LTD.—***Improvements in or relating to portable bulkheads for cabins.***

This invention relates to portable bulkheads for cabins, and has for its object to provide improved means for attaching the bulkhead to the supporting pillar, so as to allow of angular movement of the bulkhead and prevent there being any gaps between bulkhead and pillar. The bulkhead is provided with shoes each having a depending lug adapted to rest in a slotted cup attached to the supporting pillar, and the bulkhead and shoe are cut back allowing the lugs on the shoes to be lifted out of the cups, so that the bulkhead may be removed. In order to obstruct the line of sight through the gap in the shoe beneath the cup when the bulkhead is in position, a screen is formed on or secured to the cup so as to project into the centre of the gap in the shoe. This screen is of such a length as to overlap a flange formed on the side of the shoe and covering the lower part of the gap whilst in order more completely to close the gap to the line of sight a vertical ridge is formed on the inner face of the shoe.

4,110/06—FISHER—***Improvements in or relating to submarine vessels.***

This invention relates to means whereby the crew may escape from a submarine vessel in case of accident. According to this invention the conning tower is made detachable and so arranged by means of manhole connections that in case of accident the crew may retire into it, and detach it from the vessel itself when it will rise to the surface. In order that the vessel may not rise too quickly anchorage ropes having one end connected to the detachable conning tower and the other end to the vessel itself are provided. These ropes are wound on drums, the axles of which pass through stuffing boxes into the conning tower, and are there provided with means for controlling the drums, so as to gradually release the rope. In order to provide means for preventing swamping of the vessel when cruising on the surface with the conning tower open, the covering of the conning tower is coupled to and adapted to be closed by a piston actuated by the water when the level thereof rises above a predetermined point.

6,645/06—ASHFORD—***An apparatus or contrivance for facilitating the conning of fast power launches and like vessels by protecting the helmsman from spray.***

The object of this invention is to provide the helmsman of a motor launch with a protection from spray, and the invention consists of a frame composed of a base, side pieces and top of wood or metal. Eight triangular pieces of some transparent substance are fixed at a suitable angle in the frame, and narrow vertical and horizontal gaps are left between the edges of the triangular pieces at the apex of each angle. This is placed on the turtle-back of a motor boat immediately in front of the steersman.

8,037/06—HARDY PATENT PICK. CO. AND SMITH—***An improvement relating to apparatus for washing coal, and other materials.***

This invention relates to apparatus for washing coal in which the material is supplied to an inclined trough up which it is conveyed against a downward current of water. According to this invention the scrapers of the conveyor are fashioned with concave, convex, corrugated or analagous surfaces, and they may also have their edges irregular in such a manner as to distribute the volume of water equally over the washing trough, and so cause a more thorough scouring action.

These applications for patents, are until April 13th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WHICH is the better investment—shipping property, or industrials, generally? Depends somewhat on the shipping and industrials involved, doesn't it? At the same time, there is a splendid range from which to choose in both instances, for with the latter you have diamond-seekers-on-a-limited-scale, baby-food properties, tailoring-on-the-hire-system, sewing-machines, baby-carriages, "gold-mines," fishing-tackle—and quite a number of other odds and ends. In connection with the former, you have—well, you have shipping!

+ + +

BUT let the fact not be forgotten, that in the word "shipping," you have quite as big a range of choice, as ever obtains with the generic term "industrials." You may alternate between new ships, old ships, slightly-soiled ships, fast ships, slow ships, cheap ships, dear ships, anybody's ships, nobody's ships—aye, and simple crocks. Why, we know a fellow who informed us that he had "purchased" a second-hand crock not so long ago, and with a naughty little twinkle in his eye, he gave us his ideas as to how that same antiquity was to be made to pay—himself.

+ + +

TERSELY put, the method was, "Run her bare, and get all your repairs out of the insurance." Simple, wasn't it? And effective—under most circumstances! You see, the underwriting fraternity is averse to any tendencies which call attention to the fact that the present is the year 1907. They will insist on pretending that it is 1807. As a natural result, quite a number of otherwise decent people declare that underwriting and the drug habit are synonymous terms. However, we are not concerned with the quantity of hasheesh that an average underwriter will dispose of, and we shouldn't have mentioned the matter at all, had it not been for the remembrance of that "Run her bare, etc.," quiff which appears in the beginning of this paragraph.

+ + +

REVERTING to that trusting individual who "purchased" the old crock referred to above, we might remark—just by way of easing your mind—that he assured us that she was entirely "taken up." Was over-subscribed, as a matter of fact! Poor fellow! He had an idea that our trusting nature was capable of assimilating nearly anything in the matter of a "twister"! We allowed him to go on in his happy ignorance, aye, although we happened to know that there was a great difficulty in raising the essential deposit that was needed, before the old crock passed over to the chunk of confiding adolescence of which we write. Still, there are crocks and crocks—even as there are second-hand boats and second-hand boats.

+ + +

WRITING of second-hand boats reminds us of a recent deal in that direction. We note that Mr. Edward Nicholl—Cardiff "Hall" Line—has purchased the steamship *Lady Palmer*, and on exceptionally favourable terms. Indeed, we had an idea that the terms would have to be good, before Mr. Nicholl would bother himself in that direction. You see, the shipping community has become so used to identify that phenominally successful man with up-to-date, and big-dividend-paying leviathans, that, at the first glance, the second-hand purchase appeared as of a questionable nature. Either questionable, or the terms were what the vulgar term "a bit of alright."

+ + +

THAT the vulgar—on this particular occasion—were fairly in it, we have reason to know, for the purchase price of the *Lady Palmer* was distinctly all right. Moreover, she is a fine vessel, and is of just that handy size which is becoming somewhat scarce in these swelled-head days. If the handling of the "Hall" boats is any criterion as to what will be done with the *Lady Palmer*, then, we are inclined to believe that the fortunate shareholders in the newest venture of Mr. Nicholl, are in for a good thing. What's that? What was the purchase price of that *Lady Palmer*? Is it anything like the amount which is being bandied about? Ask us another. We might know, and again—well, we might suggest that she cost money and fair words! Anyhow, our congratulations to Mr. Nicholl for achieving another good bargain.

+ + +

OH, this life is awfully rum, and it terribly puzzles a quaker! No, that isn't original—not by any manner of means. It is the truth, however, and not only is the quaker puzzled by the rumminess (!) of life, for we have an idea that the Official Receiver, wheresoever found, must be puzzled on occasions. Why is that? Well, did it ever strike you that the average man can stand no end of excitement which results from the pleasureable pastime written as playing high, low, Jack and the game; but that when the excitement consequent on thinking up how the high-low business may be liquidated—well, total collapse eventuates? Did it? We are asking the question in all seriousness.

+ + +

BUT there, don't bother your poor head with a reply. It is unkind to give you such breakfast-table problems, and we apologise. At the same time, the fact remains that a man may go on indefinitely with the notion that has been expressed as wasting-his-substance-in-riotous-living, and the only thing essential to a continuance thereat, is a mild tonic, a pick-me-up, or a change in the dissipation. Under those conditions, a man—an average man, you know—appears to be able to put in twenty hours out of twenty-four, year in, year out, to the end of life. But if the same man—and consequent on flying his kite too high—should imagine that he has over-run the constable, well, the excitement resultant on this phase of life will sicken him in a short while, when the constable will not be the only thing over-run!

+ + +

IN other words, the class of man referred to is able to stand the strain as long as his cash and/or credit lasts; but once let either or both of those essentials peter out, and it is surprising how a comparatively weak man will lose his head, as they say in Tiger Bay, on occasion. Having lost his head, he will then lose his memory—as far as the particulars of his indebtedness are concerned; but he will still retain enough of wisdom to enable him to put a very real chunk of distance between himself, and the inquisitive creditor! Funny, isn't it? And somewhat suggestive of the science which ambles along under the name and style of psychology?

+ + +

WHAT'S that? We have been studying recent Bankruptcy Court proceedings? What about it? We can study these things if we wish? And having studied, can give you the results thereof? That's what's the matter, then. Thus it comes about, that we should like to know how it happens that a debtor might become mussed up as far as his indebtedness is concerned; and yet not sufficiently mussed up to overlook the fact that his is distinctly a case where distance lends enchantment to the view? His enchantment, you understand; and the view to be used in connection with the pursuing creditor. Talk about "spotted fever!" The cerebral parts of quite a goodly number of mankind get more troubles around them, than may honestly be dismissed with the word meningitis, and that's a fact!

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 162. FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907. Threepence.

BEHIND THE SCENES!

Uncle Sam: "Land sakes! What's the joke? Is this Guy Fawkes, Captain Cuttle, or a Catskill Brigand? Guess this is meant as a bogey for Johnny Bull?

(And the baritone "in front" chortled: "*They put a feather in his cap, this Yankedoodle Dandy*"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—BEHIND THE SCENES!	81
MARITIME MURMURS	82
LESSONS FROM THE "JENA" DISASTER	88
DOVER HARBOUR AND ITS DISADVANTAGES	89
MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AT CARDIFF	90
SPARKS FROM SATURDAY'S SPEECH	91
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	92
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	93
W. W. HOOD, ESQ.	94
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	95
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	96

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

THERE was a time—and we have it on good authority—when a favoured individual named Joshua was allowed to say: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon," and both sun and moon obeyed. But the miracle happened a very long time ago, and may not be reckoned to occur again, in these degenerate days. All the same, there are very many of our esteemed compatriots who prattle, and pose, 'fore all the world as if they were lineal descendants of the original Joshua, and could work the stand still act, equally with the ancient warrior. Why do we write thus? Simply as a result of some comments lately appearing in the *Civil and Military Gazette*. A few days ago our contemporary referred to the old question originally addressed by Sir Henry Cotton to Mr. Morley in the House of Commons, with reference to the refusal of the Punjab Government to allow the prosecution of the *C. and M.G.* Why should the Punjab Government be expected to prosecute our Indian contemporary? Well, the whole matter is given in the *Gazette*, and is as follows:

> "The alleged inflammatory utterances mentioned by Sir Henry Cotton in the House of Commons were contained in certain letters to the editor published as long ago as last autumn under the heading of 'Change of Times in India.' Some European correspondents expressed strong views, which were answered, and disavowed by other European correspondents. The *Civil and Military Gazette* made no editorial comment of any kind upon the controversy. The Native papers objected to passages in those letters, which suggested that the old-time respectfulness shown to Europeans in this country was giving place to an attitude of Native self-assertiveness and occasionally to actual rudeness."

WRITING as experienced Indian travellers, we can see absolutely no reason to object to anything appearing in the foregoing quotation, for, in our opinion it is the truth, particularly the claims which were responsible for those objections in the Native papers. Is it to be pretended that Anglo-Indians are so far left to themselves, that they honestly believe that the amiable Native isn't preparing for a bit of high-handed trouble; that he isn't self-assertive, not to say rude? Surely not, for admitting that none are so blind as they who will not see, we yet believe that when a man's life and fortune depends upon a recognition of the truth, then, he is going to see it soon enough. With the usual mistaken kindness which seems to be a part of the Briton's nature, he is for ever intent on "educating" everybody with whom he comes in contact. The mere item that such education is unsuited to the pupil implicated, has nothing to do with the case. Education is the only panacea for all human ills, and where a certain authority told young wives that the only dependable method of taming young husbands was to "feed the brutes," our law-makers vary it with "educate the bounders." And as long as the said education is thrown on in sufficient layers, those law-makers have never a fear, and act all through as if this were another instance of where they have merely to say "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, etc.," and the whole affair will be arranged in the twinkling of an eye.

NONE of the good souls appear to believe that familiarity—in the case of the guileless coolie—will breed the inevitable contempt for which it has ever been noted. Oh, dear, no! And thus it comes about that shiploads of coolies are allowed to make one voyage on a British steamer, to be replaced by another shipload next voyage, and where, in the end, there will be quite an army of half-educated lascars available for any trouble that may be engineered by the hard-up, and restless souls on shore. The whole fit-out might be extremely christian-like, and just the sort of thing you would expect from a mother's meeting, or a sewing class; but it isn't business, nor is it calculated to keep several hundred millions of fiery natives in check, when eked out with the parading of a handful of soldiers. Ask any seafarer with an "out east" experience, what his views are on the subject. Ask him if he is of opinion that the coolie is inclined to be moderately respectful, at any time. If he replies truthfully, he will assure you that respect is practically an unknown quantity, for where obedience is really given, it is in a sullen fashion, and under fear of the boot; while if the boot-wielder is inclined to be funky, then a coolie ship is only once removed from hell afloat.

How can it be any other? Is the average steamer under the British ensign of to-day, calculated to impress any shrewd Eastern with the might and majesty of the British nation? On the contrary rather, and it is the one place where a coolie should never have been allowed to intrude. You see, the boats carrying these coolies, are also engaged in carrying the Anglo-Indian, and frankly, the latter personage at sea, and away from the thin veneer of so-called civilisation, isn't always an inspiring critter with which to foregather. An Indian sun has played havoc with his constitution; his manners are a bit *outre* as the result of being able to get away with a little hard language to the supposedly cringing lascar: and the cringer is there, watching him with all the cunning for which a coolie is proverbial. Why wonder, then, that when the yellow man (or the brown man, if you'd rather have it that way) returns to his ain countree, he finds it increasingly difficult to be respectful to the other samples with which he comes in contact? Thirty years ago, the Indian was civil enough, for he hadn't been "educated" out of the reserve that is natural with a fellow who had his soul-case nearly knocked out of him. The Native paper, too, at that time, was practically an unknown quantity.

But to-day, any inflammatory stuff is allowed to pass muster, and on the same principle which obtains at home, where treasonable invective is stupidly supposed to be a safety valve for over-wrought natures. It might be all that for the Briton, and a course of invective might ultimately exhaust his powers of spleen. Not so, however, with a coolie. Give him but half a chance, and he will lash himself up to fever heat, when he will surely run amok. In fact, the coolie may not be forced into open rebellion in cold blood. He must be allowed to flagellate himself, in a manner of speaking; must have an opportunity of gradually working himself up to sticking point—in which he differs from the Western man. The latter is sullen and morose in the face of ill-treatment, and he'll never say a word until he is out for blood. But the coolie is built on lines that are diametrically opposite, and if you keep him mum, he will never bubble over, for each start ahead depends on the motive power retained from the last start. And yet our law-makers will not see it! They allow the Native paper to disseminate practically anything in the way of mutiny.

And the correspondent to the Native paper, is the lascar seaman who is allowed to come across to this country, to walk up and down Butey Roadey with his feather fans, and to flash his keen eyes around on every detail of the home life of the hated conqueror. The average Briton kids himself with the belief that the coolie is grateful to the Britisher, for having come out there, and taken over the show. But friends, he is nothing at all of the sort, and unless a new style of treatment is swiftly inaugurated, that "attitude of Native self-assertiveness and occasional actual rudeness" will grow worse, instead of better. As a step in the right direction, give over that asinine attempt to foist the ten-year-old education of the Western world on to the ten-thousand-year-old traditions of the coolie; next, see that the lascar is confined to his own country ships, and coasts; remember that familiarity breeds contempt to-day, as much as it ever did; and the first step to ward off the danger will have been taken. As long as those Native gutter-rags are allowed to object to anything in the conduct of the white man, the objection will go on until the white man has left, and the whole Indian Empire is again given over to the state of rapine, and murder, in which the Briton found it.

Old-time Britishers didn't fix up the Indian Empire with education. Not by a long chalk. At least, not the pukey education which is on tap to-day. The trouble here is, that the coolie doesn't understand kindness. If you treat him with what you consider is a white man's forbearance, he immediately imagines that you are funking the situation. And when the coolie has once persuaded himself that the white man is altogether funky, then, there is going to be something considerably worse then the first Indian Mutiny ever knew how to be. And after all, the word kindness has merely a comparative value, for what is kindness in one instance, would be considered as rank brutality in another. Moreover, the survival of the fittest will ever apply, so if the lascar gentleman is allowed to usurp that place of the fittest—well, it will be a case of possession being nine points of the law. Even a coolie in the place of the mighty, will take a lot of shifting, don't you think? We have no wish to be sensational in this connection; but the truth is best under all circumstances, and when the truth is stated without fear or favour, it must be admitted that the native is oftener rude, than respectful to the sojourner in his midst. Why shouldn't he be, anyhow? He has been educated into a belief that he is equal, and naturally he imagines that he is superior!

Why is it that opinions are so varied in connection with the increase or decline of British shipping? Surely the matter is plain enough, and considered in any fashion one cares to adopt, the business works out to a statement after the following: While the actual tonnage is undoubtedly increasing, the increase is in no particular equal to the increase obtaining with certain rivals to our maritime supremacy. As a set-off to this state of affairs, it is frequently claimed that while a business man might easily double his turnover when he is in the initial stage, it becomes increasingly difficult for him to double when he has once arrived into big figures. In other words, when the turnover is but £1,000 per annum, it is fairly easy to double it; but when the £100,000 stage has been reached, then, a doubling is a colossal affair. On the other hand, and as set forth by the opposite party to the argument, it is claimed that as money begets money, and as big undertakings are in a position to practice economy unknown to the small man—to buy largely and therefore cheaply; and yet sell at prices that are a shade less than those of the little fellow—well, these contending folk declare that the big man should go on doubling, until, ultimately the small man is frozen out altogether.

Without bothering with the claims of either party, the fact remains that while the British shipping industry is still on the increase, it doesn't forge ahead in anything like the proportions obtaining with our rivals. The Free Trader offers as a reason, the argument that it is impossible to double as easily after passing, say, the 10,000,000 tons stage, as it was when only the 3,000,000 tons stage was current: but we are sadly afraid that he has but little to bear out his argument. As another point in the contention, the Protectionist declares that if that idiotic Free Trade were dumped, and a mutually-agreed on portion of Tariff Protection indulged in, then, inside of six months everybody would probably be satisfied that Protection was the sheet-anchor of all improvement. If, on the other hand, Protection were proved to be a bad egg, so to speak, then, there is nothing to keep the legislature from a reversion to Free Trade. To our mind, the Protectionist has most in his favour, for he doesn't fuss around engaged in an attempt to flog a dead horse: on the contrary, rather,

for he is willing to admit that there is something wrong with the shipping industry, no matter how much specious prattle is indulged in, by the interested on the other side.

To bear out this contention, why is it that while the trade of the country is undergoing a phenominal "boom," the shipping industry is undergoing practically the reverse? That shipping is anything but roseate hued at the moment—or that it has been that way at any time since the advent of the so-called trade revival—it would be idle to deny. Why is this? Is it altogether on account of large steamers? We trow not. Discussing this subject with a shipowner in a large way, some few days ago, he seemed inclined to dismiss the subject with the assumption that the slump—or continued slump, if you would rather have it that way—in shipping, was for the reason that, on this particular occasion, shipping is the last to benefit by the boom: also that, on former occasions, shipping was generally the first to benefit. As an argument, the opinion is all very well—as far as it goes. But we submit that it doesn't go far enough. If British shipping is the last to benefit from the present undoubted boom in trade, why is it? There must be a reason? These things don't happen by accident, nor are they arbitrarily fixed by the gods. The wise man, is he who undertakes to find out the causes which affect his industry, and having found out the cause, to effect a cure.

In this respect, let us ask if the slump is in evidence with foreign shipping? On the contrary, for it is blessed beyond anything the mere Briton has a right to hope for while Free Trade continues. Consider this feature at Cardiff Docks. A few years ago, a foreign flag was something of a *rara avis;* if matters continue as they have been progressing of late, the *rara avis* thing in this connection, will soon be the Red Ensign. Free Trade has given the amiable foreigner the opportunity for which his soul hankered. He has been able to build up a mercantile marine whch is a very real rival to that of the Briton, and mainly because the foreign merchant largely regulates the carriage of foreign stuff—either manufactured or raw—and, therefore, naturally gives the preference to his own compatriots. Nobody blames him for such action, which is distinctly patriotic—and also paying. There is no gainsaying the fact that Free Trade has ruined the agriculturalist; has filled our towns with millions of persons, who under happier laws, would be tilling the soil; and while that ruin was in progress, the Mercantile Marine increased by leaps and bounds. Increased, if one may put it thus, on the dead ashes of the agricultural industry.

Farmer Goiles couldn't grow grain in competition with the cheap land, low wages, and no import duty—such as applied with the foreign competitor; and as he couldn't grow grain, he was first counselled to raise cattle—only to be euchred by the foreign cattle breeder assisted by the steamer owner; cattle being a failure, Goiles was advised to go in for fruit-raising—there was a splendid opening in jam; but prohibitive railway rates killed that little undertaking, and now all that is left the British farmer, is a pig, a horse, a cow, and the remembrance of what Free Trade has done to him! Of course, the farmer might easily work up a certain amount of satisfaction from the fact that the shipping industry which ruined him, is by way of receiving its death blow from the same ulterior cause—Free Trade. But that won't help us any, will it? If, eventually, we find every trade in turn, following the lines already taken by agriculture, and rapidly accompanied by the shipping industry—well, where shall we (you and ourselves) come in? It might be splendid—from an artistic point of view—to travel through Beautiful Britain, and see little other than millions of acres of grass land with nothing on it; it might be equally nice, later on, to visit the docks of the country and note therein a preponderance of foreign flags, while each local "rotten row" is filled with the splendid steamers of the prospectuses of two or three years ago.

When that period arrives, we shall have—in addition to the millions of one-time agricultural labourers—other millions of one-time shipbuilding artizans and labourers in our midst. Nobody pretends that all this will happen in ten minutes; but that events are shaping that way, no thinking man will deny. Even as matters are trending to-day, the shipbuilder has to dispose of his ships, much after the plan adopted by certain publishing houses when disposing of a much-advertised set of books of more or less doubtful value. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when it was essential to have the necessary shekels, before going to interview your builder. Moreover, at certain well-defined points in the vessel's construction, it was necessary to send along a tidy little sum on account. But Free Trade has worked its way into shipbuilding, so if you haven't the money, but are willing to sign an agreement providing that you will get it (if possible), you may run off with the ship which naturally carries a mortgage right up to her derrick-pole-heads! There is freedom enough here, isn't there? Yes, and thus it comes about that the foreign shipowner—who frequently purchases erstwhile British tonnage at giving-away rates—is rolling in wealth, and is doubling his fleet as the years pass.

Meanwhile, the British shipowner is playing at ostrich; is intent on assuring everybody that asinine legislation is ruining him; the sailor must have another biscuit for his dinner, and another quart of fresh water *per diem*, with which to lave his manly brow; butter must be butter—if so stated in the Agreement; and now that compensation (which is an old dodge, and was insured against ever since we first took to the sea!) is due to appear; well, there is nothing in front of the nation, but liquidation—and liver. Why not throw up these childish tactics? Why not go into the broader issue? Everybody knows that the added biscuit-and-quart-of-water, to say nothing of the crew butter (new style), is going to make no appreciable difference to the earning power of a given ship. Will it make a difference of £10 per annum, think you? Well, it won't, and as fast as the law increases the expenses on one count, the business man decreases them on the other. Instead, therefore, of playing at split-straw (a game which is hardly creditable to serious shipping men), why not get into the thing in a manner which will emphasise to all concerned, that you are out on business intent? Tackle light dues in a manly fashion; square up the tonnage rates on equitable lines; re-arrange your load-line enormities: and go in on all the disadvantages which are yours.

In the interval, bury your personal antagonisms. At this stage of the game, you cannot afford them. Unite for your common good, but unite in such a manner that you will each take a personal interest in the matter. Don't go on deputing your interests in the care of a number of yahoos who might be smart enough to run a fried fish shop, but who, as yet, haven't even proved their ability in such a lowly walk of life as that! If you don't unite as suggested, you will soon find yourselves in the same street as that

now occupied by Farmer Goiles. And, anyhow, when you have succeeded in bringing order out of the presently existing chaos, you will have a splendid opportunity to return to the old and exhilarating pastime of "beggar my neighbour." Something for you to look forward to, you know? As things are at the moment, you are willing to run off and listen to all manner of twankey from sources which—as far as shipping is concerned—hardly know that they are alive. You will sit down and listen to a quantity of twice-laid claptrap which is merely intended to stuff you; and in your saner moments you admit this to yourselves, even as you round the thing off with a shrug of the shoulder, and the words *cui bono.*

FRANKLY, is such conduct manly? Is it in line with the responsibilities which have been placed upon your shoulders? You should be the educators on shipping matters. Instead, you sit at the feet of any charlatan, and suck in his specious tales, 'fore all the world as if he were first cousin, say, to the boss of the Delphic Oracle affair of which we read. You don't need any information as to why British shipping doesn't pay—even supposing you will not admit the truth to other than yourselves, individually. You certainly don't need stuffing by a professional politician who, if questioned as to his knowledge of ships and shipping, would prove that what he doesn't know of the subject, would (if placed into book-form) prove a splendid nucleus for all the Carnegie libraries in the land! Be honest in this connection, Mr. Shipowner, and being so, say right out, which period paid you best as an owner—that, in which you pinned your faith to your seagoing advisers, or the present epoch, when you believe the twaddle of any 'longshore lurcher who cares to board you in the smoke? You know, and so do we. For the matter of that, your shareholders know. Before the advent of the lurchers referred to, the fleet doubled itself in a few years, dividends were common as blackberries, and everything was o.k. When did our local magnates make their money? Are they making any now? No, for they made it before the advent of Mr. Lurcher. *Verb. sat sap.!*

WHO was it said that it is impossible to make people moral by Act of Parliament? Never mind, it doesn't unduly matter, for the scheme of Creation will, after all, pursue its inevitable course, and all twaddlings by the would-be reformer of mankind notwithstanding. All the same, the w.-b. r. is out in earnest, this time, and has introduced a Bill for the making of a compulsorily day of rest, once in seven. Our own Parliamentary attendant hasn't informed us whether the introducer of that Bill is so put about because some of his fellows work all the time, while he, himself, rests all the time, and we are not sure if the information is essential. The broad fact remains that such a Bill is in existence, and it proposes that when Sunday labour is unavoidable, the worker so engaged must have at least one Sunday a fortnight, as well as the Saturday previous thereto. Failing that, the poor soul who works solely to please himself (even as the Bill faker reforms to please himself) must have a fortnightly Sunday, and the Monday following. And this is the way that the time of a Parliament which is too busy to attend to urgently-needed legislation is wasted! As if any sane man believes it possible to thus interefere with the rights of the subject!

IN fact, these law-making freaks would be hardly worthy of attention, were it not for the item that, once in a way, they get their idiotic prattle listened to, and thus put the community to all manner of unnecessary trouble in circumventing the effects of swaddling-clothes regulations. There was a controversy on this Sunday labour idea, here, locally, some year ago, with regard to certain boatmen on a certain beach. The professedly Puritan portion of the community objected to those boatmen playing for hire, or soliciting casual patrons, on the "Sawbath." Of course, the boatmen implicated objected, and gave it as their opinion that their souls were their own, equally as much as were the souls of the local Comstocks who were out upon the objection lay. However, the latter, fired with an all-round burst of heavenly wisdom, dicided that their own ends could be served, by the issue of a six days licence to the boatmen aforesaid. Those ends didn't come out as anticipated, for the boatmen rested on the Friday of each week, thus helping themselves to dodge the poor rates, and the more or less kindly attentions of the Relieving Officer appointed thereunder. Come to think of it, the "day of rest" which those modern "Roundheads" would enforce upon us, would be restful without being recuperative, and monotonous in the extreme.

AND when all is said on the subject, it is comparatively easy for the ranter to let himself go on this subject. His is seldom the strenuous life, and all the week he is, in consequence, very lonely—for this class of biped will seldom associate with his peers, fearing a continued quarrel. Under those circumstances, then, we can understand his yearning for some sort of society on the Sabbath—if only for the purpose of unloading all the japes which he has thought up during the week. At the same time, he should bring about conversion by persuasion; not aim at it through Acts of Parliament. The latter kind of conversion is similar in its workings, to the revival-made christian of a night. To-night, and under the stress of unusual conditions, the convert is sorry for all the mistakes of his life. In fact, he wipes them all away with one big wipe (or imagines that he has done so); but in the morning—well, he not unnaturally feels that he is so terribly good in comparison with his co-workers, that it will be only a little thing for him (having a beautifully clean slate, so to speak) to go off on a first class beano of a new and convincing kind. We hate to write these unpleasant truths, but as they are truths, well, somebody has to deal with them.

EH? What's this? The Esperanto Flag? First of all we thought it was a flag made from esparto grass—which, on occasion, has a very long "fibre." But no, some old "whale" has been writing to a London contemporary on the subject of the absence of a British Consul at Jedda—where the plague, and hadjis originated. Of course, we do not wish to suggest that there is anything between the two conditions written. We do but merely state a fact. That is all. But getting back to that flag already written of, we learn that although there are quite a few steamers laying in the waters forninst Jedda, and that the majority thereof, as per usual, are British, there is never a "British Counsel," as Jack will style that official, in evidence. Someone has been appointed—so none of you unemployed gentlemen need fuss around in a wild endeavour to get the job—but to the time of hoisting that "Esperanto Flag," he had failed to put in an appearance. Small blame to him, we say, for Jedda is hardly the place one would choose for a début in Consul work. On the main road to Mecca, where the hadji particular is definitely fettled off, and the privilege to don the green turban accorded, we have seen places that we like better. Indeed, the mere word hadji conjures up some terribly exciting episodes in a career which has been fairly-well supplied therewith. One of these days, we might oblige you with an account of those episodes.

MEANWHILE, we are proud to note that the Old Man has again taken the breach (aye, if he hasn't taken old hadji's breeches!), and that his colleagues there detained have dubbed one of their number as "Admiral of the Fleet." Whether this is an exact interpretation of the powers usually conferred upon Mr. Consul, we leave others to determine. Personally, we are not going to believe that any ordinary admiral (if the profession will forgive us for dubbing an admiral as ordinary, in any sense of the word) could, in twenty years, put on as much side as some of the Consular friends will summon up in ten minutes. Mind you, this is merely a personal opinion. But it is based on a somewhat extended acquaintance with some of the unspeakable stuff which, in broken English (and more broken fortunes) assures you "Dot, I the Englisch Consul vause, und forgot it, you don't skould be allowed." Hitherto the Russian Consul has had matters nearly all his own way at Jedda. In the immediate future, he is likely to find his powers curtailed, for instead of an eagle getting in all the business, there is now a shipmaster engaged at the job; he has a flag of his own; and—we sincerely hope—a scale of charges that are also his own? More power to you, skipper. Help your economical Government all you can! While you are stewing at Jedda, Members of the Gabinet are banqueting in Cardiff—and elsewhere!

A MAN looked in here, a few minutes ago, and asked us if we had ever slept under the ceiling! We stretched out a cautious hand for a heavy ink-well which we keep for such contingencies, when that man (the worm!) begged us to desist, to listen, and several other verbs of an active or passive character. Keeping the corner of an eye on that ink-well, we forbore any further hostilities, and then we received an explanation. It came along as: "Say, at sea, do you hang your beds up to the ceiling?" "Sometimes," we admitted. "So? Then you'll understand what I meant by asking if you slept under the ceiling, at home?" We got wrathy again, and asked if this maggot of a fellow imagined that we slept out on the roof? He didn't, but it seems that somebody had been filling him with a tale anent some enterprising American builders who, in an earnest endeavour to solve the scarcity of space in the modern flat, were going in for swinging beds. These beds were to be slung from the ceiling of the various flats, and were to be, henceforth, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It was obvious to us that the narrator of this swing-song tale was a stranger to Cardiff.

WHY is that? Well, you needn't be a Sherlock Holmes to know that when an ordinary individual comes into a Cardiff office, and wantonly suggests slinging a full-sized bed—an affair of sufficient substantiality to safely accommodate two people at least—from the ceiling, then, that man knows nothing of the jerry-built proclivities of the majority of Cardiff "houses," what? Still, we had no wish to give away the weaknesses of our own place, so to speak, and we therefore asked the mere man to continue. He did so, and coolly informed us that the swinging bed, if proved a success, was merely one of the beauties with which future bijou residences would be adorned. The American builder had put his hand to this particular (if somewhat metaphorical) plough, and he was just the man who could be depended on to proceed with his own creation. We were asked to consider the latent beauties underlaying the swinging-table, and we sternly asked if that, too, were meant in a figurative sense? It was, so our informant went on with his remarks. Swinging-tables were so beautifully reminiscent of yacht-life; so——so——so *recherche*, so to speak, and we laid back in the chair, and thought up things.

WE were recalled by a remark that after the swinging-tables had been pronounced a commercial success, the American builder, or furniture man, was going to give his attention to swinging-seats. This was where we thawed out! Realising that we had already had several weeks too much of swinging seats, that ink-well was launched and—there is now a black spot on the wall immediately behind where that man stood. Swinging-seats forsooth! We aren't having any of them, please. Still, there is a lot in the idea of suspended furniture, generally, don't you think? It mightn't be at all yacht-like as these things are understood to-day. Indeed, the poor 'longshoreman will soon have to take an occasional sea-voyage in one of the palatial liners, when he feels that he must either expand his chest, or burst; swing out his arms, or die. Room on shore is rapidly becoming less in evidence; the same commodity, at sea, is rapidly becoming more. As a matter of fact, in ten years from now—and at present rates of progress—the 'longshoreman will not only be in a position to secure all the sea-room, but all the sea-occupations will be at his disposal!

WHY will the British seaman desert at a foreign port? Mainly because he is built that way, and the inducement to indulge in the doubtful pleasure is accorded him. The amiable boarding-house runner—who is really a rattling good fellow while engaged in the pastime of persuading Jack to "jump" his abode of present misery—rapidly develops into a soulless bully, once Jack has jumped. And it shouldn't be imagined that Jack is always successfully induced to "jump." On the contrary rather, for an instance occurs to us—and it is of recent date—where two somewhat youthful "salts" were sand-bagged into a quiescent state, and during the period of induced somnolence, were safely carried on board a large sailing-ship, signed on her Articles by a fraud, and ultimately awoke to find that their's was the usual fate accorded to the weak. The two sailors referred to, eventually took the sand-bagging (and the remainder of the episode) as their individual share of the white man's burden; said nothing about it; and philosophically decided that if they hadn't been shanghaied in this brutal manner, something equally as bad might have occurred—and there you are!

HOWEVER, it isn't always a sand-bag which gets in its work this way, for the oily tongue of a thorough-paced scoundrel is just as effective at times. Sometimes, our sympathy goes out to the sailor, at others, we consider that he deserves all that he gets. The former feeling is much in evidence with an ordinary seaman lately drawn up to the Tower Bridge Police Court, through the jackalling of Shipping Federation, Limited. We cannot say whether the Federation moved on this occasion, because the seaman in question was a Briton, because he was an ordinary seaman and therefore, young—or what the reason. Suffice it to say that the combination in question saw their chance and took it. Possibly it will be accounted to them as righteousness, and that by such little bits of smartness, the final winding up of the concern will be retarded? Anyhow, the youngster in question signed on at Cardiff in August last, and remained in his ship until January of this year. In the intervening spell, he must have earned some money, we should suppose? In fact, this was grudgingly admitted, although the amount could not be determined until the vessel's arrival home.

WHY, we are unable to say, for in properly conducted steamers, the Old Man sends in his accounts on leaving each port, if only for the purpose of safeguarding the interests of his wife and family should anything of an unforeseen nature transpire. This being so, the accounts were due from Pensacola where the youngster "skipped." But although Federation had no very definite idea as to what was due the ordinary seaman implicated, they knew right down to a penny piece, what was due him from the ship on which he ultimately signed in Pensacola. Their knowledge on this count, was probably assisted by the fact that the Merchant Shipping Act which is supposed to be such a grandmotherly piece of legislation, allows an owner to forfeit all wages due at the time of desertion, as well as any that might be earned in a future ship and while the original vessel is away on her voyage. The justice of this piece of rookery will be appreciated, if we consider that a man has signed for a three years' agreement, is driven ashore at the end of a month, and then works in continuous employment in another ship for the remaining two years and eleven months. In that case, his two-years-and-eleven-months' earnings will belong to the owner of the first ship in which the sailor signed on.

STILL, that is the law. Shipping Federation appears to be the arrangement which is entrusted with the enforcement thereof—sometimes. On this occasion, the ordinary seaman with whom we are concerning ourselves, had £7 16s. 4d. due him from the steamer on which he had signed after lighting-out from number one, at Pensacola. In the result, the magistrate ordered the wages due from both ships to be forfeited and allotted, according to law. Which is to say, Federation took the £7 odd, and appears to have salved any conscientious scruples which might have been about, by remarking that desertion is very rife on the American coasts. Of course, it is, and in the near future, it will be considerably more rife, for in view of this class of questionable "justice," none but idiots will remain in the ships which are allowed to meander along under this class of hazing. The magistrate, having deprived the sailor of his earnings, and finding thereafter, that he was destitute, generously awarded him five shillings out of the poor box. We are wondering if Federation couldn't think up some little claim whereby that 5s. could be confiscated? They took the young fellows' all, and possibly will be thought well of for their conduct? Jack—of all ratings—you are a double-distilled ass to submit to this sort of "justice." A honest combination on your part would end that tricky little dodgery for ever.

WE should say nothing about this rotten state of affairs if all were served alike. But all are not served alike, and in our opinion, it is generally the "safe" subjects who are operated upon. Will it be contended that mulcting that young ordinary seaman of his total earnings for months, will make one iota of difference in the general bulk of desertions abroad? Of course, not. And yet these matters are allowed to continue mainly because a number of men with absolutely no personal knowledge of the sea-service, are entrusted with the enforcement of the laws of the land. We have no intention to back up a deserter: we have had too much trouble with them, ourselves, on occasion: but we do say that this hap-hazard—and comparatively "safe"—method of dropping on the deserter once in a way, is merely fooling with the subject, and it is a fooling which, at some £12 or £14 per time, is a paying one. Either systematically penalise the whole of the deserters or let them all off. Better still, wind-up the expensive Federation, and use the colossal sum per annum which it costs, in making the sailor's life more livable, in which case he won't desert. Once in a way, he might stand the risk of getting a sand-bagging, but even so, he will be dealt with thus, merely to supply the place of some other fellow who has skipped. Why is it that some ships never lose a man, no matter where they trade? Simply because their owners have souls, and act after the manner of that class of employer. They have no need for a Federation, and merely support the present affair, for "the look of the thing."

THE calamitous losses of the *Suevic* and *Jebba* are giving rise to the usual amount of assertion and contradiction in the daily Press, and as one has a right to expect under the circumstances, anything but the actual facts are given publicity. Instead of frankly admitting that the losses referred to are merely evidences of the common lot of those who go down to the sea in ships, all manner of problematical excuses are by way of manufacture. One of the alleged "reasons" for the stranding of both steamers, is that the coast-line in the district implicated, is badly-lighted and more than ordinarily dangerous. Of course, this is piffley in the extreme, for to carry the same argument out to its logical conclusion, it would be essential to have a light at about every hundred yards. If a fog makes it impossible for a navigator to pierce the gloom no farther ahead than one hundred yards, obviously, if lights are to be the safeguard, then, these must be placed at that distance apart—a manifest absurdity. Furthermore, the land between the Lizards and Bolt Tail is no more dangerous to-day, because a couple of steamers have come to grief there, than it was last week, or last year. The fortunate part of the undertaking is, that the 'longshoreman merely reads of the actual losses.

WERE that nervy individual to know of the "almost ashore" instances, he wouldn't be so neurotic at the bare thought of an occasional loss. Meanwhile, it will be best for the nautical man to say nothing about the affair, as, to the nautical mind, there is considerably more than a scarcity of coast-lights to be considered in the matter. What pleases us as sailormen, is the fact that the loss of life was fortunately small, and when compared with that which occurred at the stranding of the *Berlin*—well, it inclines one to the belief that there is something in the old viking blood of British Jack, which may not be successfully imitated by the nice, foreign (especially Dutch) seamen, so dear to the hearts of some of our shipowning friends. It is all very well to pretend that the *Berlin* was somewhat exceptional in her conditions. Water is only wet at the best (or worst), and it is only possible to be drowned, once your head has been held under sufficiently long. From authentic reports to hand, we are of opinion that there was little to choose between the conditions of the *Suevic* and *Jebba*, and those which eventuated around the *Berlin*. When all is said, it is possible to raise a much heavier sea in the deeper waters of the English Channel, than it is in the 40ft. waters around the Hook of Holland. Truly does the British seaman of all ratings "uphold the honourable traditions of the Empire." One of these days, however, he will be tired of doing all the holding. Then you will be at the tender mercies of the nice foreigner who will surely let you drown. Here, for this week, we leave the subject.

"JOKER."—No, of course not! And you are nothing of a joker to speak of? At least, that's how it appeals to us.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907.

LESSONS FROM THE "JENA" DISASTER.

THAT peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, might, or might not be the truth. In either case, the statement has been thrown around with sufficient frequency to justify a belief therein, and further than that, we have no intention of going at the moment. But that peace has her disastrous happenings, and some of which are a thousand-fold worse than could ever occur in war, cannot be truthfully denied. To our mind, the awful fate of the *Jena* and the one hundred and eighteen poor souls who were hurried into eternity when she blew-up—to use a colloquialism—emphasises the fact that peace, in terrorism, can out-vie war. As was originally written in connection with one of Britain's wooden walls, so with *Jena*, for

> "It was not in the battle;
> No tempest gave the shock;
> She sprang no fatal leak,
> She ran upon no rock."

But there, all similarity ended, and the gallant Frenchmen who passed out with the rending of the *Jena*, met the fate which appears to have been reserved for the modern sailor. They—poor unfortunates—didn't sink beneath the wave, fast by their native shore, for they were blown into unrecognisable fragments. And with the unexpected passing of those heroes, comes a consideration as to why it happened; what dire combination of circumstances brought the matter about; and needless to say, a quantity of hysterical nonsense is being indulged in by those whose "nerves" will ever keep them away from the possibility of a like fate; aye, even while their theoretical pugnacity will cause them to spout a quantity of opinions which, in the majority of instances, are beneath contempt. But as a commencement in our study of the lessons which follow from these colossal happenings, let us consider the damage done, and the possible result therefrom. For it must not be supposed that all the danger is bound to cease, once the internal explosions on a warship (whether she be a *Jena*, a *Maine*, or other named vessel) have subsided. Leaving the possible for a time, let us reckon up the actual. In the first place, France has been robbed—in one fell swoop—of her finest battleship; a vessel upon which much hope was resting, as she was supposed to be one of the units of that new French Navy which is going to do so much in the maintenance of peace. For after all, there is no getting away from the fact that to enjoy peace, a nation must be prepared for war; and even as applies with individuals, so is it with nations. Nobody is inclined to commit suicide by attacking an overwhelmingly-powerful antagonist—at least, nobody possessed of ordinary intelligence, and most of the scheming diplomatists of our times are favoured that way. But in addition to losing a splendid warship and a goodly number of tried seamen, France, for some little time, at the best, has lost the use of one of her big dry docks. Supposing a sudden and dire need for the dry-docking of a number of partially disabled warships, then, France has lost the use of the particular dock in which lays the remains of a one-time powerful fighting machine. Has lost the use, and without any commensurate advantage gained. If *Jena* had come into dock, fresh from fighting the enemies of her country, then, her occupancy of a big dry dock would be merely one of the items which legitimately belong to modern warfare; and the French nation would simply have to put up with it. But *Jena* had not been fighting; there was absolutely no need for hurry in her docking; and if she hadn't entered that dry dock for another week, the fate of France would not have been jeopardised on that account. Under the circumstances, then, what justification is there for running a dormant volcano into the heart of a Naval Port, such as Toulon? Especially when there are any number of hands available, and that it is an acknowledged fact that many hands make light labour? In other words, why are these terrible engines of war allowed to be placed high and dry, with many tons of explosive matter inside their magazines? Fining the matter down, and giving *Jena* as much as 300 tons of explosives, how long would it take to discharge that quantity into safety, and then—with her powers for ill abbreviated in this manner—allow her to enter dock? It must be admitted that the quantity of explosives mentioned (and which is written merely for the purpose of giving a weight to be handled) would form no very difficult task, if it were intended to place it in safety before docking the vessel; while, if the amount were considerably under that given above, the rapidity with which it could be removed is obvious. But no, these matters have been overlooked. Familiarity in the past, has bred contempt in the present; poppycock trials under impossible conditions have satisfied the powers that be, concerning the supposed impossibility of a given explosive "going off," anyhow; and thus it comes about, that a number of men who have unhesitatingly trusted their lives to the supposed-to-be efficient care of another number of men, are done to death in the manner indicated. It is all very pretty, and beautifully sentimental, to promote the dead men so that their dependants may reap the benefit of an increased pension; but it would have been ever so much better, and considerably less costly, if the explosives had been unloaded into safety, before allowing the vessel to enter that Toulon dry dock? Better, because France would now have a magnificent battle-ship: an efficient, and clear dry dock; some hundreds of tried and proved defenders; and the absence of a big blot on her Naval Department's record of efficiency—items which are likely to cost considerably more than the mere additional charge, consequent on the promotion of the dead. So, what lessons are we, all 'round, to learn from this heart-rending disaster? Are the nations of the world still to go on in a blind trust in the Providence which is supposed to look after (particularly) drunkards and fools; or in future, will the various warships leave their stinging power outside the three miles limit (or in a moderately safe receptacle inside that limit), before being entrusted in a dock which might easily prove an active volcano. For when all is said, France is by no means alone in her efforts in this connection, and the mere fact that disasters are not more frequent, is simply a proof of the benign care exhibited by the Providence already alluded to. Without going into any argument as to whether certain kinds of powder will deteriorate to the point of spontaneous combustion; without arguing a word as to the impossibility of certain shells to explode supposing you undertake a game of tennis with them, say; with never a suggestion that the machinations of a would-be foe might get their fell work in at a given time, and on a fitting occasion; there is no getting away from the fact that if a drydocked warship contains no explosive material, then, she cannot possibly suffer in any of the manners indicated? Therefore, the main lesson of the *Jena* disaster, is that the British warship—as well as those of foreign nationalities—should never be allowed inside a drydock, as long as she has any explosive matter on board. Labour is cheap enough, these days; the Naval Ordnance vessels are plentiful; why not use them as store ships, while the battleship is in the position where, by a sudden jar on her structure, the essential detonation might be brought about, which will scatter the landscape with dead and dying? This is the main lesson, so we leave it here.

DOVER HARBOUR AND ITS DISADVANTAGES.

MUCH has been written with reference to the nautical advantages of the new harbour at Dover. For the matter of that, much has also been written about its disadvantages, and unkind persons have suggested that it was merely constructed for the purpose of being in readiness to supply the needed protection, when the long-talked-of Channel Tunnel were an accomplished fact.

BE this as it may, there is no getting away from the fact that the disadvantages of the Naval Harbour are quite as much in evidence, as are the advantages; that the former more than sets off the latter; and that as a useful piece of work, it will not amount to a very great deal, until a new extension—aye, and to the extent of some two or three hundred feet—is given the arm of the western breakwater. Even then, opinions are varied as to the ultimate utility of the scheme.

PERSONALLY, we like that free and happy extension which is to run out to an additional "two or three hundred feet." It suggests such a glorious disregard of expense, and is so like the dear, good, souls, who sit down and plan out quiffs for which the taxpayer must anté up! When all is said on this subject, the harbour at Dover has been "thought out" on lines which have obtained with numerous other enterprises of a similar nature.

THOSE in authority appear to have been bothered with merely the engineering side of the undertaking. The proposition was to make a Naval Harbour. Very well, let us get on to it. We do not wish to say that ingress or egress were never considered in the matter, but if that consideration was about at all, it must have been in a most negligible amount. Possibly this comes of the modern propensity to subordinate the nautical, to the engineering side of a subject.

AND this again, comes of the disinclination of self-advertisement exhibited by the nautical man, and the direct opposite in connection with his engineering colleague. Anyhow, the tests which were applied to the Naval Harbour at Dover on Friday last, effectively proves the contentions which have been made by nautical men, ever since the harbour was first suggested. Briefly, those tests were carried out by the battleship *Africa*, and the cruiser *Duke of Edinburgh*.

THE tests were carried out by swinging at the battleship and cruiser moorings which have been laid out in the harbour, and also in testing the action of the tide at the western entrance. It appears that the *Duke of Edinburgh* had been twice outside the harbour, and on her second return, and when turning near the western entrance, the expected (otherwise "the accident") happened. It wasn't a very serious accident: just an exposition of what might occur, if things were really of the hurry-up description.

AT the time of the happening, the tide was at about two hours before high water, and naturally enough, there was a fairly good sweep of stream across the entrance. Under the circumstances, then, it is easily understood that the cruiser was tangled up in that sweep of stream, and necessarily had her steering-power uncomfortably interfered with. So much so, that she proceeded more in a sideways than an end-on method of progression, and drifted across the harbour, inshore, toward the Promenade Pier.

IN her drift as indicated, she dragged away one of the torpedo destroyer moorings which have been laid in position, and although she dropped her anchor and put her engines astern, the drift (or under these circumstances, the drag) continued, until the *Duke of Edinburgh* finally grounded about half-way between the Prince of Wales' Pier and the Promenade Pier. It appears that the point where this "accident" occurred, was where the most shoreward line of moorings for the small-fry is laid, some of which were necessarily fouled.

BUT is it right to stigmatise this happening as an "accident?" Isn't it rather the only thing which one has a right to expect under the circumstances? The mere fact that the cruiser succeeded in getting in and out of the harbour once without trouble, shows that her commander was a good seaman; it also emphasises the fact that the best time to dodge around in the Dover National Harbour, is directly after low water, or directly before and after high water?

IN other words, and while the entrance is left as at present constructed, slack water is quite the best time in which to venture in or out of the "freak" which has cost the nation so many millions? However, the cruiser didn't lay on the ground for keeps as the boy said when he accidentally lifted his playmates marbles; her rest on the shore extended to about one hour, there or thereabout, for she came off with the assistance of a couple of Government tugs, and the negative help supplied by higher water, and slacker tide!

IT is considered fortunate that the cruiser took the ground on what is nautically known as a bed of sand, or goodness only knows what would have been the end of it all. A bed of sand—and mud; and that is hardly a combination which is calculated to injure the plating of a modern cruiser? The point with which we are mostly enamoured, is that when the tug-boats commenced to get their work in, the crew of the cruiser (represented by some 700 Handy Men and handier officers) were ordered forward, as it was intended to make a stern-board of this bit of salvage.

WELL, what with the 700 men in the bows, and the plucking of the tugs at the stern, the stranded cruiser commenced to glide (they always glide, you will have noticed?) off into deeper and quieter water. At that psychological moment, the 700 men already referred to were ordered aft "at the double," and the consequent vibration, and sudden shifting of so much good bull beef, enabled the bows to lift beautifully. You can see the marvellous skill exemplified, can't you?

AVERAGING that 700 men at ten stones each, you get the total of some 44 tons of man meat ready, as a shiftable amount, on a cruiser whose displacement is officially stated at 13,550 tons. Prodigious, isn't it, and conclusively proves that ancient tradition is upheld in the Service? Years ago, and when the displacement equalled some 3,000 tons, a similar amount of movable weight had potentialities; *ergo* the same training is in evidence, these days! That's what we like about the Navy. It is so consistent—either in its weakness for getting into trouble, or its methods adopted for again getting out of it!

BUT as merely a few of the users of the National Harbour will be blessed with some 44 tons of shiftable meat, and as accidents will continue while that tide is allowed full-play across the entrance alluded to—what is to be done about it all? Will the Government spend several more hundreds of thousands in their attempt to create a National Harbour, or will they fill in the present effort, and let it out as allotment gardens to the deserving poor? We aren't unduly inquisitive, but we are among the goodly number who would like to know, you know!

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AT CARDIFF.

IN a weak moment and our last week's issue, we ventured to draw a trial horoscope (to put the matter in our own inimitable manner) of the great speech that was due on the Saturday following, and from no less a personage than the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P., President of the Board of Trade. Friends, that speech came off. It, and its trimmings, so to write it, filled several columns of the local "dailies'" Monday issue, and dern it, some of 'em are chewing the matter over even as we write! They don't often get an opportunity to let themselves go, so please forgive 'em, won't you?

AMONG the Lloyd-Georgian scintillations on the occasion referred to, was the following: "In coming down here to-night I read a paper which is not unknown within a hundred miles of this particular building, and I find there that my speech had already been printed. Not merely was the text given there, but the sermon was there." Naturally, you, gentle reader, know that the paper referred to was even THE MARITIME REVIEW—the journal which not only discusses past events in a manner which is most convincing to its friends and supporters, but which is world-famous for its intelligent anticipation of coming events. And this is where we blush!

BUT never mind! What does a blush or so amount to, at a time like the present! Nothing, and ere passing onward in our consideration of this Great Speech, let us venture to give Mr. Lloyd-George a bit of valuable information. He may take our word for it that the draft of his speech which appeared in these columns quite two clear days before it was uttered, will go considerably farther afield than will the more or less verbatim report thereof, which appears in the various contemporaries who blue-pencilled the gentleman's remarks about ourselves. As a study in place-names, Mr. Lloyd-George, favour us by scanning the following, taken casually from the subscription list of that paper "which is not unknown within a hundred miles of this particular (but why was the building particular? We have an idea that it is quite the reverse!) building."

WHERE is that "following?" Hold on, a bit. We aren't going to be hurried by any of you. Commencing with L (we can generally manage to raise a bit of that identical letter, you'll have noticed?), we can assure you that our version of the alleged speech was read in places as wide apart as Los Angeles and Leghorn; Manila and Montevideo; New York and Natal; Oruba and Oporto; Portland (Oregon) and Pondicherry; Queen Charlotte Islands and Quetta; Rio and Reunion; Shanghai and Santos; Townsville and Tripoli; Urica and Uganda; Vancouver and Valentia; Wapping and Wardsville, Mo. There are a dozen trials for you, and we are more or less certain that the full speech will never travel that distance. Very well.

Now let us see what we really did say about the coming speech. After metaphorically fetching Mr. Lloyd-George down to Style II., we said, "Then will come in anecdotes and stories." What really happened? Well, after the kind allusions to our unworthy selves, and which we have already touched upon, the Guest of the Evening said, "I remember what a very eminent English divine once said in my hearing. He said that once upon a time (fancy a divine spinning a cuffer after the fashion of the fairy tales of our youth!) he was asked to preach in a little Highland kirk, where there was nothing but shepherds (monotonous place that?), and he asked one of the elders, 'what shall I preach upon to-night?' and he said, 'Well, you can preach upon anything excepting sheep' (Here, the assembled multitude laughed, for they could see the joke!) Acting upon that principle, I mean" to er—to—what did he say, right here, you people? Did Mr. Lloyd-George say that he was going to act the goat, or merely deal with 'em, or jest, or gambol, or what!

NEVER mind. Let's get on with our consideration, because there are many patient souls who will anxiously await the sequel to our last week's prophecy, and we have no intention of coming back on either of them. Getting on, we note that in a terminological inexactitudinal manner, the orator remarked, "I am not going to say anything about the amazing growth of Cardiff," thereby suggesting by implication that had it not been for our valiant efforts, he would have discussed that "amazing growth?" But although the gentleman had promised to keep clear of the amazing growth of Cardiff, he still hankered after that same old jape, for his next break was, "It is, undoubtedly, one of the phenomena of commercial growth in the country." Also, "The figures are astounding, and are well known to you" (please look up our prophesy!)

THEN, more anecdotes came in, aye, and jests—especially about pirates, and the retaliation on Caerphilly, all of which has appeared in these columns, at various times! But what we like most about Mr. Lloyd-George, is his originality. He's as full of it, as an egg is popularly supposed to be full of meat! After admitting that he attended these meetings as a part of his function (Alright, Mr. L.-G., we accept the apology, and will let up a bit on you in consequence), the Right. Hon. mentor owned up to the wonder as to whether "Cardiff does not live too exclusively on coal." (Somebody said "Hear, hear," to that, although we cannot see the reason!) And thanks to those ill-advised words, he has left an awful legacy of wrangling debate behind him—of which again, anon.

THERE was more of it, of course, and some of it sounded like this: "Cardiff seems to me to be the only great commercial centre that depends exclusively practically on one industry and trade. Is that a wise thing for a great centre like this?" (Here, again, a voice said, "No." Somebody, who had probably failed at coal-mixing, and wanted a hand in some other undertaking that should be floated with another body's money?) Anyhow, Mr. Lloyd-George admitted that he had been looking up the exports of Cardiff, and comparing them with Glasgow and Newcastle. He found that when Glasgow was considered in this connection, coal represented 3 per cent. of its total exports, while in Newcastle, the percentage was 52. On the other hand, at Cardiff, the percentage of coal among exports, was 96.

AFTER giving a fair time for this to sink in, the orator remarked, in a somewhat tentative manner, "Now I have been wondering why, and I am rather asking a question," and would you believe it, never a soul obliged him with the obvious answer? As usual that painful duty devolves upon ourselves. Here it is, Mr. Lloyd-George: "Glasgow's 3 per cent. of coal export is solely because that is all the world needs of it. Newcastle's 52 per cent. is for an exactly similar reason. If either Glasgow or Newcastle had the handling of the same kind of coal as wanders over the face of the earth under the style and title, 'Cardiff smokeless coal,' then, both Glasgow's and Newcastle's percentage would be (fifty years from now) expressed by the figures 96." Never mind thanking us for the information. We have grown used to ingratitude—ever since we assisted in framing the Merchant Shipping Act without a word of acknowledgment.

HAVING thrown that old-time apple of discord out in the banqueting hall, the speaker then went on to remark: "Here you are (and we consider that it was a perfectly uncalled for statement): you have the best raw material probably in the kingdom (of course, we have! See what a President of the Board of Trade we manufactured!) if not in the world. Coal you have got; you have got your iron ore just across the ferry (ain't he getting nautical and deep-sea sailory, so to speak?) That little pond (What ho!), the Bay of Biscay (the exponents of which trade he allowed us to sink until they are a danger to all concerned, and a continual menace of bankruptcy to the underwriter!)—you cross that and you get your ore"—no, we can't go on. Talk about "quips and jests!" What did we tell you, last week? Trust us—even as we asked you to on that occasion.

BUT what we like about Mr. Lloyd-George is his amiable manner of owning up to debatable glories. For instance, he said, "I was at Belfast a short time ago," and because a number of the people laughed, he remarked, parenthetically, "and I got away." The same thing applies equally with Birmingham, doesn't it? However, while in Belfast, our esteemed reader visited some shipbuilding works—Harland and Wolff's among the number. Well, there was no coal there, until they brought it from elsewhere, which item equally applied with iron and steel. All the same, Belfast was growing and developing (as it has a perfect right to?) "and I wondered why Cardiff, with all its facilities on the spot, has none of these things." A *claquer* gave the essential cue here, by shouting out "Land." If that *claquer* had put it as "Land, ho!" we should have supposed he were a music hall "sailor."

BUT, Great Revolters! Is it supposed to be the correct thing for Cardiff to mop up everything? If Cardiff works up a big coal trade, she also encourages the shipowner to patronise Belfast, the Clyde, or Tyne for ships, while, if this good old spot had the whole outfit—why what would her councillors do then, poor things? Swelled head is quite evident enough at present, in all conscience? But although the study of our advance proofs of that speech had put Mr. Lloyd-George a little by the lee, he couldn't keep away from coal! He tacked all around the show; talked of goats, if you like, but he had to come back to his mutton, in a sense. In other words, and probably forgetting our keen ears, and eagle eyes, he went on: "The coal trade, I admit, is an important trade. I am sure you will say, if you go to any part of the world, you will find Cardiff coal and steamers plying (sailorising here is somewhat weak? Steamers don't "ply," in nautical parlance; that is left to

penny wherries and river boats. Please make a note of it for use in your next nautical peroration, as we hate to think a pupil of ours should make such unnecessary slips) from one country to another carrying the commodities produced in those countries."

For the matter of that, those same commodities are brought home; dumped down here, duty free, thus undercutting the home manufacturer; and throwing hundreds of thousands of honest workmen out of employment—but that is beside the question, so we leave it, albeit the unfortunate truth. Right here, Mr. Lloyd-George appeared to think up something unpleasant, for he told his hearers, "to go to the Tyne, go to the Clyde, and there you will find that success is due to the superiority of workmanship, superiority of brain, etc." Well, what about it? Go to the Tyne, or to the Clyde, and if, for example, you can find a shipping journal in either location which compares at all in workmanship or brains with The Maritime Review, then, we want to hear about it.

If all those courteous folk at the banquet let you, Mr. Lloyd-George, say things up against 'em, in the manner indicated, we aren't going to. "Why should not South Wales and Cardiff develop into one of the greatest manufacturing centres in the whole Empire," forsooth. What's the matter with the merchant princes, the eminent shipowners, the world-famous colliery merchants, the officials in the present Government—the—the—us, and everybody else around here? "Greatest manufacturing centres!" This is where we break a lance for you, South Wales and Cardiff. We know that it is bad form to rag a guest, but it is the same thing for a guest to rag his host. Again, two wrongs don't make a right, but saying a word in your own defence is comforting to the flesh!

Sliding along over the matter a bit further, Mr. Lloyd-George appeared to have some sort of an idea that possibly he had let himself go a bit, for he started to talk about saddlery and harness—at a time when electric cars are *de riguer*, and motor cars as common as blackberries in September! A bit of Zanzig stuff, there, good people. You have heard of a bridle for an unruly tongue? Well, it might have been for that reason that Mr. Lloyd-George (in imagination, at least) took his listeners down to Walsall. In any case, after mentioning Walsall, the gentleman hazarded the opinion that Fitzhamon used Walsall saddlery when he rode into Cardiff; that the people who fought the Armada used Sheffield steel; but there is no getting away from the fact, that neither of the parties mentioned had their heating done with Cardiff coal, although the same sterling commodity helped the Jap to lick the Russian Armada, what?

Still, there was much in Mr. Lloyd-George's speech that was good, while—perhaps because of our hint, last Friday—the questionable stuff was reduced to a minimum. Moreover, all declarations to the contrary notwithstanding, Cardiff was patted on the back, was assured that the genial speaker was glad to see that the native was realising his responsibilities as the richest and greatest town of this little country (but why, "town?" Is that hedging, fearing that a "speech" at Aberystwith might be due, later on?); that he, the Cardiffian, had built the magnificent hall in which the function was held; and that, taken altogether, there was brain about in the district. As was only natural to the occasion, the shade of poor old Aulus Didius was invoked; his Roman Eagle was descanted upon; and the inevitable coracle was brought into the subject. Tentatively, it was suggested that only a mere matter of nineteen centuries had elapsed since that time; but nobody thought fit to say that it was only in the last half of that nineteenth century, that any real progress had been made.

Personally, we are taking no stock in old Aulus Didius, and are nearly sure that if he and his Roman Eagle were to come to Cardiff to-morrow, he would be in the local museum inside of ten minutes. And in conclusion, don't forget that Mr. Lloyd-George has a genuinely kindly feeling for some Cardiffians, anyhow. In winding up a very decent, though beautifully non-committal speech, he assured his hearers after the following: "I am glad that Cardiff, with all its wealth, with all its prosperity (what's the difference, say?) has begun to realise (there's for 'oo, Dai!) that there is something more permanent to which the product of its trade can be converted, and that it may do something that will make the name of Cardiff ring as the world is spinning along." There you are: ha'penny a spin, and a prize every time!

Makes us think of a nigger pastor at a Camp Meeting which we once attended, out in Georgia. Said he: "Breddren, wheneber yo' is downcaast; when yo' feel dat life am 'ard; when yo' tinks dat it ain't no use fer yo' to go on libin', den—den, mah brudders, dare is eber a place whar yo' can fin' sympathy." "Whar, whar," yelled the bredder mokes. "In der dieshunary," quoth the pastor, as he rolled his eyes upwards; and it is even so.

Sparks from Saturday's Speech.

WE have been solemnly assured that a number of admiring fellow-townsmen have decided to make us a presentation of a service of silver, in appreciation of the able manner in which we headed Mr. Lloyd-George off from that "old, old bogey"—the usual style of speech. Our sincere thanks, but we object to any silver which might (by accident, of course) have come from the following Sunday's offertory. In the words—more or less—of the poetical lover, "We had not loved you, dears, so well, loved we not honour, more." Therefore, the presentation, like the speech which prompted it, is "off."

✦ ✦ ✦

Conundrum for Easter gatherings: Why is the local chamber of commerce like the present Government? Answer (after patient thought, you understand): Because, on the word of its able president, it knows no politics. Never mind congratulating us. We work those sorts of puzzlers of, like—but you understand?

✦ ✦ ✦

An up-town contemporary opines that "Three of the principal men at the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce Banquet" were: Mr. J. Arthur Jones; the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P.; and Mr. Willoughby R. Hawkins. Our own sport says he has nothing to say on these matters, but is rather of opinion that it is a bit rough on the remainder of the good people who "put up" the money? What do you think? We have often wondered what was meant by that expression anent the tail wagging the dog. We are beginning to see through it, at last! Our contemporary's "circulation" should have riz, on Monday last, as ever was? And, say, our esteemed and Right Hon. reader, there's honour for 'oo!

✦ ✦ ✦

Several of the subscribers to the local chamber of commerce, as well as Shipping Federation stalwarts and Shipowners' Association men assure us, that it is a joy unto their souls in that they are not (and never will be) "principal men" at a local function. Now, we are wondering what they mean?

What's this about the jape which declares that when compared with Cardiff, North Country "weather is more bracing, and the men can do more work?" Seems to us that the men who "work" in sundry Cardiff steamers, and in sundry Cardiff Docks, have done enough to enable their employer to rope in quite a goodly pile of shekels, what? If you doubt us, consider a number of the apprentices when engaged in trimming bunkers, *vice* the regular coal trimmers. That should convince you. Besides we have a Brace of our very own, down here, and he is a good hand at raising the wind—which is only another name for air? Anyhow, we have ever contended that the air here, locally, is Bracing enough, in all conscience!

✦ ✦ ✦

This old prattle about a shipbuilding industry at Cardiff, is raising quite a smile upon the features of the cognoscenti. They wonder why an apparently serious journal will first of all exemplify the fact that the tail wags the dog, and then expect sane people to throw out their shekels, on trust! Furthermore, it is suggested that the pregnant difficulty in the matter of labour "may be removed by arrangement with the Trades Unions." Also that, "The experiment therefore, resolves itself almost entirely into the provision of capital."

✦ ✦ ✦

This par. isn't a "spark." It's simply a remark of our very own. Why should a man withdraw a pile of shekels from the security of a bank of good standing, merely for the purpose of making an "arrangement with the Trades Unions," the bosses of which, having nothing, may, or may not, be inclined to keep to that "arrangement"? Some of these would-be mentors make us tired. That's how we feel now. As a consequence, you will enjoy no more sparks on this occasion. But, here, if you had a bull-pup, and its tail were docked in its infancy (the pup's infancy, you understand); and if that pup wouldn't shake on its own, how would you manage, there being no tail? Would you go out and talk of shipbuilding, or merely of principal men. Really principal men, that is?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 20, 1907.*

BANQUETINGS and speechifying notwithstanding, the condition of the Coal Market has not varied in any material degree since our last time of writing. It need not be assumed, though, that the worthy coalowner is inclined to hold in a bit, so as to give Glasgow an opportunity of doing itself proud in the matter of coal exports. Nor that the Novocastrian is in the way of raising his coal export percentage, because of the Lloyd-Georgian restrictions laid against the Cardiffian.

NOT at all, for even if the latter were to go home for a long sleep; and as a consequence, Welsh coal were removed from the market; well, neither Glasgow nor Newcastle would profit very much in consequence. With Welsh coal ruled off the map, it is highly probable that Britain's place in the universal procession, would be several notches farther back than rules at present. Outsiders will please note this little item, and having noticed, will be good enough to give the Cardiffian the respect which is his due?

HOWEVER, getting back to the actual state of the coal trade as exemplified on the Cardiff Coal Exchange, we might state that in the earlier days of the period which we are reviewing, a steadier tone was apparent, due to the fact that tonnage had romped home in appreciable quantities. Furthermore, stems were naturally filling up, and this hardened matters up a trifle. At the same time, this state has not been maintained throughout.

You see, at the moment of writing, prompt tonnage is somewhat of a name; a delusion; a something which is eagerly sought, but seldom found; and under the meteorological conditions which have lately ruled, there is small need to wonder? Anyhow, tonnage has been sadly delayed for several days, past, and the coal trade is brought down to such an exact science, these days, that one mere day's delay in arrivals, is calculated to play the very deuce with the coalowners' arrangements.

So much so, that prompt coals are again in evidence, but with no prompt tonnage. That condition inevitably means an easiness in quotation—which usually works out to a slump in prices! Under the circumstances, therefore, you will understand that quotations are little other than nominal—given, for the sake of saying something when a prospective buyer asks, "How much?" When the latter individual really intends to purchase, and has the "handy little boat" in a handier corner of the dock, with a tip-shoot ready for lowering its haughty crest within number three (or other) hatch—well that is when he finds himself in clover, so to write.

As a matter of fact, date of shipment is now the chief item in a coal deal, and while the buyer is enabled to pick up a consignment or so, on cheap lines, the seller is not disposed to offer the same terms for next week. We have it on good authority, that there is no knowing what a day may bring forth. The coalowner remembers the tag, to the salvation of the district. However, prices actual, are even as subjoined.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.	19s. 0d	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d., 32s. 0d.	31s. 0d.	31s. 0d.	30s. 0d., 31s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d., 31s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	22s. 0d., 23s. 0d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	23s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 5d.	16s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 20, 1907.*

BUSINESS at Swansea for the past week has shown but little improvement, although the market has been somewhat more active. For prompt shipment, however, there is still an easy tone in evidence in certain directions, but for future accumulations, there is no change in quotations, which are being firmly adhered to, and which stand in a very fair way of being obtained too, judging by the amount of enquiry that is about for the ensuing months.

ANTHRACITE LARGE remains steady. Well, they could hardly have done otherwise having regard to the goodly stems of the collieries! Prices are much about the same as of late, but sellers are experiencing no difficulty in obtaining their prices. BIG and RED VEIN, LARGE, keep in good demand, and CULM and DUFF are also fairly active.

MACHINE MADE COALS keep firm, the supply, if anything, not being up to the level of the request that is in evidence.

STEAMS are rather easy for prompt shipment, although the enquiry for them has indicated an improvement upon that of late obtaining. Prices have not shown any alteration immediately, but for next month, collieries are asking higher figures.

PATENT FUELS are busy, and shipments are very satisfactory. This coupled with the fact that makers are well booked ahead, enables sellers to maintain their quotations, not only immediately, but also ahead.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 20s. 6d.	20s. 3d. 18s. 3d.	20s. 3d. 18s. 0d., 18s 6d.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d. 18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d	16s. 9d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	18s. 9d	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 9d., 24s. 0d.	23s. 6d., 24s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 3d.	24s. 3d.	24s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.			
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d, 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 3d	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, March 20, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Singapore, *Forest Dale,* 5,000 tons, 11s. Admiralty).
Cape, *Glenmorag,* 11s. 300.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Astarlot,* 3,000 tons, 12s. (s).
King Lud, 5,000 tons, 12s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 13s.
Dart, 13s. 3d.
Steamer, 13s. 6d.
Emma, 3,200 tons, 13s. 6d. option Zarate, 15s.
Two Steamers, 13s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Rothesay,* 2,500 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Haddonhall,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d. spot.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Porto Praya, C.V., Steamer, 3,000 tons, 8s. 200.
Madeira, *Robert Hevne,* 3,200 tons, 7s.
Monte Video, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 12s. 6d.
Lullington, 3,800 tons, 13s.
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, *Highland Monarch,* 4,700 tons, 13s. 6d. option Rosario, 15s.
Cape Verdes, *Acacia,* 4,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Somerford, 2,300 tons, 7s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Llandudno,* 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Grangewood, 4,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Genoa, *Goverri,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Moldegaard, 4,600 tons, 8s. 6d. (N).
Wien, 2,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
Silkeborg, 2,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Folmina or sub., 5,500 tons, 8s. 6d. 500.
Savona or Spezzia, *Uskomoor,* 5,200 tons, 8s.
Maristow, 5,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
Benan, 3,530 tons, 8s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Durham,* 3,600 tons, 7s. 700. (P.T.)
Heronspool, 4,200 tons, 7s. 6d. 400.
Tregantle, 4,500 tons, 7s. 400.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 7s. 400.
Venice or Ancona, *Rerrsby,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 9d. 500.
Or Ancona, *Slingsby,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d. 400.
Sofia Braidi, 3,120 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Constantinople, *Euskar,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Trevaylor, 3,100 tons, 6s. 10½d. option Zea, 6s. 7½d.
Leghorn, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 8s. Genoa terms
Soborg, 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 700.
Savona, *Emma,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 3d. 350.
Marseilles, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Algol, option *Leo,* 2,700 tons, 8 fcs.
Palma or Port Mahon, *Prosper,* 1,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Naples, *Gracefield,* 4,200 tons, 7s. 9d. 800.
Palermo, *John Fothergill,* 3,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Valencia, *Zar,* 850 tons, 7s. coal, 9s. coke, (s).
Progress, 1,000 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Ancona, *Douglas Hill,* 2,300 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Husland, 2,200 tons, 7s. 6d. spot.
Huelva, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Algiers, *Whitefield,* 3,300 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Deux Sevres, 3,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Steamer, 2,750 tons, 7 fcs.
Corso, 2,000 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Bona, *Palm,* 2,900 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel.
Torre, *James Turpie,* 2,100 tons, 7s. 9d.
Or Savona, Steamer, 1,700 tons, 7s. 9d.
Trieste, *Adriatico,* 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Zea, *Palestrina,* 5,200 tons, 6s. 6d. 800.
Steamer, 4,400 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Gibraltar, *Armourer,* 800 tons, 6s.
Garvelpark, 1,100 tons, 6s.
Mary Horton, 1,300 tons, 6s.
Malta, *Boynton,* 3,300 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Lisbon, *Collivaud,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 6d.
Lady Kirk, 3,500 tons, 4s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Oxelosund, *Eros,* 850 tons, 5s. 6d.
Pillau, *Brunette,* 1,000 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Harburg, Contract, 10,000 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Kiel, *Tyne,* 1,450 tons, 6s.
Stettin, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Jeanie,* 2,300 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Chantenay, *Isidoro,* 2,900 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Bordeaux, *Kylerea,* 2,100 tons, 6 fcs.
Horacio, 3,200 tons, 6·12½ fcs.
Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6·12½ fcs. (P.T.)
Hawthorn, 1,400 tons, 6·25 fcs. spot.
Sables, *Abertay,* 1,200 tons, 5·75 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Ollargan,* 3,300 tons, 4·75 fcs. option La Pallice same rate, six voyages, commencing next week.
Rosehill, 1,800 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.).
Carn Brea, 1,800 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Leonora, 3,800 tons, 5·37½ fcs.
La Rochelle, *Ely Rise,* 1,500 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·75 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Haulbowline, *Hematite,* 800 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Falmouth, Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Belfast, *Rosabelle,* 240 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
M. E. Hall, 280 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Greenock, *Carricklee,* 380 tons, 4s. 3d
St. Malo, *Dunmail,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Darryl, 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Havre, *Ring,* 1,150 tons, 4s. 6d. spot.
Middlesborough, 1,600 tons, 4s. 3d.
Carn Marth, 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Schleswig, 1,250 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Adolf, 1,150 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Rouen, *Gazelle,* 720 tons, 6s. coal and fuel, coal terms (s).
Steamer, 720 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Zeus, 1,200 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Maywood, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5s. (P.T.)
Trieste, 1,900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Cherbourg, *Abington,* 480 tons, 6s. (s).
Dieppe, *Duchess* or *Sultan,* 450 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Granville, *Italia,* 450 tons, 6s. (s).
St. Servan, *Dunmail,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Caen, *Belgica,* 1,200 tons, 5s.
St. Brieuc, Steamer, 580 tons, 6s. 9d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Edinburgh,* 2,300 tons, 4s. ppt.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 1,000/1,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Frutera,* 1,000 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE MONMOUTHSHIRE AND SOUTH WALES COALOWNERS' ASSOCIATION—W. W. HOOD, ESQ.

WE are glad to be able to give our numerous friends the "counterfeit presentment" of the newly-elected chairman of the Monmouthshire and South Wales Coalowners Association, even while we assure you that the "presentment" is quite the only bit of counterfeit about him. His age—well, never mind that, for a man is generally supposed to be merely as old as he feels; and judging by the amount of work which Mr. W. W. Hood manages to get through, we have an idea that he doesn't feel aged, as yet. He certainly doesn't appear that way, and we are willing to leave the matter entirely to the judgment of the critic of the accompanying photograph—which is a good one.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that, among both employers and employed, the new chairman is highly esteemed. Were it otherwise, his election would not have come about at a time when he may hardly be considered as "too old at forty," say? Even as applied with his greatly esteemed father—the late Mr. Archibald Hood—Mr. W. W. Hood has long enjoyed the confidence of the colliery owners who range under the banner of the Association of which he is now the head. It is unnecessary for us to go into much detail on this occasion, for the subject of this present writing was dealt with in THE MARITIME REVIEW of August 25, 1905 as a Maritime Mark Maker, when the usual biographical sketch accompanied his photo.

AT the same time, it is as well to remind our readers that he has all the Scot's proverbial determination, and also the grit which enables a man to strive sturdily at an obstacle, even supposing he may not ultimately overcome it. Hitherto, but few—if any—of the said obstacles have caused him to call a halt, and as a mining engineer, he has earned the reputation of being intent on placing safety before all other considerations. To this fact the immunity from disaster, of the Glamorgan Coal Company, Limited (of which Mr. Hood is managing director), is mainly attributable.

FURTHERMORE, when accidents which are, alas, somewhat common to the mining industry have occurred, it is ever safe to say that one of the first men on the scene, is he who is now the chairman of the Coalowners' Association. And not as a mere spectator, for when the lives of others are at stake, Mr. W. W. Hood is quite the last to think about the safety of himself. To this—and other sterling qualities—the confidence, and trust already alluded to are due. In the matter of the use of electricity in mines, this modern engineer is *facile princeps*, and as an authority thereon, he was one of the Departmental Committee of the Home Office which attended to this most important matter.

IN addition to the work already alluded to, he is a director of the Barry Railway Company, as well as of many minor undertakings, and in consequence, he is of the "busy brigade" which does so much to keep "gallant little Wales" right in front of the world's commercial procession.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 7th, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

470/06—SCHRODER—*Oar with swivelling blade.*

According to this invention, which relates to an oar with a swivelling blade, the oar is composed of a shaft and a blade. The blade has a neck and is fitted to the shaft in such a way that it can swivel around the same. The swivelling motion of the blade is limited by a slot in the neck into which slot engages a pin on the shaft, the lower end of which enters an eye provided on the blade. The blade is connected with the shaft by means of a spiral spring on the latter which tends to set the blade vertically to its motion when the oar is dipped into the water, whilst the blade will glide along the latter parallel to its surface. When the oar has reached its foremost position the spring will move the blade in the slot and bring it into a line perpendicular to its travel.

3,535/06—KRAUSS—*Improvements in collapsible life boats.*

This invention relates to a collapsible life boat adapted to carry one or two persons. The frame of the boat comprises middle stays hinged to a centre piece, and having other stays hingedly connected at each end. Side stays are hinged to the centre piece at one end and to curved rim parts at the other end, the rim parts being in turn connected to middle stays and secured by hook and eye, the whole being covered with some impermeable fabric. To fold the boat up, the hook and eye are turned back so that the rim parts are released from the middle stays. The middle stays are folded together, and the rim parts are turned around pivots, and placed flat against the stay sides.

3,884/06—BASE—*New or improved screw propeller.*

This invention relates to reversible screw propellers and has for its object an improved construction whereby the blades are secured in position by their bearings.

The boss of the propeller is formed without division at the point where the blades are usually attached, and in this boss are provided holes to receive shanks on the inner ends of the propeller blades together with bearings in which these shanks may revolve. The bearing is formed in two parts to permit of its being placed on its shank between collars at each end, and the interior and exterior are threaded to permit of the bearing being firmly fixed in one of the openings in the boss. Eccentric pins are provided on the shanks for reversing.

4,114/06—STEELE—*Improvements in explosives.*

This invention relates to explosives of the kind wherein a nitrated mixture of resin with starch or meal is combined with an oxygen carrier, and the invention consists in constructing a nitrate of ammonia explosive which is practically non-hygroscopic. The powder consists of a mixture of nitrate of ammonia and nitrated or dinitrated resin or a nitrated, dinitrated or trinitrated mixture of resin and starch meal. The mixture is then granulated by exposure to the effect of atomised alcohol.

4,231/06—SCHROEDER—*Improved method of propelling vessels and apparatus therefor.*

According to this invention the propulsion of a vessel is entirely effected by the escape of compressed air gases acting against the surface of the water so that the vessel practically slides over the surface of the water and not through it. The vessel is made of great breadth and length compared with its tonnage so that its draught is comparatively small. Along the bottom of the vessel is arranged a series of parallel air tubes separated from each other by means of longitudinal webs. Compressed air is supplied to these tubes from a reservoir in the air in which is maintained at a suitable pressure by means of pumps driven by motors, and the exhaust from the motors is allowed to escape into another reservoir also in connection with the tubes. By means of valves the compressed air and exhaust gases can be made to enter either of two sets of tubes so that the vessel is driven either ahead or astern.

8,551/06—KINSKY—*Paddle wheel for propelling vehicles.*

This invention relates to paddle wheels in which the floats are inclined alternately in opposite directions towards the axis of the shaft, and form together a continuous crown around the rim of the wheel. It has been found in the sharp angle enclosed between two contiguous floats that the pushing action of the rear faces, and the sucking action of the front faces are exerted upon an enclosed volume of water, and the useful effect of such action is therefore lost.

According to this invention this defect is remedied by rounding off the angles so that they are replaced by conical or plane portions.

9,391/06—HAY AND NADIN.—*Improvements relating to coal cutting machines.*

This invention relates to coal cutting machines of the type in which the cutting tools are fitted to and carried by an endless chain which works around an arm or frame projecting from the machine. According to this invention the cutters are of three forms: the first is a simple bar with a pick like end, the second of a bifurcated shape with a pick like end to each of the prongs, whilst the third is of a similar shape to the second but with greater distance between the prongs. Secured to a horizontal shaft are a pair of bevel wheels mounted between the side members of the machine framing. A depending bracket projecting beneath the framing and attached to one side of it supports a vertical shaft which carries a bevel wheel capable of engagement with either of the wheels on the horizontal shaft. On the lower end of the vertical shaft is fixed a sprocket wheel whereby the driving motion is transmitted to the chain along which the cutting tools are detachably affixed.

The machine can be arranged to cut on either side according to which of the bevel wheels on the horizontal shaft is engaged.

15,024/06—POST—*Improvements in combined propelling and steering apparatus for boats.*

This invention relates to that class of device for propelling and steering boats in which a stream of water is forcibly ejected from a radially movable orifice at either end of a boat to effect the steering thereof. According to this invention the nozzle through which the water is forced is below the casing in which the plug comprising the nozzle is fitted, thus affording a greater range of radial movement of the stream of water and consequently sharper steering of the boat.

These applications for patents, are until April 20th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

IN our childhood's days, we were more or less enthralled with the story of one alternately-lucky-unlucky-and-finally-lucky individual named *Aladdin*. The chap referred to had a lamp, you'll remember, and as long as you (or anybody, for the matter of that) touched a certain spot with a dab of metal polish on a woollen rag, a queer-looking individual loomed up in a smoky style, and intimated in a genteel fashion that he was the slave attached to that particular lamp. Since Aladdin's day, there have been any number of lamps, and some of them have had a slave-attachment, while others have been differently situated. You admit the foregoing? Very well.

+ + +

LET us now consider another phase of the lamp struggle, if we may be allowed to put it thus. There was a wicked old critter of a magician who had designs on Aladdin's lamp, and although he was a magician, right enough, he appears to have had but a common or every-day method of going about things. He didn't form a syndicate—which appears to be a somewhat modern style of carrying out this phase of business; oh, dear, no! Syndicates appealed not at all to that magician, in which respect, he emphasised the fact that even if his magic were a bit of alright, his knowledge of human nature was only there or thereabout.

+ + +

BECAUSE of the foregoing reasons—and possibly for some others which we forget—that magician decided that as the population of his own country consisted of several-millions, mostly fools; also because he realised that if you want a thing done; it is ever safer to do it yourself; well, he thought up the first authenticated instance of where new lamps were offered in exchange for old. Behold, then—in imagination,—of course,—Mr. Magician troking around the streets of Bagdad (or Ispahan, or some equally benighted place, and which doesn't matter a bit) much after the fashion of the modern gentleman who purchases old hats and other items of wearing apparel. "New Lamps for Old," quoth the magician, and it was even so.

+ + +

BUT as the people were built on peculiar lines, none of them stopped to think that there might be more in the magician's seeming madness, than met the eye. Not they, for they brought out all their old lamps, and among the number was the one which had the uncleanable rusty spot. Having achieved his purpose, the magician gave over the hawker's licence which he had previously purchased, and left peddling. Incidentally, matters became sultry for Aladdin, and if we had time, we would give you a thinker up of how the whole fake worked out; and where the magician was eventually buried; and what Aladdin did with his club money.

+ + +

THUS far, for the purpose of showing that there is nothing new under the sun—and for other reasons. Anyhow, we occasionally find time to scan the columns of our interesting contemporary *John Bull*, and on page 223 of its issue of March 9, we read this choice piece of advice:

"INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE—SYNDICATE (Clapham Park).—Yes, we have plenty of information about these people, some of which we have published for the benefit of those of our readers who may be influenced by their impudent advertisements. Have nothing to do with them."

Impudent advertisements, we repeated. That is a bit rough on the syndicaters, and what have they been doing? *John Bull* is "up against them," anyhow, and then we slipped on to other work, or pastimes as the case might have been

TIME passed, and on returning home by train on Friday last, a friend called our attention to a "piece of news on page 5 of that day's issue of *Daily Express*. After scanning over the alleged "news" item, we showed our friend the legend (ADVT.) in the bottom right-hand corner, which altogether discounted, the "news" idea. But noticing the words "International Securities Syndicate," well, we remembered *John Bull*, and his able remarks anent impudent advertisements. Remembering we read that impudence over the word (ADVT.) in *Express*. That you, gentle reader, will understand the reason of our former remarks on Aladdin and the wily magician, we will give you a sight of the impudence referred to.

+ + +

HERE you are then, and if after perusal, you do not see eye to eye with us, we shall be surprised:

> "THE French Government guarantees to every man or woman in this country who invests £20 in its securities opportunities of earning a profit of £6,000 without any risk whatever."

Good, isn't it, and you wonder why, under the circumstances, that Syndicate arrangement didn't save the cost of its advertisements—which must tot up to quite a number of £20 portions—and invest it where they were guaranteed "opportunities of earning a profit of £6,000?" Of course, you do. And that is where the magician idea occurred to us. We can quite believe—and *vide* that same advertisement—that "the men who make fortunes are those who know what an opportunity is when they see it, and seize it."

+ + +

WE should smile! Although, the advertising gentlemen omitted to state on what precise spot the opportunity should be seized. Again, we are pathetically assured that, "It is now your chance to become rich by taking advantage of this wonderful opening," so presumably the thingamy Syndicate is wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, seeing that its promoters appear to have got on to this thing first of all? But viewed dispassionately, isn't the whole arrangement a bit of bunkum? Of what use is it for the French Government to "guarantee . . . opportunities of securing a profit?" Land sakes, nobody needs a foreign Government to guarantee a thing of that kind. What is needed, is a "guaranteed profit," and hang the opportunity affair.

+ + +

WHY, if you indulge in a game of chuck ha'penny with a boy of our acquaintance, we can guarantee you an opportunity of making a profit out of him. At the same time, we much doubt your ability in bringing that profit off, for, without saying positively, we yet have an idea that the said boy has a pre-emption on a double-headed ha'penny—for use in extreme cases. No! We have read about Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp; we have also read the advertisement appearing on behalf of this International Securities Syndicate; for a bit of really intelligent spoof, give us Aladdin; and in writing up the resultant race, put amongst the also-ran—that Syndicate!

+ + +

WE can understand why *John Bull* labelled the whole undertaking as an impudent advertisement. Why, it is worse than some steamer prospectuses of which we know, and hitherto, we frankly believed that for calm impertinence, they could not be beaten. Truly will the steamer monger have to look to his laurels, and as far as the remainder of the investing world is concerned, we have an idea that it will pay them to keep clear of the French Government, when, through its friends the International Securities Syndicate, it "guarantees . . . . opportunities of earning a profit of £6,000," yes. But where is our own paternal Government, and its financial wet-nurses? Does it allow this class of literature t o which we have thus extensively referred? Will Mr. Lloyd-George kindly make a note of this? He represents trade, and if this Syndicate isn't out to trade or credulity, we should like to hear about it

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII—No. 163 FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1907. Threepence.

RIDING A ROCKY ROAD!

Dame Wales: "Eight hours day, min! Why, you lost one of your best wheels in the sliding scale rut! Don't take any more risks, whateffer, look you."

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON	97
MARITIME MURMURS	98
SHIPBUILDING AT CARDIFF	102
WHITEHALL WILFULNESS	103
EMPIRE DAY	104
WATERSIDE WISDOM	106
STEERING RULES—ANCIENT AND MODERN	107
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	108
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	109
"LIBERAL'S CHINESE STOKERS"	110
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	111
TARIFF REFORM STILL A TRUMP CARD!	112

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

THAT was a pleasing function presided over by the Mayor of Southampton—Alderman R. Andrews—on Monday last, when Captain R. E. H. Becher, of the Union-Castle liner *Briton*; Mr. John Attwood, second officer; and several members of the crew, came up for appreciation and presents as the result of services rendered to the Norwegian vessel *Cingalese*, off the East African coast, last autumn. Captain Becher was presented—on behalf of the Norwegian Government—with a silver cup, while the remaining heroes were presented with medals and diplomas. It appears that Mr. Attwood and a boat's crew went to the rescue of the crew of the *Cingalese*, and struck them at a moment when they had practically given up their guns, being huddled together on the poop. The unfortunate Norwegians had been in for a hard time, having put in four days and nights at the pumps, at first, and leading a forlorn hope on bucket-baling afterwards. Needless to say, there was heavy weather at the time, but not so heavy that it discouraged the plucky sailormen who resolved to do or die, in their efforts at rescue. In fact, and basing our remarks on personal experience, we are of opinion that the weather would have to be tough, which put a funk into the remnant of British seamen who yet remain.

IN thanking the Norwegian Government's representative, Captain Becher gave it as his opinion that every member of the *Briton's* crew would have done the same as their fortunate shipmates, had such action been necessary. Of course they would, seeing that they were Britons in every sense of the word! We note that the gallant captain remarked: "We sometimes read in the papers of the deterioration of the British seaman, but I believe British seamen to-day, are as good as ever they were." Us, too, captain! The only trouble about it is, that a number of sycophantic writermen have agreed (for financial reasons) to assume otherwise, and if you give a lie the start of half-an-hour, it will travel around the world just that distance in front of the truth. One of these days—and that, possibly, not so very far ahead—the sailormen will teach their traducers a wholesome lesson. When that happy time arrives, may we be there to see. It will be interesting to watch the hedging, and twisting, of the slanging brigade, when faced with Nemesis, and the real thing in "salt." Naturally, the master of the *Briton*, being only a seaman, himself, can hardly be supposed to know anything about ships, shipping, or shipmen? Therefore, the slanging lot will still pursue the tenour of their bought-off way—aye, for yet a while longer.

A PORTION of the staff of the Barry Railway Company have been holding a little presentation on their own. One of their number—Mr. T. R. Robinson, from the accountants' department—has been appointed accountant to the Swansea Harbour Trust, where, we hope, he will do well for himself and his new employers. In any case, and judging by the esteem in which he appears to have been held by his late colleagues, he has every opportunity of so doing. We note that the gift of the occasion was a silver salver, and the presentation was carried out by Mr. P. J. Rimiell, on behalf of Mr. Robinson's colleagues. Mr. H. J. Vincent (deputy manager), Mr. John Davies, and others of the staff, spoke in flattering terms of the departing official, both as to his abilities as a co-worker, and his conduct as a gentleman. Our congratulations to you, Mr. Robinson, and we are pleased to see that, once in a way, a presentation at Barry comes off as a bit of spontaneity; isn't engineered by the recipient; and things like that. One of these days, and when we have a bit more space at our command, we shall animadvert to another "presentation" of which we wot. It might redound greatly to the credit of the "smartness" of the recipient of that occasion; but it will surely make the putters-up of the shekels feel tired! No, it wasn't at the Barry Railway Company, and that is all we are inclined to write on the subject, at the moment.

GOOD old Cardiff! Why didn't the leaders of the Docks cult keep Mr. Lloyd-George off a while longer? Why, if the President of the Board of Trade had attended a banquet this week, see the different tale that hope would have

spread before him! Instead of prattling about shipbuilding (how much, precisely, does the great "Georgie" know of shipbuilding, anyhow ?), he would have been given a fair lead as to the amount of grain imported into Cardiff in one week, and for one firm. Take Messrs. Spillers and Bakers as an example. The steamer *Indrawadi* has brought in a cargo of 7,000 tons of grain at one hit, while a steel four-masted sailing ship, the *Crocodile*, has brought in another 5,000 tons, and the steamer *Highland Monarch* has just finished discharging 5,000 tons. Altogether, then, the firm in question have taken in 17,000 tons of grain, within a few days. Yet these would-be mentors would assure us that the Cardiffian lives too much on coal! Funny people, aren't they? Most amusing in their little prattlings, too? Of course they are, and the mere outsider—were he to see anything of the vapourings referred to—would naturally incline to the belief that the Cardiff Docksman had curried-coal for breakfast; briquettes fricasseed for lunch; large coal and tomatoes for dinner; and charbon hash for supper!

the very first appearance of the attempt. We use the word "plundering." The promoting gentlemen had a different style of nomenclature, for they styled the something which they were after as "financial assistance!"

Now, the words "financial assistance" are liable to be construed in many different ways, and by varied amounts of figures. For instance, if you happen to be a dead-beat, and are out for shekels, you might consider that half-a-million is but a poor amount to reap in the matter of the kind of "assistance" already written. But if you happen to be the up-to-date, and by no means sleepy management of a given set of docks, you might be inclined to ask what your stockholders are to get in return for, say, £50,000. Anyhow, we had a sort of watching brief for one attempt at transatlantic trade, in which scarcely one of the "promoters" knew which end of a ship went first. But they knew all about beef! "Carney" was their strong point—"carney," and frozen turkeys for the Christmas markets! In

S.S. "Araguaya."

Dining Saloon.

The passing away of Mr. John Boyle, at the age of eighty-eight, gives an up-town contemporary an opportunity for airing its knowledge—or lack thereof—on the subject of transatlantic steamer lines. Attention is called to the almost forgotten fact that, once upon a time, a steamer line between Cardiff and New York was started. It was originally intended to run three steamers at the business. They were the *Pembroke, Glamorgan, and Carmarthen*. Our up-town friend is rather foggy as to the fate of the third boat, but we don't mind admitting that we happened to have sailed in the second-named vessel. That was our début in the realm of transatlantic traffic at Cardiff, and we believe that we have had at least a nodding acquaintance with each alleged attempt since that time. Some of them had much to recommend them; many of them hadn't; but as far as we could ever see, each one believed that it had the exclusive copyright of plundering the Bute Docks Company—a belief which, needless to say, was dispelled at

imagination, those "promoters" already had a high-class bullockry erected, and laid out on lines approximating the shape of a gramophone. There was to be a big trumpet-shaped affair at one end, and over its top rim, the legend "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" was to be placed in letters of fire. Into this trumpet, the beef which somebody (not specified in the scheme) was to bring across the Pond, was to be marched in, single file.

Half-way down the trumpet was a machine (kind not detailed, but that was a mere nothing) which would seize the poor bullock; would lay him on his back; comb out his hair; tear off his hoofs; put him peacefully to death and then pass on the work to other machines. Each piece of mechanism had its own work to attend to, and manual labour was reduced to a minimum. At the back end of the building, was to be some slots similar to those in which the

S.S. "Araguaya."

Cabine-de-Luxe.

automatic sweetmeat delivery people delight, and which they appear to have plagiarised from the promoters aforesaid. Well, those slots were the entrances to beef products. If you needed, say, a toilet brush, you dropped your sixpence ha'penny into the slot on the right; if you wished for a set of collar studs, a shaving brush, some "tapping leather," a spring toque for she-who-must-be-obeyed, a carpet for the drawing room, a bit of silver-side beef, a quart of albumen, in short anything of a beefy nature—there was your chance! As a matter of fact, the chance is still there, for somehow or other, the Bute Docks management is singularly unsympathetic to inventors of the class who were responsible for the scheme thus briefly touched on here.

We did hear that some of the good people who worked up the display of genius aforesaid have now gone to join the angels, and are busy working up syndicates for the supply of wing-powder; while others of them have gone to their native equivalent of Bridgend! It's a hard world, this, my masters. Especially when you run up against brainy men, with a wheeze which resolves itself into an attempt to get something for nothing! Still, our uptown contemporary is happy enough over that *Glamorgan* episode, so why need any of us bother? We might remark in conclusion of this reminisce, that in one scheme, success would surely have smiled upon the banners of the clique, had it not been for their somewhat exceptional incapability to determine how the spoils should be divided. The spoils, you understand, were about as problematical as the ultimate disposal of the refuse from the bullocks which were being dealt with—again, metaphorically! However, this particular clique had a run for their trouble, and for about twenty minutes, they really imagined that they were financiers of a good brand. For the matter of that, they were, only the Bute Docks people—fortunately for their stockholders—were of a somewhat better brand! But one of these odd afternoons, the right people will take the matter in hand, and then when a future president of the Ministry of Marine (as it will then be) comes to Cardiff on banqueting intent, he will be in a position to talk of Cardiff's 21,000,000 tons of import. You wait. We don't often prophesy, but when we do—well, we're whole-hoggers, and that's a fact!

We are in receipt of the 41st Annual Report of the Cardiff Incorporated Chamber of Commerce, and for the first time in our memory, attention is called to the unique character of the production. The compiler of the Report believes that it is the only publication of its kind in the Kingdom, and we are of the same opinion. Indeed, we have ever expressed wonder that the various chambers of commerce do not, in this manner, put their deliberations on record, so that they may be available for all who have an interest in the commercial prosperity of the country. However, it is not too late for "the other fellows" to follow a good lead, and we commend the idea for their careful consideration. The Report with which we are presently concerned, gives, among other valuable information, the average rates of freight from Cardiff to principal ports, over a period of eleven years; the average price of best Cardiff coal for a similar term of years, and month by month; while pitwood prices are tabulated, and local exports to foreign countries—all find a place. The secretary of the Cardiff Chamber—Mr. W. R. Hawkins—is particularly insistent on the fact that he has no wish to advertise his compilation, although why he should be of that mind, we are unable to determine.

That is to say, we have seen many less worthy productions "pushed" for all they are worth, and the proverbial bit over. But Mr. Hawkins' wish is to induce other chambers to adopt a similar course, in which event, the strenuous work of each (and which is now merely of a parochial value) would be extended, to the advantage of the whole commercial community. However, we find that the year 1906 was a record one in all grades of Welsh coal. In other words, the decrease evident in 1905 was not only recovered, for the shipments from the Port of Cardiff exceeded the previous record (1904) by more than a million and a quarter tons. Put into plain figures, the output was 21,544,516 tons, and without considering coke, patent fuel, and bunker coal taken coastwise. That colossal amount was divided as: Foreign, 15,940,784 tons; 2,633,559 tons coastwise; and 2,970,173 tons of bunkers taken by foreign going vessels. Truly does this last feature show how great a customer shipowner, collectively, is to the Welsh coalowner? According to Mr. Hawkins, the increase in the demand arose from the great boom in the trade of the world, generally, and was contributed to by the coal shortage consequent on the disaster and strike which followed at the Courrieres Mines; and the labour troubles in Belgium and the United States.

It might be well to look for a reason of advance at home, by finding a trouble abroad; it might be just as well to take the gifts the gods give, as a recompense for local rectitude and righteousness. When all is said, the increase is fairly

constant, and there are ever troubles about? Under the circumstances, then, might not the increase be written down as merely normal? Never mind. We have no wish to split straws about the subject, as long as the increase is there. For that matter, we believe the exponents of Welsh coal are of similar opinion. Naturally, in a chamber which did so much to bring about the removal of that hated coal tax, its remission has been ticked off as having a lot to do with the present prosperity. Again, it might have, while again, it might not! One thing is worthy of remembrance, and that is: The increase in the year's output is not on account of any demand brought about by war—although in a somewhat contradictory sense, the compiler of the Report adds that strikes have not assisted "by any exceptional demand," which, after all, is neither here nor there? Anyhow, there were no strikes at home, and that is something for which thankfulness is due.

Coming along to patent fuel, we find that the shipments in this department of the local industry, exceeded all previous figures, although—considered in a Cardiff light—the increase is nothing at all to prattle of, seeing that it is merely a matter of some 100,000 tons. The total exports of coke, too, were an increasing amount, but only to the extent of some 10,000 tons. We find it recorded that "rates of freight from South Wales were subject to considerable fluctuation." They were, if we are justified in styling some of the figures freights! At the same time, and taken as a whole, they were of a higher level than ruled during the previous year—and about time, too? In grain and flour, the imports showed a falling off, the figures for last year being, 354,794 tons, against 411,346 in 1905. In the matter of exported iron and steel, Cardiff shared the fate of other iron-producing centres, a slump being evident in all departments. Yet, the importation of iron ore—the bulk of this commodity coming from Spain—showed an increase of some 52,000 over those of the previous year! Food here, for the Free Trader? He goes on buying, but cannot, obviously, dispose of the finished production.

Still, we have given an extended consideration to this phase of trade elsewhere in this issue, so there is no necessity for us to spread ourselves on the same theme in this column. But as the output of coal shows such a marked increase, it naturally follows that the importation of pitwood must show a similar leap upwards. The increase in this respect, amounts to over 110,000 loads, and of that amount, some 67,000 tons came from Portugal, and 26,000 tons from Northern Russia. As showing the importance of the timber trade at Cardiff, it is interesting to note that out of the country's total of 3,248,000 tons, Cardiff was responsible for 900,000 tons of hewn wood—more than a quarter of the Kingdom's combined intake. As a matter of fact, the Port of Cardiff now stands second in the list of timber importing ports—and a good second. London's little lot amounted to 1,763,232 loads, while Cardiff struggled up fairly close with 1,103,605 loads. No wonder the Cardiffian is somewhat inclined to put his cap a little to one side, when strutting around in face of the "fly" Cockney! Somehow or other, he has a lot of justification, and by the time the respective ages of the two cities approximate a little more to each other (if that is possible) where will London be? Ask us another. We are dead off conundrums, since that one we gave you last week!

Among the purely commercial items dealt with by the chamber, we note that a deputation attended the 46th Annual Meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, held at the Whitehall Rooms, on March 6 and 7, 1906. The autumnal meeting of the same Association was held at Bristol, on September 11 and 12, and the Cardiff Chamber was duly represented. In fact, Cardiff submitted two resolutions on the occasion referred to: One advocating an appeal to all the great railway companies in the United Kingdom, to issue 1,000 miles travelling coupons; the other, asking the Post Office authorities to continue the inclusive rate system for the use of their telephones. In neither instance did success smile upon the resolutions indicated. The railway companies gave a flat—but polite—refusal; the Post Office folk—well, they are considering it, and you know what that means? Then the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire came in for a due share of attention; private Bills before Parliament; public Bills; compulsory Welsh in schools; commercial education travelling scholarships; commercial law; trunk calls and inter-telephone service; coal tax; harbour of refuge at Lundy; in fact, the attentions were many and varied! Come to size the matter up, the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce is a busy organisation, and its Annual Report is an informative compilation, which is well worth the nimble shilling charged therefor. If any of our readers possess doubts on the subject, a postal order to the secretary of the Chamber, will quickly remove them. And in the event of your deciding to send along the money so that you may judge for yourselves—well, we have an idea that you will be inclined to thank us for the Eastertide tip. Yes!

S.S. "Araguaya."

Dining Saloon Dome.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1907.

SHIPBUILDING AT CARDIFF.

NOW that the excessively original remarks of Mr. Lloyd-George, and which were given currency at that never-to-be-forgotten banquet of Saturday, March 16, 1907, have had time to sink in: now that the hysterical portion of the community has had a breathing space in which to simmer down to the normal once again; in short, now that the late flangary is well on the road to forgetfulness, it will not be amiss if we review the whole subject of shipbuilding at Cardiff. Judging by the hysteria which followed on the Lloyd-Georgian speech referred to, the mere outsider would be justified in believing that, for the first time in the history of the world, a business man had given passing attention to the subject which appears above this present writing. As a matter of fact, the speaker of the occasion referred to, merely touched on the shipbuilding idea, as he touched on other items of more or less interest to the local man—from a plagiarist's point of view. It is safe to say that, in the few years which have been used in bringing forth the Cardiff of to-day, men have tackled this same subject, whose forgetfulness of the essential points, have been greater than Mr. Lloyd-George's whole knowledge thereon. As a set off—a sort of dodgery—in a quasi-political speech, it is fairly good business to spring the unexpected on the listening crowd. It keeps them off dangerous ground, and also blunts their preconceived ideas as to the amount of information that was going to be theirs, at the time they invested good money for a banquet ticket. But the effects of that banquet having died a natural death, it is questionable policy for the long-headed men who were present, to allow themselves to be still bothered with the political red-herring. Of course, we are willing to admit that so far in the wrangle, the man who is likely to know something about the shipbuilding idea, has kept sedulously clear of the whole affair. He has left the discussion (save the name) to the gentlemen who bring out daily papers. All the same, the man in the street is likely to be imposed upon by this treatment, for he is prone to think up that old saw which assures us that silence gives consent. And now, let us consider the various "reasons" which have been adduced, for the absence of shipbuilding at Cardiff. One colossal mind assured his limited circle of listeners, that it is a physical impossibility to boost Cardiff into a position as a shipbuilding centre, similar to that which applies with the Clyde. There are no facilities, here; and there never will be! If that sapient critic had known anything about his subject, he would have remembered that in the early days of Clyde endeavour, the physical advantages were a thousand-fold less than those which are to be found on Taff-side. But then, instead of attending banquets, and laying himself under the ban of half-and-half speeches, the Clyde patriot got a hustle on. He had a ditch—and a tenth-rate one at that; the proposition was to turn it into a number one stream of water; a waterway that should accommodate the commerce of the world, and that should admit of the building and launching of some of the finest exponents of the carriage of that commerce. With what success the Clyde man carried out his share of the building of Empire, needs no repetition here. It is so palpably evident, that a Lloyd-George uses that success as a moral for the good people who, as yet, have confined their attention to coal; who, like the remainder of the world, have pursued the line of least resistance; and who have made several pots of money from the undertaking. Very well. After drawing a comparison between the natural advantages (or otherwise) of Clyde as against Cardiff, another educator took the field with the declaration that it is impossible to carry on a shiprepairing and a shipbuilding industry at one and the same time—even as he breathed soulful remarks anent the all-round superiority as a shipbuilding centre, of the Tyne district! That "educator" was adrift, for all the shipping world realises that the district which can turn out a *Mauretania*, as well as attend to the by-no-means small amount of repair-work which ambles along to the district known as "the Tyne," needs but few points from the outside solon? Of course, it is considered "the thing" to pretend to a quantity of inside information; but regarding this shipbuilding undertaking here, locally, what does it all amount to? Yet another instructor wishes us to believe that the matter lays in the hands of the trades union bosses. Square them up, and all will be well. "Arrange" with them, and the shipbuilding will amble along in full swing. Obviously, it is somewhat dubious to pretend that an industry may be successfully built up, if the men who merely have a day's-pay interest therein, are to boss the whole undertaking? Furthermore, isn't the "labour leader" about in quite big amounts on the Clyde and the Tyne? Are either of those places noted for industrial peace? On the contrary, for they are for ever at war in some unit of the business, or another. Therefore, everything which favours the quoted districts, favours, also, the Taff. Frankly, it is neither geographical disability, nor is it labour which keeps the sound of the shipbuilder's hammer away from Cardiff. The local man has given his attention to the local staple, and may not be seduced into a consideration of anything else. As a point of fact, he came here intent on coal, and coal only. For the matter of that, he is making a sufficiently good thing out of it; is justifying his efforts; and is also building up a seaport which is already second to but few on earth. Attempts have been made to bring off shipbuilding enterprise; but they were dilettante in the extreme; and but few people attached any importance thereto. When all is said, it isn't scarcity of land which militates against this supposedly desirable consummation. Land is here in plenty, and may be obtained on terms comparing more than favourably with conditions applying in already well-established shipbuilding centres; water is here—a rise and fall that would gladden the hearts of many eminent folk practicing elsewhere under great disadvantages: facilities are here, or are easy of attainment—easy when compared with the expenses to be borne in many districts; and the demand, too, is here. In this latter respect, Cardiff shipowners are second to none in their enterprising ability to acquire fleets of modern steamers—but they have to go away from home in the pursuit of their desires. And just here, we might touch upon the suggestion of yet another "expert." He wishes to know why the local shipowner doesn't start a yard on co-operative lines! Fudge? Certainly. But then most of the suggestions to-date, have been fudgey in the extreme, and where fudge predominates, a bit more or less will make no odds? The plain issue is, that Cardiff is in sad need of another importation—that of shipbuilding talent. Make it worth the while of that talent to materialise, and you may take it for granted that—with sufficient support—Cardiff would rapidly acquire as great a reputation for the construction of fleets, as she already has for the able manner in which she loads them up ready for sea. Switch off the dilettante; bring out the serious side of the business; and in doing this latter, see that there is no room given for the "promoters" to scotch the thing from the start, by foolishly aspiring to the milk in the cocoanut, the meat, and the hair outside—which latter, you understand, is to be taken in a metaphorical sense.

WHITEHALL WILFULNESS.

THE amiable foreigner, when honouring British shores with a visit, is inclined to express great wonder at the marvellous increase in British shipping, and which increase has come along in spite of the reactionary policy of the Whitehall Wanderers—otherwise the British Board of Trade. It is useless to deny the fact that, given a little sterling assistance in this connection, Britain's maritime trade would be considerably larger than obtains at present. Of course, it is good to note that the supremacy still continues in evidence, but at the same time, one has to acknowledge the truth that, with the removal of the amateur restrictions which abound, that same supremacy would be ever so much more apparent.

As a case in point, consider the childish arrangements which have been allowed to grow up around the question of load-line. Particularising for this occasion, criticise the enactments which operate between vessels loaded in salt water, and those which load in fresh-, or partly fresh-water. The Board of Trade regulations instead of working fairly for all—handicap the fresh-water dock in competition with its salt-water rival, according to the size of the vessel implicated. In other words, the powers that be have faked up a rule-of-thumb table, and regardless of the fact that the table is merely an approximation to the truth, its provisions must be strictly adhered to.

THAT is to say, and according to Board of Trade ideas, a fine-line vessel will not sink into the water, length for length, any quicker than will a flat-bottomed scow of a thing, and so it comes about that a fixed allowance is to be made for all tonnage loading in any dock where the water is other than salt—as generally understood. Because of this idiotic arrangement, docks which are blessed—or otherwise—with fresh-water, may usually be depended on to turn out a vessel with anything up to fifty tons less than would apply, if her cargo had been laden in a salt-water dock. This, too, not because of any difference on the part of the loading facilities; but solely for the reason that the Board of Trade "allowance" is, in the majority of instances, wrong all to Hades.

THAT this feature of handicap is attracting the attention of those with the greatest interest therein, was conclusively proved to us a few days ago, for on visiting a given dry dock, we saw a supposed "expert" flopping around with all manner of bits of stick, straight-edges, foot-rules, dividers, and what not. Naturally, we were curious, and asked for information. The latter took the form of: "Oh, he is working out a calculation for the purpose of proving that the Board of Trade allowance for varying degrees of freshness in a given dock is, or is not, correct." "So?" we thought. And that is supposed to be the best method of proving that which everybody concerned already admits!

THAT shipowners do admit this incorrectness, is evidenced by the fact that, when they can manage it, their vessels load in docks which are favoured with a salt-water medium. And if it is desired to obtain a thoroughly reliable statement of the two load lines which every steamer naturally possesses, is it quite the best thing to put the matter into the hands of an underwriter's man? Personally, and if we wished to put a stop to this class of injustice, we should consult an eminent shipbuilder—we are giving no names, for such action would be invidious, and is also unnecessary, when so many eminent shipbuilders abound—for the purpose of receiving an unassailable load-line for fresh-water and for salt-water. Then, simple proportion would give us the "allowance" that was proper in any instance.

FURTHERMORE, what is wrong with making it incumbent on all shipbuilders to supply the two load-lines—that for fresh-water, and that for salt-water? By this means the rule-of-thumb at present obtaining would be obviated, and the result would be that a given dock would not be differentiated against unjustly, by a lash-up of a thing posing as an immersion-table. For gainsay the fact who will, it has come to be a recognised truth, that if a steamer loads in—let us say—A, dock, she will carry off some forty or fifty tons more cargo, than will happen if she loads in B, dock. A, is a salt-water dock; B, isn't! There is the reason, and the cause of the difference is the idiotic immersion-table already referred to.

THIS being so—and it is—why not see to it that the said table is either altered, or done away with? And to bring this about, there is absolutely no reason to employ an underwriter's man, so that he may play all manner of fantastic tricks before high heaven which, if they don't make the angels weep, still prove diverting to the man who is in the know. As we have already remarked, any reputable builder would be glad to settle the matter on scientific—and therefore, non-debatable—lines, for the builder, no less than the shipowner and dockowner is being handicapped by the iniquitous regulations which at present obtain.

As a survival of the "good old days," the accepted style of immersion-table has much to recommend it; as a piece of legitimate business acumen, it has nothing. And when all is said, the stress of competition is intense enough, without a Government Department going out of its way to add thereto, or to take therefrom—although the latter would carry some little credit with it. And in this connection, there is absolutely no need for any of us to go into the so-many-gallons to the ton of water idea. That should be left to the good people who earn a living, legitimately, at the business—the shipbuilder. It is his work; he should be allowed to attend thereto.

MEANWHILE, the shipping community is faced with another antiquated method of arriving at a given result, when, if the Government Department implicated, were up-to-date in a moderate degree, no such trouble would exist. To our mind, it would be ever so much better if Presidents of the Board of Trade would give over flitting around the country in a wild endeavour to grace every two-cent. function; and would settle down with a determination to earn, at least, a portion of the by-no-means negligible salary which a generous country apportions them. This little disability of the two-water loading—if we may write it thus—is by no means the only trouble which awaits settlement; but even so, it is no small item on that account.

IT is among the easiest things of life to prove the Board of Trade table wrong all to pieces, for as much as one-and-a-half inches too great an allowance is common with large modern steamers. These boats, working out to, say, forty tons per inch on the last few inches, would thus be handicapped to the extent of 60 tons when loading in fresh-water—and that amount is quite sufficient to put all the strivings in favour of a salt-water dock loading? In any case, the striving is there, and it behoves the proprietors of all fresh-water docks, to see to it that they are no longer cheated in this bare-faced manner. Especially, as the means are at hand, and are so simple. With the proof of our claims put beyond dispute, an alteration in present methods would be easy enough.

EMPIRE * DAY.

AS the weeks slip away, "Empire Day" will soon be with us, and as there was a quantity of misapplied energy wasted over its observance—or non-observance—last year, it will be of interest to consider, briefly, the points which are in favour of a patriotic observance of May 24.

S.S. "ARAGUAYA."

SOCIAL HALL.

Without arguing the point, one way or another, we might state that the spirit of the originators of "Empire Day," is exemplified by the words, "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, Self-sacrifice." Possibly, that is mainly why so many pinchbeck patriots will have nothing to do with it?

FOR when all is said, the shriekers in our midst are chary of accepting Responsibility for any of their mad-cap actions; the only Duty which they believe in, is that which imposes on them a strenuous effort for self-advertisement; their Sympathy generally goes out to the individual who has successfully "done" some other fellow; while Self-sacrifice is not in their vocabulary. Under these circumstances, then, how is it possible to gain the support of the pinchbeck patriot; the *hombra* who is for ever yelling about his ambitions toward Reform (with a cap. letter); and who will follow that same Reform, up hill and down dale, as long as it brings him in the financial return which he may not hope to win with honest labour?

BUT, fortunately for the Empire which this "Empire Day" hopes to solidify, all its citizens are not of the shrieking sort. Indeed, indications are about, which definitely show that the day of the shrieker is nearly done. In which case, the day of the Empire Builders is re-commencing. For that reason, it is well to consider their mission a bit further. The motto of these Empire consolidating people is, "One King, One Flag, one Fleet, one Empire," and, needless to say, every genuinely patriotic citizen of the British Empire must find a thrill running up-and-down his spinal column, as he realises the full significance of that motto?

AND yet, if the energies of the shriekers already referred to could be crystallised into a legitimate channel, those same Stormy Petrels would justify the accretion of the unearned increment which is now theirs; and they would be earning some well-merited blessings where, at present, their greatest share of the "earn" idea, is a choice lot of objurgatory language from the thinking portions of the community. We have no wish to draw invidious distinctions in this connection, but most of our readers will remember instances of where the "union" boss has scouted all thoughts of a possible welding-together of the different links of Empire.

ONE of the gang actually stigmatised the National Flag as a piece of printed calico, thereby showing his colossal ignorance of a subject on which a mere school-boy could give him points. Possibly since the occasion referred to, that great patriot has learned that it is usual to make flags from bunting; that the pinchbeck sort, only, are made from calico—even as the spurious patriot is made from a kind of human pinchbeck! But why will these shrieking nonentities forget their responsibilities in this asinine manner? They are for ever yelling about "unionism"; are intent on assuring the workman who supplies the "sinews of war" (as they grandiloquently describe the weekly subscription to "the Cause"), that to be true, they must be union-men; and in spite of all this twankey, the flag which floats over British saint and sinner alike, is a "Union Jack"!

WHY cannot those yelling atoms see that their responsibilities, their duties, their sympathies, and what stands instead of their share of the trait named self-sacrifice, demand a whole-souled support of the tenets of life as understood by the "Empire Day" people? Possibly, in their mad strivings after more "funds," those union men never stopped to remember about the Union Jack, or their conduct might have been different. But now that we have reminded them of the fact that the flag which flies over union-bossed Britain is an Union Jack—well, perhaps they will accept the hint? Furthermore, they might be inclined to use the argument as an additional lever in the gathering in of those weekly subscriptions!

S.S. "ARAGUAYA."

SOCIAL HALL—ANOTHER VIEW.

And for our part, we shall raise never an objection, if they will only give value in return for the collected coin. Our antagonism has been consistently raised against those of the crowd who collect all that is possible, and, with tongue in cheek, make pantomimic wavings of the arms, eked out with a number of cant phrases (when the said tongue has been run amidships) with which everybody is now familiar, in return. Chatter as a set-off for coin, is hardly good enough, and it is impossible to support a British Empire on that kind of monkey-work. But if those erstwhile shriekers will come off their chairs; will mingle with the mob whose heads they have hitherto affected to play above; will do, in short, the square thing, and thus make unionism a real power for good—well, we are with them.

And these strictures apply equally with the masters as with the men, for true to the Union Jack idea, both have their unions. A rose by any other name will smell as sweet, and whether a combination is known as a federation, an association, or a society—in plain effect, it is merely an union of interests for some common aim. Moreover, the country is fairly-well honeycombed with these combinations at the moment, and if the whole of them would remember that the Union Jack flies equally over all, Empire Day would rapidly assume healthy proportions; then, instead of cacklings anent pieces of printed calico, our children would be assured that the bunting referred to is the symbol of a something which has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze.

Going farther, the children would be assured that the battle had come from all quarters of the globe, but that the breeze had merely come from the lungs of pinchbeck patriots of native birth. Nevertheless, the same glorious flag has withstood the lot, and if those children would only look upon it as a glorious symbol of liberty and fraternity (all things being equal), then, the same old Union Jack would continue to fly in all its bravery, over an union-mad people. And further considering the same theme, isn't it quite time that the spirit of the Empire Day movement be seriously impressed on our children? For when all is said, the watch-words of the organisation (which, in itself, is a genuine union) are genuinely patriotic.

Not only patriotic, for if they are followed along with careful attention, and with a honest desire to do the best under all circumstances, they will tend to that larger cultivation of individual character which, at the moment, is in sad danger of total shipwreck. At present, the muscle and brawn of the British Empire is in danger of being standardised out of all use and benefit. Standardisation in machinery is a good and praiseworthy item; but even as it has been shown right from the beginning of history, standardisation of the human race is impossible, and all attempts in that direction, are merely putting a stop on the progress which must be in evidence, if a nation is to survive.

What do we mean by the standardisation of the human race? Well, merely the idiotic attempt which is being made by the majority of the "union" bosses, to fill their lodges and meeting-rooms with stale mediocrity. In the early days of the movement, this was admissable—from the union bosses' point of view. You see, if the rank and file were allowed to think for themselves, they would probably act for themselves—and any such thought was anathema! The "boys" must think, act, and pay, e'en as the bosses directed, and for a time the dodge worked well. That time, however, is over, and the rank and file is beginning to jib; is being filled with the spirit which makes an Empire Day possible; and the happiest moment of all will be, when the teeming millions have definitely decided to throw off the incubus of the pinchbeck patriot, and accept the Empire Day's watchwords of "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, Self-sacrifice," as a personal matter.

Thanks to the disinterested actions of the genuine patriots who have given time and money to this movement, the moment suggested in the preceding paragraph would appear to be near. The sooner it comes, the better, for as matters are tending, the Briton is gradually (but surely) being frozen out of the markets of the world, and because of the insane establishment of a standard of mediocrity with which our native workmen are now oppressed. He has no incentive to excel, for he is tyrannised as to hours, as to work, and as to pay. Individualism is declared to be a crime, and even as that tom-fool word Socialism is supposed to be the one panacea for all national ills, so it is for individual worries. Needless to say, the thing is nonsensical in the extreme. Empire Day and its teachings are exemplifying the fact. Under the circumstances, therefore, we are proud to throw in our share of weight, on the side of those who aim at making "Empire Day" the Day of the Empire.

S.S. "Araguaya."

Dome of Social Hall.

S.S "Araguaya"

Entrance Hall.

Waterside Wisdom—Home Rule.

THE day was fine, and Cassidy had succeeded in rubbing his shoulders into a comfortable position between the palings of the boundary between the East Bute Dock and Tyndall Street, just as Con Keefe tacked across the road, intent on getting the loan of a pipe of tobacco from the Tyndall Street philosopher—otherwise, Cassidy. It might be as well to remark, at once, that the philosopher was just that and nothing else, and thus it happened that he invariably had enough and to spare of good "Irish roll." On the other hand, and when he deigned to labour for anybody, Con Keefe was a sea-going fireman, which probably accounts for the fact that he seldom had tobacco—or anything else save an insatiable desire for the accumulation of political points.

"Tabaccy is ut ye want"? demanded Cassidy, as he twitched his shoulders clear of the palings already referred to, and preparatory to making an attempt to reach the desired luxury which lay, *perdu*, at the bottom of a capacious pocket. "When did yez arroive in?

"Didn't arroive in, at ahl. Paid aff in Shields, and bin wor-r-rkin me way round to th'ould shpot ivver since. It's a foine thing to be a polaytitian, an' to hev plinty av toime on hand, to say nuthin' av a shtock av tabaccy for a frind. Phwat's the latesht since I conversed wid ye lasht."

"The latesht, Con? Paid aff in Shields did yez? Bin on the road since that? Had plinty av toime to think over the burning quistions av the hour, then, an' that's a fact. An' that reminds me. Phwhat do ye think of Home Rule, and is yer wife and childer well an' 'appy—prosperous, av coorse, they'll ivver be, wid such a ganius as yerself a-lookin' after their timporal welfare."

"Home Rule," repeated Con, ignoring the latter portion of his benefactor's remarks. "Home Rule? Thought it was dead. Aye, an' buried. At laste, yez assured me that it would be insoide of a wake, the lasht toime I had the pleasure of borrowing a shmoke aff yer bit of black twisht. An' that's over three months past."

"It's dead enough, Con, me boy, on'y for a purty plain reason, some of th'ixponints of the dodge are intint on working up a flutther over it, now an' ag'in. It's a grate counthry, this, Con Keefe, and don't you forget it. An' polytics ain't at all what they used to be. I larned that to me sorrer, up at the club th'utther avenin. D'ye remimber Reardon? Mike Reardon, as ivver was?

"D'ye mane the shkunk that shipped wid me as trimmer in the *Pollyfamus*; who laid up the minit we got outside av the low wather pier—an' shtayed laid up until we got intil Barcelony?" And the look accompanying this question showed that Con Keefe had sundry outstanding differences to settle with Micky Reardon.

"Thot same blood-sucker," assented Cassidy. "Ye see, Reardon has giv' up work, an' has jined the polityeal caucus at the club. A grate splottherer is Reardon. Well, he got me on to Home Rule, th'utther noight, and feeling a bit weary av thin's ginerally, I lit out wid an allegory."

"Did it kill him—that allegory? And was there much av it about on the club-flure?

"Much phwhat? Talk sinse, as becomes a man that's smokin' my tabaccy. An allegory has nothin' to do wid gore as ye seem to think. 'Tis simply—well, it's talking at a feller widout mintioning his name, d'ye moind, an' is to be considered in the loight of figurativism, yis. Annyhow, I intimated my intintion of combating the ixpressions av Reardon, so the flure was cleared, an' afther drinking up, I said "Gintlemin. Yez appear to believe that as the Dominion av Canada, the Commonwealth av Australiar, the Transvaal, an' utter silf-respicting pieces of furrin land have received this thing shtyled autonomy—which is to say, they kin play the fool wid their chances in loife, widout botherin' the Home Government to attind to the matter; then ould Oireland must be placed on the same low-down livil?

"Very well, then. Let us consider the etarnal similitude av the bisness. An' to do this, let us, for a minit, intrude upon the sacred blissidnesses av our happy homes. Bruther Reardon is a family man, an' two av his sons is about to be jined in Holy Wedlock, wid two av the tastiest bits of femayle goods in Tyndall Shtreet. Furthermore, gintlemin, his eldest daughter has already consinted to live in the same blissid shtate, wid one of de boss navvies wor-r-kin' at the New South Dock.

"What happened in the latther case, and phwhat is goin' ta 'appen in the former? Simply thot as the lady wint aff ta a home av her own, she natchrally wint in for Home Rule, and the Reardon boys—whin they shtart off as indicated by me former remarks—will follow suit. So it was wid thim one-time Colonies under the British-flag. Havin' a home of their own, they not unnatcherally wantid to run it their own way—avin as will our boys an' gurls whin they lave the parintal roof.

"But if yez'll quit lookin' so mighty shmart, gintlimin, an' give over acting as if yez had the patint roights av all the tricks ov the wor-r-rld, I'll bring me remarks to a close—by an' bye. Now, supposing that Norah Reardon, our Bruther's crippled daughter, fails to find a helpmate to shteer her along thro' the remainder av her life; suppose, under those circumstances, the gintle Norah is compelled to live on in the paternal home—will Bruther Reardon, an' his good lady, allow their Norah to set up a minadge av her own in the Tyndall Street house which is rinted by her father (an' on which the rint is exactly five weeks behind)?

"Nivver a set up, bruthren. Under the dishtressin' circumstances, suggested, Old Man Reardon—avin supposin' he fails altogether in payin' the rint that is due—will consider thot he has the grip on all the Home Rule that is about in thot corner av the yard; and ef Norah—rist her crippled feet—attimpts to put up a sort of gover'mint that is antagonistic to that indulged in by frind Reardon, thin, gintlemin, Tyndall Shtreet is in for anutther av its periodical ixcitemints.

"Therefore, bruthren, let me assure you that as dear ould Ireland is a part of the Homeland; is ripresinted in the Homeland's Government, better nor anny utther portion av the house; that it isn't hankerin' afther the *staythus* of a colony, and therefore to be allowed to play the hank wid it's chances in life; thin, sors, an' in spite av all yer argymints to the contrary, Home Rule as suggisted by the would-be saviours of what is by no means lost, is a delusion an' a shnare. An' if Bruther Reardon would give over upsetting the harmony av our meetings wid long talks of things about which he knows nutthin'—ef he would go an' ingage in honest labour—, well, Con Keefe, yez can imagine the uproar which followed on a spache av that sort?"

"I can, indade! But whist, man. D'ye see the lady forninst there? That's Mistress Keefe, an' be the luke av her, she's out fer blood. Wull I see yez at the club, later on?

"Ye will, and as the question av the suffragit is to be discussed in its bearings on national prosperity, ye moight larn something worth using when ye next undertake to make a voyage over the deep say."

STEERING RULES—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IT must be somewhat disappointing to the Great Man of Germany, if he finds time to consider the results of his effort to Germanise the mercantile marines of the world, at least, in as far as steering is concerned. With absolutely no justification, as far as a seaman can see, that Great Man attempted to foist off on the maritime world, a "made in Germany" set of steering rules. Why was there no justification? Because every sailorman understood the then existing rules, and realised that although in a manner of speaking, k-a-t would make a better shape of the word cat, than c-a-t; still, he had learned it in the latter shape, and whichsoever way the word was spelled, well, it would make no difference to the mice.

So it was with the steering. If a man said port, and the resultant action put the ship's head to starboard, what about it? The man knew it would do precisely that, and it was for that reason that the word "port," came from his lips. If it had been originally decreed that it was essential to say "dog," before a vessel's head had been made to go to starboard, what about that? What's in a name, anyhow—whether it be made at home or in Germany? Nothing, and the so-called "new steering rules" are emphasising the fact. The survival of the fittest will ever apply, no matter what a strenuous ruler might imagine.

VERSATILITY is a great and worthy possession—especially if it is worked in connection with essential reforms. But when versatility is merely brought to bear on the unnecessary, then, it is bound to be a mortifying of the flesh. That is exactly how the new steering rules are administered, and let the fact not be forgotten. You see, a pilot—whether he be a German, or a mere Briton—is distinctly human, and if experience has taught him that he is in danger of running amok through following the advice of amateur seamen, can you blame him for falling back on the seamanship which was taught him ever since he was "knee-high to a duck?"

OF course, not, and thus it comes about that when a Continental pilot essays the guidance of a British vessel, he has two courses open to him. He may accept the Kaiser's sailorising, or he may throw it where it should ever have been allowed to stay—overboard. Which rôle will he fill? That is altogether as may be. If he has used the "new quiff," and it brought him to grief—and subsequent suspension—you may be sure that he will have as little to do with it in future, as makes no odds to anybody in particular. And the worst of the business is, that the "new quiff" generally brings its exponent to grief and subsequent suspension!

IF the Continental pilot is young—and excessively patriotic—he will attempt the use of the new style of steering: will keep to it, right up to the point when he realises that he is running up against a metaphorical brick wall. At that psychological moment, he will make a frantic dive to the steering wheel, and on his own initiative, will attempt to pluck victory from a seeming defeat. If he succeeds, he has received a rude shock as to the advisability of footling around with one-sided agreements; if he fails, he will see patriotism, Government instructions, and everything else jiggered, before he will attach any loyalty to the freak.

AND that Continental pilot is not to be blamed. His business is to guide a vessel in safety through all the dangers which naturally beset her path. It is no part of his business to bother himself with imported dangers, especially if he is in a position to dispense with them, by reverting to a tried, trusted, and universally-understood, line of conduct. And that is what happens! Your pilot will assure you that, as a self-respecting citizen of a given country, he is supposed to use certain arbitrary words of command which are not understood by anybody on board a given vessel, save himself.

ALMOST immediately, though, he will assure you just as positively, that he is going to have nothing to do with those arbitrary words. He is going to conduct his piloting on seamanlike—and they are British—lines. In effect, he assures you that when he says "port," he means that he wishes the vessel's head to turn to starboard; but—and he is extremely clear on this point—if anything should unfortunately go wrong, then, you are to bear him out in his statements that he used port and starboard according to the Kaiser's lights and understanding; that port meant turning to port, starboard meant turning to starboard, and steady meant exactly as it meant in ages before a Kaiser was born into a world filled with misinterpretation and trouble.

VERY well. At this stage of the proceedings, you, as a shipmaster—and being on the bridge and in charge, although the pilot is bossing the situation!—might think up several sorts of words that are calculated to fit the circumstances. You might ease your mind with a number of trite remarks—all in good English—anent a man who wasn't satisfied with the splendid job into which a benign providence had him born; but who wished to pose as a sailor, a quartermaster, and an all-'round reformer. In the midst of your thinking, your vessel might have met that metaphorical brick wall already alluded to, and now, in the hurry of the imminent danger, port means starboard although it is port; starboard means port, although it is starboard; and while you are wondering which is really meant—she hits it!

OF course, there is trouble on the scene; your pilot implores you to swear that he said port when he meant starboard; that your helm was starboarded when the pilot yelled port; and that only the innate cussedness of the navigation was responsible for the "accident," which is likely to cost a group of underwriters a "pretty penny!" So much for that episode, and if you—and your pilot—win through, and an unkind fate again brings you both in touch on the same bridge; that pilot, having learned through past experience, will assure you, most positively, that he is not going to say one word as to port or starboard. He has "had some," and suffered from the having. In future, he is a semaphore-signal-post sort of pilot.

NATURALLY, you seek enlightenment, and your friend thereon assures you that: "I don't vause a vord say, Captin. I joost stands me by here (indicating the side of your helmsman) und I mit de hand make von motion. Ven I to port vould make der schip, I de hand puts zo (motioning to port). Und if I to starboard vould go, den, dot hand vill in dot style vave. Captin, I say not one vord—but if you dinks it best for all, den, ven I moves my hand so, you schould say de vord 'port' (and he indicates the pre-Kaiser style of steering); vile if mein hand schould move likadat, den, you schould say de vord 'starboard' (still in the pre-Kaiser style)."

AND it is even so, while the whole fit-out goes to show, that it takes more than the word of a Kaiser to alter the world of shipping; and that whatsoever a "made in Germany" tag might convey on shore, the words "made in Britain" are still the more potential at sea. Furthermore, it goes to show that the Kaiser would be filling his royal rôle ever so much better, if he would admit his fallibility, and therefore, his humanity; in which case, sailormen would think considerably more of him than they will do while that misguided set of "steering rules" are brought out to confound (and possibly drown) them.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 27, 1907.*

APPROACH of the holidays notwithstanding, the Coal Market hasn't put on any very great amount of activity since our last time of writing. Naturally, there is a certain show of restlessness on the part of those whose business it is to do all that is possible in this direction; but activity as it has been understood of late, is somewhat conspicuous by its absence.

IT may be taken for granted that, both with shipowners and merchants, a pressing desire to shoo away loaded steamers before the holidays, is evinced. That is exactly as it should be—especially in the case of the shipowners. You see, some of the shareholder people might be induced to visit Cardiff over the next few days, and it would be little short of a national calamity were they to find their *Piquant Polly*, at the Docks, doing nothing.

AND in the matter of tonnage arrivals, these, during the past week, have been much more satisfactory. But then, look at the weather! Could a vessel possibly fail to come in on time, with the lovely "sunshine and clears" which have prevailed over the past few days? Certainly not! Why, even the poor scribe manages to feel glad that he is alive under existing circumstances—and that is something for which gratitude is due.

THEN, with the advent of that tonnage, quotations have gone up—generally, to the extent of 3d. per ton; but quotations arn't everything, you'll find, for if you are a potential buyer, and have your head screwed on there or thereabout, it is comparatively easy to dodge the quotation of the seller, substituting a brand new sample of your own for use instead.

No, viewed all round, the market may not truthfully be described as showing any improvement. Furthermore, it isn't at all likely to until some of the presently heavy stocks have been cleared off. The holidays will certainly ease that particular somewhat, and thus in a day or two thereafter, prices should be harder. But not to any very appreciable extent.

STOCKS are heavy, and more than equal to the demand, the present temporary difficulty being in the matter of tips. You see it never rains but it pours, and where last week, tips were at a discount, at the moment of writing, they are somewhat at a premium. But 'twas ever thus, and out of an inborn ignorance of the conditions applying, Mr. Congestion comes along. He will be here, directly, unless the holidays have called him out to the country, where he may hear the little dicky-birds, and listen for the cuckoo!

MEANWHILE, stems with the collieries are fairly-well filled, and enquiries are certainly more numerous. After the holidays—yes, after the holidays! That is going to be the time you'll find! In the interval between, prices are even as set out below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 0d	19s. 0d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d., 32s. 0d.	31s. 0d.	31s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	30s. 0d., 32s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	27s. 0d., 29s. 0d.	27s. 6d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 27, 1907.*

The market at Swansea, for the period under consideration, has not undergone any great alteration. Shipments have been heavier than of late, thanks to an improvement in the supply of tonnage, and in view of the holidays there is an activity on the part of the merchants to get their shipments off, thus causing something of a pressure at the moment. The demand for prompt stuff has therefore been heavier, but business ahead is still somewhat slow.

ANTHRACITE, as of late, has remained a very steady market, with prices maintained. While they do not show any improvement, there is no indication of any weakness, having regard to the state of stems. MACHINE MADE COALS keep in good request. CULM and DUFF are slightly firmer. BIG VEIN COALS are asking increased figures for immediate shipment, but recent figures can be repeated for anything beyond this.

STEAMS have been more active than of late, and this has enabled their exponents to demand slightly improved figures especially for early shipment. There has been more business about, both for this side, and for after the holidays. LARGE is marked up 3d. per ton; also THRO's.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s 9d.	18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 0d.	17s 0d	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d , 15s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.,	24s. 0d., 24s. 6d.	24s. 3d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d , 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, March 27, 1907.

N denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Torrington*, 8,000 tons, 9s. ppt.
Aden, *Acara*, 8s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Harley*, 6,200 tons, 13s. 6d.
Newburn, 4,800 tons, 13s. 6d. option Rosario, 14s. 6d. 200.
Monte Video, *Inchmaree*, 6,000 tons, 13s.
Steamer, 12s. 9d.
Archtor, 4,100 tons, 13s. 1½d. (N).
Argo, 4,000 tons, 13s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Cameron*, 3,800 tons, 13s. 3d. option Santos, 15s. 3d.
Hillfern, 5,000 tons, 13s. 3d.
St. Vincent, *Ribston*, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Redruth*, 3,200 tons, 7s.
Kariba, 5,200 tons, 7s.
Or Madeira, *Ben Lomond*, 4,400 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Mark Lane*, 2,500 tons, 7s.
Bermuda, *Strathnevis*, 5,000 tons, 9s. spot. (Admiralty)
Dakar, *Ariel*, 2,200 tons, 7s.
Svanholm, 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d. coal.
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, *Towergate*, 5,200/5,500 tons, 13s. 6d. 250. (N).
Ravenshoe, 4,800 tons, 13s. 6d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Rosslyn*, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Rhodesia, 6,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 6s. 3d.
Genoa, *Attiki*, 4,200 tons, 8s.
Ventmoor, 5,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Or Savona, *El Salto*, 3,600 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steward, 5,700 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Broadgarth, 4,600 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Enosis, 5,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Alexandria, *Mendelssohn*, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Trevose, 4,500 tons, 6s. 6d. 700.
Savona or **Spezzia,** Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 500, or 8s. 4½d. 350.
Miles Coverdale, 3,300 tons, 8s.
Palermo, *Alexander Shukoff*, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Algiers, *Gorbea Mendi*, 3,900 tons, 7 fcs.
Beck Freres, 2,300 tons, 7 fcs. (C. or S.)
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7·50 fcs. (S).
Anna Moore, 3,600 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Valencia, *Segontian*, or sub., 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 6s. 9d. (S).
Marseilles, *Georgios Embiricos*, 5,000 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Cangaman, or sub., 1,508 tons, 8 fcs.
Constantinople, *Brenner*, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Or Piræus, *Leonidas*, 3,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Trewelland, 2,900 tons, 6s. 9d. (C. or S.)
Naples or Leghorn, *Bushmills*, 3,200 tons, 7s. 4½d. 700, spot.
Thurston, 2,200 tons, 7s. 6d. (S).
Or Messina, *Meggie*, 2,100 tons, 7s. 6d (S).
Pandosia, 4,500 tons, 6s. 10½d. if 1,000, or 7s. if 800.
Barcelona, *Greatham*, 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,900 tons, 7s. 10½d. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel. (S).
Meraggio, 3,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Carloforte, *Earnwood*, 2,400 tons, 8s. 3d. (P.T.)
Leghorn, *Woodburn*, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Torre, Steamer, 7s. 6d.
Danube, *Michael*, 4,300 tons, 7s.
Fiume, *Dromonby*, 4,900 tons, 8s. 3d. 200.
Gibraltar, *Alassio*, 1,400 tons, 6s.
Malta, *James Westoll*, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Pendarves, 3,500 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Zoe, 2,200 tons, 5s. „
Lisbon, *Euterpe*, 1,800 tons, 5s. 4½d. (N).

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Jane*, 1,200 tons, 5s.

BAY, Etc.

Pasages, *Larpool*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
St. Nazaire, *Clieveden*, 2,150 tons, 5·25 fcs. ppt.
Helen Lohden, 1,500 tons, 6 fcs. (S).
Bordeaux, *Enterprise*, 3,100 tons, 6·25 fcs. (S).
Frutera, 1,200 tons, 6 fcs. (P.T.)
Maimaxa, 2,000 tons, 6 fcs. (N).
La Rochelle, *Rosehill*, 2,000 tons, 5·25 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·50 fcs.
Castleford, 2,400 tons, 5·50 fcs. (S).
Ragusa, 1,800 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Charente, *Abertawe*, 1,700 tons, 6 fcs. (S).
Bayonne, *Lyng*, 1,450 tons, 6·50 fcs. (S).
Melrose Abbey, 1,500 tons, 5·50 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Gathorne*, 1,200 tons, 4s. option Rochester, 4s. 1½d. (S).
Dublin, *M. E. Hall*, 270 tons, 4s. 3d. (S).
Belfast, *The Marquis*, 430 tons, 3s. 7½d. (S).
Waterford, *Lavinia*, 470 tons, 3s. 9d. (N).
Fecamp, *Bass Rock*, 850 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
St. Malo, *Congress*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 7½d. (S).
Hampshire, 850 tons, 5s.
Rouen, *Jane*, 1,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Seagull, 740 tons, 5s. 10½d. (S).
Glassalt, 720 tons, 5s. 10½d. (S).
Stokesley, 1,250 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Havre, *Hazelmere*, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d.
Glynn, 1,450 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Brest, *Devonia*, 1,700 tons, 4s. 3d.
Alice M. Craig, 1,180 tons, 4s. 9d. coal, 5s. 3d. fuel, (S).
Trouville, *Sheila*, 530 tons, 6s. (S).
Cherbourg, *British Empire*, or sub., 6s. (S).
Boreas, 600 tons, 6s. (S).
Memel, Steamer, 800 tons, 8s. (S).
Honfleur, *Peterbourg*, 900 tons, 5s. (S).
Dieppe, *Carn Marth*, 2,100 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Caen, *Solent*, 1,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Eppleton, 1,150 tons, 5s. 3d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Rosella*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Bayonne to Cardiff, Steamer, 1,700 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.
Onton to Newport, *Treherbert*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Tunis to Swansea, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 7s. 6d. for part cargo.

"Liberal's Chinese Stokers."

UNDER the above title, a London contemporary recently spread itself on much that is old and played-out in connection with the theme. The whole argument centred around Mr. Richard Holt's candidature for Parliamentary honours, on which, needless to say, the gentleman hoped to win; but Hexham—the spot indicated—should have none of a gentleman whose "side" prattled so largely about "Chinese slavery" as carried on by the Unionists, when the Holt steamers—but there, every shipping man knows about it already?

MIND you, some of them will pretend that they do not know, and for their sakes, we will pursue the theme a bit farther. Before going on with it, let us exhort all shipowners with a leaning towards Parliamentary work and favours, to eschew all appearance of flirting with cheap labour. It is the figurative rock on which nine-tenths of past attempters have split, and here, locally, the cult is represented by more than one.

INDEED, the cheap labour problem is an instance of where "be sure your sin will find you out" applies, more than in any other of which we know. The 'orny 'anded's "leader" will be up against you in a flash, if you are a "sweater" and run for Parliament. And let it not be forgotten that the said 'orny 'anded is the man who makes the cross against your name. So, rightly or wrongly, don't palter with the situation. If you wish to write M.P. after your name, shun all semblance of tootling with a foreigner.

IF you don't, your election expenses might have to be written off as a bad account, and then, when travelling in a local train, you will surely poison the atmosphere, and destroy the peace of mind of your fellow travellers, while uttering jeremiahs anent your shockingly bad luck at th'lection, look you! We know, because we have had to sample the atmosphere alluded to, and have wished—aye, with a thousand horse-power wish—that the "labour leaders" had kidnapped the complainant, rather than let him loose on a long-suffering public with all his losses thick upon him.

So far, by way of introduction. Let us now consider the very usual line of argument adopted by Liberal Mr. Holt. What is that very usual line of argument? Mainly that he employs Chinamen in the stokehold, because in hot climates, the work is unsuitable for white men. There's solicitude for you! The man ought to be elected, and we don't care who knows it! At the same time, the explanation was disallowed by Mr. Holt's Parliamentary friends. They sniffed considerably, at the assumption of solicitude on behalf of the white brother.

FURTHERMORE, if the Liberal Government is inclined to believe the same old piff-niff, then, they should sack all the white naval stokers who ply their trade in sultry climes? Shouldn't they, now? If a China mailboat is too hot below for an ordinary white, surely the stokehold of a man of war (where the pressure and consequent heat is a hundred-fold worse, or more intense whichsoever way you care to put it) is in the same list? And if a mere mercantile Jack is to be studied in that amiable manner, what is the matter with serving our Handy friends in the same way?

OF course, Mr. Holt had a reason all ready for the Government's unwillingness to employ Chinese stokers. Warships do not spend so much time under steam as does a mailboat. See? That ought to be conclusive? The mere item that when a warship is wanted she is generally wanted pretty badly, wouldn't matter in the least, and if Chinese stokers are so eminently satisfactory in tropical waters, the Government will have to see about it, right away. Our London contemporary suggests that, "It must, indeed, be a tight corner in which the Liberal shipowner is placed when this supreme piece of impudence is necessary to extricate himself."

BUT why? Liberal shipowners are generally great hands at the extrication Act—put it with a capital A, please, Mr. Printer; and when all is said, it is hardly to be expected that a Liberal shipowner is going to take a licking with never a word in his defence. Is it, now? Suppose you, gentle reader, were a Liberal shipowner, and had, in what has been named a fit of greatly daring (whatever it means, when 'tis cooked), undertaken to knock the socks off a Unionist soldier man: supposing further, that you were the one who had lost the socks, while the other fellow kept his all spick and span; would you, under those circumstances, pretend that a gale of wind had torn your socks away?

NOT you! You would have better sense. You would think up some kind of a tale that would bear examination, and if a nasty London and Uniony daily paper happened to light on your track, and began to question you—well, if you got out of the disappointment as well as Mr. Holt of Liverpool (where the Queen used to "lib," according to the guileless nigger person), you would have no need to blush. Our contemporary rather gives itself away by supposing that Mr. Holt might have meant that in the event of strenuous Naval work in warm latitudes, Chinese stokers should be requisitioned.

BLESS you, our London friend, Mr. Holt never meant anything of the kind. He is a greatly ill-used man, and you ought to know it. To risk one's chances of national honour is bad enough; to be turned down at the polls would be a sufficient punishment for the consistent employment of Heathen Chinee people; and anything further than that, is merely in the nature of rubbing it in—which isn't at all a nice trait on the part of a London journal of strength, and several other things? Mr. Holt did but spring the wheeze which is usual with his profession.

AND that same old jape has stood the strain of years—but only before the advent of THE MARITIME REVIEW. Since the birth of that real shipping paper, even the London "daily" is beginning to assimilate some little semblance of nautical knowledge. And we are unfeignedly glad. Glad, because future aspirants to Parliamentary honour will understand that the old-time japes are quite played out: useless; finished with; of no value; put it how you please. And when the Liberal shipowner finds that his exploitation is understood, he might (if he seeks a lot of suffrage) change his plans, when it will probably be better for his immortal soul, later on.

GOING farther, our contemporary says: "The fact that Mr. Holt employs Chinese stokers at less than a shilling a day and their rice, instead of British stokers at three shillings a day and good food, reveals to many electors the first glimmering perception of the economic principle that the object and intention of Free Trade is cheap labour." We should smile! And if the amiable elector is only now rising to the "first glimmering perception" in the direction indicated, then, we are sorry for him.

SORRY, and a bit disgusted. For several years past, we have consistently preached the same doctrine, and if those Liberal gentlemen would only admit the truth of their workings, we should say never a word. It is only when they attempt to pose as little tin gods, and, to a nautical eye, they are something approaching the opposite thereto, that we become nauseated. However, in the case of Mr. Holt, whether in Parliament, or not, the sun shines as before. Marvellous! Ain't it?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 14, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

6,910 06- DICKINSON AND SMITH—***An improved apparatus for separating dust and the like from coal, ores, and other minerals.***

According to this invention which relates to apparatus for separating dust from coal, the coal is raised by an elevator and discharged over an inclined screen composed of longitudinal bars. The large coal passes over the screen and falls into a shoot which conducts the pieces on to a conveyor. The small coal and dust pass through the screen into a shoot through which is passed a current of air of sufficient intensity to carry away the dust. In the small coal shoot a number of baffle plates are arranged to spread the falling material into thin sheets and to check the descent. The fine dust which is carried away by the air current passes into a collecting box provided with a hopper in which the dust is deposited, while the air escapes through a suitable upshaft.

9,242 06—BOWICK—***A new or improved method of propelling boats and the like, and apparatus in connection therewith.***

This invention has for its object to provide a propeller for ships, in which the force obtained from the steam engine will act directly in a horizontal line on the water to propel the vessel there-through without the intervention of a propeller in common use. The propeller according to this invention is a continuation of the piston rod, extending to outside the sheathing of the vessel and having a reciprocating motion in the line of the piston rod. Two such propellers are used either one above the other or side by side with the rudder post between them. The propeller consists of a solid or hollow cone with its axis horizontal and its base presented rearwardly from the stern of the vessel.

10,262 06—ELLIS—***An improved method of constructing the centre girders of ships.***

This invention relates to the construction of steel and irons hips, and has for its object to make the centre girder of double bottoms in such a manner as to allow of each length of plate being made from template and rivetted on the ground before being placed in position on the keel blocks. For this purpose the top and bottom of each girder plate is either flanged or has a single angle fitted thereto. The angles and flanges are arranged on the opposite sides of alternate plates in order to give an overlap at the ends so as to form an efficient and strong connection. Double top and bottom bars can be used with their butts in close proximity to the butt of the plate.

12,328 06—PERCY—***Improvements in or connected with picks for percussive coal cutting machines.***

This invention relates to picks for percussive coal cutting machines and has for its object means for replacing broken prongs on the picks. For this purpose a socket is provided in which the separate prongs of the pick can be inserted and from which any of them can be removed in case of breakage. The holes into which the prongs fit are square tapering from the bottom upwards. The prongs have ordinary chisel heads but the shafts are tapered to correspond with the holes. The object of the tapering is to make the shafts wedge themselves tight as the machine strikes a blow on the strata. The pick box is socketed on the shaft of the coal cutter.

12,578 06—MACTAGGART AND SCOTT—***Improvements in and relating to Telemotor apparatus for ships' steering gear.***

This invention has reference to improvements in and relating to telemotor apparatus for ships' steering gear where the transmitting cylinder is of the vertical class. According to this invention the transmitting cylinder is made of greater diameter than the receiving cylinder, and which will consequently make the transmitting cylinder of less height and shorter stroke than formerly employed which beside saving head space will enable the steersman to see over the apparatus when attending to his duties. Where the bye-pass is fitted in the transmitting cylinder a recess is bored in the cylinder wall in the way of the piston at the mid-stroke position, at the lower end of the top part of the cylinder or at the upper end of the lower part when the upper and lower parts of the cylinder are jointed to receive a vertical liner, and circumferential slits are left at the top and bottom of the recess, and a connection is obtained between these two slits by means of holes drilled lengthwise through the liner.

12,612/06—JONES AND EVANS—***Improved safety pin for shackles and other like purposes.***

The object of this invention is to prevent any possibility of a shackle pin escaping through the bottom of the shackle and to render it impossible that the pin can be withdrawn otherwise than intentionally. The shackle may be of any ordinary construction. The pin is cylindrical and possesses at its upper end an outer handle, and beneath this a collar wide enough to rest upon the upper limb of the shackle without passing through the hole thereof. Through the centre of the pin is a hole sufficiently large to accommodate a central rod, which operates the locking device by means of which the pin is rendered inoperative. The lower end of the shackle pin is adapted to freely pass through the somewhat wider hole in the lower limb of the shackle until by the descent of the central rod the locking device is caused to spread out and to engage beyond the hole in the lower limb of the shackle in such a manner that the shackle pin cannot rise out of the hole or release itself until the locking device has been drawn into the releasing position. The locking device may consist of a straight pin with pivots working in slots in the jaws of two pivoted blocks and causing them to spread apart when the rod is depressed.

20,267/06—EPTON—***Improvements in or connected with raising and supporting sunken or stranded ships and like structures.***

According to the method of raising sunken ships described in this invention, floats, inflated with air, are employed and placed in any vacant spaces that might fill with water. The invention consists of a bag made of canvas and oval in shape, provided with a small opening to be laced up when the wind-bag is placed inside. The wind-bag is made of india-rubber, and provided with a tube and valve for inflating. The wind-bag is placed inside the cover and inflated whereupon it is ready for use.

These applications for patents, are until April 28th open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

TARIFF REFORM STILL A TRUMP CARD!

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the British workman is beginning to draw away from the slough of misrepresentation—if not worse—which has been allowed to gather around the vexed question of Protection *v.* Free Trade, and when it is remembered that the British workman is the man with the vote; that apparently trivial mark on a piece of paper which makes or mars Governments; then, it is quite time for the Free Trade gentlemen to reconsider their tales and assertions.

TRUE, the latter section of the community are fond of assuring themselves and the world, that Protection in any form is as dead as the piper which played before Moses. But are the facts in line with that assurance? It is admitted on all sides that where, a couple of years ago, the workingman would not sit and listen to any explanations anent Protection, he now sits patiently enough; aye, and having listened, wends his way homeward surrounded with an air of doubt as to the *bona fides* of the Free Trade gentlemen who erstwhile held forth to him.

A CASE in point occurred on Monday last, when Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., addressed a mass meeting that was organised by the National Conservative Labour Party, at Manchester. The speaker assured his hearers that while the stream of trade flowed freely enough in one direction—inward; it was just the reverse in the other direction outward. In other words, this country is doing wonders in the matter of purchasing from abroad, but is nowhere in the race of nations, where disposing of the finished article is concerned.

OF course, the travelled citizen has no difficulty in realising the truth of these assertions. The trouble is invariably with the man who hasn't travelled; who gathers his information from one side, only—his own side; who is afraid to give a little earnest attention to the claims of the other side, fearing he will be convinced against his will; and who ends up by proving to the world that most of his virtues are of the negative kind.

NEEDLESS to say, it is impossible to keep such a concern as the British Empire going on negative virtues. All the world has decided to accept the doctrine of hustle, and if Britain imagines that it is going to have a special dispensation on its behalf, then, the awakening from that foolish dream, will be disappointing in the extreme. So far in the Free Trade argument, the man in the street has been assured that all that is worthy of troubling about, is the matter of free raw material. Give him plenty of raw material, cheap and good, and he has been stuffed with the belief that, simply because he is a Briton, he can lick the universal world.

As a bit of patriotic bunkum, the tale is good enough, but unfortunately for us all, it is no more than a tale. As Mr. Bonar Law pointed out on the occasion referred to above, the factor which tells most under modern conditions is not the matter of raw material; neither is it a question of labour: it is all as to the scale in which a given undertaking is worked. The day of the so-called "small man" is past. 'Tis hard to admit this uncomfortable fact, but as it is a fact, it is well to acknowledge it? Look wheresoever you will, and you find the same thing apply.

A DISINTEGRATED number of units engaged at a given industry, will never amass the wealth, nor give employment to so great a number of hands, as will the supposedly soulless and "overgrown" large company of traders. And this applies whether the item be coal, iron, cotton, shipbuilding, printing—aye, or anything else. The "big show" has ever the bulge on the small affair—all other matters in the way of ingenuity and administration being equal. On the other hand, the "big show" must have a big market.

GIVEN a fair hand, this is precisely what the large undertaking will secure, for as it thinks in millions so to write it, where the smaller undertaking merely thinks in solitary pounds, all its ramifications will be on the million scale. If proof be needed on this head, consider the industries which have been fostered in the lands where Free Trade is spoken of indulgently—and that is in practically every country on the face of the earth, save and excepting poor effete Britain!

JUST here, one has a legitimate opportunity for digression. In view of the fact that all the world outside Britain is Protectionist; also remembering that quite a number of Britons are in favour of Protection; are we to believe that the comparative few who prate about Free Trade have all the sense of the world between them, while the vast majority represented by the other shade of opinion, has all the nonsense? Hardly? Still—well, there it is!

BUT to quote Mr. Bonar Law once more, we get this: "Secure behind their own tariff walls, our competitors have built up great industries, based, to start with, on their own home market, and they are now proceeding, with ever-increasing energy and ever-increasing success, to capture not only foreign markets, but our own home market as well." You know, there is no getting away from the truth of that statement—unfortunately for this country.

PARTICULARISING a little, will it be contended that the iron market which, until a few years ago, the Briton ruled absolutely, is anything better than a poor third at the moment? Why is this? Is it because the home workman has lost his cunning, or the manufacturer his enterprise? Is it because the "labour leader" has ruined the business with asinine demands for more wage than the industry can stand? No, in each particular. The foreign iron-workers who have bested us, did so in the first place by making for themselves. The natural corollary for an absence of tariff here, is that they now manufacture for us.

As a set off to the slump in the iron trade, Free Traders ask why it is that the cotton trade hasn't slumped also. But if they will possess themselves in patience for yet a while longer, they may have the felicity of seeing the cotton trade share the fate of the iron, and other, industries. The foreigner is too 'cute to man off all our industries at once. Such tactics would awaken even the lethargic John Bull! But because the foreigner is manning off our industries in detail, is no reason for us to doubt that, in the end, the result will be the same to us as if he had swamped the whole lot at one hit.

MEANWHILE, the country is rapidly degenerating into a state, as far as her working population is concerned, in which the much-prattled of "Chinese slavery" is, by comparison, more or less heavenly. However, the workingman is beginning to think the matter up for himself. That is a good sign, for without making a quantity of capital out of the old tag which teaches that *vox populi* is also *vox Dei*, it is safe to say that once the popular mind has assimilated the poppycock which surrounds the claims of the Free Trader—well, Protection will have commenced to spread its benign mercies around on the landscape.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 164. FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1907. Threepence.

JOHN BULL'S EASTER EGG!

Query: Does Mr. Lloyd-George wish to imply that the egg is too big for the "cup?" That the Board of Trade is a finite affair and may not be stretched to meet the future developments of the "egg?" In other words, is this a plea for the creation of a Ministry of Marine?

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—JOHN BULL'S EASTER EGG!	113
MARITIME MURMURS	114
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC CONTRACT	118
MORE ABOUT CARDIFF SHIPBUILDING	119
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	120
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	121
WATERSIDE WISDOM—THE SUFFRAGETTE	122
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	123
NIGGER PHILOSOPHY *a la* ST. MARY STREET	124

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

"GOOD FRIDAY will be a general holiday at the Docks," quoth the good people who are supposed to be mostly interested therein; aye, and it was openly admitted that business on the Saturday following would be of the desultory kind. Monday, too—that was a general holiday; while Tuesday and Wednesday—well, that would be merely holidays of the intermittent sort. Yet, here are we well into Thursday, and if the holiday feeling around isn't "general," we should like to hear about it! Personally, we never believed there was so much influenza in evidence in summery weather like that with which we have lately been favoured; yet—well, it's like this: We have had occasion to call at sundry offices for the purpose of fulfilling engagements entered into before the "general" holidays, and, sad are we to say, most of the bosses are away with "'flu'." Our sympathies go out to you, poor, stricken people. May you quickly get over the fell disease—for if you are unduly laid out, Whit Week will soon be along, and with it will arrive another stock of those hateful microbes. While on the subject of holidays, allow us to spread ourselves a bit further.

IT has been said—we forget on what authority—that the Briton is inclined to take his pleasures sadly. That must have been in the "good old days" which, apparently, have gone beyond recall. At present, we are of opinion that the average Briton is intent on making as much noise as possible, when out in the pursuit of pleasure. If any doubt is entertained on the subject, the doubter should take a stroll around Cardiff Docks, or City, on the next "general" holiday. If, after that stroll, he is of opinion that quietness is the one thing essential to latter-day enjoyment—then, the stroller must be hard to convince! Why, and we have it on the authority of the local Pressman, the amiable nigger is just as keen on keeping up an Easter holiday, as is Shonny from the hills, or the Greek patriot who ambles along as a British seaman; and every one of them goes in for noise. True, some of them vary the proceedings with a razor, but after all, the razor is merely an instrument toward the making of noise! Now, if a crowd of people are intent on taking their pleasures with a liberal addition of noise, can it be truthfully supposed that they also take them sadly? Of course, not. But at the time of writing, the "holidays" are about over, and the business man is thankful.

WELL, then, that Channel tunnel isn't to be, for yet awhile longer, and no end of experts are shaking hands with each other over the fact. Precisely why this should be, is not so very clear, for when all is said, there is as much sense in fluttering over an impossible tunnel, as there is, say, over Kent coal? And why not allow the willing ones to spend their millions on the undertaking? See the amount of labour that would be needed before such an enterprise were completed! And the beauty of such an affair as that contemplated hole underground, would be it's indefiniteness—if we may put it thus. Nobody believes that peace will continue for ten years, and everybody knows that at the first intimation of trouble with the foreigner, the shrieking brotherhood would demand a blowing-up of as much tunnel as there happened to be in existence, at the time of that trouble. Then, with a cessation of hostilities, the tunnel work could be re-started, only to be blown up again five years later, and so on to the end of the world! In our opinion, the legislature has no regard for the opportunities which some sorts of capitalists offer the 'orny 'anded, and the sooner a new regime is inaugurated, the better, what?

WE note that the military gentleman has been giving points to the newspaper man anent the impossibility of attaining the much-sought-for-permission to commence that Channel tunnel. According to the military man, the British public is antagonistic to the tunnel, because of the absence of conscription, and therefore, of soldiers. Under those circumstances, any mention of an ingress for the possible invader is met with hysteria. But isn't the whole claim piffley in the extreme? And when all is said, of what use would the problematical tunnel be? Is there any really pressing need for such an expenditure as would be represented there? Surely not, for if the would-be

traveller cannot stand the forty-five minutes which is essential to negotiate the Silver Streak, then, let him stay at home, growing radishes. Failing that, let him wait until the airship wafts him across, for judging by the fat-headed attempts that are constantly made in this direction, some sort of an airship will be along presently, and then the sea-sick crank may attempt to "do France" *a la* balloon. But hold on! We have never gone a ballooning. It's a pastime for which we have but little use. All the same, we have an idea that those people who are cursed with ultra-sensitive "tummies," might not find airship travel all they desire. In that case, they will still have to patiently await the advent of the Channel tunnel—or Azrael!

Poor old Dover harbour! It has our sympathies, and we trust that nobody will insist on filling it in for the purpose of letting out the space for the cultivation of tomatoes, and other more or less succulent samples of vegetable. As we remarked in these columns last week, there is trouble at Dover because of the incompleteness with which the plans have been worked out. Warships may not attempt to swing in the New Harbour, without due care, and attention. As things are, it will need another two years before the nation is in glorified possession of that much-talked-of National Harbour, which none of the nation appeared to need! The new western arm of the breakwater is to be "pushed on"—whatever that means. Makes one wonder if the said breakwater is constructed on telescopic principles, and when a few additional yards of "protective power" is needed, all that is essential is for the shore staff to "push," and there you are! Great place—Dover. It is interesting to note that certain "educators of the public" are aghast at the promptitude with which the Admiralty has dealt with the "new difficulty." As a rule, that Admiralty is slow to be convinced, and thus it comes about that quite a number of folk are sure that the insufficiency of the grant was apparent from the start!

In other words, the New Harbour at Dover has been yanked out of the national Exchequer on lines appertaining to the boy who swallowed a shilling. His friends turned that boy upside down, and shook him—severely. In the result, a copper came away, and then another. At one stage of the proceedings, the father of the lad assured an anxious inquirer that "We've only got fourpence up to now—we're getting it by degrees." That is mainly how the nation is getting its National Harbour at Dover. So far in the game, there is the nucleus of a potential harbour. To make it secure and nice, it needs an extension of western breakwater. When that is finished, ships will have grown to such colossal size, that the enclosed space will be about enough for four or five vessels. Next, will come the shifting of the moorings which have already been placed, for by that time they will be too close together and possibly worn out through age. Later will come more breakwater, and we have a fear that just as the whole push is considered finished and in order, some expert who is now in swaddling clothes will come on the scene, with a tale that the whole contraption is wrong; that the harbour ought to be a hundred miles east or west; that it cost too much, anyhow; that he is now on the scene, and must have his chance; and—well, you can see how it will pan out? Meanwhile, the nation will depend on the harbours which were instituted long years before any of these modern experts were thought of. Funny arrangement, isn't it?

A London contemporary has been giving some attention to the question of Parliamentary representation, and eases itself after the following: "Our politicians use up so much of their energy trying to get each other's jobs that they have no time to think about the welfare of the country. The country sends far too many of the wrong kind of men to Parliament." We should smile! As if the knock-about candidate for Parliamentary honours bothered himself with the welfare of the country! Doesn't he know that the permanent officials will attend to that, while the ordinary M.P. is merely giving his time, in return for more or less honour? We are often assured that business men who go to Parliament are deserving of every kind thought from those of us who stay behind; but do business men go to Parliament? Isn't it oftener the retired business man? One sort takes up orchids for a hobby; another goes in for theoretical slum work; yet another collects postage stamps; and the remainder "run for Parliament." Our contemporary is unkind to suggest that the generality of M.P.'s use up too much energy in attempting to spoof the voter. When a man runs for Parliament, he either does it as a paid servant of a "union," or he is at the end of his energetical period—is out for a hobby.

Of course, matters might be worse. The suffragette might—conceivably—get into the House, other than as an intruder, and have to be removed by the police and at the public expense. But in that event, matters wouldn't be much worse than they are at present, for, even as Father Vaughan remarked a while since in connection with dog-flesh, there would simply be a number of old girls of both sexes present where, at the moment, a number of old girls of the masculine persuasion rule. In Utopia, it is possible to believe that men would go into the councils of the nation for the nation's sake; but in real life—no, it's asking too much! Mind you, there is a set off to these little affairs, for where a man (especially if he is on the Government's side apparently) is inclined to be too insistent in his demands for information, he is snubbed even as Mr. Harold Cox was, one night last week, when asking things about the C. P. R. contract. Mr. Speaker intimated that Mr. Cox had made "four speeches," and that put a damper on the gentleman's inquisitive effort. Come to size the matter up with an unprejudiced mind, members of Parliament at the House, aren't nearly such imposing people as they appear at a banquet or other function among their constituents. This being so, we are rather surprised at the insistence of the few good-lunged souls who—in the words of our Tyndall Street friend—are suffer-an'-gits.

Somehow or other, it appeals to us that Mr. Lloyd-George's speech at Berkhampsted, would have been in better taste if delivered at Cardiff the other day. The historic prattling of the occasion indicated is now sufficiently understood to need no further comment, but that which eventuated at Berkhampsted is not so well known. The President of the Board of Trade had much to say on the proceedure of Parliamentary debate, and among other items promulgated the belief that the Imperial Parliament ought not to be required to attend to trifling details which could be better attended to by the people immediately concerned. If there is anything in the contention, why have a Parliament at all? Why not give Home Rule to every township throughout the length and breadth of the land? Why, when a municipality wishes to institute an electric tram-system, bother the Board of Trade with the matter; why ask permission for any of the thousand and one items which are for ever occurring, and which means the banging of many good sixpences for the ratepayers? In this connection, Mr. Lloyd-George said "We do not want, for instance, to attend to all the little details of administration

in Ireland. We are governing in ignorance, and that is why we are always against the Irish."

OF course, and the same thing applies to the shipping industry. That undertaking has ever been governed through ignorance of facts, and thus it comes about that the Government is for ever against the shipping man. It pretends not to be, we know, but then, everybody sees through the simple pretence. Who among us doesn't remember the fine frenzy which was worked up over that portion of the late Merchant Shipping Act which gave a "union" man power to argue the point in a shipping office? Let us have no shinnannakin, if you please, Mr. Lloyd-George. Didn't you, on that terrible occasion, threaten to shut up all the local marine boards throughout the country, if they as much as dared to question your ignorance on that portion of national administration? When the various boards circularised you at Whitehall, didn't you wax virtuously indignant, and threaten all manner of condign punishment? Certainly, and yet you probably did it out of ignorance—as usual; and that is mainly why you are for ever against the sailor, no matter what claims might be made to the contrary?

AND what would have happened, think you, if the shipowners had evinced a fair amount of backbone on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion? Supposing they had quietly tied up all their vessels for a week or so; had waited until bread had risen a ha'penny on the quartern loaf; and the man in the street had commenced to ask the why and wherefore? Where would your precious Government be by this precise moment? Well, we have a shrewd suspicion that it would either have added one more climb down to its record, or another President of the Board of Trade would have spoken at the Cardiff banquet already alluded to. Is there any doubt about it? We say no, and as long as the shipowner is contented to prattle about a Ministry of Marine, for just that length of time will he be humbugged about with the ignorance which is for ever working against him. In fact, it is all ignorance. Ignorance in Whitehall; ignorance of the power possessed in shipownerdom; ignorance on the bridge; and ignorance in the forecastle. Then, carrying that Home Rule idea to its logical conclusion, what can be said for the wickedness which keeps but one Admiralty Court for a maritimely supreme country?

HERE, in Cardiff, with an output approximating into some 25,000,000 tons per annum, it is impossible to settle a maritime case of the value of fourpence ha'penny. This is all very fine and large for the profession of which Mr. Lloyd-George is a more or less able upholder; but where does the shipowner come in? Why should he be compelled to incur no end of expense in the transporting of a whole host of witnesses, legal talent from Taff-side, plans, documents, and the rest of the paraphernalia to London? In the old days, when a Court case was about as frequent as an angel's visit, this flangary might have been good enough; but to-day, when the City of Cardiff has a Law Courts which London well might envy, that Berkhampsted wisdom anent Home Rule is worthy of amplification. It is all very well to come to Cardiff and prattle about a lack of shipbuilding enterprise. As we have remarked before, that argument was merely of the nature of a political red herring. The Cardiffian is more in need of a local Marine Court than he is of a shipbuilding undertaking, and it is good policy to grant the greatest need first. So—are we to be favoured with a local Marine Court, or must shipping shareholders and underwriters still go on being robbed in a manner which would be countenanced in no other civilised country on earth?

WE hate to appear as a cross to poor Mr. Lloyd-George. In fact, we admire him quite a lot, and that's the blessed truth. But then, as he would be sort of humpy if we undertook to advise him on a point of law, we feel that we have a right to follow suit when he comes to Cardiff and undertakes to advise us on a nautical point. When all is said, we have served quite as many years to a nautical education as Mr. Lloyd-George has to law, and thus it comes about that we have no intention of being drawn off into the by-ways of the concern. We have had to leave a steamer—to throw up the command thereof—just to suit the convenience of a congested Admiralty Court in London; then, after waiting ten days on pay, we have given our evidence, only to find ourselves out of collar possibly for months. Is this justice, think you? And even as we have been served, thousands more have been, are, and will be served—until a sufficiency of iron enters the souls of those implicated, when an alteration will come about in short order. Under the circumstances, therefore, Mr. Lloyd-George, isn't it as well to make a graceful concession, rather than to wait until *force majeure* wrings it from yourself and colleagues. All the indications point to the creation of that *force majeure*, and mainly for the reason that those interested realise that one week's lay-up would bring it about. More wisdom from your *alma mater* Mr. Lloyd-George. Don't bother about thanking us. It is unnecessary.

GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA would appear to be a fine place—to give a wide berth. For the matter of that, bitter experience has taught us that most of the Teuton's colonial enterprises are similarly blessed (or otherwise). Anyhow, if credence can be placed on newspaper advices to hand, one Officer Wiehager—reserve man in a crack cavalry corps—has been painting things incarnadine, by shooting a run-away West Africa girl of the Herero persuasion; of tieing another one and her child to a tree: in short, of playing the "officer and a gentleman," generally. But when all is said, there is nothing very remarkable in all this fiend-like cruelty—nothing remarkable to the officer-cum-gentleman which is turned out by the manufacturers of the Kaiser's kids. Once in a way, you understand, the "officer" has less sense than his fellows, in which event he is found out. When that happens, much capital is made out of the hellishness, but nobody seems to bother about the number of cases which are not found out. According to Berlin advices, the Public Prosecutor there, states that Mr. Wiehager has succeeded in the colonies by oppressing his employés, who consequently run away. Their places are then filled, by methods reminiscent of the Arab slave raids which the British Naval officer has done so much to quell.

CONTINUING with the remarks of the Public Prosecutor, we learn that Wiehager's workmen are severely beaten, and that shame is experienced at such a rotten state of affairs. In conclusion the public official already quoted asks for nine years' penal servitude as a reward for the murders of helpless native women and children, and four months' imprisonment for the bribery which took place in an attempt to cover the tracks of the murderer. Nine years and four months "hard," doesn't appear to be an excessive punishment for this particular "officer and gentleman," does it? In all probability, he has indulged in quite a number of the same atrocities, so what is the matter with giving him a taste of the game which he played upon the unfortunate woman that he shot? If our German friends would make a few examples after this fashion, they would be doing themselves a quantity of ulterior good. For one of the reasons why German Colonies are a failure, is exactly this same dodge which has been indulged in once too often by Herr Wiehager. We are willing to admit that it would be

playing it rather low-down to pump a self-respecting bullet into such a fiend; but even a self-respecting bullet must submit to low-down treatment at times. What about it, our friends at Berlin? Will you make a sacrifice—if only to put the fear of a similar fate into others of your wandering sons?

BETTER late than never would appear to be the newly-created motto of the Australian friend. When the Homeland offered to "do" the postage business at a penny a time, standard weights, our friends "down under" would have none of it. At that time, their education had been somewhat neglected, and as a consequence, they didn't figure unduly as correspondents. One letter per annum was about their style, and that by no means a long one. All that, however, is by way of alteration, and the amiable Cornstalk is out to impress the world that he can write letters like all that. With his newly-acquired ability in the suggested direction, he is beginning to realise that he wasn't nearly as wise as he thought, when his father offered him the same terms as the remainder of the kids—an all-'round penny postage. But the Australian friend is rapidly acquiring sense in more ways than one! By and bye, he will be nearly as wise as the Old Man—and that is admitting a lot. Anyhow, the Commonwealth Government intends to introduce, during next session, a Bill to establish penny postage throughout Australia, and with all parts of the Empire, as well as with foreign countries that will reciprocate. Yes, better late than never: but better never late, old ships.

IT might be by way of a conundrum, it might be for another reason, but an esteemed correspondent asks us, "Why does the Briton pose as a number one emancipator to the downtrodden, but a poor hand at keeping them in check once the emancipation is an accomplished fact?" Why? Well, it is easy enough to determine. The average Briton lays himself out to pump a nigger full of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and the trick must be done in one generation. John Bull, himself, has been garnering wisdom for dozens of successive generations; has been getting it little by little; and now, he is fairly used to it. But when he gets off on lifting the downtrodden, he forgets the "little by little" dodge, and simply aims at saturating the crowd at one fell swoop; and without giving Nature an opportunity of changing the Original Sin which underlays all the attempted tuition. Under those idiotic tactics, failure is bound to come. Consider the state of Egypt at the present moment. A few years ago, the land of the erstwhile Pharoahs was in about as parlous a state as made no odds to anybody. Terrorised by the dancing Dervish; with murder and rapine rampant in the land; crime everywhere of an eighteen carat kind; and the final slump of the country scheduled for no very distant period ahead.

WHAT happened? John Bull, as usual, took on the forlorn hope of bringing order out of chaos; spent millions of his patient taxpayers' money; gave thick ears to all objectors; built dams for irrigation purposes; established peace where, heretofore, anarchy (and worse) had reigned; and when there was no more killing to be done—well, John Bull simply sat down and played the fool, even as he may ever be depended on doing under similar circumstances. You see, John is a fighter, and generally considered, isn't worth shucks at diplomacy. You can't make him see it, of course, or things would be different. If John runs up against a foreign heathen, well, that unfortunate is in for a hot time. John simply mops the floor with him until all the heathenish business is knocked under. But if John hears of a home-made heathen—one of the cotton-glove, and spring-side boots persuasion—then, poor old John lets up on the foreign sort. Not being able to understand the cause of that "let up," the foreigner (who was erstwhile bashed into a semblance of civilisation) imagines that Johnny has become funky, when, as a matter of fact, he is simply bowing to what he is pleased to term "public opinion," at home.

REALLY speaking, that "public opinion" doesn't exist; but a number of old-time lookers-on have bided their opportunity; have a rag or so on their side; and now, when the fighting is off, and it is comparatively safe to indulge in a lot of old chowder, the shouting brigade undertake to keep John busy. Obviously, the poor, patient old chap cannot attend to his home-made heathens (who masquerade as high-class Christians), and the foreign sample at the same time, so while he is pumping wisdom into those at home; the foreign sample is indulging in a high-old-time. That is what's the matter in Egypt. Filled with a too-rapid brand of modern rectitude, the restraining hand was removed to admit of a discussion on Disestablishment, spurious Education, maudlin Merchant Shipping Acts, and things of that character; and in the end, John will have to spend quite as much money, and waste quite as much blood as was originally expended in the "emancipating of Egypt." Now, if the home-made heathens could be sent off on the next occasion, and having arrived on the scene, could be saved for long enough to realise that a copy of the Bible is a poor protection against an Egyptian armed with a Mauser rifle, well and good.

BUT that is just the trouble of the situation. You couldn't persuade those shriekers to risk their precious hides, no, not for four-an'-sixpence a time. Their *metier* is to snuffle, and preach. The actual regeneration of mankind is left to the strenuous, among us, and thus it comes about that John Bull has never finished with his arduous labours. Having travelled a bit in his time, John realises that to make the foreign heathens appreciate heaven aright, it is good to keep hell's blazes in sight; that when a trouble is about, the man who is likely to remain on top of the earth, is precisely he who is "quick on the draw," as our American friends remark; but as John is surrounded by a number of traitors who bask under the protection of the nearest policeman—well, you can see the point? In plain language, Johnny Bull invariably begins at the wrong end. If he were wise in his generation, he would put the fear of Hades into the hearts of the namby-pamby traitors at home, afterward taking on the foreigner as Fate willed it. He can't do that, so he must e'en do the best that is possible. In other words, he may half-do the self-appointed work of the foreign heathen; come back and square up the home gang; return abroad to find his former efforts slumped all to pieces; and so continue the merry game, for ever and ever, amen.

OUR congratulations to Mr. Edward Nicholl, of the Cardiff "Hall" Line, and to the Bureau Veritas. To the former on his election as a member of the British Committee of the International Registry of Shipping; to the latter, for their perspicuity in giving one of Cardiff's ablest shipping men, the local representation of the colossal interests exemplified by the words Bureau Veritas. The late Sir Thomas Morel was the previous local representative of those interests; Mr. Edward Nicholl is, undoubtedly, a worthy successor.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1907.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC CONTRACT.

ON Wednesday of last week, the Secretary to the Treasury formally moved for the consideration of the House of Commons:

"That the contract, dated the 2nd day of February, 1907, with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the conveyance of the mails between Liverpool and Hong Kong for the period from the 7th day of April, 1906, to the 6th day of April, 1908, printed in House of Commons Paper, No. 76, of Session 1907, be approved."

and thereby gave an opportunity for much acrimonious discussion, on both sides of the House. Mr. Harold Cox, Liberal member for Preston, went into the matter in detail, and after tracing the history of the contract—first made in 1889—ended up for the time being, by asserting that the C.P.R. had already received about a million pounds under false pretences, and wanted to know—well, Mr. Cox wanted to know several interesting items. In the first place, the gentleman assured his hearers that the payment to the C.P.R. was not altogether in the nature of a mail contract, provision having been made "for other purposes," and that out of the £60,000 per annum involved, Canada paid £15,000, the Admiralty £7,000, the remainder being paid by the Post Office. The essence of the original scheme was a through fast service to the Far East, but that condition had not been fulfilled even when the contract was renewed. In other words, as the fast Atlantic service had not been provided until July, 1906, the shareholders of the company had received a subsidy extending over a period of seventeen years, on a specific pledge which had not been carried out. "That is virtually obtaining that sum (£1,000,000) under false pretences." But Mr. Cox had no intention of sitting down after that little exposure! On the contrary, rather, for he submitted that financial illegalities had been committed in the past, and by implication suggested that they were to be condoned in the future. Furthermore, if these illegalities were not stopped, there would be no limit to the burdens which might be imposed on the taxpayers. That is all right, and but few of us believe that there is any intention to create any such a limit. Taxpayers were born into a very indifferent world, merely for the purpose of supplying the cash which these "financial illegalities" call for, so nothing further need be said on that account? But in the case of the Canadian Pacific contract, the same hon. member opined that it could not be defended either on naval or military grounds, and mainly for the reason that the Admiralty had no need for the ships or guns, while the War Office was equally contemptuous of the whole business. As if anybody supposed otherwise! The subsidised mail boats will be simply a part of the great Mercantile Marine of this country, and at this late date in the country's history, it is unnecessary to state that Admiralty and War Office have but little use therefor. Once in a way, and for the purpose of calming down the impetuosity of a would-be supporter, both Admiralty and War Office break off a bit of the national cake, and throw it to one of the units of the commercial community. This is done, more as a sop to Cerberus, than for any belief in the efficacy of such action. But as the new contract could not be defended on the ground of Admiralty or War Office need, it was worse when considered in the light for which it had been started. That is to say, it could not be truthfully said that the contract had supplied a new route to the Far East, and Mr. Cox challenged the Postmaster-General to say that, supposing he were given a free hand in the matter, he would pay £45,000 per annum for this service, "or would have been a party to this scandalous waste of British taxpayers' money, in order to make a present of this sum to the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway?" That was a straight question, and as far as we can see, the Postmaster-General answered never a word. Possibly that is no part of his duties. He hasn't to keep ordinary Liberal members of Parliament "posted" with anything save letters, and dunning circulars or bills? But the Secretary to the Treasury came out with some sage remarks. First of all, Mr. Runciman observed that the arguments of his hon. friend were based on several misconceptions—which, of course, is exactly as it should be, although such a state of affairs naturally makes one wonder why the country is put to so much expense, at Election times? If these national affairs are to be engineered by a small section of the Governing Party, why muss around with a big attempt to give a number of estimable gentlemen swelled head? When a hon. member is in a position to trace the history of a given contract from its inception; is able to throw much light on its hitherto obscure portions; why, O, why, are the essential features covered over, and after an *expose* has been worked up, why are "several misconceptions" brought to bear? Anyhow, Mr. Runciman assured the good people present at the House, on Wednesday of last week, that this was not a renewal of an old contract, but the granting of a new one. That is as may be. At the same time, the drain on the taxpayer is precisely the same. For £60,000 per annum is the sum agreed on, and that amount is exactly what the C. P.R. will benefit. But as Mr. Runciman remarked, "the conditions are entirely different." You, and ourselves, gentle reader, might not attach much importance to the new set of conditions. Especially when we remember that, in the past, conditions didn't amount to very much. On the assurances of Mr. Cox, we have it that the old-time conditions worked out to a million-pound-payment under false pretences. What guarantee is there that the new conditions will be any better? And if there is no such guarantee, why split straws as to this being an entirely new contract? If the price to be drawn from the British taxpayer is exactly the same as heretofore, where is the "newness" of the contract? We have seen that conditions no not count unduly: that all that does count, is the £60,000 subsidy; so if things are not really what they seem, then, visions must be about? We have no intention of traversing the remarks of Mr. Runciman, for they were merely a repetition of ancient history. Suffice it to say that the time of the journey was to be reduced—just as applied in the old contract, and which was more or less ignored; that incidentally, "considerable reductions of payment have been brought about in the case of second and third-class passengers, who do not want to drink half a gill of spirits a day (yea, lor'!)"; and the schedule providing for the Admiralty purchase of the vessel has been omitted. But the £60,000 per annum is about all the same! Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a say in the matter, as was only natural under the circumstances. The worthy Prime Minister admitted that "It might be said that the contract was disadvantageous or advantageous, but it was undoubtedly a better contract than that which it superseded, because"—well, because the old contract was made by the Opposition of to-day, while the present arrangement has been accepted by the Opposition of that far-back epoch. But in either instance the £60,000 still stands good. The conditions, too—look at the conditions! "Although the sum involved is the same, the conditions as to speed, facilities for delivery, etc., are very much better." Of course! Especially etc. But the mere business man would be inclined to say: "Make those conditions binding by a forfeiture for non-compliance; and see also, that the forfeiture comes off in the event of that non-compliance." However, the C.P.R. has secured its contract. Need anything further be said?

More about Cardiff Shipbuilding.

AS is usual under the circumstances, plenty of anonymous notions have been bandied about concerning the possibilities of establishing a shipbuilding industry at Cardiff. In fact, the idea appears to be prevalent, that if a man is an authority on a given subject, he is in duty bound to hide his identity under some idiotic pen-name. Thus it comes about, that the community may only obtain opinions from "union" bosses, with never a word from the other side!

NEEDLESS to say, such tactics are against the best interests of the Port, for if only the "stormy petrel" is allowed a run in his attempt at courting notoriety, the man in the street is inclined to dismiss the subject with a shrug of his expressive shoulders; a sort of "Oh, there can't be much importance in the business or the man who finds the money wouldn't leave it all to the man who finds the mouth;" and there the matter is left.

SINCE we commented on the true inwardness of the shipbuilding question at Cardiff last week, we have received several communications from persons who are well able to state their case; but who, without exception, asked to be excused from entering into a newspaper controversy. In other words, these good people are willing to waste an informative letter over a piffley *nom de guerre*, but are disinclined to add the weight of their own personalities to the expressions of opinions which they offer.

UNDER those circumstances, the letters are merely so much waste paper, for it is a poor newspaper man who cannot fake up a number of apparently genuine letters with which to back a doubtful cause, and the man in the street has been educated up to a full knowledge of this side of the question. That worthy happens upon a letter, and straightway glances at the signature. If the latter is a *nom de guerre*, the m. i. t. s. passes it over with a sniff. "Home-made!" he remarks, and rightly or wrongly, the matter fizzles out after that decision.

ON the other hand, the "labour leader" is keen on seeing himself in print, and if he hasn't the vestige of a justification on his side, it doesn't matter—as long as his name is trotted out in full. His paymasters do not subscribe so much on account of his ability to expound, as they do on his ability to obtain free advertisement. In the former eventuality, Mr. Leader might know too much; in the latter, he knows just enough!

BUT reverting to our remarks of last week, and the communications which they have brought us, we note that much importance is attached to the latest venture in shipbuilding at Cardiff. It was a fiasco—admittedly. But that is no reason why a really genuine attempt should be the same. Will any sane man pretend that, with the facilities which were then provided (or the lack of facilities, if you would rather put it that way), success was to be anticipated?

MOREOVER, at that precise epoch in the history of Cardiff, a 2,000-tonner was considered somewhat of a leviathan. But even so, to build and attempt to launch a 2,000-tonner into a gutter, was something Gilbertian, to say the least. Indeed, and on the solemn assurance of those who were in the know, the latest attempt at shipbuilding at Cardiff was carried out between two or three men and Providence. And with the distinct understanding that where the two or three men failed, Providence had to take the matter over on its own, and carry it through to a successful issue.

THE idea was alright, and if Providence hadn't been otherwise engaged at the precise moment of launching; or if the two or three men had been willing to await one of Providence's leisure moments; matters would have been very different. But no! Providence was busy in other directions; the two or three men couldn't wait; they couldn't launch a 2,000-tonner with any degree of confidence and safety; so, the boats were allowed outside in the wet; and they couldn't stand it! That was really all there was in the deal.

SINCE that time, the two or three men have made signal successes of other industries with which they have been interested, but nobody has undertaken to probe to the bottom of the former failure. It is useless to pretend that any degree of success worthy of mention is likely to follow another attempt on the same site. Indeed, indications are all in favour of the belief that the said site has been definitely turned over to other purposes; but, bless us, there are dozens of better sites on the water-front.

AYE, and the terms on which they are procurable, are, to put it plainly, at least as profitable as are the terms applying in districts where a pretty good thing is made out of shipbuilding. The only feature which keeps the native marking time, is the scarcity of the essential talent. You see, it is impossible to pick up a clever shipbuilder on every bush in the district. He has to be made, with care, and is therefore, an expensive item. It is useless to expect a good administrative shipbuilder on three pounds a week.

BUT if a suitable remuneration be offered, the right man is simply spoiling to come down here where, to his own knowledge, there is a virgin field awaiting his arduous labours. The trouble is, that while the cognoscenti are wasting time in anonymous letters; are fuming because the "labour leader" has the effrontery to spread himself as a unit in the industry which has yet to be born; other ports are taking time by the forelock, and are working up the shipbuilding trade which, by all the portents, should belong to Cardiff.

WHY should it be necessary for the Cardiff shipowner to go so far afield for the additions to his fleets? If the suppliers of those additions can make a profit from their labours, and yet reside so far from the scene of demand, doesn't it naturally follow that the profit would be augmented, if the supply were worked up in the vicinity of the demand? Of course, it does, and yet the great minds among us either give the matter no consideration, or having done so write letters to the Press, which must be printed over a mean-nothing name, or tossed into the editorial waste-paper basket—whichsoever happens.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been here; has awakened the crowd; has gone; and now, his admonitions are almost forgotten. Ten years hence, the President of that time will come to Cardiff; will eulogise considerably; but will his eulogies be connected with the then prosperous shipbuilding industry which will have been created meanwhile? We shouldn't like to say, for to pursue the line of least resistance is a human trait; and exponents of the game are plentiful in good old Cardiff. The distressing feature in this connection too, is that those least resistance men will blame anybody, and anything for their failure, rather than admit that such failure is due to their letting I dare not wait upon I would! Thus, the merry game proceeds. Who will change it?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 3, 1907.*

OUR own expert at the coal business assures us that there is a coal market about, all our contradictions notwithstanding. He avers that—with the aid of a very powerful microscope—he has located quite a number of traces of that same market. Personally, we have our doubts. True, a few of the exponents of the business have come to the Docks; but to the best of our belief, it was merely for an excuse to get away from She-who-must-be-obeyed!

ANYHOW, a careful search on our own (we never trust that expert of ours too far) merely allowed us to happen upon one or two very inappreciable chips of what, under normal conditions, is a genuine coal market. We heard a quantity of information about golf, and heard several otherwise apparently respectable members of the community styled "foozlers"—whatever the term implies. But coal! Nary a bit of it.

You see, the colliers have made good use of their time as a holiday—if you doubted it, and a hard fate had made it incumbent on you to travel Roath Parkwards on Monday last, you would be convinced, fast enough; and although a goodly number of vessels are "in," and waiting—well, let 'em wait is the order of the moment.

WRITING of vessels, there was a goodly exodus on Sunday evening's tide! Some of them, too, had remained in after loading up on Saturday. An esteemed marine superintendent of our acquaintance assured us that it was good to keep a steamer in fresh water for twenty-four hours on a stretch. Especially if she had a foul bottom. The fresh water was a terror on weeds, grass and barnacles.

FOR the matter of that, it is. But as we remembered that Monday ushered in the summer loadline—well, we winked at that superintendent person, and passed on. Really, that is about all there is to do in connection with this coal report. We are assured that a report must be written, and we are doing our level best to oblige; but if we were personally responsible for the contents of this page, we should have the courage of our convictions.

IN that event, we should write across the space where this matter will appear, and in fairly big letters, too, the words, "Nothing was done in the coal trade since Thursday night, and that is what keeps on doing up to the time of writing." Still, any such tricks would be frowned down, for deserving (and honest) endeavour is never appreciated in this wicked world!

MEANWHILE, we might remark that the trade is merely hung up, so to write it. There is plenty of demand around, only the holders of it are somewhat loath to let it rip across the landscape. They mean to make a week of it, more or less, and when "they" have decided thusly, you may take it from us that a mere writerman cannot alter the fact. However, we have managed to get to the end of our allotted space, and for the figures, must refer you to those appearing below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. od.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.	18s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. od.					17s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 9d.					16s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. od.					17s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.					17s. od.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d.					16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d., 16s. od.					15s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.					18s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. od., 20s. od.					19s. od., 20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. od.					15s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. od.					16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.					12s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 6d.					12s. 6d.
Seconds ...	11s. 6d.					11s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. od, 11s. 6d.					11s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 9d.					10s. 9d.
Seconds ...	10s. 3d.					10s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d.					10s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 6d.					12s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. od.					30s. od.
Ordinary ...	28s. od.					28s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	22s. od.					22s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 3d.					16s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 3d.					18s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 3, 1907.*

THERE is little change to be recorded in the condition of the Market hereaway since our last, the holiday feeling being still very much apparent. Business just at the moment is idle, and there is not a lot moving in any one direction. The stoppage has not affected quotations except for spot shipment; but quotations just now are really nothing more than a name, and are likely to be so until business is fully resumed, and that tired feeling has worn off.

ANTHRACITE COALS have been maintained, and prices are being upheld. For spot shipment there is not a quantity of the stuff to be had, but as the requirement is by no means pressing, matters are about level. There is not a deal doing in MACHINE MADE COALS just now, but supplies are still limited, so that no change in a downward direction is likely to ensue at present. CULM AND DUFF are quoting firmly for forward shipment, and on the basis of current prices.

STEAMS have been an improved market on an increased demand which has been ruling for prompt shipment, but it is anticipated that prices will be lower shortly, as stems for the month are not altogether satisfactory. Here and there they are fairly well filled, but this is not the general state.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—		HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.	
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. 6d.					20s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od., 19s od.					18s 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. od., 17s. 6d.					17s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 3d.					15s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. od					19s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 6d.					24s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. od.					15s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.					7s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.					5s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 9d.					15s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 3d.					18s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 3d					17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. od.					15s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.					13s. od.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, April 3, 1907.

N denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. P. T.) Port Talbot. loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, Steamer, 9s.
Suakim, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 9s. 6d.
Java, *Elloe,* 10s. one, 10s. 3d. two ports.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Las Palmas or Madeira, *Crathorne,* 3,500 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Inca,* 4,000 tons, 7s.
Teneriffe, *Lord Lansdowne,* 7s.
Huelva, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Monte Video, *Portugalete,* 4,500 tons, 13s. 3d.
La Plata, *Parklands,* 4,000 tons, 13s. 6d. (N).
Rio de Janeiro, *Nolisement,* 5,200 tons, 13s. 6d.
Santos, Steamer, reported at 13s. 6d., with 1,000 dely.
Rosario, *Northumbria,* 3,200 tons, 14s. 6d.
Arosa, 3,800 tons, 14s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Belford,* 4,500 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Paddington, 5,200 tons, 6s. 3d. option Constantinople same rate.
Genoa, *Euston,* 3,800 tons, 8s. (S).
Savona, Leghorn, *Lorenzo,* 3,300 tons, 7s. 9d. option Swansea ldg. same rate.
Naples, *Conscliffe,* 5,900 tons, 6s. 9d. 1,000.
Palermo Messina or Catania, *Tregothnan,* 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Algiers, *Begona,* 3,300 tons, 7 fcs. (N).
Monksgarth, 2,000 tons, 7·25 fcs. spot.
Savona, *Comino,* 3,400 tons, 8s. 3d. 350, spot.
Asmuna, 4,000 tons, 7s. 10½d. 350.
Messina, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d. (S).
Corcubion, *Hatfield,* 2,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
Philippeville, *La Vienne,* or sub., 2,000 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Cagliari, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Barcelona, *Haxby,* 4,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Whitby, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Carthagena, *Nauta,* 1,350 tons, 7s.
Oran, *Marie Horn,* 1,500 tons, 8·25 fcs. spot.
Gibraltar, *Porthcawl,* 2,300 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Canganian, 1,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Adour, 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Malta, *Millwall,* 3,300 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Eda, 3,000 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Brunhilda, 3,300 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Lisbon, *Behera,* 1,400 tons, 5s 6d.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 5s. 6d.
Pontypridd, 1,950 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 5s. 6d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Wisby, *Jarlot,* 1,200 tons, 5s. (S).
Stettin, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 5s. (S).

BAY, Etc.

Bayonne, *Amisia,* 2,000 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Huelva, *Ophir,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 10½d. (N).
Bordeaux, *Harald,* 2,850 tons, 5·75 fcs. (S).
Bernabe, 3,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. (N).
Mersey, 500 tons, 6 fcs. (N).
Pasages, *Nora,* 1,100 tons, 6s. coal, 6s. 9d. fuel. (S).
La Rochelle, *Agga,* 1,000 tons, 5 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·25 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Hawthorn,* 1,400 tons, 6 fcs. (S).
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

Falmouth, *Vril,* 420 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Queenstown, *Volante,* 380 tons, 4s. 6d. (N).
Liverpool, *Iron King,* 350 tons, 4s.
Shoreham, *Augusta,* 5s. 3d.
Havre, *Severini,* 1,650 tons, 4s. (S).
Greenhill, 2,900 tons, 4s. 3d.
Newhaven, *Moringen,* 380 tons, 5s. 3d. for part cargo. (S).
Antwerp, *Jeanne,* 1,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Steamer, 900 tons, 4s. 3d.
Rouen, *Alacrity,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Seagull, 780 tons, 5s. 9d. (S).
Alice M. Craig, 1,180 tons, 5s. (S).
Honfleur, *Peterbourg,* 900 tons, 4s. 10½d. (S).
Caen, *Nerva,* 810 tons, 5s. 3d. coal, 5s. 9d. fuel. (S).
Congress, 1,400 tons, 5s. (S).
Cherbourg, *Linn O' Dee,* 600 tons, 5s. 9d. (S).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Carn Brea,* 2,000 tons, 4s. ppt.
Clievedèn, 2,100 tons, 4s. ppt.
Bayonne to Cardiff, *Amisia,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.

THE facts of the *Heliopolis*/*Orianda* collision which took place on February 17, have already appeared in these columns. A sequel to that unfortunate happening transpired in the Admiralty Courts on Monday last, when the Owners of the *Orianda* v. the Owners of the *Heliopolis* had their joint argument, before Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, assisted by Trinity masters. In the result, both ships have been ticked off as blameworthy, therefore each will pay its own share of the incidental expenses. In giving judgment, his Lordship stated that the Court was satisfied that when *Orianda* left Cardiff, her signal lights were properly exhibited, and were burning brightly, but that no port light was seen by those in charge of *Heliopolis.* Unfortunately, there were none of the officers of *Orianda* left alive to controvert this statement, but a somewhat exceptional incident occurred in connection with the case, and is worthy of repetition. It appears that a Board of Trade surveyor had examined and marked *Orianda's* lamps before she sailed from Cardiff, and her port light had since been washed ashore, intact. Taking this evidence into consideration, the Court came to the conclusion that the port light of that steamer had been taken down for a retrimming operation, and had not been again properly secured in the light screen.

THEN, understanding how these lamps are usually fitted on board ship, the Court was of opinion that if the collision had caused the detachment of the lamp from its proper place, well, it would have been smashed. While admitting the difficulties under which the Court laboured on this occasion, we yet are of opinion that the decision was somewhat far-fetched, to say the least. Our experience has taught us that the side-light which would fall overboard in the Bristol Channel, and would ultimately wash ashore "intact"—well, without going so far as to suggest that it is a "freak," we yet believe that the manufacturer who could turn out such triumphs in lampology, would make a fortune. We might have been exceptionally unfortunate in our dealings with side-lights: but the fact remains, that a very small "sea" was usually sufficient to put our samples of the species out of action for a whole voyage. A very much likelier solution of the difficulty (if such it really be), is that the "intact" lamp which ultimately came to land, was attached to its proper light-screen, and was therefore, protected, and floated ashore after the vessel foundered? Still, there are things in heaven and earth, undreamed of in our philosophy—perhaps the Admiralty Court keeps a choice selection of them for use in collision cases? We give it up, anyhow!

WATERSIDE WISDOM—THE SUFFRAGETTE.

ACCORDING to an invitation given and received at the Tyndall Street entrance to the Bute Docks, Cassidy and Con Keefe foregathered at the Club, one night. There was a fair sprinkling of Tyndall Street politicians present, and as befitted the occasion, quite a number of the fair sex (at least, Cassidy put it thus, even as he assured the brotherhood that he ever aimed at politeness in speech) had managed to obtain a seat, through the weakness of some of the members.

ALSO according to promise, Cassidy was the lecturer for the occasion, and he introduced his subject with a few remarks anent the suffer-an'-git (as he styled the few good souls who must have a certain amount of notoriety, even if they have to go to "chokey" in search of it!) fraternity, generally. It was plain enough that Cassidy had but little belief in the national prosperity that was likely to be in evidence, if the shrieking sisterhood were given their hearts' desire of the moment.

HOWEVER, as we have no wish to bother you with our own personal beliefs in the matter, we hasten to give you a verbatim report of the lecture referred to. Here it is:

"GINTLEMIN—the ladies bein' prisint by accident, don't count. Thin, gintlemin, yez'll no doubt have noticed a number of letthers appearin' in the public papers, an' dalin' wid the subject of me disoorse this avenin'? Ye hev'! Various styles av address hev' been given to the —ahem!—to the ladies which practice that way, but as wan name is as good as anuther, I mane to shtick to the comprehensive name of suffer-an'-git.

"AN' for this rayson: Most of 'em have had to suffer up till now; all av 'em will hev to git when the mere male has really grown tired av the hash-me-gandy which surrounds their thame. Very well. What is a suffer-an'-git? Personally, I wouldn't loike to say, but quite a number av me compathriots have used definitions that may not be found in ivvery sixpenny-clear-type dictionary. Let's lave it at that, annyhow, whoile I take yez along to a consideration of some of the letthers to which I hav' given attintion.

"DID anny av yez happen to hear av a lady named Mrs. Montefiore? It doesn't matther in the lashte, fer it's a name wid a good British ring about it, an' when annythin' av that sort comes on the scene, sure, ivvery man Jack among us has to listen. Howivver, the lady in question has been wor-r-kin' some purty tidy shtuff aff her shtudy table, and in a soort ov allegorical fashion, she assures the world that the suffer-an'-git business is by way av a spring-clane to the Impire. I belaved it all until I got down to this gim av purest ray serene: 'in Finland women exercise the political vote, and are eligible for Parliament.'

"SES I, spring-clanin' is a mistake, here? It's spring-onions that should fit in betther. Lavin' the allegorical idea, Finland is the shpot which lately caved-in to the machinations av the Holy Father av Roosia. Begobs, if they had kept the suffer-an'-git away out av Finland's Parlaymint, I, for wan, would shtill bet on the noble Finlander—manny av whom I've bin shipmates wid. But no! They let in the shwate shpakers, and the har-r-rd doers went out. Afther the swate spakers, came in the Czar's gintlemin sojers, and out wint Finland. Are we to follow suit, gintlemin? We are not!

"AN', furthermore, this same Mrs. Montefiore remar-r-rks that there 'are millions of women in the Empire awaiting their enfranchisement,' which might be true. But there's no gittin' away from the fact that there are millions of women in the Impire awaitin' a husband apiece, and judgin' by personal experience, they are followin' the husband idea a lot closer than they do that infranchisemint thin'. Moreover, if the said millions get a hustle on, and shy clear av the suffer-an'-gits, they'll probably secure the husband manny years afore they git the franchise.

"LAVIN' that lady an' her letther, I'll ax yez to consider an efushun immanatin' from one 'Helen Fraser.' Not knowin' the gintle sowl, I am unable to say whether she's maid, wife, or widow. She just signs herself Helen Fraser, an' if thot's good enough for the lady, whoy, sure, it's good enough fer Cassidy. But be this an' be that, 'Helen Fraser' is an inquisitive sort of seeker-after-publicity. She axes questions by the—well, look here: 'Why? Is no man allowed to vote . . . unless he has served in the Army or Navy, and fought for his country? Are the men . . . who cannot pass the physical standard required by our Army regulations prevented from voting? Do our members of Parliament lead our armies? What has fighting to do with voting . . .? Is bearing children not more important than bearing arms?' An' here, I hev' to shtop.

"SEEMS to me that this 'Helen Fraser' is keen on the theoretical soide av life. At first hand she can know but little av the Army an' Navy, or av foightin' fer her counthry; an' as she nivver thried to pass intil the Army, she can know but little av the regulations referred to. Thin, again, she forgits that if mimbers of Parlaymint don't lead armies, sure, the best leaders av armies ginerally ind up by becomin' mimbirs av Parlaymint. An' whin the good sowl gets along wid, 'What has fighting to do with voting,' well, in my opinion, gintlemin, she gives herself away wid less thin the proverbeahl pound of tay. Here, in Tyndall Shtreet, votin' and foightin' has about the same manin'!

"COMIN' along to the question, 'Is bearin' children not more important than bearing arms'—well, it depinds. 'Helen Fraser' moight be comin' down to parsonal ixperience here, so I won't argy the point? But it has ivver appeared to me, that the wimmin who do most at child-bearin', hev' lashte to say about votin', which is only as it should be seein' which is av most good to the Shtate? An' as for votin' so in foightin'. 'Helen Fraser' would appear to hev' pecooliar ideas on both. She writes: 'I consider sendin' one shipload of men away to fight with other men . . . a relic of barbarity, and an absurd and absolutely stupid way of settling a dispute.'

"ME, too, for thot matther, gintlemin' an', begobs, if I thought the utther min would shtay in their own country, divil a bit av me would go salin' the salt seas, wid anny anxiety to biff those same utthers in the neck, not me. But what can be done in the matther? 'Helen Fraser,' wid her beautiful inconsistency, forgits that if we don't sail away wid the intintion av bustin' the utther min, they will simply come awver til us wid the same intintion.

"PERSONALLY, an' individoocally shpakin', I'd be betther plased to sind out a consignmint ov suffer-an'-gits, armed wid long hat-pins, and a hairy-upper-lip; wid the'r crows-feet filled up wid colourin' matther; an' wid the'r shcanty locks shtiffened out wid brilliantine. Thin, whin the'r feather-bone incasemints got duly inflated wid—but nivver mind. I wouldn't miss wan av thim, an' if the utther fellows cottoned to the modern Amazons; took 'em fer keeps, loike; sure, I hev' an idea thot they (the Amazons) 'd be satisfied there was somethin' in the suffer-an'-git notion afther ahl, yis!

"IN thot evint, we shtay-at-homes could stroll out in Easter wake, wid some av the purtiest little bits av femalosity which it is possible to imagine. Shtuff thot would get ivverythin' its own way through a laffin' pair av goo-goo eyes; and that would bear ahl the childer which is wanted to protect the Impire, which the utther sort nivver had a word to say wid. So far, gintlemin, I hev kept meself to actual quotations. Yez wer' good enough to suggist thot as a dape-wather sailormin, I am calculated to know somethin' av this suffer-an'-git business; so for a few minutes longer—an' if Mike Reardon dares to make faces at the ladies prisint in the disgushtin' manner which he has used fer the last tin minutes, I'll call the chucker-out—I'll ax ye a bit, on me own.

"WHO made the British Impire? It is ginirally admitted to be a purty big consarn as impires go, an' thot it would take a lot av beatin'. Did the faymale suffer-an'-git hev' anythin' to do with ut? Isn't she axin' for permission to git a bite bigger nor she can chaw? Has man (the wor-r-r-rm) become so funky to-day, that salvation on'y lays wid shtrong-minded (to say nutthin' av voiced) wimmin? An' if we agree to give the vote to these "lady hustlers," will some av the gang undertake to fire, watch an' watch, wid me when nixt I takes a thrip to sea fer me health? Will they be willing to share-and-share alike wid the hash-me-gandy, as well as wid the duck an' green peas; will they take the kicks wid the coppers; the lean with the fat; an' the chances av suddin death along wid the pleasures av livin'?

"NIVVIR a wance will they! They merely wish to be ornamental figger-heads in Parlaymint—small blame till thim, seein' thot so many av that kind are ahlready there; to boss the show wid the insoide parts av their mouths, instead av wid the shwateness av the'r lips, an', gintlemin, the proposition isn't good enuff. These are the sinty-mints av yer frind Cassidy—hands up, those who agree."

AND Con Keefe solemnly assures everybody interested, that at least one hand on every male present, went "up"!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 21, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

4,606 06—CHADBURN'S (Ship) TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LTD. and GRANT—***Improvements in ships' telegraphic apparatus for transmitting orders, notifications or the like, from one part of same to another.***

This invention relates to ships' telegraph apparatus of that type in which motion is transmitted by shafting from the transmitter which is in one position on the vessel to a receiver in another position; and the present invention relates to cases wherein supplemental or repeat indicators are used. According to this invention the repeat indicator consists simply of a circular metal case let into the deck, and provided with a translucent dial with a pointer working thereover, the actuating mechanism of the pointer being of the "Geneva-stop" motion type, by which the pointer is moved suddenly from the centre of one order to the centre of another, such mechanism being driven by a sprocket wheel and chain from the transmission shafting.

4,870 06—TAYLOR—***Improvements in or relating to buckets or skips for coal shipping hoists or like appliances.***

The object of this invention is the minimizing of breakage during the loading of coals into ships' holds from coal shipping hoists. A bucket is suspended on arms below the end of the delivery shoot to receive the coal, and when filled is lowered into the hold and the contents discharged through the bottom of the bucket which is opened automatically. The arms carrying the bucket are pivoted to the front legs of the frame, and have their outer ends adjustably connected by chains passing over pulleys to the ordinary cradle of the hoist. The arms are connected at their outer ends by a stay rod, and are fitted with a shaft rotatable in bearings and fitted with a brake. The bucket being supported by the action of the brake is filled from the shoot, and on release of the brake descends to the hold of the ship. The doors in the bottom of the bucket opened automatically and the contents are discharged. The bucket when empty is drawn up by counter-weights secured to chains wound over pulleys on the shaft. The automatic opening of the bucket doors is affected by a centre lever to which two side levers at each end of the bucket are attached. When the frame work fitted below the bucket touches the floor, the lever slides downward, and allows the two bottom doors to open; immediately they are in that position each side lever falls on to a centre stud and prevents them from shutting until they are relieved by a hand lever or rope.

7,581 06—BEST—***Improvements in miners' and like acetylene lamps.***

This invention relates to miners' acetylene lamps of that class wherein the pressure of the water flowing to the carbide is maintained constant by the employment of two water reservoirs arranged the one above the other and communicating with each other through means provided for the admission of air and the outlet of water. The chief improvement according to this invention is that the normal flow of water is maintained even though the lamp be held obliquely or be shaken. For this purpose the outlet passage leading to the carbide and formed in the lower water reservoir is arranged vertically below the so-called neutral point of the water level, the position of which is unchanged when the lamp is held obliquely, whilst the reservoir is made narrow and arranged symmetrically in relation to the water level.

8,021 06—TAYLOR—***Improvements in auxiliary rudders for marine vessels.***

This invention relates to auxiliary rudders for marine vessels, the rudders consisting of vanes connected to the hull near the stern, and adapted to be moved outward at an angle to the side of the ship. The hull of the vessel is provided with rectangular recesses and with frames constituted by side bars and an end bar arranged within the recesses. Vanes corresponding in length to the length of the recesses and provided at each end with crossbars having extended ends, are pivotally connected to the side bars to swing on their vertical axes. The extended ends of the cross bars have attached thereto flexible connections secured to rollers adjacent to the respective ends of the vanes. When it is desired to steer the ship, the roller connected with the front end of the vane, on the corresponding side, is rotated to loosen the flexible connection to permit the front end of the vane to swing outward. When it is desired to close the vane, the rear roller is loosened permitting the rear end to be swung outwardly by the force of the water, the flexible connection preventing the further outward swinging of the vane.

10,068/06—CLARK—***Improvements in life buoys.***

This invention relates to a life buoy intended to serve as a refuge instead of the present life-boats. The body portion of the buoy consists of an annular ring composed of a series of steel plates riveted together. To the top of the ring is attached a sea top divided into a plurality of sections separately inflated from an air tank provided in the buoy itself. The sea top is formed of canvas the connections between the sections being various. The body of the buoy is provided with the air tank adapted to be filled by a pump, and having a supply pipe by means of which air is admitted to the different sections of the sea top.

These applications for patents, are until May 7 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on March 27, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending April 27.

Class 4—***Including coal.***

288,240—WHEAT SHEAF—All goods included in this class. Co-operative Wholesale Society, 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, Wholesale Dealers and Manufacturers. Nov. 26, 1906. (To be associated Sect. 24).

Class 8—***Including nautical instruments.***

288,243—WHEAT SHEAF—All goods included in this class. Co-operative Wholesale Society, 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, Wholesale Dealers and Manufacturers. Nov. 26, 1906. (To be associated Sect. 24).

287,753 LEEDA All goods included in this class but not including photographic hand cameras, and not including any goods of a like kind to photographic hand cameras. The firm trading as The Sterling Telephone and Electric Co., 200, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., Telephone Manufacturers, November 9, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Nigger Philosophy *a la* St. Mary Street.

"A MEMBER of our headquarters staff has been investigating the conditions in 'Niggertown.'" Thus the gentle scribe who practices for a St. Mary Street journal of greater or lesser importance! Needless to say, and in view of the fact that any such investigation is a convicted plagiarism of the matter frequently appearing in these columns, we are interested in the work of that "member of our headquarters staff"—which isn't at all a bad way of eulogising an affair which hardly lends itself to the eulogistic?

NEXT thing we note, is that "the average Cardiffian will promptly ask, 'Where is Niggertown?'" and we feel tired. We claim to know our Cardiff, fairly well, and hitherto, had decided that quite 95 per cent. of the amiable friends around us, were thoroughly acquainted with the niggertown district; as well as with its hopes and fears, joys and sorrows—aye, and several other items which need not be dilated on here. But that is a mere detail. Let us get on with the brainy efforts of that "member of our headquarters staff."

To our mind, the gentleman thus obscurely alluded to is an ingenuous critter, and would appear to be hardly the man to be entrusted with the diplomatic rendering of the conditions which he considers are "a growing peril to the community." For this reason: He asserts that the colony is estimated to contain from 250 to 300 brother mokes, and when this little handful is considered in conjunction with a population approximating into 200,000 souls—well, where is the growing peril?

FURTHERMORE, our "headquarters" friend is a bit of a wag, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding, for after assuring us that the "colony" is good (or bad, if you'd rather have it that way) for some 300 mokes, he goes on to say that. "The fact is that a considerable body of coloured folk, have made Cardiff their world's centre." Now, "world's centre" is good, and we don't care a toss who knows it. So is the statement, "Wages are fairly good on ships sailing out of the port, and after a three or four months' trip they have a substantial sum to draw." They have; nearly £10, in point of fact!

OF course, to a "member of our headquarters staff," the sum of £10 might appear as undreamed-of wealth; but with the gentle nigger—well, we happen to know the moke, and his characteristics. Know them so well, that we are sure that by the time he has invested in a suit of checks, a high "collah," some Brummagem jewellery, a pair of spats, and a walking-cane—well, there will be but little left to admit of his working up that "growing peril" in our midst. But where our solonesque friend becomes really amusing, is where he lets himself go on nigger marriages!

HERE is a gem, and it must be taken as touching on the gravity of the suggested situation which is being wrought through the advent of half-and-half nigger babies; "In the Cardiff 'Niggertown,' numerous white women have allied themselves to negroes; in fact, sometimes to several negroes. Some make a practice of living with one coloured man whilst he is ashore, and after he is gone to sea they take up with another." What a terrible disclosure! Awful, ain't it? But won't somebody tell that "member of our headquarters staff" that "marriages" such as those indicated, help the birth-rate but little; that the "growing peril" will receive but scant assistance from that state of living?

As a matter of fact, the state suggested isn't at all fit for polite eyes and ears, and we are somewhat surprised to note that a seemingly respectable family paper will consent to fill its columns with such too-too stuff! *Western Mail*, we are ashamed of you! Didn't think you were a girl of that sort. Really, now—! And when you have read the above quotation which ends "and after he is gone to sea they take up with another," tack this soulful query on, and think: "Now, in the name of common sense, can it be expected that the progeny of such alliances will be of benefit to the community or nation?"

IT can't, old chap. Never an expectation, and mainly for the reason that there isn't any progeny from such "alliances." The ladies do not undertake that job, out of any kindly feeling for the community or the nation, and don't you forget it. They might mean to rush Sam for a pair of boots, or for several "threes" of whiskey; but you take it from us who have studied the subject farther than is included in one peripatetic stroll down Tiger Bay, those "ladies" aren't unduly worrying about a possible progeny, and that's a fact.

EVEN when our scribe remarks, "In other instances in 'Niggertown,' of course, there is a legal union between the negro and his consort," and then goes on to remark, "but even then—well, my readers may judge." They may, dear. In fact, they do judge, and having done so, they might possibly wonder why it is that our esteemed contemporary should entrust such delicate work as an investigation of Niggertown morals, to such an apparently youthful member of its "headquarters staff."

BUT if we go out upon a consideration of the editorial support which was accorded the same scribe, and on the same day, we are not a great deal better off. In the "editorial comments" part of the same issue of our contemporary, we notice a screed labelled "Cardiff's Black Problem." Without bothering with a copious quotation therefrom, we will drop along to the finish of that "comment." It read: "There is no peril in England such as exists in South Africa . . . but the absence of that peril is no excuse for the effusiveness with which black people are treated."

THERE you hit it, at the first try, our friend. Never mind discussing the morals of the moke, or of his white cohabiting female. Probably neither of them are any worse than sections of white society; but that "effusiveness" is at the bottom of the whole trouble. Take a leaf out of the seafarer's book, and to point our moral, let us give you one short example: Sam came on board at Newport News, and he was a nigger-fireman. Eight bells struck, and the nig. ambled along to the stokehold, arrayed in a nice white shirt and several other items of masculine attire. His first demand, was for the *locale* of the "ice watah fountain," and the vessel was a Cardiff tramp steamer!

YOU mightn't think it, but the second engineer of that tramp was singularly devoid of humour– especially nigger humour; and in the result, that nig. left his white shirts in the forecastle (where they were promptly commandeered by the Tyndall Street colleagues of that American fireman!); did without any "ice watah;" and fired, more or less like the mule he undoubtedly was. Incidentally, he developed a "fat eye," and two "thick ears." Accidentally, as well as incidentally—if we are to believe the second engineer. But the nigger was the best fireman on board during that homeward run. You see, effusiveness had no chance there. Do you see the moral, our friend? If so, preach another sermon therefrom, and refrain from sending callow youths to size up weighty problems. Such conduct is a delusion and a snare. Two snares, in fact!

Registered as a Newspaper.

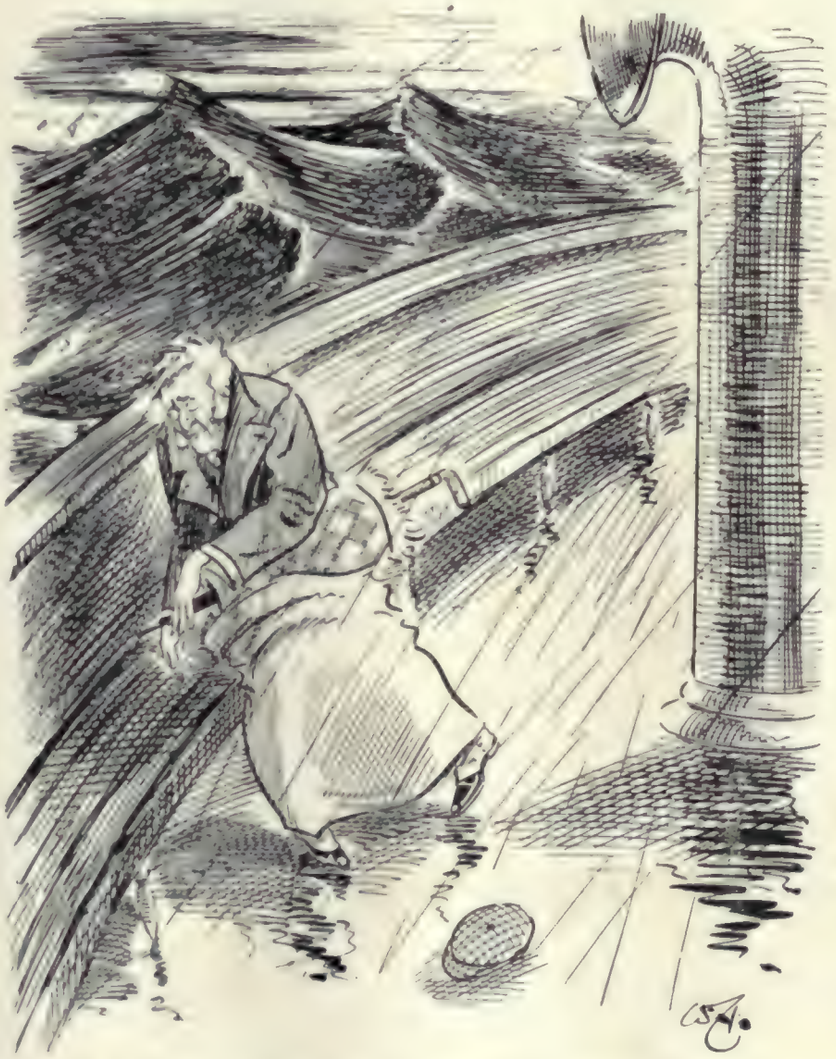
The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 165. FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1907. Threepence.

THAT CHANNEL TUNNEL!



One of the unfortunates who hungers for a Channel Tunnel!
Do you blame him?

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THAT CHANNEL TUNNEL!	125
MARITIME MURMURS	126
WATERSIDE WISDOM—SEA COOKS	129
THE COLONIAL MERCHANT SHIPPING CONFERENCE	130
THE QUESTION OF BOILERS	131
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	132
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	133
POLAR EXPLORATION	134
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	135
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	136

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

OH, Laws! Mr. Cuthbert Laws! General-Manager-by-Heredity, of the Shipping Federation, Limited! But never mind, Monday, April 8, 1907, has come and gone, and although the great Lloyd-George managed to save himself from what a number of shipping men have styled the "crowning humiliation" by not appearing to open the "school" for sea-cooks at Well Street, London, E., Mr. Laws was there. Mr. Cuthbert Laws, you know. Even he who is general-manager-by-heredity of the Shipping Federation aforesaid. Let us deny the nasty rumour which is going the rounds in this connection. Sundry evil-disposed persons have pretended that the "Slushies' Academy" was originally intended to be opened on the Monday previous; but one of the crowd implicated remembered that the day was that set apart for April Fools, and as such an open admission would be too much for the public mind, the inaugural ceremony was "jumped" a whole week. Nothing of the sort, and we much doubt if any of the crowd who are responsible for this little flutter, had *nous* enough to admit of their thinking up anything so smart! And anyhow, a fool more or less will amount to but little when this same affair has gone the way of all flesh?

As the immortal Cassidy remarks on another page, "yez can't eat certifficated cooks," and it is the eternal "grub" question which troubles the alien muck which has been given the preference over British born lads, and by Mr. Laws' Federation. Taking a casual glance over the list of names of those who officiated at the opening of the "slushies' academy," we fail to find one man who has even a nodding acquaintance with the "cooking" as usually met with on a tramp steamer, or a sailer. Under the circumstances, then, when these would-be reformers undertake to prattle about teaching the future cooks of liners their business, they cease to be funny, being rather impertinent. Is any shipping man going to believe that the cook on the average liner needs any points from that top-floor "academy" in Well Street? Certainly not, for personally considered, we would rather put our money on the practical liner cook, than would we on the "instructor" who officiates at the top-floor place alluded to—aye, medals and all, notwithstanding. It is one thing to cook ashore in London; it is quite another to practice where the dancing dolphins play. And we have our doubts as to whether really high-class cooks waste time and money in teaching "slushies?"

HOWEVER, if Mr. Lloyd-George was absent in the flesh, he was there by letter—and probably that was quite as efficacious? Would'st like to scan the soulful statements contained within that letter? Here it is:

> "I can assure you that your enterprise (peculiar word, that?) has my fullest sympathy, for the necessity of establishing schools such as yours is obvious, especially in view of the fact that when Section 27 of the Merchant Shipping Act (MY Act!), 1906, comes into force, a duly certificated cook will have to be carried on all British foreign-going ships of 1,000 tons and upwards. I trust that the enforcement of that section will remove all grounds for statements such as one which has been brought to my notice to the effect that the food on board the French ships is, owing to superior methods of cooking, more palatable than that served out to British crews, and that hence the French Mercantile Marine has proved to be a more attractive service than our own. As matters are at present, I fear it is too often the case that although the British shipowner may supply his vessel with provisions to which no exception as regards quality can be taken, the food is spoilt by unsatisfactory cooking."

THERE! Isn't it beautifully non-commital, and chock-a-block filled with the usual old prattle? Hurrah for the *entente cordiale!* One statement has been brought to "Georgie's" notice, and he works off a lovely advertisement for the bonny Frenchman, at the expense of the wicked Briton! By the time Mr. Lloyd-George has received a dozen or so of "statements," well, we shouldn't like to say that he'll be writing. And although you British shipowners may supply provisions to which—as regards quality—no exception can be taken, you are beggars for shipping cheap and nasty cooks! That's what it all amounts to, you know. But let us get away from St. David, even as we consider briefly the impertinences which came from Mr. Laws. Here is a choice sample: "Legislation will not make a dirty cook clean, or a drunken one sober. What is required is discipline." How does Mr. Laws know? Has he ever

served in any responsible capacity on a ship, or is this another instance of where a pushful boy is attempting to teach his grandma how to suck eggs? And look at this grand burst, good people: "Let the captain or his representative visit the galley, see that it and the utensils are clean, and taste the food for the forecastle before it is served out, then the grounds for complaints will disappear."

THERE you are, you deep-water skippers! Aren't you proud of the advice emanating from this amateur seaman? Of course, none of you hitherto, have visited the galley; and in the vast majority of instances, your pea-soup doesn't come out of the same boiler as contains the stuff for the forecastle; you also eat different salt-horse, fat pig, and things, because some would-be smartee wrote a song about "captain's biscuits." Possibly this Mr. Laws has read of those biscuits, and practicing a little Zancig, has decided that as there are captain's biscuits, there must also be captain's beef, his pork, his pea-soup, his coffee—his everything. But what is the shipowner going to say about this general-manager-by-heredity identifying himself with this "movement?" This is one more instance of where he throws the owners' interests to the four- or more—winds of heaven. Hasn't Mr. Laws yet realised that after June, 1908, and when certificated cooks must be employed, cooks' wages will go up with a bound? Take it from us, Mr. Laws, this is where you are likely to "pick it in." We shall watch the trend of events at the period indicated in the Act, and if the wages go up as everyone anticipates, well, we shall call your—and the shipowners'—attention to the fact. You are not going to hide behind anything this time, our mannie. Retribution is about, with a very big "ret" and don't you forget it.

Why even Captain Clarke who spoke on behalf of the Trinity House—although what that corporation has to do with sea-cooks is beyond us. They would be better utilising their time, by giving a little attention to the groggy coast lights which merely lure valuable liners (cooks and all) on the rocks of free and happy England—to say nothing of Devon and Cornwall! Still, Captain Clarke did speak on behalf of the amiable Brethren, and his remarks were quite in line with what one would have a right to expect. According to this sapient sea-dog, we we might get foreign cooks and thus have more room for British seamen on British ships. Pretty, isn't it? Apparently, Captain Clarke is under the impression that the cook of the average tramp steamer, or deep-water sailer, is recruited--hap-hazard—from the forecastle, as in the "good old days" that have gone beyond recall? Cappie, times change, and (even suppose you are an exception) we change with them: and as one ship merely carries one cook, it is somewhat difficult to see the sense of your remarks. But go your ways. You are in no worse case than the others who were with you. To the nautical mind, it is equally difficult to see the sense of any of the remarks on the occasion to which we have so lengthily referred. But won't Mr. Laws pick it in, in June, 1908! Seamen the world over, will be able to gloat over the Nemesis which will have then arrived. Frankly, and for our own part, we have had just a taste too much of Mr. Cuthbert Laws. We believe he takes himself too seriously. Possibly more so than the circumstances call for, or warrant?

WITH further reference to the Colonial Shipping Conference, it is stated--no matter on what authority—that the delegates thereto are somewhat proud of their labours and its results. This is good to know, for as far as we can learn, but few outside of the ranks of those delegates have much faith in the whole affair. At the best, the virtues exemplified to-date have all been of the negative kind, and if, as predicted, the Conference ends its more or less arduous work during the present week, the world will be saved another disappointing spectacle. In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the state of the shipping laws between the Mother Country and the Commonwealth and New Zealand, are in the main, much as they were before the Conference met. One or two trivial concessions have been allowed, but taken all 'round, the shipping industry will have but little for which to thank the Conference. We read that, "Up to the present, all the requests made by the Commonwealth and New Zealand have been practically conceded." Quite so, but what has the Commonwealth and New Zealand granted in return? Very little, you may be sure, and for the reason that the delegates will have to render a stern account of their doings on their return.

HERE is the difference between the two sides of that Conference. The home portion may wobble along as per instructions—which amount to but little of practical utility; the Colonial portion shapes a course according to the set of the wind and currents experienced, and ever with an eye on a weatherly tack. Needless to say—under such conditions—the tackers will make the best bargain. Anyhow, the Commonwealth and New Zealand stands to win most in the deal. You see, with the present Government, shipping is considered in much the same half-hearted manner as applies with Colonial enterprise, or, for the matter of that, anything else outside of party aggrandisement. It is claimed that "good progress has been made upon points of difficulty and delay affecting Colonial shipping services and seamen." It is the truth, too, for the "progress" so far, has been all in favour of the "down under" people.

STILL they come, those accidents to our warships! This time, it is the battleship *Trafalgar* which, when leaving the Hamoaze, ran amok on Devil's Point. The episode occurred just after high water, and therefore, on a falling tide, so it is all the more marvellous that she was brought out of peril some two hours later? But without bothering with the state of the tide, it is interesting to note that signals for assistance were at once made, by which it will be seen that -no matter what the sins of the Mercantile Marine in this respect—the Senior Service is all about in signalling; aye, and regardless of the ability which is in evidence when an ordinary piece of navigation is toward. In response to the signals on this occasion, a "working party" was despatched from the *Theseus*, so it is competent to suppose that, in spite of the number of men carried on the ordinary warship, she is still undermanned when a something out of the common transpires! In addition to the working party, a handful of tugs seized on to the stranded ship, and, as already remarked, she came away with a few plates started. "The mishap appears to be due to a miscalculation of the force and direction of the tide running between Devil's Point and Mount Edgcumbe." Or, from a misunderstood Engine-room telegraph signal. Which was it?

AN awful amount of piffle has been introduced around the Hamburg strike, and no two "authorities" are agreed on any one point. Kaiser William is supposed to be giving his children a much-needed lesson in good-behaviour, and the superlatively great Herr Ballin is backing him up. Really, when all is said, the Hamburg strike is similar to any other strike the world over. The employers believe

they have a right to say how much they will pay for a given amount of labour; the men are of opinion that they are justified in asking a given sum for their ability as human mules: neither of the parties interested can agree as to the figures; hence a strike. Moreover, as it ever applies, work may not be allowed to stand still—providing anything in the shape of a human mule is obtainable—and as the German has frozen the Briton out of his own country's labour market, it naturally follows that he is available for a short spell of graft in Germany. The good souls who have nothing more than a gossippy interest in the business, affect to see all manner of absent items; and thus the merry game continues. In reality, all this talk about "lessons" is puerile in the extreme. It's ill playing the high-handed with a nation which has been trained in arms.

CONSCRIPTION is all very nice in its way; but the military ability which can keep off foreign invaders, is also good to put down these unnecessary "lesson givers" if they do not mend their ways. To-day, is not the cult of the feudal lord. The world has been educated greatly past that stage. And that is one of the features of modern life which some of the world's alleged rulers will not see. They fill the minds of their people with all manner of aspirations after the wealth of another nation, but fail to see the possibility of having all that education—aye, and knowledge—misapplied. For this reason, we are treated to the spectacle of a German professor prophesying all manner of revolutions, and for once in a way, the prophet has every reason to suppose that his notions will come out there, or thereabout. Indeed, one need not be greatly of the prophetic turn of mind to see how things are drifting in Teutonia. Over-education has been carried on with such feverish haste, that the metaphorical pot thus forced with firing, is bound to bubble over. Little by little is a good fashion for those educational people—only they won't believe it, and mainly for the reason that they have been crammed themselves, with more erudition than Providence ever meant should be theirs. Meanwhile, the Hamburg "strike" is worth watching, and comparing with the madness of the uneducated Russian.

TRADE in Cape Colony is still in a miserable condition, and all manner of reasons therefor are assigned by those who claim to know. Really, the trouble is not at all difficult to diagnose. South Africa—like dozens of other places—has been merely exploited for its gold and diamonds. Nobody has, as yet, seriously considered the possibility of turning that vast area of land into a commercial success. It is all export and no import. Every other item in life is subordinated to the gold and diamond traffic, and the multi-millionaires who are manufactured incidentally, don't care twopence ha'penny for the land which accidentally made them wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Park Place is the Mecca of these good souls, and a whole host of sycophantic jackals toady to them with assertions that this is just as it should be. If those millionaires would work up a Park Place in South Africa; would use their millions exactly where they found them; would see to it that a little fairplay were accorded to their unexpected *el Dorado*; well, in either of these events, we shouldn't hear so much about waning trade in the land which supplies the world with half its wealth. As things are tending, South Africa will soon be a worked-out mineral deposit; deserted; and ruined. And the unfortunate part of the whole undertaking is, that those who have made their piles therefrom, and have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present miserable conditions, are they who care least about it all.

Parkeston Quay Extension.

OBVIOUSLY, the directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company, had no apprehension that the Channel Tunnel would cause any appreciable diminution of their Continental traffic, as they arranged, last year, for an important extension of the accommodation previously existing at Parkeston. The new quay, now giving promise of early completion, is 1,080ft. long, and will provide for the reclamation of a triangular area affording spaces for numerous railway sidings, and buildings destined to be used as transit and locomotive sheds. Three new berths, 320ft. long each, will be available for steamships, and ample equipment will be installed for the mechanical handling of merchandise in the most expeditious and economical manner.

The quay extension was designed by Mr. John Wilson, M. Inst. C.E., the chief engineer to the company, in accordance with the Hennebique system of ferro-concrete, all details of which were prepared by Mr. L. G. Mouchel, M. Soc., C.E. (France), of Westminster.

Without entering too minutely into structural features we may usefully mention the general characteristics of the work. The quay is founded upon about 450 ferro-concrete piles driven through a 15ft. bed of gravel, into a stratum of hard clay commencing at the average depth of 44ft. below quay level. At the back of the structure some 870 ferro-concrete grooved and tongued sheet piles will provide an impenetrable wall, for the purpose of holding up the material to be tipped upon the area for reclamation; and above the sheeting, a curtain wall will be built up to deck level. Further, a horizontal platform will extend landwards to support and utilise part of the filling, so as to counterbalance a considerable proportion of the horizontal thrust of the earth against the quay.

Along the harbour front, the quay will be supported on massive ferro-concrete piers designed in accordance with Mr. Mouchel's patent which has already been applied with conspicuous success in jetties, piers, and quays, on the Thames; and in various British seaports. The Superstructure constitutes a continuously monolithic framework, comprising columns, walings, bracings, beams and decking, all of ferro-concrete, amply reinforced with steel so as to be capable of withstanding, without injury, any stresses that may be developed.

On the decking of the new quay, three tracks for railway trains and a track for travelling cranes will be provided, in addition to hydraulic capstans and other appliances.

In conclusion, we may mention that before final completion of the works, the bed of the harbour in front of the quay will be dredged so as to give the minimum depth of 20ft. at low water, and as the tidal range is about 12ft. at Harwich, this will ensure the depth of fully 32ft. at high water; and thus provide adequately for the future Shipbuilding programme of the Great Eastern Railway Co.

THE President of the Board of Trade is great on committee-making. His latest effort in that direction is with a new shipping committee, which consists of nineteen gentlemen culled from shipping life, and their combined business will be to advise "the department" with reference to "rules, regulations, and scales" which may arise out of the new Merchant Shipping Act. Among the names we note that of Mr. Henry Radcliffe, and Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P. Is Mr. Lloyd-George a bit of a wag, or did he fake up that committee hap-hazard? Personally, we should like to see both the gentlemen named, seated at the same committee table! We have an idea that it would be a sight to tickle the onlooker?

Waterside Wisdom—Sea Cooks.

'TWAS on Monday last, and Tyndal Street appeared to be *en fete*. *En fete*, that is, for Tyndal Street. Anyhow, there were sounds of vocal music emanating from the corner of the "shpud shtore which stands forninst the intrance to the Bute Docks," as Cassidy once explained the matter. Without bothering you with the "music," we might be forgiven for reproducing the words of Cassidy's song. Here it is, and if you wish to sing it and flatter Cassidy at the same time, the best tune will be a combined drone of the Old Hundred, the Boyne Water, Shamus O'Brien—or anything else which occurs to you:

Oh, brathe not a wor-r-rd 'bout a schule fer say-cooks;
'Tis but madness to touch on a thayme,
Which perennially glows 'til the shipowner looks,
Whin it vanishes off like a drame.

Whoy vex ye the souls av the kings av lobshcouse,
Or of knoights av the famed cracker-hash?
Whoy seek ye the loights av our "artists" to douse,
Wid certificate-givin' to trash?

Wid a bag av bad biscuit, a mallet an' chunk
Av hard wood, an' a will fer the deed,
Eked out wid some water, an' grease from salt junk,
Prisint slushies will make yez a feed.

Thrue, he shtoyles it "dog's-body," but phwhat's in a name?
Can the "new" cook do more in this line?
If a man wins a "first" in the cookin' schule game,
As a tramp cook d'ye think he will shine?

No, he'd want caps an' aprons, an' ahl kinds av rot,
Ere a kid av faked bones he could carve
Jack throives but so-so wid the cooks he has got;
Wid the schule crowd he'll very soon shtarve!

As the last sounds of the foregoing beautiful words became entangled with the pailings on the opposite side of the road, Cassidy fidgetted himself into a more comfortable position on the "shpud sacks" which formed his couch, and remarked to Con Keefe, who was in the "shpud shtore" already referred to, but out of sight:

"Did yez know that he is goin' to open the cook's schule, at Well Street, E., this afternoon?"

"He?" queried the immortal Con. "Which he, annyhow?"

"Don't be afther showin' yer ignorance in sich an amiable manner, Con Keefe. As if there wer' more'n wan he on a joint av this persuasion. Shure, I manes the rivirent Mr. David Lloyd-George, Mimber av Parli'mint, Prisidint av the Boord av Thrade, Welsh Revoltir, Kape a hollerin' man, frind av 'Aavelock, spoofer av the shipowner an' sailormin, the pick-it-up-where-he-didn't-lay-it-down ixpert, the—the—corner man av the prisint Govir'ment, rest its sowl. Didn't yez hear?

For a few moments silence reigned supreme. Then, from away back in the darkness of the "shpud shtore," came the words:

"Its an iligint chice av language yez hev', Cassidy. Shure thin but its wastin' yerself ye are in this same shtreet. It's in the Gover'mint yez should be, fer—yez takes a lot av batin'."

"Lot av batin' be hanged. Do yez imagine thot I'm a bit av shtair carpet, Con Keefe? Whin I offer to inloighten yer low-down ignorance consarnin' the ladin' loights along the shore, jest see thot yez are becomingly differintial, see?"

"Yis, yis, me bhoy. Stiddy on wid yer irredition. And thin, p'raps, yez'll tell me some more about yer frind, Lloyd-George."

"He's no frind av mine, Con, an' thot's the trewth. Ner av annybody else as far as I kin see—save one Mr. D. Lloyd-George, Esqwire. Shtill, he's kidded ahl hands into the belief that certifficated cooks is going to be a grate thin' fer us seafarers, an' failin' something more substantial, the shipowners might support him this afternoon down in Well Street. Later on in the day, they will indulge in an extry bath, fer fear they moight have conthracted spotted fayver in sailor town.

"But as I was sayin', d'Fideration—dape-water sink it fer an imposition on human patience—some years ago, undertook to go into the same shpot, and a crowd av gintlemin dined off av salt horse, hash-me-gandy, lobschouse, an' utther say-going dillacacies. Thim as didn't die wid the exposure av their innards to possible suddin death, wint home an' forgot all about it as quick as possible. But d'Fiderashun hev' kept the thame on top ivver since.

"Yis, in sayson an' out, dey've tinkered away at the certifficated cook, an' later on, the community is goin' to be blessed wid a certifficated mess-room boy, so they are; but as Mike Reardon remarked a whoile since, yez can't ate certifficated cooks—ner mess-room boys; so percisely what the good av the whole fit-out is, 'tis har-r-rd to say.

"As the law shtands to-day, yez are not compelled to carry two certificated mates, so that annythin'—in law—is allowed to shtrut the bridge and kape watch over you and me, wot is below firin' up for all we're worth. But seein' as indigestion is gettin' so bad at say, cooks must pass an ixamination! It's a payternal Govir'mint we're languishin' undher, an' thot's a fact!

"Yez can overload in comparison to what was due a year ago; yez can underload; yez can lave a £15,000 set av engines in the charge av a nigger donkeyman; an', as I've ahlriddy mintioned, yez can put a £100,000 shtamer in the hands av a yahoo av a 'printice boy wot doesn't know mutton from goat, but who is shtyled 'third mate;' in fact, yez can play high, low, Jack an' the game wid ahl the fixin's on a ship; but afther June, 1908—if we ain't all did before thot toime—ivvery thousand-tonner that sales salt wather, must hev' a certifficated cook.

"Whoy is it? Well, thin, yez are behind wid yer information. It's loike this: By June, 1908, the Honourable Lloyd-George will hev' had the chuck from his soft job, an' as it's loikely thot he won't be successful in shtuffing the free an' enlightened voters annythin' more to shpake av; an' as he won't care to shtop around in London an' see a betther man occupyin' his prisint job; an' as the Welsh Hills will be too cold and lonely after the strinnewus loife he has led in the matther av banquets, spachifyin', openin' schules, an' the loike; an' as there will be nuthin' left him but a long thrip on the briny; well, he is afther takin' no chances.

"At lashte, thot's what he thinks. If, be thot toime, certifficated cooks is about, an' as he won't think av demeanin' himself by salin' in annythin' under a thousan' tonner; thin, yez can see the point?" triumphantly concluded the great Cassidy."

"I can," laconically decided Con Keefe, and right there, we left the salubrious neighbourhood.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1907.

THE COLONIAL MERCHANT SHIPPING CONFERENCE.

THIS Conference held its third meeting at the Foreign Office, on Friday last, and if the resolutions passed thereat are not remarkable for their apparent utility, they yet show that an awakening (albeit a poor one) is toward, in the ranks of those who have to deal with shipping matters. That is to say, the members of the said Conference—some two dozen in number—reviewed in the abstract, a number of disabilities which have gone toward the wrecking of the British Mercantile Marine, and there were four principal resolutions dealt with. The first was:

"That provisions on British ships which have already been inspected and passed by Imperial officers be exempt from further inspection in Australia and New Zealand, except upon complaint, or unless the authorities have reason to believe that such inspection is necessary."

Somewhat naïve, don't you think? If the provisions implicated have been inspected by Imperial officers, the Colonial friends won't touch them—unless they wish to! Are we to assume by that resolution, that sometimes the Imperial officers do their work, and sometimes they don't? Again, that sometimes they do it in a perfunctory manner, and therefore, make it essential for the Commonwealth gentlemen to put the matter right? Anyhow, if the provisions have been inspected by Imperial officers, what is going to intervene to make those Colonial authorities "have reason to believe that" further inspection is necessary? Will it be simply essential for the growling alien who poses as a British seaman to lay a complaint, and presto, the offended might and majesty of the Australian Government will, at once, be in sublime evidence. Personally, we had hoped great things from this Colonial Merchant Shipping Conference. Frankly, our hopes are now dead, for as far as we can see, the whole fit-out is pursuing the path set out by the so-called "Imperial" authorities. In other words, the good souls will flutter around at home; will prattle in all manner of styles; will resolute to the top of their bent; but in the end, nothing will come out of it all; the mountains have been in labour—and the mountains have brought forth a mouse. Not a robust, and healthy-minded mouse, mark you; but a miserable little thing of the church persuasion! However, let us take a peep at the next resolution of note. Here it is:

"That the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, instead of imposing new conditions involving structural alterations as regards cubic and superficial space accommodation devoted to officers and crew on vessels built prior to the enactment of such conditions, should require only such existing vessels as have accommodation which in the opinion of the local authorities is in fact, insanitary or unhealthful to amend the same so as to bring it into a sanitary and healthful condition to the satisfaction of the local authorities."

There, sirs! It is necessary to read that resolution more than once, before you are enabled to realise precisely what the Conference had in mind? We have had to read it several times, and although we note that two of the members of the Conference—Messrs. W. M. Hughes and J. H. Wilson—dissented therefrom, we are no nearer a solution of the seeming mystery. Stripped of all legal twaddle, that resolution appears to us to mean, that regardless of any acceptance in the way of accommodation (its sanitary or other conditions) and as far as the home officials are concerned, the Commonwealth people are to be given a free hand, and may alter everything even as seemeth good to them. Of course, if the shipowner pleads that his accommodation has already been passed by officials who know something about the business—well, that will not save him. He either has to incur a quantity of expense for the good of the Australian mechanic (who generally has a hungry eye laid on all shipping arrivals) or be fined heavily for Old Country contempt. After being fined, he will still be compelled to indulge in an extension of accommodation—and this is one way of bringing the Homeland and her one-time Colonies, closer together! You see, there is no explanation of the words "in the opinion of the local authorities," nor what, exactly they may be considered to convey. And in view of past actions in this connection, the Old Country folk might be safely forgiven if they entertain doubts as to the future of this portion of the Colonial enterprise. For when all is said, the average "opinion of the local authorities" as hitherto expressed, is a terribly elastic term which means a lot—against the interests of the Imperial employer of labour. The next resolution with which we are concerned reads:

"That no seaman should be permitted to engage as A.B. on board any British ship who cannot show that he is justly entitled to that rating, and that the period of service qualification should be three years."

On the face of it, that resolution appears to be all right. But when we indulge in a little critical examination, we naturally wish to know how an alleged seaman is going to show that he is "justly entitled to that rating"? And what does a just title to the rating of A.B. consist of? We note that the service qualification is assessed at three years; but will the showing of three years' discharges suffice, or will the candidate be faced with all manner of conditions which have been faked up by the local "union"—and the principal of which will be that his subscription book is not in arrears? The 'longshoreman might think that we are somewhat unkind in these strictures, but then, the 'longshoreman has never shipped a crew in the free Commonwealth, while it happens that we have shipped several! *Experientia docet* is a good phrase to keep on top when considering the resolutions emanating from these Conference affairs! Especially when dealing with the resolution with which we shall conclude our present critique. It reads:

"That no person shall be employed as an officer on board any British ship registered in Australia or New Zealand or engaging in the coasting trade of those Colonies, who is not—*(a)* a British subject, and *(b)* thoroughly conversant with the English language."

It is interesting to note that in connection with this latter resolution, the Imperial delegates (from instructions received in connection therewith?) refrained from voting. But why? The resolution is as piffley as the others, and says, plain as day, that any foreigner shall command or officer an Australian registered vessel, as long as he has availed himself of the "six shilling" favour of posing as a Briton, and has taken the precaution of learning the language of the nation whose sons he intends to undersell in the labour market. This being so much in line with the traditions of the present Government, why should the "Imperial" delegates refrain from voting? Isn't it all a farrago of nonsense? Is there any balm in Gilead, and will anybody say a word, or move a bit in an attempt to put a stopper on the degeneration which is about? Shipowners should unite with seamen on this Conferential affair, for in our serious belief the best interests of both are attacked—aye, and under the guise of friendship. "(a) a British subject, and (b) thoroughly conversant with the English language!" Let us get away from it, for such caricatures of justice and sound sense make us tired.

THE QUESTION OF BOILERS.

IT has been said that in the mechanical world, but one drawback remains to prove that the engineer is still fallible—his boilers. With the truth of this statement we have little concern, for when all is said, it doesn't really matter whether the engineer is fallible or otherwise. In either case, he has more trouble with the boilers under his control, than with the whole of the machinery on a modern steamship put together.

AND this weakness is by no means confined to the vessels of the Mercantile Marine. On the contrary, rather, for Naval ships have a bigger percentage of boiler troubles, and those troubles are of considerably more gravity than ever obtained in the Junior Service—if we may write the mere trader down in any such fashion. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when it was fashionable to say no good word of the Belleville type of water tube steam generator.

INDEED, it is still fashionable in certain quarters—mostly of an interested kind—to belittle "the Belleville." All this is very pretty, and exceptionally patriotic; but is there a very great amount of justification therefor? We have no wish to go into technicalities in this connection, being satisfied merely to review actual happenings; and this idea gars us deal with the accidents which have recently occurred during the lately finished cruise of that beat-the-world battleship, *Dreadnought*.

THAT wonderful vessel is officially listed as being blessed with four sets of Parsons turbines (two low press., two high press., with astern turbines on each shaft, and two cruising turbines); boilers, Babcock and Wilcox (press., 250 lbs.); and it is competent to suppose that as no expense was spared in her construction, the very best up to the time of her completion was supplied?

THERE appears to have been no trouble with her engines. There seldom is trouble with any of the engines. In fact, all the available ingenuity has been ever focussed in the direction of the engines, leaving anything that was willing and handy for the boilers. We quite understand that a number of patent water tube boilers have been put upon the market—or attempts have been made that way; we also realise that, in the opinions of the inventor, each new departure is better than all others.

BUT better or otherwise, few of them have yet arrived at that desirable phase when dependence may be placed upon the workings thereof; at least, at anything above experimental work. However, in the matter of the almighty *Dreadnought*, two serious accidents have occurred to her boilers while on her first voyage, and when, everything being in a brand-new condition, other results were to be expected. Both accidents, too, were consequent on the bursting of tubes in her boilers—which were not of the much-discussed Belleville type.

THE first explosion transpired while the vessel was outward bound, and the boiler implicated was badly damaged. Incidentally, several of the stokers received some nasty scalds, and doubtless their faith in this particular style of water tube boiler was rudely shattered. We are somewhat of opinion that any mere 'longshoreman—if surrounded with pieces of broken pipe and huge volumes of steam—would have generated a similar awakening.

To level matters up somewhat, the next disaster occurred while *Dreadnought* was on her way to England, home, and beauty—when a few days out from Trinidad, homeward-bound, to be exact. This time, the rumpus was in connection with No. 5 boiler, in A boiler-room, and the resultant damage was big in the extreme. In dealing with this happening, an esteemed London contemporary remarks: "With scarcely any warning, the compartment was filled with scalding steam, and the seven stokers who were feeding the fires were all more or less seriously injured."

THAT is the provoking feature of these affairs. There never is any warning, or those in charge would take steps accordingly. To paraphrase that immortal poem so dear to our childhood's minds: "There came a burst of thunder loud, the men, O, where were they"—and so, on. Anyhow, in this instance, we note that the seven stokers were seriously injured; the same thing would have applied, had there been seventy present. Three of the seven were badly scalded about the head and back, and it is feared that one other will lose his sight.

NOT a bad tale of wounded during the piping times of peace, and when a million-and-a-half pounds battleship is simply pounding her way on a trial trip, and more or less over a summer sea? Such little fiascos make the mere outsider ask if there isn't something radically wrong in all this bursting and scalding? Comparing a high-speed liner with this *Dreadnought* affair—well, the comparison is all in favour of the liner.

SELDOM do the latter bring misfortune on the devoted souls who swelter in the fire-room—as the Yankee friend is prone to style the seat of this class of work. And yet the liner is pressed at full power, during the whole of her working life. There is no sliding scale in the speed of the merchant marvel of marine architecture. She has but one speed—and that is her greatest. But even so, there is seldom a catastrophe marked up against her boilers.

WHY is this? It is because the boilers on the liner are dependable at the start; have nothing of the costly experiment about them; are attended to by men who take on the work as a means of earning a honest living; or what? We should like to know; the good souls who put up all the money would like to know; and—on the quiet—we half believe the Admiralty would like to know. If these burstings are to be so prevalent in time of peace, and when nothing very particular is hanging on to the result; what is likely to transpire when war's alarms make a real press of steam essential?

IN other words, are these particular boilers still in the experimental stage, and therefore, hardly the kind to be found in the boiler-room of the world's greatest warship; or are the men who are placed in charge thereof, inefficient, and therefore, out of place? We quite understand that as there are two sides to this boiler question—that of demand and supply; there will also be two reasons assigned for the somewhat monotonous frequency of bursted tubes.

BUT out of the twain (the patient taxpayer) would like to be enlightened as to where the onus of blame exactly rests; and in the words of the experienced engineer with whom we discussed this matter to-day: "If the boilers are inefficient, scrap 'em; if the engineers are that way, sack 'em." It is all very nice to know that in the second accident, the repairs were executed by the engine-room staff; while in the case of the first, "a special staff of boilermakers" have been employed. It would be better, however, to know that a given set of boilers would steam without accident, at least, on a passage from England to Trinidad. Expecially when the said boilers were brand-new. What will they do, later on think you? Give it up? Well, that is what we are doing, on this occasion.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 10, 1907.*

OUR coal expert is a poetical kritter, for he commences his report with the words, "Now that the holidays are over, and business again draws nigh." Not only poetical, but just a bit sarcastic, especially when he suggests that as a natural corollary to the foregoing, the Coal Market has assumed a more settled appearance. Eh, eh! The stoppage over the holidays extended for the whole of the week, so our friend has some justification for his sarcastic feeling.

As a matter of fact, and generally considered, a wholesale resumption of work was postponed to the present week. However, and as far as the local market is concerned, there is but little change in prices, for taken in the aggregate, they are much on a par with those ruling before the said holidays. The restriction of output has helped to steady matters somewhat, but there is no improvement.

THE main trouble is in connection with tonnage arrivals. These have been anything but phenominal, although the amount in dock has placed collieries in a comfortable position for the moment. Indeed, for prompt shipment, there is by no means a surplus stock of coal about, as stems for this position are fairly full. Under the circumstances then, the seller is in a position to command his quotations without a deal of haggling.

AT the same time, the tale in connection with forward shipment has to be greatly modified, for although the quotation for this position is even the same as that which is alleged to be current, the seller here is at a disadvantage. So much so, that he finds a difficulty in turning quotations into actual business. No, new business is by no means great at present, for the buyer appears to have made up his mind that his best course is to chance the market, for anything that he needs in the near future.

THE amiable soul might be right in his prognostications; he might be otherwise. But in either instance, there is certainly no indication that an immediate rise is imminent, while a possible fall—well, it is showing nothing as yet that way. From this you will naturally assume that the Coal Market is anything but exciting, and that is just the truth of the situation. As ever applies after a week's holiday, all hands are feeling somewhat stale, and show a greater predilection to talk "sport," than they do to engage in actual business.

PERSONALLY, we are of opinion that this state of affairs is merely of the passing variety; that a few days will show all concerned the fallacy of slurring their chances in this somewhat reprehensible manner: and that a fresh spurt will come along in consequence, and at no very remote period. It is worthy of notice that collieries, themselves, are quoting firmly, although there are some who incline to a cutting of the quotation. But 'twas ever thus.

THE recent firmness in SMALLS is easing off, as is only becoming in them! The recent fancy prices have, however, been maintained into the beginning of the present week. The figures current, are as under.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	17s. 9d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. od, 17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.
Seconds ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. od, 11s. 6d.	11s 3d.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 6d.	12s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. od.	30s. od.	29s. od., 31s. od.	31s. od.	31s. od.	30s. od.
Ordinary ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	29s. od.	29s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	22s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. 6d.	23s. od.	23s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 10, 1907.*

BUSINESS here during the period under consideration has been more active, although there is nothing of a startling nature to report, in connection with the happenings therein. New accumulations are not plentiful, but as Collieries generally are well off in the matter of their engagements, prices have been maintained. The demand for forward shipment is rather quiet, but sellers are holding out for their prices firmly, although they are not obtaining same freely. Still you never know, you know. This slackening, however, is giving the market an easier tendency for the time being.

ANYHOW, ANTHRACITE LARGE can be accepted as being unchanged in price. Collieries are busy on present stems, and being comfortable, do not worry unduly about what the future will bring forth. Improvement in the demand is not anticipated, rather otherwise; and consequently present values are not likely to be maintained. In the MACHINE MADE COAL section, the old time firmness is being retained, the request being as great as the supplies are limited. CULM AND DUFF are about maintained.

STEAMS have been upheld, and may be described as being a steady section. There is a satisfactory amount of business passing, and stems have been filling up better. Quotations for this month keep firm.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. od., 21s. od.	20s. od., 21s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od.	18s od.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 1½d.	17s. 1½d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. od	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 6d.	24s. od.	24s. od	24s. od, 24s. 6d.	24s. 3d.	24s. 3d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. od, 7s. 6d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	17s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. 1½d.	17s. 1½d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, April 10, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Bombay, *Knight Errant,* 10,000 tons, 9s.
Colombo, *Bessborough,* 10s.
Singapore, *Riverton,* 3,500 tons, 12s. 6d. fuel. (Admiralty)

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *St. John,* 3,700 tons, 13s. 6d.
Teneriffe, *Nonsuch,* 5,000 5,500 tons, 7s.
Pernambuco, *Irthington,* 3,600 tons, 14s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Stagpool,* 6,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,700 tons, 13s. 6d.
Admiral Nelson, 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Madeira, *Vendsyssel,* 7s. 3d.
Adamton, 3,600 tons, 6s. 10½d. (P.T.)
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 4,400 tons, 13s. 6d. (N).
Boca La Plata, *Sweethope,* 3,800 tons, 13s. 9d.
Para, *Kenilworth,* 3,600 tons, 12s. 10½d. 200, spot

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Pruth,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Steamer, 5,800 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Cairndon,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Virgen de Lourdes, 4,600 tons, 8s. 500.
Savona/or Spezzia, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 3,600 tons, 8s.
Savona or Spezzia, *Ellerslie,* 6,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
" " Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
" " *J. M. de Pinillos,* 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Kilsyth, 3,500 tons, 8s.
Maristow, 5,000 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, 7s. 10½d. if 350.
Northfield, 3,000 tons, 8s. spot
Bengar, 3,200 tons, 8s.
Algiers, *Pontiac,* 4,500 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Maud, 3,200 tons, 7 fcs. spot.
Dunsley, 2,800 tons, 7·25 fcs. (N).
Lena Petersen, 2,400 tons, 7·25 fcs. (N).
Oran, *Treherbert,* 2,100 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel, (C. or P.T.)
Maroc, 3,650 tons, 7 fcs. 600, prompt.
Carthagena, *Frutera,* 900/1,000 tons, 8s. 200.
Marseilles, *Tasmina,* 2,600 tons, 8 fcs.
Cornucopia, 2,000 tons, 8·25 fcs. (S).
Valencia, *Ancona,* 900 tons, 7s. (S).
Savona or Spezzia, *Esemplare,* 4,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Woodbridge, 5,100 tons, 7s. 9d. (N).
Palermo, *Southgarth,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Barcelona, *Segontian,* or sub., 1,300 tons, 7s. 6d. option Tarragona, same rate.
Piræus, *Pytheas,* 3,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Naples, or Torre Annunziata, *Carrara,* 2,900 tons, 7s. 3d. 800. (N).
Grampian Range, 4,800 tons, 7s. 1,000. (C. or N).
Constantinople, *Athos Romanos,* 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 400.
Hanley, 4,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Venice or Ancona, *Penvearn,* 5,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
Trieste, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Seville, *Radnor,* 1,500 tons, 6s. (N).
San Juan (Seville), *Elorrio,* 6s. 3d.
Trapani, *Edvard Grieg,* 1,100 tons, 8s. 3d. (S).
Vigo, *Ely Rise,* 1,600 tons, 5s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Coventry,* 3,200 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Cagliari, *Waterloo,* 1,700 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Bengar, 3,200 tons, 8s.
Varna, *Semantha,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Oporto, *Lyra,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Ferrol, *Hazelmere,* 1,400 tons, 5s.
Bougie, *Conseil Pere,* 3,500 tons, 8 fcs. (S).
Marans, *Corrwg,* 1,000 tons, 6·75 fcs. (S).
Catania, *Lissabon,* 1,550 tons, 7s. 6d (S).
Torrevieja, *Carl Horn,* 1,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Malta, *Thistleroy,* 6,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Margaret Jones, 4,000 tons, 5s. 10½d. free harbour dues.
Pendennis, 3,100 tons, 6s.
Pendeen, 3,000 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Ethel, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Lisbon, *Thor,* 2,000 tons, 5s. spot.
John Christie, 2,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Alice, 1,800 tons, 5s. 3d.
Reading, 3,000 tons, 5s. ppt.
Vigo, *Josefita,* 900 tons, 5s. 6d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Kallundborg, *Ravn,* 1,200 tons, 5s.
Copenhagen, *Courant,* 950 tons, 5s. (S).
Nyborg, *Marie Glaeser,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 10½d.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Algol,* 2,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. (S).
Fancy, 2,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. spot.
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6 fcs.
Arratia, 2,800 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)
La Rochelle, *Beechgrove,* 2,100 tons, 5 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·25 fcs. (S).
Dicido, 2,300 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Huelva, *Eureka,* 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Bilbao, *Earl of Dumfries,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 4½d. first hold, 4s. 6d. second hold, two charters. (N).
Rochefort, *Abanto,* 2,200 tons, 5 fcs.
Sables, *Sunlight,* 1,450 tons, 5·75 fcs. (S).

COASTING, Etc.

Plymouth, Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. 3d. (N).
Falmouth, *Paragon,* 4s. 3d.
Belfast, *The Marquis,* 430 tons, 3s. 4½d. (S).
Gallee, 650 tons, 3s. (S).
Cape Wrath, 370 tons, 3s. 4½d. (S).
Jane Rowland, 3s. 7½d.
Shoreham and Portsmouth, *Tantallon,* 230 tons, 7s. flour, (S).
Rouen, *Sicilia,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt. (P.T.)
Gransha, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Cherbourg, *Race Fisher,* or sub., 550 tons, 5s. 10½d. (S).
The Princess, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. coal, 6s. 3d. fuel, (S).
St. Brieuc, *Black Rock,* 300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Ashford, 480 tons, 6s. 3d.
Granville, *Electra,* 640 tons, 5s. 3d.
Caen, *Dunmail,* 5s. (S).
Brest, *Elemore,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 1½d. spot, (S).
Dieppe, *Daggry,* 1,400 tons, 4s.
Abercraig, 500 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Havre, *Gransha,* 4s.
Rotterdam, *Mary,* 800 tons, 5s. (S).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Trafalgar,* 2,200 tons, 4s. 1½d. 400/400, ppt.

POLAR EXPLORATION.

IT has been fairly truthfully expressed that there is nothing new under the sun. The truth would appear to be peculiarly apparent in the matter of the calling of the Arctic explorer. Once in a way, an explorer more venturesome than his fellows, gets left, as the vulgar would phrase it; but in the majority of instances, each individual adventurer gets "Farthest North," comes back, lectures, makes money—and either hies himself still farther north, or goes home to rest on his laurels.

IT would appear to work out that if the explorer makes a big pile from his lecturing tour, he leaves the field open to other reckless spirits; if the gate money pans out below expectation, then, he may safely be depended on to have another try at it! As far as we have been able to learn, nobody has a very clear idea as to what is going to be done with the Pole, supposing it is found. Others have remarked that here, at home, we have sufficient numbers of good people who are already up the pole, and there is no finality in the business.

THUS far in a general sense. Turn we now to the forthcoming Peary expedition. The hardy mariner who is engineering these repeated trials to bring home a piece of the true Pole, is a "sticker," and no mistake. If he makes many more trips up that way, he will ultimately find it—the "it" being the Pole. Each attempt takes him farther north than the time before, and one has merely to go into proportion to find how many trips that way are due, ere the gentleman will come back with the word *Eureka* on his frozen beard.

WE have been persuaded that those people who have the Arctic exploration habit strongly developed, are in about the same state as the Compleat Angler who dodges across in the local train with us, on occasion. But we can hardly believe the assertion, and for one or two very sufficient (at least, we believe they are sufficient) reasons. You see the angling gentleman ever assures his hearers that the last trout he caught at Such-a-place, was precisely twice as big as all former catches; that he holds the blue ribbon of the business, and he doesn't care a toss who attempts to be second.

NOW, at the first glance, the similarity between Arctic explorers and anglers is very pronounced. Each assures the world that he has created a record; but the Arctic man is the more modest of the twain. For this reason: The angler could be balled out in his record. If he didn't show the trout, nobody need believe him. But, it would be playing it a bit low-down on a first-class Arctic man, to ask him for a chip of the Pole. Wouldn't it, now?

THERE is another difference, too. The explorer could easily declare that he had sat on top of the Pole, and nobody could successfully gainsay him. You see, it would be somewhat difficult for any of us to travel thither, and search for the marks of his fur-lined unmentionables, on the spot where he claimed to have sat? Yes, and that makes us wonder why no adventurer will come back and boldly claim to have placed his back parts up against that stick which a benign Providence is supposed to have placed *in situ*, so that long-suffering, and longer-unwashed explorers, may emulate the peaceful and lowing kine in our English pastures.

HOWEVER, Commander Peary is going to have another shy at it this year, and if he doesn't reach the Pole, then, we believe that he will still get "Farthest North." In fact, we believe that the poet who prattled about "Excelsior" had in mind, a real Arctic explorer, only he thought it would sound more conventional and well-to-do, to put the scene as somewhere around on the Alps. You see, more people visit the Alps than the Pole, and even a poor poet has to study his bread-and-butter somewhat.

WRITING of "poetry" reminds us that as far back as the year 1897, we worked off a "poem" on Arctic exploration things. You might like to see it, and it will convince you also, that there is nothing new under the sun. Here you are:

HE DIDN'T FIND THE POLE.

He was a bold explorer,
And he started for the North,
But the wind it blew "a roarer"—
The poor man developed "corf!"

His theory was scrumptious,
It was form'd to find "the Pole,"
But he waxed so very bumptious,
That he soon was in a hole.

He had a ship well victualled,
Then he steamed her right away,
The crowd which he had diddled,
Stay'd behind, the cash to pay.

At last he got his packet
Well wedged in between the ice,
So he donn'd his fur-lined jacket,
And declared that things were nice.

For a year or two he rested,
Then concluded things were slow,
So a little plan digested,
That his pals he meant to throw.

He left his ship, with plenty
Food and stores upon his sledge,
With dogs—well, more than twenty
(They, poor things, soon felt the edge).

At last he was left wholly
In what he stood upright,
But he wandered on just solely
To watch the Pole bears fight.

Farthest north he got, expectant,
How he proved it none can say,
'Cause he had no books nor sextant—
They'd been lost for many a day.

But he got back safe (and funny),
And he didn't find the Pole;
Tho' he's since found heaps of money
That's the usual "Arctic *rôle*."

NEVER mind passing remarks about it. We know what you think, and we are half-inclined to believe that you think the same about the matter as did we in '97, and as we do now. What's that? Has the "poem" appeared before? Of course! We were in the habit of working a weekly bit off on an unpoetical editor friend of ours; aye, and he rather fancied his paper from a poetical point of view! We have other ideas. Hence our general disinclination to poetise as a regular thing

STILL, there is fun in Arctic exploration, and we shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that brave old Andrée had turned up smilingly, after his somewhat lengthy hybernation. Personally, we believe that most Arctic explorers are hard to kill. Almost as hard as "poets." And that is admitting a very great deal.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 28, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

2,588 06—ISHERWOOD—*Improvements in the construction of floating vessels.*

This invention relates to improvements in the construction of floating vessels of any type, and has for its object, lightness of construction, combined with great resistance to longitudinal bending. The frames of any usual section are fitted in a longitudinal direction in conjunction with strong transverse frames, partial bulkheads and transverse bulkheads, fitted at longitudinal intervals. The bottom framing is fitted in a longitudinal direction, and provided with transverse divisions at intervals.

5,458/06—GOODWIN—*Improvements in or relating to safety devices for lifts, cages and the like.*

According to this invention which relates to a safety device for cages and lifts, a series of gripping arms are pivotally secured to the cage, and normally forced outwards by spring means. The flexible connection for the cage is, however, also connected to these arms, so that so long as the weight of the cage is on the rope the levers are held inwards, but on the breakage of the cord the levers are forced outward and engage the side of the shaft.

7,459 06—DUFF—*Improvements in connection with the propulsion of ships.*

This invention has for its object to provide improved means for the propulsion of ships. For this purpose, a propeller shaft is provided in an open-ended tunnel in the ship below the water level, the shaft being driven by a prime mover, and having on it a turbine driven by water pressure admitted to the forward end of the tunnel, which is at the level of the motor, and thus utilizing the power of the head of water required to float the ship, the water from the turbine being ejected from the tunnel against the head of water outside the ship by a propeller on the shaft.

10,491/06—LORENC AND LORENC—*Improvements in or relating to ships' propellers.*

This invention relates to an improved method of mounting propeller blades, whereby, while they are firmly mounted, the diameter of the hub and the number of parts may be reduced to a minimum. According to this invention, the relatively long shanks of the oppositely disposed blades are placed the one in the other, whereby the tubular shank of one blade serves to support the shank of the opposite blade, and both the shanks can be made approximately the full length of the diameter of the hub. In this way, pairs of blades arranged in the same plane can be connected together.

13,086 06—GUEMBAL—*Apparatus for actuating bulkhead doors.*

This invention relates to apparatus for simultaneously opening and closing all the water tight bulkhead doors of the kind operated hydraulically, and wherein the pressure water is supplied to a central regulating device, controlled from the bridge, whence two pipes serving alternately to conduct pressure and waste water are led to each hydraulic cylinder on the doors. In these pipes is interposed a regulating device, consisting of a piston, the forward end of which connects with one and the rear end with the second pipe. According to this invention, a locking pin is provided, which can be so set, that when it is no longer acting on the piston, the latter will adjust itself, so that the doors close irrespective of the position of the central controlling device.

18,649 06—MOORLEY—*Improvements in stands for rock boring machines.*

This invention relates to stands used in coal mines to support coal boring machines. The stands usually consist of two vertical frames, the outer being fixed, and the inner being caused to slide up and down within the outer to vary the height of the machine. To avoid the sudden dropping of the inner frame, owing to its not being securely locked when in the required position, a screw is employed, according to this invention, passing from the lower part of the frame up through a cross piece extending between the two sides of the inner frame. By turning this screw by means of a rachet wheel, the inner frame can be steadily raised or lowered as desired.

14,167 06—LLOYD AND GROSSMITH—*Improvements in and relating to excavating machinery and the like.*

This invention relates to excavating machinery for mines, harbours and the like, and has for its object a means whereby the materials may be removed and loaded more expeditiously than formerly. For this purpose, an excavator is carried on travelling bogies, having mounted above them a circular frame upon which is carried a tower, and around the top of which is attached a rail path, upon which travels a carriage, supporting the bottom end of the jib which carries the excavator. At convenient elevations on the tower are provided brackets, carrying annular platforms, capable of revolving in a horizontal plane about the axis of the tower, upon the top of which is provided a turntable, so arranged as to support the jib by means of stays and revolve with it.

17,960 06—NOBES AND WARNER—*Ship's indicator and alarms for indicating the proximity of rocks, shallows and the like.*

This invention relates to that type of alarm in which a weight is suspended by means of an arm of sufficient length from the bows of the ship, so that the weight is located at a suitable depth, means being provided whereby on the weight coming into contact with any submerged article an alarm will be given on the ship. According to this invention, the arm may be swung upwards by means of a suitable tackle or connector, and may also be raised vertically by means of a socket pivoted to the ship's side.

19,456/06—HUBER—*Improvements in or relating to the raising of bodies submerged in water.*

This invention relates to apparatus for raising sunken bodies, and consists of an improved constructional arrangement of that class of apparatus in which a hollow vessel has two compartments, one for water and one for calcium carbide. The vessel is submerged, and water is admitted to the carbide. The gas thus generated expels the water and raises the vessel to the surface.

23,136/06—MCLEAN—*An improved stand for supporting drills and like tools under the bottoms of ships during building and repairing.*

According to this invention the drill stand comprises two tubular members, arranged telescopically, and adapted to be adjusted to lengthen or shorten the stand by a pin passing through two holes. The upper tubular member is fitted with a screwed stem, by means of which the stand can be clamped between the ground and the bottom of the vessel. The upper member is fitted with an ordinary driller's stand gib, secured at the desired height by a key.

These applications for patents, are until May 13 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

IN the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of —lucre! Yes, and it isn't only the young man who is afflicted that way, for quite a number of "getting up along"—as the amiable Cornishman would remark —people are similarly affected. Why do we break out in this manner? Well, one reason is because we are built that way? Another is that we have been studying a prospectus issued by the fathers of a concern which is to wander down the hills of Time, under the style and title of Swansea Steamers, Limited.

✦ ✦ ✦

SOME of our contemporaries spread the thing out with the word "Limited" in parenthesis. Put it (Limited). And one of these days, an offended Registrar of Joint Stock Companies will be worrying those contemporaries; will assure them that the brackets are illegal; that "Limited" is in no sense an afterthought, but belongs to the registered title, aye, just as much as the words "Swansea Steamers;" and all that sort of thing. In the meantime, we might as well confide to you, our ideas anent the prospectus which made us remember about the Spring.

✦ ✦ ✦

As a commencement, let us remark that the company referred to has been formed "primarily," for the acquiring and working of "steamers specially designed for trading to shallow ports, from which as a consequence, high rates of freight are obtainable, and where dispatch is good and port charges are low." There is an item for the attention of our shipowning friends. When ports are shallow, high rates of freight, good dispatch, and low rates are *en regle*—and principally for the reason that such ports have but a very small volume of trade!

✦ ✦ ✦

YOU'LL observe, that only when ports have deep water, are in the possession of a thumping big volume of trade, and, as a consequence, are in a position to supply up-to-date facilities, that dispatch is but so-so, while rates are awful in the extreme. Very well. To continue: "There are many shallow ports importing coal and fuel from Swansea," and although we had an idea that such an item of information was obtainable—well, we didn't think a combination of Swansea men would admit it. We have heard it said, that the inhabitants of any port which patronised Swans—but never mind. We are mindful of the Spring-time.

✦ ✦ ✦

BY this time, you will have become anxious to know what Swansea Steamers Limited, are about to acquire, for the £18,000 which is now being collected? As far as we can see, it is a second-hand boat named the *Sirius*, but this will "shortly be changed to that of Swansea Bay" —which is a distinctly good name, and ought to be worth a lot of money? But you needn't think that *Sirius* is very much second-hand. She isn't, seeing that she was built and engined by "eminent" firms, no longer ago than 1903. Furthermore, she is "fully up to, and in parts in excess of, Lloyd's 100 A.1. Class, also the highest class of French Veritas"—so that is all right.

✦ ✦ ✦

BUT when we get down to the "main details" of this steamer, is exactly where we become interested. In the prospectus, these "details" are printed out in separate pars., and lovely capital letters precede each given detail. In fact, there is a very great deal of the capital letter idea about the little *Sirius*, and possibly the most interesting "detail" of all, is that she is to cost £15,800, less a commission of 1 per cent., while her carrying capacity is stated as 1,950 tons. There is another statement used in connection with this part of the undertaking, and it is worthy of a new paragraph.

✦ ✦ ✦

HERE it is: "This (£15,800, less 1 per cent. commission, for a boat carrying 1,950 tons) is distinctly a low price, and relatively far less than that at which a similar ship could be built, even irrespective of the extra strength and work which has been put into the *Sirius*." Making every allowance for the hope which is said to spring eternal in the human breast, and which is also calculated to tinge the writing emanating from the said breast (or other parts), isn't this somewhat piffley? A little panfish which works out to more than £8 per ton, isn't unduly cheap, is she?

✦ ✦ ✦

ESPECIALLY in view of the fact that brand-new tonnage is being hawked around at prices approximating £6 and under? However, you are likely to get something for your money (if you put it on *Sirius*). For instance, she has four exceptionally large hatchways; unusually high coamings; short pole masts for use in connection with the Manchester Ship Canal jape; four powerful steam winches; steam windlass; stockless anchors; steam steering gear—in fact, she appears to be fitted out quite in line with modern requirements, which is a good thing. True, she only has one boiler, although there is a donkey boiler to eke it out. And she has an outfit that is scheduled as "very complete."

✦ ✦ ✦

THE managers are going into the matter with very great belief in the ultimate success of the venture, for we note that "THEIR REMUNERATION WILL BE BASED ON NET EARNINGS as particularised in the Agreement hereunder specified." That is alright too, but as we are too busy to run down to Swansea to read that agreement, we cannot rightly state what it amounts to. At the same time, if it isn't anything calculated to stagger humanity, why not plunk it out in the broad light of day? Especially as the directors are merely to have £50 per annum per ship divided as seemeth good to themselves? No, £8 per ton is a bit too high, as second-hand deals, for us. Shallow, forsooth? Not to that extent!

✦ ✦ ✦

WHY is it that some of our quasi-religious friends are so keen in kicking the under dog? Is it because their courage (*sic*) lays all in that direction, and the under dog is quite all they dare kick? Some recent examples would justify such a belief. When an absconding bankrupt returns, those newspaper friends of ours are keen on killing the fatted calf for him, and are bent on distributing those "cunning" little pars. which smooth away all possible barriers—at so-much per line? On the other hand, if a man has the pluck which admits of his facing the music; carries him along with his tale of woe, to the Official Receiver; well, that man is "roasted" unmercifully.

✦ ✦ ✦

WE have no intention of going into the ethics of the business on this occasion, and mainly for the reason that there appear to be no ethics in it. A bunker cigar, or a tot of whisky might be around, but ethical consideration —no. A recent bankrupt was adjudged as having only partly revealed his causes of failure, and we are wondering if it isn't something of a good job for somebody? Moreover, he was accused of living extravagantly, and that sort of thing. If we are to prepare stones for all that are similarly afflicted, then, sirs, the heap that will be necessary, will take some piling. For this occasion, we leave the subject. Still, buck-up you unfortunates. Pull up your socks, and remember that a set-back isn't necessarily a life-long failure—unless you funk it.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 166 FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1907. Threepence.

WALES PRODUCES COAL FOR THE WORLD'S CONSUMPTION.

THE WORLD: "This *is* a good feed, and—I didn't get it through any 'Apostle!'"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON	137
MARITIME MURMURS	138
WATERSIDE WISDOM—SEAMEN'S ADVANCE NOTES	141
THE NAUTICAL PALACE OF VARIETIES—LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL	142
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	144
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	145
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	146
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	148

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

IT certainly savours somewhat of the ghoulish, and is hardly in line with the traditions of British heroism, to grumble at the payment for services rendered in the matter of life-saving from shipwreck. At the same time, the fishermen who risked life and limb in the case of the stranded *Jebba*, have reason on their side, and if the Board of Trade persists in its hide-bound apportionment of salvage awards as evidenced here, then, it will be solely to blame for anything of a careless idea which might intrude later on. It is distinctly human to leave arduous work to those who appear to be the pampered children of the powers that be: there is ever the fear of, "Oh, let them do it. They're paid for it, and it's all in their day's work. Why should we risk our necks in the matter?" But let us particularise. The lives saved by the rocket apparatus on the occasion referred to, were 155, and the rescuers concerned were ten coastguardsmen, eight fishermen, and some three dozen other helpers. In settlement of the claim for this salvage work, the Board of Trade have remitted £190, and the division thereof is justifiably causing much discontent. In all probability, if no reward had been offered, nothing would have been heard of the affair. Heroes are used to forgetfulness on the part of beneficiaries.

BUT when work is admittedly worth a given price, the division of that price should be carried out with a due regard for the tenets of *meum et tuum*. That no such regard is in evidence on this occasion, is exemplified by the fact that while the ten coastguardsmen—paid servants of the department—each receive £15 10s. for showing that they are worth the money for which a grateful country subsidises them; the voluntary helpers, and without whose assistance the coastguardsmen would have been of little avail, are each sent off with £1. This, too, regardless of the fact that two of the fishermen descended a dangerous cliff, thereby additionally endangering their lives; and after successfully throwing a line to the stranded steamer, ultimately drew a number of passengers therefrom, in a boatswain's chair. In the heat of their endeavours to render assistance, it is open to believe that none of the voluntary helpers had a thought of remuneration; but in the coolness which followed on their daring efforts, they naturally wonder why their essential services should be assessed as worth merely £1 per head, while the already-paid-for services of the coastguardsmen should be worth £15 10s. Obviously, such methods are not calculated to incite other voluntary help on future occasions—for needless to say, *Jebba* in not the last liner which will meet a similar fate.

BUT this idiotic treatment is quite in line with Board of Trade salvage awards, at all times. It is ever the men who do most work, that receive least consideration. And mainly for the reason that the Board of Trade hasn't time enough to admit of a realisation that as the times change, smart people change with them. No, what was, is good enough, and if we could be sure that a few of those "awarders" could be caught on a lee shore, and that we could be there to pass rude remarks against them in their extremity—well, we wouldn't bother so much. Personally, if we were asked to render assistance on the suggested occasion, we should imitate Lord Nelson in as far as turning a deaf ear were concerned. We know that the Hardy Sailor worked up a blind eye, but on occasion, a deaf ear would be just as good. We should have no objection to rush off to the nearest batch of coastguardsmen with the news that another £15 10s. job was in front of them; but when it came to scrambling over the face of a precipitous cliff—well, we should start considering; and while that consideration were on, the unfortunate "awarders" already referred to in this metaphorical manner, would assuredly drown! And although such conduct might be cruel on our part, we submit that the "awarders" would be getting nothing more than their deserts.

IN connection with the subject of food inspection at the various ports around our coasts, Dr. J. Wright Mason, Medical Officer of Health to the City and Port of Hull, recently read a paper at a meeting of the Society of Medical Officers of Health. It was shown that, under existing arrangements, large consignments of food arrived in port, and were sent inland for distribution and consumption, with

never a bit of inspection as to its fitness or otherwise. The medical gentleman referred to suggested that port sanitary authorities should be allowed to employ properly qualified officers to board vessels inward bound, and thoroughly and efficiently examine the foodstuffs before distribution. Undoubtedly, such inspection would obviate much danger to health, and the query naturally arises: Why hasn't this been done all along? On the other hand, and seeing that it is a national matter, the Government would have to pay for the inspection, so that it is altogether out of the question. The Government needs all its spare cash so that "helpers of the Party" may be suitably rewarded with sinecure jobs. It is all very well for Doctor Mason to remark (with every reason, too) that, owing to their geographical position, ports of entry should be regarded as our first line of defence in this matter. But nobody is willing to believe that such an argument is going to carry weight with a Government which has mussed up the Navy, played the goat with the Army, is prattling about a Hague Conference to keep outsiders from biffing us in the neck, and is openly insulting our kinsmen from the Colonies. What is rotten beef and vegetables to such a cotorie of patriots?

THE recent meeting of the "sailors' union" to consider the paucity of light, air, and comfort in the forecastle, and also the microscopical amount of wages at the pay-off, appears to have fizzled out in the orthodox fashion. Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., is to come to Cardiff, and there the matter will end. Why will the sailor of all nationalities go on in this asinine manner? Surely he has had convincing proof that Wilson is of little utility in this direction, for if the man had been of use, the supply of light, air, and wages would never be in the unsatisfactory state which obtains to-day. Wilson has had an uninterrupted run for his energies; has received any quantity of sterling support from the sailors' well-wishers; and yet, after some twenty-five years of chair-oratory, it is still essential to give him another run at Cardiff! Jack, old ship, take our advice: cut Wilson; the shipowner has but a very poor opinion of his abilities—and in view of recent disclosures in a local bankruptcy case, of his *bona fides*—and you must see, by this late date, that deliverance will never come through his action? Then, why go on playing up to his stage-managing?

As a chair-orator, Wilson has potentialities; but then, chair-oratory will merely beguile you of a few spare chunks of *ennui*. Tis certain that it will never give you light, air, or wages; and your first step towards a happier time, will be taken when you show the shipowner that you have severed the Wilsonian chain. Keep up a "union" if you are built that way. As well spend your hard-earned money in that fashion, as in any other, and by supporting a "union" you will at least be fashionable. But in your own interests, don't go on chasing a phantom. You surely have had an opportunity of learning that in supporting the "seamen's union" as at present organised, you are merely sowing the wind? What, definitely, has Wilson ever done for any of you? If his promises were more than empty wind, would you be searching for light, air, and wages at the present moment? Of course, not. The shipowner will never accept Wilson; will never take him seriously; and with regard to his ineptitude in the past, how can they be expected to? Besides, a guff-pot is of little avail in these partly-educated days, and when you remember the thousands of good sovereigns which have been thrown down the sink of that "union," well, you must admit that, for a tithe of the money, you could have secured the services of an undergraduate.

TURN over, lads. The nation depends on an efficient Mercantile Marine; and an efficient Mercantile Marine may never be made with windy shriekings. Those shriekings have put you off the scent with a quantity of old buck anent certificated sea-cooks. Frankly, and speaking honestly as sailormen, do any of you care about the certificated beauties of a possible "slushy"? You don't, although your beguilers have pretended to the belief that you have given them a mandate to that end. Nonsense! We have more years of sea-time to our credit, than your beguilers have months. Furthermore, we have run the whole gamut of employment on shipboard, where they have snickered along as "water grinders," or "cinder worriers." Under those circumstances, of what use is it to go on with the beguiling business? You can see for yourselves that, since the birth of THE MARITIME REVIEW, our contemporaries have garnered a little knowledge of ships and shipping. That knowledge is reflected in their columns. Many of them "lift" our remarks without a by your leave, and solely because they realise that if they see it here, there is no need to hedge behind a quotation.

FURTHERMORE, they know that by past "lifting," that we have no sort of objection to pose as their inspiration, or their direct supply. Under the circumstances, then, won't you—our possible shipmates—take a word of advice? Leave your 'Aavelock Wilson to do even as seemeth good to him, and out of the ruck of your alleged organisation, pick out a man with sufficient brains to put your case moderately, and from personal experience. As things are, the shipowner has no belief in the claims made, and for the simple reason that they are never the same, two days in succession. Take our word for it. Hitherto, we have never beguiled you, and while admitting that you have many grievances to redress, and that some radical change is essential if the food-supply of the country is to be safeguarded; we also say, most emphatically, that your old-time "warhorse" is out-of-date: is discredited; is even now in the throes of compounding with his creditors; and come what will, we believe he is not the man who may seriously hope to bring you through to a successful issue. Twenty-five years is surely trial enough, and yet at its close, you are worse off than ever! All the improvement which is in evidence (and it is mighty little) is the result of natural evolution; would have been existent if Wilson had died in infancy; and in all probability, will never increase as the result of his efforts.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that we are setting the fashion with our contemporaries! And we are proud of the fact. Not only in nautical knowledge are we supplying them with valuable information, for the same thing applies in connection with artistic production. Why, on Saturday, as ever was, a friend brought us in a copy of a local "daily," and with great excitement said: "There, look at that portrait! It's signed, right enough, but for once in a way, the legend is unnecessary. If you were personally acquainted with the subject of that photo, you would—after a careful scrutiny—be able to recognise him without reading the cut-line underneath." Of course, we sympathised with our excited friend, and asked if there really was anything peculiar in the happening. "Peculiar!" he exclaimed. "Why, man, dear, they have given you the sincerest form of flattery by copying your style of putting a frame around an illustration. Look at the pretty pond lillies, and the curly-q's! Gaze at the ribands and twiddley-widdleys. Look at the—look at—look at everything in connection with the fake"—and looking, we found that it was even so! All right, our contemporary. Keep your

starboard eye on the output of THE MARITIME REVIEW, LIMITED. The half of its glories have not yet been told. But our printer is a bit ratty about it. Still, you know what printers are, don't you? Especially when they can see little good in the mediocrity of a "society" man?

EH, eh! The one-and-only Stead is off on the rampage and no mistake! He is across the water—the Big Pond, you know; and quite a number of people are inclined to wish that he may stay there. Personally, we can see no reason why he should expatriate himself in any such a heartless manner. What would life be without a Stead? What's that? It would be very much more enjoyable? Unkind suggestion. However, because Mr. W. T. Stead is in a sad minority, and cannot find so many "cranks" as his cranky nature would appear to hunger for, he is "out" against the journalistic profession. Thinks that at least a dozen editors ought to be hanged. We have heard the same remark anent the author of *Modern Babylon*. However, this wordy warfare man is exceptionally keen against the unfortunate editor of *Times*. That poor scribe ought to be hanged! Precisely why capital punishment should be meted out in this impartial manner, it is somewhat difficult to say—unless it be that their capital crime is a disagreement with their ladies' champion who has probably become infected with the frock-microbe. You might have noticed it, and again, you mightn't; but the man who gives his time to the upraising of the eternal feminine, ultimately becomes womanish in himself. Shrieks in presence of a tiny mouse, and all that sort of thing.

IN any case, it is highly probable that Mr. Stead will wish to come to perfidious Albion, if only to be buried. So that there should be no risk in the burying business, what is the matter with whispering a few words in the port ear of the skipper who brings him across? When hanging is about in wholesale amounts, what is wrong with starting off on the original suggester of the theme? And a liner—albeit a healthy place taken all 'round—is peculiarly adapted to accidental demise. Why, that suggestion conjures up an episode which transpired when we were mate of a fine old crusted sample of tramp tonnage. The yarn won't take us long to tell. Here it is, and mind it happened: Snooks (which was by no means similar to his real name, but is good enough in view of the finale) was the office jackal of the firm in question, and had earned no small amount of hatred from the skippers in the firm. Snooks, in addition to being a jackal, was a sickly piece of man-flesh. So sickly, in point of fact, that frequent voyages with "our captains" was essential for his health. That was alright, and if each skipper-host had not received the sack on the return of Snooks, things would have been different. But they got the sack, so when Snooks arrived at the *Tidal Addley's* gangway, preparatory to making a voyage, the Old Man was unaccountably depressed.

TIME passed. It always does, you'll have noticed. But after having passed Madeira, poor old Snooks became terribly unwell. The Old Man also became preoccupied. Medicine only appeared to make Snooks worse, and he pathetically asked to be put ashore at the first piece of rock in the Atlantic Ocean. But our skipper wasn't a marooning individual. Was more thorough. Anyhow, after all hands had quite realised that Mr. Snooks was very sick, indeed, it came as no sort of surprise to hear that, at last, he was dead. His remains were laid, feet first to the foremast, and according to precedent, he had a final bath that evening. The Old Man was very particular about his official log, and we often wondered if he were trying to work up a swagger epitaph therein, for the benefit of the Board of Trade. We never got to know the precise meaning of the whole undertaking, but have frequently wondered what the skipper meant, one dog-watch, when in the midst of his usual perambulation of the upper bridge, he remarked altogether *apropos* nothing in particular: "Mister, you don't get coroner's inquests at sea. You just dump a stiff, and if it's carrion, nobody minds." Dear us, he was a wicked old whale, and he's now gone to his reward. Otherwise, we shouldn't mention it. But if he were alive, we should be glad to think that Mr. Stead were crossing the Pond in the same vessel. We forgot to say that the Old Man did not get the sack on his return. Perhaps the owners were grateful for the amiable manner in which the jackal's obsequies were attended to. One never knows?

WELL, the "mysterious cruiser" has taken to what is poetically styled her native element—the water. That is alright, and if she shares the usual fate of these expensive toys, her element will not long be of the watery kind. You'll have noticed that quite a number of these warships of ours are not aqueously-inclined at all. That they have a nerve-shattering, and taxpayer-bursting habit of reclining on the first handy piece of rock. Still, they serve their purpose, for they give a few very estimable people an opportunity of saying platitudinous things at the launching ceremony. There is only one item in which this cruiser is not a mystery. The folk who pay for her are allowed to know her name, which is *Invincible*. Precisely why she is to be considered invincible, has not eventuated. Still, her length, breadth, and tonnage are available, and are respectively, 530ft., 78ft. 6in., and 17,250 tons; also the suggestion that she is unique—more or less. She is also of the *Dreadnought* type, and a week or two hence, we shall be in a position to gather all her details from our German contemporaries. They always manage to get hold of the items which our Government wish to keep up a capacious sleeve!

MEANWHILE, we are wondering what type of boiler this "unique" vessel will have, and if, on a push, they will steam her across the Atlantic without any grave mishaps? If so, she will be a uniquity of all the uniques, for as remarked in our last week's issue, the terrible *Dreadnought* mightn't have dreaded accident anything to speak off: but her Babcock and Willcox boilers made but little better shape than did those of the wicked Belleville type in other vessels under the same house-flag. Is this *Invincible* going to be anything better? Of course, hope on, hope ever, is the motto to which the nation has been accustomed in these little affairs; but it is somewhat difficult to go on hoping in the face of constantly recurring disaster; especially when the scrap-heap contains so many unfortunate—but otherwise desirable—unemployed. One of these days, a national saviour will arise, and out of the fulness of his power, will insist that the nation's work shall be given to the nation's brains, and regardless of the accident of birth, or other meretricious circumstance. When that time eventuates, we shall be inclined to admit that the Babcock boiler is as good as any other, if not a considerable amount better. In the interval, we keep an open mind on the subject—as befits an impartial critic.

"B," "AJAX," "NEMESIS," and "ANTI-HUMBUG."—Thanks for your communications and copies of "guild" literature. We are giving attention to the subject, and are glad to note that, occasionally, there *is* a similarity between great minds. But don't get so terribly blood-thirsty! Try to believe that beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword! Of course, the latter weapon gets a thing of this sort settled much sooner—but it's a merry thing, after all?

Waterside Wisdom—Seamen's Advance Notes.

THERE was a touch of east wind passing along over the classic surface of Tyndall street, but it was insufficient to inconvenience the great Cassidy who, according to his own statement, was engaged in the dual occupation of twigging the number of men engaged in timber droguing at the Bute Docks, and assimilating his daily dose of "littheratoor." Obviously, the latter portion of his self-imposed task was the most important, for between his struggles to keep open a local news-sheet, and frequent ejaculations against the playfulness of the east wind aforesaid, quite a number of the "timbermen" alluded to passed into the dock entrance, with never a sign from Cassidy, the philosopher.

PATIENCE and perseverance, however, are great virtues, and being exploited to the full by the Tyndall Street hero, he ultimately arranged that news-sheet to suit his own ideas—also his back parts to cheat the east wind. So intent was Cassidy on reading the happenings as portrayed by a more or less exact scribe, that he failed to note the approach of Con Keefe, who, by his general appearance, gave the impression that someone had died and left him sole heir—or principal executor, at least—to a fair-sized pot of money.

CASSIDY cast a searching look over his friend's get-up, and laconically queried: "Bin a fire in your ind av the shtreet? Begobs thin, but yez look like ut!"

CON knocked the ash from the end of the half-burned cigar which he held, somewhat daintily, in his flipper, even as he jerked out the one word, "No."

"Thin," said Cassidy, "yez must have been raiding the club collection box, or wor-r-kin' the gold-bar dodge down in Bute Shtreet, an' naythor av the jobs is a credit to yez, let me say."

IN a quietly calculating tone of voice, and as he gazed thoughtfully at the stump of the cigar already mentioned, Con replied: "I'm a feenancier."

"A feenancier!" repeated Cassidy, in a capital-letter sort of voice. "Yez look like it, me man, an' thot's a fact! But what special brand av the business has secoored yer passin' attintion? Be the sign av thin's, it pays ye well?"

"It does," admitted Con Keefe. And then, in a sudden burst of linguistic eloquence he continued:

"It's like this. None but idyuts will washte the'r toime in goin' to sea, for on the wather, there is but little room for any natyral ganius yez moight hev' about yer person. Fee-nance is the thing wot keeps the wheels of the world a-movin', an', as I remar-r-rked afore, I'm a feenancier. Be the same token, Cassidy, yez are just that yerself, fer ivverybody knows that yez toil not, naither do yez spin—annythin' but cunning twishters; an' luke at the succiss which has bin wid yez for the past few years!

"Don't fidget, Cassidy. 'Taint often thot I undertakes a spache, and whin the fit moves me, shure, yez ought to be willin' to let her hum. As yer own proper pupil, I'm by way of provin' a credit to yez. Yis, yis," with a lordly wave of the hand, as he saw that Cassidy was about to intervene. "I realise yer antipathy to hear anybody but yerself hold-forth, but for this time, at lashte, I mane to be lishtened to, and balaved. Knock the dottle out av thot poipe, fer black twisht is distashteful to a man of my feenancial abilities, and take one," as he handed out an envelope containing three "cigars."

THERE are degrees in financial ability. As yet, Con hadn't arrived at the stage where a gold-mounted cigar-case crowned the deal.

"Take aythor wan av thim, Cassidy, me bhoy. They're ahl ayqually good - an' they are paid for—five a shilling, sorr."

CASSIDY did take one, and even as he looked searchingly from the "cigar" in his extended hand, to the saucy necktie which adorned Keefe's neck, and thence over the palpable—though swagger—hand-me-downs affected by the latter, he asked:

"Bookie?"

"Bookie, nutthin'," said Con Keefe. "I'm in the saymin's advance note business—an' it's great, Cassidy! Man, dear, I've shtruck a bonanza! Gold-brickin' ain't nutthin' along soide av cashin' advance notes fer a lot av benoighted furriners. They simply brings yez the note; ye see that it ain't a flash wan; ye offer tin shillings in nicissaries av the hook-pot, plate an' pannikin type, an' which is supplied on a commission basis—by Iky Mo' at the corner; an' thin, yez put the note, vally wan-sivinteen-six, intil yer pocket; an' three days from that date yez dhraw th' spondulicks."

"Huh, huh, huh," chortled Cassidy. "Hev yez gone intil opposition wid the grate seamen's union? If so, yez are in danger av a thick ear from some av the rodneys which luke upon the bizness as their's by roight av conquest."

"Thick ear? Rodneys? Conquest?" repeated Keefe, dubiously. "Yez can take it from me thot Con Keefe cares nivvir a bit fer all the Con Quests that ivver walked on two feet, an' whin it comes down to a thick ear delivery—well, yez ought to know that I'm no slouch at that shtoile of business, meself. How would I be, and work a feenancial job av this kind, at the same toime?"

"Yez make me shmoile, Con, an' thot's a fact! But lishten till I giv' yez a word av warning. I understand that yez can read a paper—some; I also know that yez are too constitootionally tired to indulge in the pastime to anny great ixtint. Therefore, lishten ta me, whoile I read a bit av bed-rock shtuff from this free an' enloightened sample av local literatoor.

"The yarn is intitled, 'solicitor's difficulties—Mr. Somebody again in the Bankruptcy coort. Money fer cashin' saymin's advance notes.' Eh, phwat, Con? Bankruptcy proceedin's, an' over cashin' saymin's advance notes!"

"Yis, but I'm no soliciter. I'm the man wot handles the cash, ye'll mind. Bime by I moight get a soliciter to act fer me, an' if he goes through the hoop in consequence—well, thot's his affair."

"Hold on a bit, Con. Not so fast. In the great ixuberance av yer successful feenancin', yez are apt to run away wid yerself. Both the solicitor an' the advance-note casher in this instance, wint to pot. But I'll rade it to yez, an' then yez won't be thinkin' I'm trying to discurrage yez from jealous raysins av me own. It's loike this: 'In his account, the debtor (thot's Somebody, ye'll undershtand) had put down Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., as a doubtful debtor for £235'—an' thot shtrikes me as the evintuation av sinse afther the fact! If I had been axed for my opinion on the matther, I should hev' suggisted that the same man be shtoiled a doubtful debtor before the' account had been made. But thot's naither here nor there, an' it's surprising to note the facility wid which some solicitors is spoofed?

"Howivver, Con, to proceed wid me quotation: 'Asked about this, debtor sed thot Mr. Wilson had himself had a receivin' ordher made against him,' aye, an' since poor Somebody's firm had advanced money to the toon av £200 'to finance some seamin!' Makes yez shmoile, does it? But smoothen out yer face a bit, whoile I continnoo: 'The Seamen's Union was lendin' thousands av pounds to seamin on advance notes throughout the country at thot toime. My firm (that's Somebody's *infirm*, ye'll remimber) lent Mr. Wilson the money for him to cash the seamen's advance notes. His debt to me would be much more than £235 if I had *all the interest Mr. Wilson suggested could be got upon that system av advancin' money to saymin.*'

"Purty, ain't it? An' yez are beginning to imagine thot yez can see the drift av the foreign ilimint in the 'Saymin's Union,' phwhat? A man linds £200 to 'Aavelock, an' supposes thot th'interest thereon would greatly exceed £35. Thot's sivinteen-an'-a-half per cent. in three days—if the thin' had come off as suggistid. At thot price, an' supposin' there had been no shlips anywhere along the loine, the annual interest on the deal would wor-r-rk into some £2,135 per cent., an' I kin undershtand whoy yez are so kocky wid your first shtroke av luck.

"At the same toime, remimber the fate av 'Aavelock an' his soliciter. They're both on the feenancial rocks themselves, although wid a bit av the usual whining, they moight manage to steer clear av the divil in the ind. Ye'll moind it, won't yez? The 'debt to me would be more than £235 if I had all the interest Mr. Wilson suggistid could be got upon that system av advancing money to seamin.' Con, me boy, sail slow wid yer new-found-out ability! Iky Mo' isn't in it wid this ameliator av the down-throdden sailorman. Can yes wondher thot 'Aavelock sticks to his 'union' idea through thick and thin? An' phwhat will Mr. Lloyd-George, Esquire, think av his protegee—which is a Frinch wor-r-rd, an' manes a jackal?

"What's that? Yez don't believe that ye'll foozle the job in that fat-headed way? Gobs, hev' yez gone in fer golf, as well as feenance? Ahl the same, it's toime the payternal Govir'mint abolished that power to do ill deeds—the saymin's advance note. Drop the note, an' I belave the 'saymin's union' would be dead in a wake. A suggisted £2,135 per cint. per annum might be enough to timpt shtronger shtuff than 'Aavelock Wilson. Must ye go, now, Con Keefe? Thin, so long, me boy. Make hay whoile the sun shoines, an' whin nixt I sees ye, may ye be wearin' a di'mond sollytare, an' shmokin a bob she-root."

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1907.

THE NAUTICAL PALACE OF VARIETIES LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

THE Fates have decided! After some fourteen years of hi-tiddley-hi-ti, the aforetime Merchant Service Guild, is to be known to the few who still concentrate an interest around its manifestations, as the "Imperial Merchant Service Guild." You, dear reader, are welcome to the title, and you may start a rival I.M.S.G. tomorrow, for—the concern is merely of the mutual admiration sort; is not registered; is non-incorporated; and has no metaphorical body to be kicked, nor soul to be damned.

BUT it has a "Rule 8" among the peculiarities which are supposed to govern it. Were it not for "Rule 8," we should feel compelled to give you the whole of the said "Rules." However, as in the opinion of quite a number of good people, portions of "Rule 8" make the other rules more or less nugatory, we shall be satisfied to give you those portions, with the assurance that they received the approval of the Annual Meeting (cap. letters, you'll observe?) on March 5, 1907. Here they are (and the italics are our own):

RULE 8.—"The Finance and Law Committee shall supervise the Staff and, *through the Secretary*, regulate the duties of the various officials of the Guild. *With the exception of the Secretary*, they shall make all appointments . . . *All communications for or from the Committee must pass through the Secretary*," and if misfortune should dog that worthy official's footsteps and he should, unfortunately, mislay any such communication, then, there is nothing in the remainder of the "rules" to say what shall be done? Palace of varieties? Dime museum?

HOWEVER, it has been frequently remarked in these columns that we have the courage of quite a number of our convictions; also that one of the latter is that "guild" is dead, and merely awaits a decent burial. Time will show, and this present effort may be considered in the light of its funeral oration. So far in the history of this peculiar affair, THE MARITIME REVIEW has been alone in questioning its utility. Furthermore, we have undertaken to give its Patron Saint a few honest bits of advice. Where "guild" has prattled to us vaguely of sailing close to the wind of the Law Courts, we have given it the lie direct, and from the "tone" of the April issue of its "official organ," we are of opinion that we have put a sheep-shank in much of the slack that was, heretofore, in evidence in the "guil(d)-guy gazette!"

LET us quote you an example, and thereby immortalise the "g.g.":

> "We have heard of some terrific broadsides being levelled against the Guild of late, but are not alarmed about them . . . The course and vulgar style and manner (see our back file for previous quotations from "g.g.," and our remarks thereon, and then say something about the "course and vulgar!") of the attacks speak for themselves, and so do what are termed 'exposures' which, whilst founded on an absolutely ignorant and erroneous basis are, on the face of them, sheer balderdash."

VERY well. In view of that ignorance and error, let us seek enlightenment. Now Mr. Non-Nautical Assistant Secretary, and without breaking any new ground, will you kindly reply to the following quotations?

1. Why did the Guild in Council, or at their Annual Meeting, dock your "Draft Rules" of 18 clauses down to twelve, and the majority of which have been altered out of all semblance to the original? Is it because the members are becoming uneasy as to the actual drift of the administration?

2. Why was the "Management Committee" (a plagiarism of the methods registered by the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited) so proudly introduced in those "Draft Rules," disallowed? Does the uneasiness of the members again apply?

3. Why is that power to formulate a scheme for the "purpose of providing funds, either by way of superannuation pension or allowance for any member of the Staff retiring after 15 years service," denied you? Was it a bit too tough for the intelligent men who have put up all the guild funds? And did they wonder why the State should be satisfied to give a pension after 21 years of real service, whereas in the case of guild, the period synchronised with its existence—about?

4. Why was the following thrown out of the suggested "rules:" "In case of the dissolution of the Guild . . . the whole of the property and effects of the Guild . . . shall be deemed to be the property of the then existing members of the Guild?" Did our professional friends bethink them of our advice on this subject, and which was tendered months ago: That in the event of every member becoming disgusted with guild tactics, and therefore leaving the affair to itself, the "invested funds" would ultimately belong to the survivor, supposing he were no other than the founder thereof?

5. In view of the foregoing, don't you believe that the members of the Guild are awakening—thanks to our careful (and gratuitous) attention to their real interests?

6. What justification have you for alleging that the guild is growing in membership—that so many hundred new members have joined in an indicated period in months—when, according to your published figures, there is an actual falling off in income? In 1905, income from subscriptions amounted to £6,009 18s. 4d.; in 1906, the figures were £5,979 2s. 0d. How do you account for the discrepancy?

7. Do you believe that there is any truth in the old saying: "A liar should have a good memory?"

8. Do you know that dissatisfaction is so rife within your ranks, that numbers of your erstwhile paymasters come to us for advice, and bring us much literature which you issue on guild affairs? That for this reason, we are aware of your little dodges—even down to the legend "Private. For Members Only" which appears on your alleged statement of accounts?

LEAVING the categorical for a time, let us give a few more points from our own personal knowledge. Points which should assist in the sizing up of the coming debâcle, although we are by no means satisfied that such assistance is their due. We note that "Rule 2" reads: "Members of the Guild must be Certificated British Captains or Officers of the Merchant Service." Yet in direct opposition to this "rule" we note that the "acting secretary" of this precious affair, is neither captain, officer nor sailor—is, in short, a 'longshoreman who appears to have learned his "sea experience" as tutor in a cram shop, and later, as general utility man under his father who has been a seafarer? Once more: How are we to account for it?

AGAIN reverting to the categorical, let us ask that "acting secretary":

1. Did you ever canvas votes from members of the guild, that in the event of your able father retiring or otherwise leaving the helm, you should be inducted to the position of Secretary—with a capital S? If so, do you remember the extent of that canvassing?

2. In view of the *s'excuse, s'accuse*, appearing in the "guil (d) guy gazette," and which reads: "the attacks speak for themselves (said "attacks" having previously appeared in these columns), and so do what are termed 'exposures' (your own word for plain statements made in this journal), which, whilst founded on an absolutely ignorant and erroneous basis are, on the face of them, sheer balderdash," can you explain away the following:

(a) That when, on a visit to your Lord Muskerry, it was suggested to the Editor of this journal that the founder of the guild appeared to have got past its present importance, and

that if inside information were sought, then the present "acting secretary" should be consulted privately, and for which purpose, an addressed envelope was supplied by his Lordship.

(*b*) That when, in search of confirmation of what he considered to be "back stairs" work, the Editor of this journal used the private address supplied as indicated, in (a) (facsimile of which envelope has already appeared in THE MARITIME REVIEW), and whose one letter to the present "acting secretary," instead of bringing along a snub, was treated as if this were by no means the first occasion on which a private address had been used.

(*c*) In replying to the Editor's letter, did you, or did not you append a postscript in your own handwriting (and facsimile of which has also appeared in these pages) and in these words: "Of course this correspondence will be considered as *strictly private*. The 'old man' is extremely 'touchy' in many ways! If writing again please use private address"?

(*d*) That as the foregoing has already been scattered broadcast throughout the world, do you think it is quite the better policy as the accredited representative of a combination of gentlemen, to dismiss the matter with the remark: "We are generally advised to treat them (those "exposures") with the contempt which they deserve?" And if the cases were reversed, do you believe that simple contempt would satisfy you for the "filial love" expressed in the postscript appearing in (c)?

(*e*) And if, as you plaintively remark in your "guild gazette," "Those who serve in the profession are to be accounted as something more than children who put their faith in fairy tales," why don't you act up to your alleged belief? The originals of both Lord Muskerry's addressed envelope, and your letter to the Editor of THE MARITIME REVIEW are still in existence; we tell you frankly that you are quite at liberty to send any deputation to see them—and if the yarn is a "fairy tale," well, you have your remedy?

(*f*) With regard to "fairy tales," will you deny that neither yourself nor the secretary of the guild wrote a letter to a London newspaper, as well as to a private individual, containing a gross untruth as to the objects of the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, such letter being forwarded in both instances, to further your own cause? That such lie purported to be a quotation from the S.E.A.'s Memorandum of Association, and that as the latter is a duly registered concern, you could have (and, as business people entrusted with great responsibility, should have) taken the trouble to verify your statements, instead of allowing (to be charitable) any outsider to impose upon your credulity?

OF course, we have no hope of receiving any straightforward replies to our queries set out above, as we believe that the age of miracles is past. Indeed, we are quite prepared to read other tales anent "sheer balderdash," in this connection. At the same time, we must ask the interested 'longshoreman, as well as our seagoing friends, to remember that we have the proof of all our statements; and that we merely take up the cudgels on behalf of a number of men who have no opportunity of placing their case before the public.

THE precious "gazette" already quoted remarks, "The Guild as a whole, can be no party to giving the Board of Trade and shipowners cause to chuckle over petty squabbling amongst members of a great profession." Ye gods! Can impertinence farther go? Here is an "assistant secretary" who hasn't more than a nodding—and outside—acquaintance with the nautical profession, and who is guilty of most reprehensible (to put no harsher word in conjunction with that post-script) conduct; and yet his "official organ" designates the whole misery as "petty squabbling!" Will the Captain Peter who did so much for the members at the Annual Meeting, favour us with his views on the "petty squabbling" which he appears to have successfully put down? Now, then, Captain, we haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but it's never too late to mend.

PERHAPS, too, you can enlighten us as to what the argument about the undesirability of making guild into a friendly society amounted to? Isn't guild just a friendly society—as it is constituted at present? Surely but few would deem it a business concern?

MOREOVER, we do not wish our professional friends to imagine that we have any ill-feeling towards themselves. Our great objection is that they throw their money into a concern which costs anything up to £65 per week, but which may neither sue nor be sued; which pretends to obtain legal redress for certain well-defined grievances, although the would-be redresser has no legal *status*, and is not acknowledged anywhere outside its own membership; and which decrees that its members must be certificated navigators, even while its "chief cook" is a 'longshoreman!

WE have given you our opinion of the value of a belted earl where commoners are concerned—a belted earl who merely knows of seafaring problems through a life in the late Queen's Navee; presently, we might have to reconsider our beliefs with regard to our brother shipmaster, the Marquis of Graham. In connection with a reply sent to the hon. secretary of the S.E.A., and which reply was written officially and without the usual word "private" (where privacy appears to have been intended), his Lordship assures the guild that, "The publication of my correspondence occasions me no little surprise, for I had no knowledge that my remarks were intended for publicity." Why? Were they of so very commonplace a character?

BUT this is the bit which appeals most to us, as sailormen: "By the attention which has been given to my letter, it would appear that an effort is being made to give me a 'list;' but I have no intention of quitting the 'even keel.'" His Lordship is a sailorman, so we won't cavil unduly about the metaphor. We are sailors, also, and have been in command of more than one serious commercial steamer. Because of that fact, we realise that a "list" has nothing to do with an "even keel." We could easily trim a vessel to an even keel, and then list her over as it suited us, without altering her draft the infinitesimal fraction of an inch.

STILL, we have no wish to disturb his Lordship's keel—not even in a metaphorical sense; as to his "list," well, we quite realise that as the Marquis of Graham is a genuine seaman, he will assist the S.E.A., once the guild has been comfortably laid away. The time will not be unduly protracted, you'll find. We have tried to mend the guild, and it has taken our advice in part, only; it merely remains for us to end it. Indeed, its epitaph is already prepared. Here it is:

(With Apologies to the Shade of Thomas Gray).

Here snugly lays upon the lap of Earth
A guild—its "beauties" were but little known:
Free adverts. helped it at its obscure birth—
But Azrael marked it early for his own.

Large were its promises; its tales so tough,
That eke the query 'rose: "Say, is it spoof?"
It gave "10,000" all it had—some gough;
And gained what most it needed—lots of oof.

No farther seek its strivings to disclose;
'Twas born, it lived, and now—while young—has died:
A later "guild" the S.E.A.—arose:
The former passed away—"10,000" sighed!

WE could continue with more interesting matter concerning this alleged "guild," but for this occasion, the exigencies of space forbids. At the same time, we take this opportunity of assuring the Captain Peter already referred to, and also the Captain Barlow who assisted at the same memorable meeting of the "guild," that if they feel that a little justifiable publicity will do their profession good, the hospitality of these columns are at their disposal.

IN conclusion we might usefully remind those with the greatest interest at stake, that even though you may fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, it is quite too great an undertaking to hope to fool all the people, all the time. *Verb. sat sap.!*

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 17, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the local staple since our last time of writing, has been somewhat restricted. At least, the transactions therein have been confined to narrow limits, and generally considered, the market has undergone but little alteration, for the conditions prevailing, are similar to those recently obtaining.

THAT is to say, prices, in the absence of anything that would suggest either a rise or fall, are unchanged, and we are somewhat of opinion that it is matter for congratulation to note that they are maintained. Being so, and in view of the undoubted quietness which prevails, the market may be considered as steady. In the matter of demand, that which is concerned with newness is anything but pleasing, for the trade is wobbling along in a hand-to-mouth manner.

As already remarked, the market is steady, but this steadiness is solely attributable to the fact that collieries are, at the moment, happy in the enjoyment of good stems. These same stems are keeping them well employed, and this accounts for the present steadiness referred to. When those stems have been worked off—well, it will be better to await that time.

TONNAGE supplies are anything but abundant, although fairly regular. This regularity—consequent on a continuance of decent weather—in the matter of steamers arriving at expected, and prearranged times, enables the collieries to keep comfortably going, without any undue pressure; also to keep clear of any very great accumulation of stocks. But while this is as described, there is anything but a pressure for coal, the demand and supply being about equal.

POSSIBLY this accounts for the advent—somewhat earlier than usual—of the silly season, and its "twelve apostles." There is ever mischief found for idle hands to do, and some good people meander along through life with both eyes shut, and a dragging footstep. Ultimately, those same people hit up against one of the common or everyday items of life; are shaken by the effort; rub an erstwhile half-closed optic; ask the nearest friend if things are what they seem or if visions are about; and there is trouble about in quite appreciable quantities, at once.

FUNNY world, isn't it? And a number of the funniest people appear to deal in coal? Why is it? You give it up? So do we, and leave it with the assumption that it is in the nature of the undertaking. Meanwhile, the market in the staple is as near stationary as makes no odds. Mind you, sellers are adhering to their quotations rather firmly. But it is more because there is no temptation for them to do otherwise than for the reason that there is anything approaching the justifiable stiff lip in evidence.

Although tonnage supplies are anything but startling, we are glad to note that shipments are well up to the average—thanks to the prevalence of the leviathan steamers. The shipping man is prone to overlook the fact that, these days, ten steamers approximate into the carrying capacity of thirty steamers of a few years ago, hence the growling! The figures are:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	16s. 10½d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 9d	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 0d., 23s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened

SWANSEA, *April 17, 1907.*

THE market here, for the past week, has been pervaded with a quiet tone. Prices, considered generally, show no change, but in certain directions have been barely maintained. Supplies, promptly, are rather plentiful, and as tonnage is slow in arriving, and below the requirement, there is an easiness. For this position immediate shipment quotations are not firm; rather the contrary—as the buyer who happens to be in want of a spot lot finds to his benefit. For forward shipment, the enquiry is limited, and there is very little doing; but quotations for this position are being upheld.

ANTHRACITE COALS of the superior descriptions are keeping steady, as these collieries have not a deal of free coal available. Others, however—especially BIG and RED VEIN—are easier on account of the slackened demand. MACHINE MADE COALS retain their recent firmness, and CULM and DUFF are also marked steady. Business, however, is rather quiet, all 'round.

STEAMS have undergone no alteration. BESTS are quoting firmly as collieries have good stems; BUNKER varieties are about maintained in price; but quotations can be improved upon.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 0d, 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 24s. 6d.	24s. 3d	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d, 15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 9d.
Duff ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d., 6s. 0d.	5s. 6d., 6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0 l.
Patent Fuel:—	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 10½d.	15s. 10½d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0 l.	15s. 6d., 16s 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s 0d	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d	15s. 4½d	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, April 17, 1907

(N denotes Newport, S) Swansea, P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Colombo, (Via Cape), Steamer, 2,700 net, 9s.
Bombay, *Barbara*, 9s. 6d.
Adelaide and Wallaroo, *Ormidale*, 15s. 6d. Rails.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 6,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Wenvoe, 4,200 tons, 15s.
Cyfarthfa, 4,000 tons, 15s.
Marte, 4,800 tons, 15s.
Cape Verdes, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Blue Jacket*, 13s. 9d.
Teneriffe, *Sir Richard Grenville*, 3,600 tons, 7s.
Las Palmas Teneriffe, *Hesleyside*, 3,600 tons, 7s.
" " *Kilmaho*, 3,200 tons, 7s.
Monte Video, Steamer, 13s. 1½d.
Rochdale, 5,200 tons, 14s. 6d.
La Plata, *Newtmoor*, 15s. (S).
Buenos Ayres La Plata, *Edith*, 3,900 tons, 15s., 250, 1s. (S).
Boca/La Plata, Steamer, 15s. 250, 1s. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, *Helredale*, 5,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Almeria, 3,400 tons, 8s. 500, or 8s. 3d. if 350.
Savona or Spezzia, *Michelangelo*, 3,000 tons, 8s.
" " *Lydford*, 5,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Cantwell, 4,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Afonseen, 4,600 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Jozsef Agost Fohierezeg, 4,200 tons, 7s. 9d. (S).
Camrose, 3,200 tons, 8s. ppt.
Or Savona, *Andros*, 4,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Savona Spezzia or Leghorn, *Nettleton*, 2,900 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel.
Option Savona, *Oakdale*, 1,500 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s 3d. fuel, 400, 10d. (s).
Hillgien, 6,300 tons, 7s. 3½d. ppt.
Alexandria, *Treloske*, 4,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Constantinople, *Luchana*, 4,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Spezzia, *Tremorvah*, 5,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Windsor, 5,000 tons, 7s. f.d.
Leghorn, *Scarsdale*, 3,100 tons, 7s. 9d Genoa terms.
Jasper, 1,700 tons, 8s. Genoa terms.
Catania, *Marie*, 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel. (S).
Valencia, *Stadt Schleswig*, 1,300 tons, 6s. 10½d. coal, 7s. 7½d. fuel, (S).
Naples, or Leghorn, *Blackfriargate*, 4,500 tons, 7s. 500.
Venice or Ancona, *Felix de Abasalo*, 3,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " *Ottringham*, 4,200 tons, 8s. 6d. 500, or 8s. 7½d. if 400.
" " *Buda*, 5,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 9s. 3d. (S).
Baross, 2,300 tons, 8s. 9d. ppt.
Algiers, *Crimea*, 2,300 tons, 7'50 fcs.
Trieste, *Maria Immacolata*, 5,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Carthagena, Steamer, 800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Civita Vecchia, *Hesperus*, 1,500 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (S).
Barcelona, *Hugin*, 1,800 tons, 8s. (S).
Begonia, 4,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Tarragona, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, 350.
Marseilles, *Mervanian*, 2,600 tons, 8 fcs.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 8 fcs.
Algol, 2,700 tons, 8 fcs.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Danube, *Viola*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 1½d. spot.
Piræus, *Trewidden*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Barletta, *Emilie*, 1,950 tons, 9s. 3d. coal, 10s. fuel, (s).
Mersyne, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Arcachon, *Odd*, 900 tons, 7'25 fcs. coal, 7'75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Oran, *Dora Retzlaff*, 1,800 tons, 7'75 fcs.
Orkla, 2,800 tons, 7'25 fcs. coal, 8'25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Yukon, 1,300 tons, 7'87½ fcs. (s).
Gibraltar, *Silurian*, 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Genova, 1,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Cadiz, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Lisbon, *John Marychurch*, 1,800 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Rhio, 3,700 tons, 5s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Helga*, 3,400 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Libau, Two Steamers, 6s.
Cronstadt, Steamer, 3,700 tons, 5s.
Carlscrona, *Prestonian*, 1,400 tons, 5s.
Stettin, *Fane*, 1,400 tons, 5s. (s).
Masnedsund, Steamer, 950 tons, 5s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Ceres*, 2,000 tons, 5 fcs. (N).
Marques de Mudela, 2,100 tons, 5 fcs.
Gatesgarth, 2,300 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)
Sables, Steamer, 5½ fcs.
Bordeaux, *Diciembre*, 5,500 tons, 5 fcs. 600, (P.T.)
Juno, 1,500 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Rosella, 1,700 tons, 5'37½ fcs.
Charente, *Skald*, 1,500 tons, 5 fcs.
La Rochelle, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5 fcs.
Bayonne, *Syene*, 1,600 tons, 5'50 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Presto*, 1,500 tons, 3s. 9d.
Elaine, 700 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Axinite, 2,500 tons, 3s. 6d. (P.T.)
Clio, 1,000 tons, 3s. 9d.
Presto, 1,500 tons, 3s. 9d. (P.T.)
Devonport, *Sheila*, 530 tons, 3s. 3d. free dely. (P.T.)
Queenstown, *Panmuir*, 360 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dublin, Steamer, 400 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Shoreham, *Duddon*, 330 tons, 5s. 6d.
Tantallon, 230 tons, 7s. (s).
Belfast, *Effie Gray*, 420 tons, 3s. 3d. (s).
Newry, *Scotsman*, 200 tons, 4s. (s).
Havre, *Inver*, 1,150 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Dagbjorg, 800 tons, 4s. 9d. coal, 5s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Spes, 1,200 tons, 4s.
St. Malo, *Clonlee*, 2,300 tons, 4s.
Volpole, 700 tons, 5s. (s).
Galtee, 630 tons, 5s. (s).
Dunmail, 1,200 tons, 4s. option Swansea ldg. same rate.
Trouville, *Belgica*, 1,200 tons, 5s. (s).
Granville, *Stream Fisher*, 580 tons, 5s. 4½d. (s).
Brest, *Gipsy*, 700 tons, 5s. 6d. fuel.
Jarlot, 1,200 tons, 4s. (s).
Carn Brea, 2,200 tons, 4s.
Hamburg, *William Adamson*, 2,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Ino, 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d.
Antwerp, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s.
Caen, *Longbenton*, 1,250 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Boulogne, *Gazelle*, 700 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,180 tons, (Private terms), (s).

HOMEWARD.

Almeria to Cardiff, *Barry*, 3,000 tons, 5s. ppt.
Bayonne to Cardiff or Barry, *Eros*, 1,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bordeaux to Cardiff " " *Alemania*, 1,255 n, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Somorrostro*, 2,600 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Enterprise, 3,000 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bilbao to Newport, *John Marychurch*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

SEEING that so much interest has centred around the workings of the Merchant Service Guild; that the shipowner is troubled with a number of free copies of its "organ," while sections of the Press are equally mortified; we make no apology for giving some little attention to this matter, here. The more so, as we happen to know that the shipowner is really anxious to see some sort of "combination" which will guarantee him a supply of creditable navigators. That this "guild"—and we place its title in quotation marks for the reason that it is merely a so-called combination, having neither *status* nor ability to act legally for its members—has had every opportunity of doing something for the nautical profession, the following balance sheets should amply demonstrate. It should also be remembered that although this "guild" has been in existence for some fourteen years, its only published statements of accounts are those appearing on next page.

To those of our 'longshore friends who trouble with these matters, the similarity of the two accounts will be obvious; but as the seafarer is prone to "take it all as read," and this, regardless of the fact that he is supplying the essential capital dealt with, a little descriptive matter may not come amiss. For some reason not very apparent—shall we say?—the accounts of the two periods have been differently worked out. Indeed, we much doubt if the average seafarer will take the trouble to wade through the different items, so, with our usual disregard of all trouble where his welfare is at stake, we hasten to oblige.

FOR the year ending December 31, 1905, we had disbursements as:

	£	s.	d.
Office Expenses	999	16	3
Legal and Parliamentary Exs.	763	9	6
To Charities	11	11	0
Agents account	76	8	1
Salaries and wages	1,350	0	0
Outstanding liabilities ...	151	9	3
Total cost of running guild..	£3,352	14	1
In that year, the income was	£6,009	18	4

From the foregoing it will be seen that the weekly cost of keeping this guild afloat, is over £64—truly a colossal sum, when the alleged benefits are taken into consideration?

HOWEVER, for the year ending December 31, 1906, we have disbursements as:

	£	s.	d.
Rates, taxes and miscellaneous expenses	391	9	9
Printing and postages	612	2	0
Legal and Parliamentary expenses	742	9	9
Wages	1,396	18	4
To charity	10	10	0
Agency expenses	46	5	1
Outstanding liabilities	182	10	3
Total cost of running guild ...	3,382	5	2
In that year, subscription income was	5,979	2	0

In this case it will be noticed that the average weekly cost of administering the guild works out to a trifle over £65—an increase over the previous year.

OF course, from the foregoing "lumped in" style of account keeping, we are willing to concede that it is past the part of mortal man, to gather a very great deal of information therefrom. At the same time, English is English—whether it is worked off by a Liverpool-Irishman, or by a native of Bangkok. Thus it comes about that when we give a passing glance at the Annual Report, 1906-7, which was issued at the same time as the figures which we have just dissected, and find the following: "It is also gratifying to report upon the progress of the Society (so it is a "society?") itself. No fewer than 875 new members were added to the roll during the year"—and yet the subscription money has dropped from £6,009 18s. 4d. to £5,979 2s. 0d.—or a falling off in the year, of just £30 16s. 4d. In other words, the falling off about equals the financial value of the admitted "56 resignations."

IN plain language, and writing as accountants, the accounts are wrong or the "875 new members" are more or less a myth—which is a gentlemanly manner of writing the thing? Which is it, please? Obviously, when *the income of the concern has dropped off to the admitted extent of £30 16s. 4d.*, there cannot be much "gratification" in reporting upon the progress of guild? Furthermore, the falling-off in the income is marked with an increase in the cost of collecting that income, and this, in our serious opinion, is the major portion of the work with which guild is interested. Viewed in the light of the published figures, we are inclined to take the following with a fair amount of reservation: "The present year promises splendidly (great similarity between the year, and the guild, eh? Both of them are "promising" affairs?), for 210 more new members have been added since 1st January, and in the first month of the year all previous records in the way of subscriptions received, were handsomely beaten."

THEREFORE, sirs, we may look for a "handsome" disbursement sheet at the next meeting, if the good ship "guild" is still above the earth—which we are wicked enough to doubt. You see, we have ideas about accounts, and the stability of a given affair. And if we see that the income of that affair has actually decreased when its guiding spirits are making a great ado about prosperity—well, it might be unkind of us, but seeing that we have a public duty to perform, we must still stick to our mental reservation. Especially when so many sterling seamen have assured us personally that they are "sick of the guild," and emphasise their "sickness" by joining a more enterprising, and certainly more legally-constituted affair.

THIS brings us down to the so-called Reserve Fund, and in connection therewith, we are assured that it "is naturally one of the greatest, if not the greatest source of strength to the guild." Fudge, good people. Writing as practical seamen, we protest against all this bunkum. Assuming that you have no more than 10,000 members, and a Reserve Fund of £21,500, why, bless your ingenuous heart, that is merely £2 3s. per member—and how long would that keep the crowd out of the workhouse, supposing they could get an opportunity to touch the filthy lucre, which of course, they couldn't? We have asked ere this, whose name that Reserve Fund stands in, and whose cheque would release it? To the time of writing, we have received no reply. Under the circumstances, then, do you blame us for putting our own construction on the matter—a construction that is not unduly flattering to the poor souls who put up the money?

AND here is a beautifully pathetic piece of twankey-wankey used in connection with that Reserve Fund: "Every member has his own individual share in it, and whenever it is dealt with, the shareholders' rights of all must be respected." Tittitty-tittitty-tittity-tee! And yet our seagoing brethren wish us to believe that, under most circumstances, they know mutton from moo—no, from goat! "Shareholders' rights" forsooth, and in a concern that has absolutely no legal status! But the *status quo* has only

been decided on "after careful consideration, with the assistance of the Guild Solicitor, (these people are great on capital letters you'll have noticed?), the Committee, by a large majority (what's that?), reported that they were unable to recommend incorporation." We should smile! Did anybody pretend to believe that they would recommend incorporation, with all that it conveys in the matter of finality, and chartered accountants, etc.?

But as we like to acknowledge merit wheresoever found, we feel that our heartiest congratulations are due Captain Moore for the able manner in which he has regulated the guild finances up to now; for whate'er betides, his pension of £333 should be secure? With "interest on investments" standing at £630 per annum—well, there is a "pension fund," and a bit over for office expenses, supposing every man-Jack leaves the guild to pine in soulful solitude. For needless to say, that much-talked-of Reserve Fund would appear to be safe from the vandal hands of those who put the money there, regardless of anything that may be said to the contrary.

The Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

Disbursement and Revenue Account.

Dr. FOR THE YEAR ENDING ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1905. **Cr.**

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Office Expenses	999 16 3	By Balance (1904)	824 19 8
„ Legal and Parliamentary Expenses... ...	763 9 [illegible]	„ Subscriptions	6,009 18 4
„ Subscriptions—Shipwrecked Mariners, Royal Humane, National Life Boat & other Societies	11 11 0	„ Stationery, &c.	6 8 6
„ Agency Expenses	76 8 1	„ Bank Interest	12 14 3
„ Due from Agents	[illegible] 9 0	„ Interest on Investments	515 7 0
„ Salaries and Wages	1,350 0 0	„ Paid by Agents (1904 A/c.)	7 6 8
„ Investments	3,000 0 0		
„ Bank Commission, &c	[illegible] 5 2		
„ Balance in Bank	1,160 15 [illegible]		
	£7,376 14 5		£7,376 14 5

Balance Sheet.

DECEMBER 31ST, 1905.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
Solicitor's Account (1905)	42 18 3	Investments	18,000 0 0
Printers' and other Accounts (1905)	108 11 0	Rents, Rates and Sundry Accounts (1906) ...	360 0 0
		Office Furniture (approximate)	500 0 0
Total Liabilities	151 9 3	Balance brought down	1,160 15 5
Nett Assets of Guild	19,874 6 2	Cash	5 0 0
	£20,025 15 5		£20,025 15 5

We have examined the Vouchers for these Accounts and the Bank Book, and find them to be correct. We have also inspected the Securities for Investments.
12th January, 1906.

R. BLYTH,
D. MILLS, *Auditors appointed by the Guild.*

JOHN G. MOORE, *Treasurer.*

Presented to and approved by the Guild at their Annual Meeting, on the 6th March, 1906.

WM. HEATON, *Chairman.*

PRIVATE.

FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

The Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

Disbursement and Revenue Account.

Dr. FOR THE YEAR ENDING ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1906. **Cr.**

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Rates, Taxes, and Miscellaneous Expenses	391 9 9	By Balance (1905)	1,160 15 5
„ Printing and Postages	612 2 0	„ Subscriptions	5,979 2 0
„ Legal and Parliamentary Expenses ...	742 9 9	„ Stationery, &c.	3 17 9
„ Wages	1,396 18 4	„ Interest	630 16 10
„ Subscriptions	10 10 0	„ Agents (1905 A/c.)	6 [illegible] 0
„ Agency Expenses	46 5 1		
„ Due from Agents	11 1 [illegible]		
„ Bank Commission, &c.	[illegible] 14 1		
„ Investments	3,500 0 0		
„ Balance	1,061 9 8		
	£7,781 1 0		£7,781 1 0

Balance Sheet.

DECEMBER 31ST, 1906.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
Solicitors' Account (1906)	72 10 3	Investments	21,500 0 0
Printing and other Accounts ...	110 0 0	Rates and Accounts paid	40 0 0
Lease of Premises, &c. (18 years) ...	7,600 0 0	Furniture, &c. (approximate)	450 0 0
Nett Assets of Guild (approximate)	15,272 14 7	Balance Revenue Account	1,061 9 8
		Cash	3 15 2
	£23,055 4 10		£23,055 4 10

We have examined the Vouchers for these Accounts and the Bank Book, and find them to be correct. We have also inspected the Securities, or Investments.
16th January, 1907.

R. BLYTH,
ALF. B TOMS. *Auditors appointed by the Guild.*

JOHN G. MOORE, *Treasurer.*

Presented to and approved by the Guild at their Annual Meeting, on the 5th March, 1907.

E. B. THORNBER, *Chairman.*

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 4th, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

6,471/06—CLARK & KELVIN & WHITE, LIMITED—*Improvements in navigational sounding apparatus.*

This invention relates to improvements in a "Thomson's pattern sinker" for navigational sounding apparatus. According to the present invention the diameter of the cast iron portion of the sinker is reduced by casting an outside shell of malleable cast iron which enables the armed end of the sinker to be shaped very fine. A further improvement consists in fixing the stray line carrying the sinker to the wire with a swivel having a small shaped thimble for the wire end and a larger shaped thimble for the stray line. This method of attachment prevents any chafing between the stray line and the wire on the reel, and also prevents the wire from getting twisted if the top of a wave strike the sinker and make it spin.

6,736/06—STOKES & HOSKINS & SON, LIMITED—*Improvements relating to ships' berths.*

This invention relates to ships' berths and has for its object to provide for the more effective arrangement of a folding table with the lee rail. According to this invention the table is fitted in the known manner beneath the top rod and between a pair of vertical members of the lee rail, the members being grooved to form guides for the pins upon which the turning movement of the table is effected. For sustaining the table in its service position, a pair of pivotal supporting lugs are provided, each support being made of annular form adapted to loosely embrace the top rod, and having a lug for engaging the underside of the table. When the table is to be set up in position it is first necessary that the table should have a lateral movement imparted to it, so that it may clear the top rod when unfolded. The pivotal supports yield to this movement and turn about the top rod when the table is pressed out.

8,322/06—HARDWICK—*A method of ascertaining the position of, supplying air to, and communicating with submerged, submersible, or submarine vessels.*

According to this invention, which relates to means for communicating with submerged vessels, a hollow cylinder is fitted with the torpedo tube of a vessel so that it may be projected through the water, and at the head of the cylinder is a chamber containing calcium phosphide and closed by a rubber ball maintained in position by a spring. The passage of the cylinder through the water dislodges the spring which releases the rubber ball, thus allowing water to penetrate to the calcium phosphide and ignite it, thus acting as a signal of distress. The rest of the cylinder is filled with air so that the cylinder rises to the surface when discharged, and connected to it is an air tube which can be drawn to the surface by a line, thus enabling air to be supplied to the vessel.

14,406/06—GANDY—*An improved device applicable for employment in covering boats and other articles, and in saving life.*

This invention relates to an improved device for covering boats and consists of a foundation of canvas and cork strips with intervening lengths of bamboo secured thereto, so that the cover may be rolled up and used as a life saving apparatus, and the sides and edges are provided with life lines.

18,882/06—ALLISON—*Improvements in pneumatic percussive drills and similar tools.*

This invention relates to that class of pneumatic drill in which a piston is reciprocated and cast upon the bit, and the valve for controlling the operation is formed with differential surface areas against one of which there is a constant pressure. According to this invention a hollow cylindrical valve is located in the rear extremity of the piston chamber and is adapted to receive a reduced extremity of the piston, the valve having differential pressure areas, to the larger of which the motive fluid is intermittently admitted through the action of the piston to shift the valve forwardly and open an exhaust port at the rear of the piston chamber. The reduced extremity of the piston where it enters the hollow valve cuts off the body of the piston chamber from the exhaust, so that the motive fluid forms a cushion between the body of the piston and the valve casing.

19,917/06—DIXON—*Improvements in or connected with apparatus for controlling and operating coal hoists and the like electrically.*

This invention relates to hoists for shipping coal from railway wagons to ships' holds, and has for its object to provide a hoist controlled and operated electrically. A generator and a motor are provided, their fields being excited by current from a constant voltage supply, and the field magnet system of the generator being coupled directly to a fly wheel. The output of the generator and the motor are controlled in known manner by variation of the voltage supplied, and the fly wheel is so proportioned relatively to the speed of the prime mover and the motor that it is adapted in known manner to take the peak of recurring abnormal loads.

22,333/06—NIKEL—*Towing arrangements for canal and river vessels.*

The present invention relates to a towing arrangement for canal and river vessels. For towing the vessels an endless rope is wound around a winch placed on the vessel to be towed, and slung around a pulley moved forward in any desired manner on the towing path, on which are provided at suitable intervals, clamping stations at which the drawing rope is clamped fast. By means of the working of the winch the vessel is pulled towards the clamping station, whilst the rope pulley is moved onward.

23,834/06—ANDREWS—*Improvements in and connected with the subdivision of battle ships, cruisers, passenger and mail vessels.*

According to this invention two watertight decks are built across a vessel at about the water line with two longitudinal bulkheads intersecting the two decks of which the upper is placed just above the water line and the lower just below. Partial bulkheads are fitted between the two decks at distances along the sides so as to give subdivision thereof.

25,221/06—RAVAILLIER—*A vehicle for travelling on land and water.*

This invention relates to a motor vehicle adapted to travel either on land or water. A boat hull is provided with steering wheels operated from a hand wheel, and with hind wheels. The hull is surmounted by a carriage body with watertight doors. The wheels are made as disc wheels, and a propeller for driving when in the water is attached. The driving wheels may be constructed as paddle wheels.

These applications for patents, are until May 20, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 167. FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907. Threepence.

THE ARTIST'S ROMANCE!

The Next Move—Certificated Stewards.
(Should have been the first move.)

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE ARTIST'S ROMANCE	149
MARITIME MURMURS	150
THE SHORTAGE OF SHIPS' OFFICERS	154
WATERSIDE WISDOM—OLD AGE PENSIONS	155
THE MISUSE OF PORT HELM	156
"EASE THE EXAMINATIONS"	157
THE FINAL ACT OF THE "BERLIN" TRAGEDY	158
CERTIFICATED COOKS—AND THEN?	159
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	160
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	161
THE MERCHANT SERVICE GUILD	162
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	164

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

AFTER a run of six days, the so-called Ebbw Vale Case has petered out with a verdict for the defendant, a result which had been generally anticipated all through. Indeed, a number of business men have openly expressed wonder as to what the whole thing was about, and have also busied themselves in attempting to ferret out an ulterior motive. The contention, locally, is that there has been much ado about nothing; much washing of dirty linen to the disadvantage of a trade which is favoured with neurotic detractors on every side; and that the whole affair should have been quashed by the jury at the second day's hearing—or preferably, have never been taken to Court. We have no intention of inflicting our readers with an attempt at going over the alleged "points" in the dispute, being satisfied to remark that the case resolved itself into an attempt on the part of the Ebbw Vale Company, to obtain redress from a Mr. W. Edgar Williams, because the company had come out on the wrong side in connection with sundry coal deals. "Conspiracy to defraud," "demurrage claims" and several other items of coaly matter were scattered around with an impartiality that was cheering to behold; "apostles" were introduced—although not of the kind which are mentioned in Holy Writ; and the gentlemen learned in the law, had a glorious field-day.

INDEED, the latter had several glorious field-days, and out of the whole combination, they, as usual, will feel least hurt at the "sweetness long drawn out," for which this Ebbw Vale case was remarkable. A somewhat unusual feature in the dispute was, that much importance was attached to the conduct of a man who is now beyond the reach of earthly tribunals, but who was intimately concerned with the business which led up to this "trial by jury." Here, then, you have the *dramatis persona:* The Ebbw Vale Company, the Mr. Williams already referred to, and a Mr. Thomas, whose soul has gone aloft. The latter gentleman when on earth, acted as a servant for the Ebbw Vale Company, and among other things entered into some sort of contract with Mr. Williams. The crux of the situation was: Did Mr. Williams enter into that contract or agreement with Mr. Thomas in good faith? The jury were of opinion that Mr. Williams did act in good faith; the vast majority at Cardiff Docks are of similar opinion; and quite a number of estimable people are asking what in thunder Mr. Williams had to do with the methods under which the late Mr. Thomas carried out his company's engagements? But as those estimable people do not range along under the directorate of the Ebbw Vale Company, it naturally follows that the latter felt justified in wasting a quantity of their shareholders' money in fighting a case which has ended disastrously for them.

IT was shown very clearly at the trial, that Mr. Williams stood to gain nothing from the agreements which were attempted to be thrown aside, and that, therefore, the charge of conspiracy must fall through. In the result, the Ebbw Vale Company has been convinced that they stand to gain nothing from the trial, so presumably their shareholders will not be inclined to accuse the directors of a conspiracy to throw away the Company's earnings? We ask the question, because we should hate to appear didactic on this subject. Especially as everybody seems to be convinced that the late Mr. Thomas acted solely in the interests of his employers, when the disputed agreement was entered into. That is to say, the Ebbw Vale Company's late representative was a white man, who had their interests right at heart; Mr. Williams was just an ordinary business man engaged in ordinary business and gained nothing from the methods adopted by Mr. Thomas; and by the decision of the jury, the disputing Company have gained nothing from the spending of much good coal profits. So, what *is* it all about? The present is not the "silly season," even supposing a number of folk believe they are justified in thinking so, in view of the provocation offered.

UNDER the circumstances then, we can scarcely blame those busy souls who prattle about the possibility of an ulterior motive in the upheaval, although, needless to say there is no ulterior motive—merely a desire to vindicate an integrity which doesn't seem to have been impugned! It might have been wicked to buy coal at a given price, and invoice it at a lower figure, working the difference up in a so-called "suspense account." But even so, what is there

to cavil at in the whole contraption? Will it be seriously contended that, until theadvent of this coaley cause célèbre, such methods were unheard of? Was the late Mr. Thomas the sole exponent of the jape? And aren't there others still among us who understand the inherent beauties of the same undertaking? The idea! To assume that a poor shipowner is the only man who works a log-book on a "suspense account" racket! Why, it's all suspense account at Cardiff Docks—and in most other places? For if a given sum of money is outstanding, and owing, doesn't the good soul who has given the credit, sit in constant suspense until that account is paid? Of course, he does, and we are surprised that a number of legal gentlemen should be invoked, to prove what every small boy who has been blessed with a County Council education should know.

NATURALLY, this Ebbw Vale case has provided the local business men with several opportunities to show their own integrity, and the general blamelessness of their own enterprising endeavours. As already remarked, the coal fraternity were justifiably pleased at the jury's decision, and if as suggested, the late Mr. Thomas had adopted his sliding scale prices for the purpose of keeping demurrage claims from the cognizance of his directors, what about that? Is it quite the proper thing for directors to fail in their directing? And if they omit to see that the methods adopted by their servants are not above suspicion—might lead to costly litigation; is there any very great amount of business acumen in publishing the fact to the world? For instance, were the different sales notes checked off with the invoices connected with same? Or were there no sales notes—only invoices? It has been declared that the Ebbw Vale fashion of dealing with demurrage is unusual. Is that the only item that is unusual in this unfortunate business? As a rule, we believe it is considered that death wipes out all scores: but as all rules must have an exception, is the Ebbw Vale Company eager to adopt that enviable (or other sort of) rôle? Will somebody answer these questions, please?

IN any case, the flangary referred to has succeeded in one happy particular. It has given the miners' "leaders" another opportunity to air their lungs and, incidentally, to call public attention to their importance in the scheme of creation. Why, the executive committee of the South Wales Miners' Federation hope to meet on Monday, next, for the purpose of discussing the issues involved in this case which failed. Just you wait a bit! There is more in all this than meets the optic at the first focus! Frankly, the poor workmen's "leaders" are receiving a rude shock. Hitherto, it has been supposed that the "leaders" are alone in their ability to make figures prove anything! And to quote the weighty pronouncements of one of the labour-leading M.P.'s "the practice of returning false entries of the character named in the case (Ebbw Vale case, you know) had an effect upon wages." You, as a plain business man, might not quite grasp the immensity of this supposedly isolated instance of double entry; but when you are informed that "the chairman of the conciliation board relies to a certain extent upon the audit made for the owners, and the workmen's representatives are helpless in face of the attitude adopted by the independent chairman"; well, you will probably ejaculate, "poor workmen's representatives." They are helpless—and in a land where help abounds!

ALMOST moves you to tears, doesn't it? And the labour M.P. already quoted, further thinks that "there is something radically wrong (unfortunate radicals! how their name is taken in vain, and always in connection with wrong!) with the basis upon which the owners' auditor made the audits." Of course, there is something wrong—if you happen to be a "labour leader." That blessed auditor should take the poor "leaders" into his innermost confidence, and if there is really nothing to divulge, he should work up something. A labour leader's life is anything but one long round of port wine and sixpenny cigars; and if he travels "first class" with the money supplied from "the fund," that is no reason to suppose that he is any the happier in face of a paucity of divulgences from the owners' auditor. So let the matter be looked into, with promptitude and economy. Why even Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P. (he's the senior member for Merthyr, you'll remember, although he appears to be singularly modest, these days. Modest, and sort of retiring). Doesn't think that the practice "exposed in the case (still Ebbw Vale, please) is so prevalent as some suppose." Certainly not! The idea! Prevalent, indeed! Perish the thought.

HOWEVER, Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P. didn't wish to make a statement, and that is why we are willing to congratulate the gentleman. 'Tis surprising how age improves some people! A still tongue makes a wise head. Why didn't that knowledge come to the great "D.A." in the halcyon days of his youth? What a power of argument the world would then have been spared! Here's to you, Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., and to a continuance of your conversion to silence. But Mr. Clifford Cory, M.P.—in our opinion—made the best speech on the occasion of the finish of the Ebbw Vale case! The gentleman referred to hadn't even read the case, so had nothing to say in connection therewith! Oh, wise man. Keep up that wisdom, and you'll come out right at the top of the Parliamentary wrangle. At the same time, it is well to remember that the last has not been heard of all this wallowing in law. The colliery company has had its field days: presently, the miners' agents are going in for their's. Meanwhile, somebody will write a cuckoo letter to the local press, or somebody will find an early gooseberry, and wish to spread himself about the subject, when away will go recollections of this Ebbw Vale case. And it is well that mankind is so adaptable? Here endeth the coaley cause célèbre—or our consideration thereof.

WELL, well! The Colonial Premiers are really disappointed with the treatment which has been meeted out to them by the "liberal-minded" gentlemen who have been placed in the seat of power by the bluffed voter! Before those Prime Ministers left their happy homes, it was suggested to them that they would only have their journey for their trouble, but secure in the belief that the word "Liberal" at home, meant the same as it did in the Colonies, those able patriots decided to come across many thousand miles of water, in their endeavour to solidify the British Empire. At last, they appear to be convinced that those in authority have no vehement desire to solidify anything but their own seats, and jobs, and as a consequence, the Colonial Premiers are sadder and wiser men. Never mind, gentlemen. Take it all as a bit of rod-kissing. Having done so, run home for a spell, and next summer undertake a similar journey. By that time, you will see something better than a kindergarten school for sucking politicians at Downing Street, and other Governmental offices. Furthermore, if a particular part of your then discussion is reached, you will not be asked to leave the room pending a settlement, but will be allowed to enter fully into the aye or nay of the subject.

You see, the present Government finds a difficulty in running its business on lines differing from a parish council. And it is by no means their own fault. They were kept either in Opposition or out-of-it for so many years, that they have a terrible quantity of leeway to make up in the matter of courteous treatment and general diplomacy. So don't blame the earnest gentlemen, for they mean well enough, if you can only be brought to see it. Mind you, your fellow-subjects, Messrs. the Premiers, are almost as tired as you are yourselves, of the parochial nonsense which flutters around as Imperial judgment; but a fine old country such as the United Kingdom, does nothing in a hurry. It took quite a while to supersede the old stock of able patriots who had grown wobbly with waiting for something to turn up; but it won't take so long to supersede the present wobbly waiters. The late Government made many mistakes, of course; but then, they were Imperialists, and therefore, had a well-defined amount of use and brotherly love for the Colonies. Judging by results, the present Government is more concerned with the establishment of a set of schools which nobody needs; the establishment of a pump on certain village greens; the faking up of impossible and nation-destroying Merchant Shipping Acts, and things of a similar character: to have time for the larger issues of Empire Building.

And why should there be so much of the Star Chamber in these proceedings? Isn't the welfare of the Empire as dear to the heart of the men in the street, as it can ever be to the representatives which their votes place in authority? Somehow or other, the feeling is gaining ground that as the present is 1907, the tricks which were current, say, in 1607, are hardly good enough. And all this puerile secresy cannot be laid to the cause of economy. There is plenty of money utterly wasted in undertakings for which the country has no use, so why is the secret session so much in evidence in connection with the Colonial Conference? If the Government have nothing to hide, why all this secresy—especially when our kinsmen from across the sea are keen on laying their case before the public? The plain issue would appear to be that as most of the Government officials have received their education from Government reports, instead of from actual contact with the conditions with which they are concerned, that same education leaves much to be desired. Won't somebody remind them of the Boston tea-party which lost the Empire its brightest gem, and which was responsible for a century of harsh feeling and misrepresentation between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race?

In our issue of April 12, we commented on the combination of gentlemen which goes to make up that "shipping committee" which is going to do great things in the matter of interpretation where Merchant Shipping Act disputes come in. Since that date, some of our London contemporaries have concerned themselves with the subject and, needless to say, have prattled in their usually amiable manner. Let us take an exhaustive consideration of at least one phase of that Shipping Committee. We have no wish to suggest that Mr. Lloyd-George goes out of his way to offer gratuitous insults to the shipowner; but viewing his conduct in this particular instance, we submit that such a suggestion would certainly appear to possess justification. Can the latest attempt to translate the unfinished beauties of the Merchant Shipping Act's possible ramifications be treated seriously? Some nineteen names appear as the membership of the Shipping Committee, and therefrom, we cull: Mr. Edmund Cathery, Sir Walter Runciman, Bart., and Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P. Now, none of us have such short memories, that we are inclined to forget the "solid support" which Sir Walter Runciman gave Mr. J. H. Wilson, in his recent squabble with the Shipping Federation man at Glasgow?

Under the circumstances, then, we might be forgiven for believing that the brand-new baronet, and the one-time ship's steward have much in common? Furthermore, as Mr. Edmund Cathery—"Ned," or the "warhorse," at Cory's Corner—is also a pillar of the so-called "seamen's union," isn't this a spectacle of three agitators in combination? Then, including Captain Toms (who figures as the "auditor" to the guild on another page of this issue!) and Captain Trenery—both representatives of more or less moribund "shipmasters' associations"—we have five out of the nineteen who might, or might not, know a very great deal in connection with the subjects with which they may be brought to deal. Of course, it might be stated that Sir Walter Runciman is on the committee in the interests of the shipowner, but for our part, we are disinclined to believe any such thing. Our personal knowledge of the gentleman, eked out with the exhibition already referred to, makes us incline to the belief that much better representation could have been effected, and without undue trouble.

True, we have Mr. William Milburn and Mr. Henry Radcliffe on the same bench, so to speak; but is anybody going to believe that the abiding love which exists between the last-mentioned and the "union" warrior, is likely to admit of a serious and respectable settlement of any disputes which may arise? And why is the sailors' "union" manipulator thrown into every nautical undertaking affected by the Government? Are we to suppose that he is the last word in nautical knowledge? Obviously, he is nothing at all of the sort, for over heaven-knows-how-many-years, he has merely been a stormy petrel, and to the best of our belief he knows little from practical experience, about either seafaring or shipowning. Why, then, is he dumped into every committee on nautical work that is faked up? Surely this country contains Imperialistic and patriotic men who have forgotten more of a shipping committee's possible business, than ever this Mr. Wilson will know? Under the circumstances, then, why is the man for ever jammed down the shipowner's throat, in a manner of speaking? To our mind, Mr. Wilson is a first-class man to stand on a chair at Cory's Corner, Cardiff, and from which lofty eminence, he may indulge in all manner of oratorial proclivities before a number of unwashed foreign seamen.

But as a member of a serious combination of business men, well, it is surely possible to obtain a better man? If Wilson's appointments to positions of this kind, is by way of reward for help accorded Mr. Lloyd-George in his more insecure days; when that gentleman was attempting to win his spurs, say; then, let the fact be stated. But don't be for ever holding a mere professional agitator up for our admiration. Don't be passing him off as a sterling patriot, when the facts are that he recommended the inclusion of a horde of aliens into the Royal Naval Reserve and that his precious "union" is strongly manned (in secretarial positions) by anything that naturally says "Yah," with greater facility than it will ever say "Yes." And don't be pretending that the United Kingdom has grown so poor in brains and general ability, that nothing better than Messrs. Cathery and Wilson are obtainable. If it is honestly intended that this "shipping committee" shall be a serious undertaking, and that its decisions shall merit the respect that should be due for such an important arrangement; then, we frankly contend that its membership should receive a careful revision. Moreover, we are by no means alone in our contention, for quite a goodly number of shipping men have impressed us with the similarity of their ideas on the subject.

"The boys have been taught their business thoroughly, and the experiment is regarded as a perfect success"—thus a London contemporary in expatiating on the efforts of the Marine Society, in its efforts to convert "100 little Warspites" into the same number of efficient seamen. It will be remembered by our readers, that in May of last year, the *Port Jackson* left England, home, and beauty, in an endeavour to work out this experiment which is now regarded as a perfect success. The vessel had several little misadventures, and while one portion of the nautical community was convinced that those "Warspites" were unmitigated caricatures because of the supercilious manner in which they moped around the deck when the ship was in danger in London river; another section maintained that they were perfectly heroic, because they did all that was possible at the time of the collision—lined up on deck as thousands have done before, and thousands will do again, preparatory to seeing which side would be best to jump for, when the turn-turtle really commenced. However, fate was really kind to those "little Warspites," for after braving a thousand (there or thereabout) dangers of the deep, they have returned to the City of London.

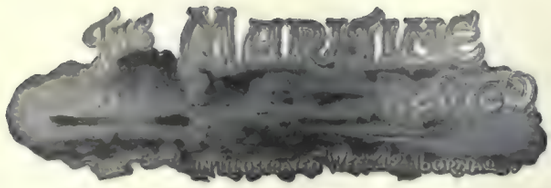
Not only have they returned, for, in the words of our cockney friend, they "have been taught their business thoroughly," and presumably, they are now first-class seamen of a sort. If so, we may take it for granted that they are looking-around for a shore job, as the experience gained in one 'round trip to Australia and back, will have convinced them that none but fools continue at sea, providing an opportunity of staying on shore eventuates. Naturally enough, "the experiment is regarded as a perfect success," for the good ship *Jane's* in port again, and Jack's come home to-day—to paraphrase the actual words which fit the case. This being so, we may expect to receive another dose of those bumming circulars so dear to the hearts of most of the pinchbeck philanthropists and their secretarial friends. For when all is said, the Marine Society may not hope to continue its more or less useful career on the proceeds or results, the traditions or what-you-will, that have been garnered by this one "perfect success." Hustle fits in with the Marine Society, as with other and more apparently useful undertakings. Personally, we shall watch with interested attention for the inevitable circulars which will be scattered broadcast, for the purpose of calling public attention to the unique advantages surrounding this hobby of certain wealthy patrons.

Meanwhile, the shortage of British seamen continues, and the dearth of junior officers is becoming more pronounced. Of course, some five per cent. of those "little Warspites" might eventually wander off as the happy possessors of a second mate's certificate of competency; but even so, the admitted "experiment" was a costly affair, and to most serious-minded people, would appear to have little justification. In our opinion, the essential capital that was needed for that "experiment" would have been better used in erecting a home for lost dogs, for in that event something really tangible would have resulted. As things are, will anybody persuade us that the cruise of the *Port Jackson* was anything more than a questionable joke? Did anybody believe that, with ordinary luck, she would fail to come back and thus prove a "perfect success?" Certainly not, for she is but one of many engaged in the same pursuit, and the mere fact that she had a part cargo of boys instead of the ordinary commerce of the world, was likely to have no deleterious effect on her navigating officers. Even when we remember that she came home viâ the dreaded Cape Horn, we do not turn a hair. And for the simple reason that when very adolescent, we essayed the same trip, in a much smaller ship, and—er—the "experiment was a perfect success!" But let us get away from it, e'en as we await those bumming epistles.

We have ever contended that the German has notions on the making of a Mercantile Marine that is bound to everlastingly handicap the British sample at no very remote date. And in no particular is this ability better shown, than in the workings of the German's marine courts. As a case in point, consider the verdict of the Maritime Court which attended to the collision between the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* and the *Orinoco*, in Cherbourg Harbour, 'way back. There is no need for us to go into the details of that ancient happening, but it is satisfactory to note that the tribunal referred to was of opinion, that there were excusable errors on both sides. Think of it, and ask yourself what would be the result to the British Constitution, if a British marine court were plucky enough to make the same sensible admission! Men, dear, it's awful to contemplate, isn't it? National dissolution would speedily follow any such a verdict in this free and happy land of ours, for at the very least, "off with his head" would follow for one of the "culprits," and yet the Government pretends to be anxious about the dearth of British officers! Makes you laugh, doesn't it? They do everything in their power to make the sea service stink in the nostrils of the nation, and are then simply aghast to think that the best of that same nation objects to identify itself with the smells which abound! Germany, our congratulations to you for having courage enough to run your growing mercantile marine on modern lines. You deserve success, even if you cannot command it.

Poor old Antwerpen! It would appear to have gone in for greater than it can carry. Its good people have bitten off more than they can chew. Anyhow, there is no getting away from the fact that the navigation of the Scheldt is rapidly becoming "tricky" to put it mildly, and on account of the terrible amount of silt that is forming nasty banks at various points where liners most do congregate. Of course, the "organs" which are in the pay of the Antwerpen folk will indignantly deny all this. For that reason are they subsidised. But we prefer to receive our information from the men who actually navigate those waters, and from that information, we believe that Antwerp is anything but the *ne plus ultra* which the merry advertisment would pretend. Mind you, we have every sympathy with the port administrators, but we also realise that with the terribly big "port improvements" that are in hand, there is neither time nor money to spare for the extensive dredging operations which are daily becoming more urgent. It would be a terrible catastrophe if, as soon as the new works are finished, it were found that they formed a pretty little inland lake of their own? What would happen then? Why London—the degenerate—would take a new lease of life, and the wicked souls who have suggested that London Docks and river wharves be towed across to Antwerp, would receive the set-back of their lives.

Here is an example for the British Government. America has taken the derelict subject in hand, and is seeking tenders for a modern patrol-ship, fitted with wireless telegraphy, and having a coal endurance for 5,000 miles, so that this grave peril might be somewhat abated. When all is said on the matter, America has the greatest reason to move. The vast majority of the derelicts in question are American schooners which float around, a menace to nautical mankind, for years at a stretch. True, once in a way, a derelict tramp steamer is to be found bobbing about; but most of the floating derelicts are wooden sailing ships of American nationality.



FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907.

THE SHORTAGE OF SHIPS' OFFICERS.

"THERE was an old woman and she was she," and if the expression is frivolous and undignified, we cannot help it, for it is about all that comes to our mind after reading the partizan twaddle that is consequent on the "work" of the Shipping Federation's committee, which was appointed to inquire into the present shortage of ships' officers. You might have heard that a Captain Owen has been making statements before that committee—and, of course, this might be quite the first time that you have been told of the fact. Furthermore, you mightn't care a dump as to whether that Captain Owen unfolded a tale to the committee referred to, or if he emulated the Calcutta parrot, by saying little though thinking a lot. In either case, it will be all the same fifty years hence, and you probably know why the scarcity of officers is so dangerously in evidence; know that it is a case of an indisposition on the part of the shipowner to "Pay, pay, pay"—and there you are! Still, a cockney contemporary of ours has been easing itself on the subject, and among other more or less interesting and valuable items, remarks: "Captain Owen's suggestions were those of a practical man for a satisfactory remedy." In reply, we ejaculate "Yea, lor'!" At first, you understand. Later on, we have the hardihood to suggest that those remarks as set out by our twaddley friend referred to, are poppycock, and anything but a credit to a journal which affects a shipping basis. But for a time, let us get away from our cockney purveyor of twice-laid stuff, even as we go into this dearth-of-officer question in a sane, and practical manner. There is need for no argument that the supply of officers in the Mercantile Marine is rapidly gravitating into a serious danger to the community; the fact is freely admitted by shipping men outside the ranks of the shipowner; and somwhat grudgingly inside those ranks. For our part, we have consistently called your attention to the fact for years; have offered advice as to the only real remedy which is possible; and on this occasion, venture once more on the same old lay. You see, we have any amount of precedent and moral support offered us in this oft-repeated-tale idea: and we can get a good notion thereof from the pastor who calls you to repentance, exactly one hundred and four times through the year on Sundays, with an additional fifty-two attempts if you attend the week-night services. This makes no account of the matinees which are frequent, or the "special" attempts which are made to pluck you as brands from the burning. Judging by some of your actions which come under our notice, the poor pastor will need to keep at the call-for-repentance for yet awhile longer; possibly we shall have to repeat the truth about the present dearth of officers for a similar period. But we have a duty to perform—even as has the pastor. The latter doesn't shirk his duty because you merely listen and seldom get beyond the "almost persuaded" stage; we are not out upon a shirking business, supposing the results of our appeals are similar to those of the pastor. Very well. Getting back to Captain Owen and his jape, what do we find? Simply that he is a plagiarist of the rankest kind, for although his "suggestions were those of a practical man for a satisfactory remedy," crystallised down into plain language, they merely work out to the oft-repeated wheeze which is written "give the shipowner a subsidy for carrying apprentices!" Marvellous, isn't it? Marvellous—and anything but mighty! However, Captain Owen is partially original in his ideas. He probably realises that the Government is altogether too sensible to pass out subsidies from public money, so he wishes to fake up a "common fund," which shall be contributed to by all shipowners. Later on, that fund will be available for the payment of firms who are willing to carry apprentices, and well, and there you are! It is unnecessary for us to go into the hidden beauties of this Owenesque idea, and mainly for the reason that it will never fructify. As a notion for the continuance of Shipping Federation among the ornamental things of life, Captain Owen's scheme (we believe it has been styled) possesses potentialities; but, for the easement of the growing dearth of officers—well, don't bother about it, please. True, there is a snug little berth ranking as "director of studies," in that "scheme"; and the honorarium which goes with it is no less a sum than £450 per annum. We have no information that Captain Owen has applied for the directorship suggested, but recognise that there is plenty of time for the deed as yet. As already remarked, the other items may safely be disregarded, and we are nearly sure that if you bother with the piff-niff involved, you will repeat the words with which we commenced this present writing—aye, and with a niffy accent on the last "she!" For about the four-hundredth time—there or thereabout—let us ask what sense or reason there is supposed to be in the subsidy idea? Will the nautically-experienced man pretend that any shipowner will object to apprentices, providing he can secure a number thereof who will stay on board to the completion of their indentured time? Certainly not. There is absolutely no difficulty in procuring apprentices: there never has been a difficulty; and while adolescent humankind remains gullible, there will never be a difficulty to catch apprentices for the sea service. The only difficulty which obtains—and while the prevailing conditions remain, that difficulty will continue—is to keep your apprentice once he is caught. Captain Owen appears to be filled up with the same ridiculous beliefs which obtain among other members of a profession which should inculcate better ideas: That the shortage of officers is consequent on the indifference of the shipowner to bother himself with this very essential item in his business. Nothing could be farther from the truth, for we have ample evidence to prove that the shipowner is anxiously wondering where the shortage will ultimately lead his business, and how best he may alter the rotten state which has—almost imperceptibly—grown up around his trade. Furthermore, he—individually—is willing to supply the only effectual remedy (better pay and prospects) if "the other fellow" will do likewise. Really, there is no "other fellow," for practically all of them are imbued with the same idea. This being so, why doesn't Shipping Federation attempt to justify the good red gold which goes to its upkeep, by bringing the willing ones into touch with each other? If that Federation doesn't soon "take a tumble," there will be other Richmonds in the field, for the present is not by any means the day for the has-been. Hustle is all that counts, and although the Federation has made a fairly good thing of its old traditions, these are by way of removal, for latter-day people have an inclination to think things out for themselves. When that disposition is a bit more in evidence, we shall busy ourselves working out an epitaph for Shipping Federation, Limited. We might as well recognise facts, after all, and in doing so in this instance, we must admit that the Federation has done more towards bringing about the present dangerous shortage of officers, than all other organisations, or conditions put together. Subsidies to capture apprentices are unnecessary; to keep them, it is merely essential to show that once they have passed through their time of probation, they may hope (if they are good little boys) to be in possession of continuous work; wages slightly better than a navvy; and treatment in line with their responsibilities. Note all this, Captain Owen, please, and you will save yourself a quantity of hope deferred. And the word much worry!

Waterside Wisdom—Old Age Pensions.

THE great Cassidy was pacing up and down over a few feet of paving on the starboard side of Tyndall Street—entering from Bute Road—and judging by the preoccupied look on his speaking countenance, he was wrestling with some great national problem. Indeed, his preoccupation was so great that he failed to see his friend Con Keefe sauntering up on the same side of the street. It is a noticeable feature with Cassidy, that since Keefe started in the financial line already alluded to, the prefix "Mister" has been accorded that one-time seagoing fireman.

HOWEVER, Cassidy eventually recognised his friend, and after shading his eyes with one hand for the space of ten seconds, or so, he ejaculated:

"Begobs, thin, Mister Kafe, but yez are a dazzlin' beauty wid your new hand-me-downs! I thought at furst, that the morning sun was gittin' a bit too strong fer me ould eyes, so I did; but it isn't a sun at all—leastways, no more than a New York son. Yerself!"

CON made no reply. Simply placed one hand on his hip, crossed his legs so that his spats might be more apparent, tilted his "sans souci" hat three degrees farther back on his head, took his half-consumed cigar from between his lips, and blew a cloud of smoke skywards, even as he fixed Cassidy with a more or less haughty glare.

"Got a head on yez, the morning, Mister Kafe?" asked Cassidy. "Indade yez are a credit to the ould shtrate, an' it's proud I am of havin' been of use til yez in the hard-up ould days which appear to be gone for ivver. Cashin' advance notes is a good biznees, I moind."

"It is!" laconically replied the Great Finaffcier. Then, after a moment's pause, he deigned to ask: "Phwhat's troublin' yez, Cassidy? Are yez in nade of a loan? I'm not the man to forgit ould frinds whin prosperity shmoiles upon me 'umble efforts to justify me existence. Give it a name, ould ship."

"Loan?" repeated Cassidy. "Whoy wid I be sakin' a loan, Mister Kafe? Shure me wants are but few, and me credit is good, fer if I don't pay to-day, thin, sir, the money will be along in good toime—an' annyhow me name's as good as yer own, supposin' yez are running a successful nautical bucket-shop. But let's git away from this dishputative argymint. I've bin thinking about those ould age pinsions."

"So? Feel it comin' on yez, and the possibility of nadin' a little feenancial assistance later on?"

"Ould age, nothin', an' I'm not likely to be nadin' assistance av any kind in me ould age, sorr, an' don't yez firgit it. Don't be puttin' on frills, nayther, but remimber 'Aavelock an' the luvly way he cum a cropper wid his feenancial undertakin's. Ahl ain't gould thot glitthers, an' though yez are smokin a chice sample of stinkerosa cigar at the moment, in a whoile yez may be glad to bum a shmoke from me bit av black twisht, so there."

"Indade, ye're roight, Cassidy, an' I'm not the man to be givin' yez the lie in the matther. But phwhat is yer opinion av this ould age pinsion scheme bisness?"

"My opinion? Well, that it is an ahl-over shwindle on the nation. That's wot I think. Moreawver, me gintle feenancier, it will nivver come off, fer if it did, it would destroy ahl manhood in the counthry, and would turn the whole crowd into a nation of half-an'-halfs. One half would be waiting for a pinsion, the utther half wid be ropin' in big salaries for the administration of the fund."

"Who'd supply the money, Cassidy?"

"Go 'long, ye mad critther! After a phwhoile, there woudn't be any money, an' thin, av coorse, there wouldn't be anny counthry to spake av. Those that hev' money would simply shtroike out fer new lands where the bester hadn't got such a hould on the vitals av the Gover'mint; and sorr, th'ind would be thot some of the hangers-on would positively hev' to work. Yis.

"It's loike this, Mister Kafe: Some of the schamin' gang hev' soized the matther up that ould age pinsions would take some £35 40,000,000 per annum, and out av thot imminse sum, some 5,000 ould min and wimmin would be receivin' 5s. per week. Ahl-together, the sum paid out in pinsions would amount to—I got young Dooley to work it out fer me; young Dooley goes to the County Council schule whin the chaser-up can catch him—well, as I was a-saying, the total amount paid out in pinsions would run into some £65,000 per annum. Tidy bit av money that?"

"Where would the other part av the £35,000,000 go to, Cassidy?"

"Don't be axin' fool questions, Mr. Feenancier. Shure, yez ought to know where the shtuff would go. Do yez think the loud-mouthed gang are shoutin' fer the fun av the thing? Can't yez see the difference would be ate up in the way av administration? It's loike this: A poor ould cuss turned sivinty would 'obble along to the Pinsion House. Afther he had wiped his worn-out boots on the Pinsion House mat, a gintleman in livery would ax him—soort av condescindin' loike—what's his bisness. The liveried gintleman wid be the hall porter, an' he wid be in receipt av thirty shillings a wake an' free house, loight, fire—aye, an' most of his victuals. There wid be wan av his soort in ivvery town an' village in the country, so thot wid cost a power av money.

"Well, if the poor ould pinsioner-elect kept his nose clean, an' shtoiled that liveried gintleman, sorr, he moight be allowed to go into the office where another gintleman wid be readin' the sportin' papers and shmokin' fags, or other 'igh-class cigarettes. Natcherally, the boss av the interior wid ax questions, an' if the ould chap came in on his own, he wid be tould that his case wid be considhered at the nixt meeting av the guardians, er whativver they moight be called. If th' ould 'un had inflooential frinds at his back, the shmokin' offeecial wid shmoile at him; put 'is name down on some vellyum notepaper supplied by the Fund; wid tell him to buck up, a bit, an' thot in a wake from then, he would be in racate av his furst five bob.

"In thot cass, the news would be so grate, that our pinsioner frind—being ould, an' wake, an' hungry—would ixperience a paralytic shtroke, an' he'd peg out. The shmokin' individual would put on shtoile; wid remar-r-r-rk that it was ahl a beastly noosance; he'd summon the liveried official, who'd call the first out-of-work that happened to be passin'. The latther, bein' the only war that didn't belong to the shtaff, would get an ambulance, an' the would-be pinsioner would be passed over to the workhouse authorities.

"Seeing that ould nibs died out av their jurisdiction, they would not accept his carcase, and whoile the matter was waitin' the decision av the nixt committee meeting, his remanes wid be put in the municipal cold storage room, and the rint for same would be demanded from the Pinsion House peepul, on'y to be refused. In toime, the matther would be settled by some charitable person in the shtreet becomin' disgushted at sich inhumanity, an' payin' fer the funeral on his own. Thin, the liveried hall porter would wink his dexter eye at the boss av the interier; that occupier-av-a-soft-job would wink in similar fashion; a report wid be wrote up on more superior vellyum paper wid an embossed crest—an' there you are.

"When yez come to remember thot the same thricks wid be worked ahl awver the counthry, yez may aisily see thot it wid take a power av money to pay for th' administration, an' begobs, Mister Kafe, the on'y wans that wouldn't git a cint from the Fund, would be just them that the Fund was invinted for—at lashte, in appearance. Av coorse, afther a visit at the club—an' where most av the monkey-work is brewed—you an' meself are in a position to undhershtand most av the subtleties av the undertakin'; but thin, the man in the shtrate is not so blessid. He reads a quantity av blarney in his favourite news-shate; blarney thot was unloaded on to the unsupecting reporter wid manny expressions of brotherly luv an' solicitude for the downthrodden antiques av sivinty years an' upwards, an' there, mostly, yez hev it ahl."

"If phwhat yez say is correct, Cassidy—an' moind me, I'm not misbelavin' yez at ahl. How should I, seein' that yez hev' had the advantages av larning these things ahl yer loife? But if phwhat you say is correct, thin, there is a great similarity between this contimplated Pinsion Schame, and some av the unions which abound among the 'longshore ilimint?"

"Misther Kafe! Yez surproise me! To think that yez hev intered into opposition wid the boss av the sailor's union in the matther av cashin' advance notes fer sailors an' firemin, an' yez haven't taken the trubble to foind out the furst ilimintary item av trades union interference wid ivverythin' that doesn't belong to them! Wan av these days, I'll give yez a point er two on unionism which wid be a grate thing if properly run. Aye, an' ye could run it properly, too—if so be yez could change human nature. But man, dear, the Pinsion Schame is on'y another off-shoot av the union racket. Some giddy whilks tries to pretend that it's Socialism, but, Mister Kafe, don't be givin' attintion to the clame, Socialism is nuthin. It's just a drame. A nightmare if ye loike. But the Pinsion Schame is an attimpt to provide for the rodneys who cannot get anythin' hefty out av the union, so they must be pervided fer, seein' that they back up th' utther standbacks.

"But I'll see yez, lather, Misther Kafe. I've an appointment."

THE MISUSE OF PORT HELM.

LIKE the policeman's, the navigator's lot is anything but a happy one—generally considered. For when the executive officer on shipboard isn't worrying his soul-case out in an endeavour to make six men successfully carry out the work which should be divided among six dozen, he is wondering where he is to get sufficient stores to fettle up the work which has been ticked off by an enterprising but stay-at-home super. Failing that, there are ample opportunities for him to keep his adipose well in hand, in a manner of speaking. This by the way.

WHAT concerns us most at the present moment, is the misuse of port helm, and the same concern has been evoked through a careful perusal of the causes surrounding quite a number of recent collisions. To the 'longshore experts who usually attend to these matters, the subject of helm intrudes but little. It cannot be expected to, for in the majority of instances they are supplied with a neatly printed list of questions prepared by the paternal Board, and outside those questions—no, outside them, the expert will not wander.

WHY should he? He is plunked into his job out of caprice, and through influential friends. He is seldom remarkable for any real merit, or he wouldn't need that influence on his behalf. In fact, the one item on which he is strong, is that which advises him to never exceed his instructions. A sort of "Stick to your catechism, me mannie. Pucker up your brow. Look wise—or failing that, as wise as you can—and trust to Providence." You are safe in assuming that the average "expert" will follow those instructions, and thus it comes about that collision cases are much more frequent than they need be.

THE words, "You never know what the other fellow will do," has become a deep-water axiom; thus it comes about that inquiry courts should throw all that old neglect-to-use-the-lead twaddle overboard as a greater or lesser relic of a 'prentice age; and should confine their efforts more to the raising of questions of practical utility. Theoretically considered, the deep-sea lead is a splendid institution, and we aren't going to say a word against it. Why, on occasion we have found it useful for purposes as wide apart as driving in the wedge of a hatch-batten, and rounding the corners off a Dutchman's head, so why should we say things against the deep-sea lead?

VERY well. And whether you believe it or otherwise, the underwriter has enemies a thousand fold more insidious than neglect to use the lead, and about the chief of these is the improper use of port helm. "You never know what the other fellow will do," and that's a fact! How often have we been plunking along in a nine-knot tramp, and in approaching another steamer have noted that she is well clear on the starboard bow, and will remain so up to the point of passing—bar accidents? How often too, have we seen the same boat, when just at the limit where such an evolution is possible, start answering to port helm indiscriminately applied?

To be exact and truthful, we have seen both items far oftener than we care to think of, for the happenings were not conducive to our soul's welfare. We are but human, you understand, and when we dropped upon a crime of the sort indicated, well, as is usual under the circumstances, the language around on the breeze, was inclined to be of the painful and free sort! And in view of the provocation received, we are of opinion that the Recording Angel was conveniently deaf.

THE plain fact of the matter is, that the sea is cursed with a number of alleged officers who will not believe that it is possible to pass on the starboard side of another steamer, supposing she is in mid-Atlantic, and and that in consequence, there must be a fair depth of water on the said starboard side of the oncoming vessel. In the flight of years, of course, those officers become converted, and through various causes. Some of the latter are the collisions which we have recently studied, and we are of opinion that the conversion is a costly affair.

ONCE in a way, we believe that a painstaking shipmaster will take those hard-a-port officers in hand, and when passing another vessel, will gently, but firmly, insist on taking the road, starboard side to starboard side. The about-to-be-converted stand breathlessly by, but seeing that nothing particular happens, they may, on future occasions, attempt a trial on their own. But they need watching all the same, for this is exactly the point when the old adage comes in: "You never know what the other fellow will do."

THAT is to say, the apparently-converted one might essay a trial of the starboard to starboard idea, but just when he has placed his boat right in the tricky position, he'll funk it, yell hard-a-port, and if the other fellow isn't particularly alert, there is another nice little collision case upon which to adjudicate. As already explained, neglect to use the lead, blowing the wrong whistle signal, chasing the cook for a drink of coffee, anything will be seized upon rather than the real cause of the catastrophe—wrongful use of port helm.

AND not the least disquieting feature of the business is, that it seems to be impossible to make the chief sinners in the work realise hard facts in connection therewith. They forget that between the time when they give the order to port, and the canting of their ship's head in consequence of that order being somewhat grudgingly fulfilled, much distance has been covered by the oncoming vessel, whose officer might naturally suppose that on this occasion "the other fellow" isn't an ass.

WHEN the latter does eventually see the state of affairs, it is frequently too late, and outsiders wonder why—with all the expanse of water available—two steamers will bump into each other in such a reprehensible manner. We have wondered thus, ourselves. But we were very young at the time. Anyhow, we have given over any of that wonder in recent years. Indeed, the wonder now is, that the powers that be do not take some practical means for exploding that idiotic policy of porting as soon as your vessel is in that position where, ten to one, a cant to starboard means disaster of the worst kind.

THERE can be no need to suppose that, anywhere outside of river navigation, there is any doubt as to there being enough water on either side of a passing vessel to admit of the other fellow having a choice of sides. And if either of them sins by porting when he had no necessity so to do, the tribunal should make it that warm for him that he would never again offend in like manner. Frequently too, it is claimed that the correct whistle-signal was made in time to avert collision.

IT might have been—as far as pulling the whistle-laniard is concerned. But what about the sound reaching "the other fellow?" By the time the water has blown out of the average whistle, its brassy sides have been warmed up sufficiently for business purposes, and a clear sound has been emitted therefrom—well, as a rule, the oncoming ship is then running full-tilt at the whistler. Furthermore, the average whistle is seldom good enough to sound a signal at the first attempt. The result is that several efforts are made, and the officer of the oncoming ship finds confusion worse confounded. Yet, the whole trouble would be obviated if each would remember that starboard side to starboard side is quite as safe as port side to port side—that green to green, is just as good as red to red. Therefore, why is the Board of Trade so slow to recognise these facts?

"EASE THE EXAMINATIONS."

ON the preceding page, we have concerned ourselves briefly with the shortage-of-ships'-officers question. Here, we deal with another of the alleged panaceas of the "shrieking brotherhood." The scarcity of navigators has become so pronounced, that interested persons are heaven-bent on finding a cheap (and if possible, an effective) way out of it. Second mates are rapidly approximating into the same condition as the dodo; mates are nearly as rare; but instead of facing the subject in a manly manner, dodges are indulged in.

DODGES, too, which reflect neither credit nor business acumen on the workers thereof. Personally, we are frequently blamed for writing the truth on shipping matters, although why this should be, is numbered among those things which no fellah can understand. It is highly improbable that we shall ever again take to the sea, for since pawning the splendid "pillar sextant" that once was ours, we have never accumulated enough cash at one time, to admit of our purchasing another!

THIS being so, why blame us for having pluck enough to write you the truth on these little matters? It would be easier for us to undertake the "stuffing" game, for in that case we should seldom be found out; and the majority of our present detractors would then declare that we are no end of nice people. But we have no use for the deceiver, and as we have no ulterior motive in preaching the need for a better rate of pay, why not give attention to our remarks?

IN the vast majority of instances, we realise that the attention is accorded us; but once in a way, the chronic growl crosses our path. He did so recently and the burden of his song, was that the "shrieking brotherhood" were about to petition the Board of Trade to ease up their examinations for officer, or master. To think that serious-minded people would seriously put forward such a childish—and obviously ignorant—plea! Ease the examinations!

GOOD sirs, did it ever strike you that the much-talked-of Board of Trade examinations as constituted at present, are simply a sample of the something-and-nothing? That if a navigator knew no more of the essential business of his profession than is needed to admit of "passing" that exam., he would be "green" indeed? And that when all is said on the subject, the possession of a Board of Trade certificate of competency is in no sense a guarantee of how much a mariner may know, but rather exemplifies the minimum below which he may not go, if he wishes to possess the Board's tawdry piece of cheap linen?

HOW many times have you heard it declared that a fifth standard school-boy—after one month's cramming in specialised arithmetic—could successfully pass the toughest sample of Board of Trade examination in force? Numberless times, haven't you? Yes, and you heard practically the truth, on each occasion. Under these circumstances, then, of what use would it be to ease those examinations? Obviously, the sailorising portions thereof must not be eased, or else the "passed" product would be useless as a seagoing officer.

WITH the clerical portion anything but difficult, what benefit will there be from the suggested easement? None, whatever. As a matter of fact, if the powers that be could be persuaded to give a free stem to the remaining few British seamen who follow the sea for a living, the dearth of officers would in no wise be eliminated from every-day procedure. In plain words, every seaman who wishes to pass a Board of Trade examination, may do so to-day, with ease. In fact, he does so, and any easement in the syllabus of examination would fail to raise the number of available officers.

THE sailor, himself—and surely he may be considered as likely to know something about it—realises this great fact, and he is also awaiting the advent of the first candidate who has failed for ever, so to speak. That is to say, in all our travels, we have never yet met one man who had tried for a certificate of competency, had failed, and had then thrown up the job in disgust. Failures, yes; they are common enough. But the failed man ultimately obtains the certificate for which he tried, and he would do the same if the examination were thrice as hard, so to put it.

THE same thing would apply, if the exam. were halved, in a manner of speaking, for the net result would simply work out to the making of the trial easier for those who meant to win a "ticket," anyhow; but it would not prevail on those who do not mean to get a "ticket," to try. In other words, the exam. is no deterrent to those who mean to pass, for each one knows that, as a mere cleric, he has three tries before being turned down for three months; but only one try if he fails in the work of a seaman, after which failure, he must betake himself to sea for a further six months.

UNDER these circumstances, then, what is the easing of the examination to consist of? It will help nothing whatever if the reduction is merely of a clerical character, while if the seamanship is pared down, the officer so passed will be useless to either himself, his employer, the underwriter, or his shipmates. The plain facts are, that those members of the "shrieking brotherhood" who are "out" for a lowering of the standard of examination, are of opinion that Mercantile Marine officers are manufactured on lines obtaining with certain brands of "shipowner." Anything with the requisite gall may compete.

AS a matter of fact, however, it takes years of constant training (albeit that training is seldom placed much in evidence) before a man may be safely considered as fit to occupy the post of officer of a steamship, or sailer. It is essential to catch your sailor young, and having caught him, to make his conditions of service of the kind that will keep him, when caught. If he starts at fourteen years of age, then, by the time he is twenty-five (and regardless of the fact that he obtained a certificate of competency at, say, twenty), he is about fit to be trusted with the keeping of a watch.

INDEED a man of twenty-five is quite juvenile enough to be entrusted with the care of a £50,000 steamer, possibly another £50,000's worth of cargo, and from twenty to thirty lives. Some practical folk will aver that such a man is altogether too juvenile at twenty-five, although this is as may be, for all of us are not equally endowed. And as already suggested, a Board of Trade certificate of competency doesn't make a trustworthy officer. It is merely a sign that, under evervarying sets of conditions (for no two examination rooms and their presiding geniuses are alike) the holder thereof has filled in a given number of papers, has answered a certain number of questions which are altogether theoretical and, consequently, more or less useless as a test of seamanship—and there the matter ends.

THEREFORE, if, instead of this idiotic prattle about setting the hands of the clock back, the "shriekers" would boldly declare that the one and only way to raise a sufficiency of navigators is to make it worth their while to be raised, the trouble would soon be remedied. But as long as dilettante (and parsimonious) schemes are the order of the day, for just that time will the dearth of officers continue. We have already remarked that we have no personal interest in the matter. We merely write what stern experience has taught us. We did not leave the sea because we had ceased to love it. Merely because it no longer gave us the return which increasing responsibilities justified. The "other fellows" are leaving for similar reasons. That is all.

FINAL ACT IN THE *BERLIN* TRAGEDY?

"THE dead won't 'kick,' therefore, lay it all on to the dead." The words occur to us after a study of the proceedings which graced the inquiry into the loss of the steamer *Berlin*. The finding of the kind souls who officiated at that alleged trial, was that the cause of the stranding of the vessel and her subsequent loss, was an error of judgment on the part of the master, who gave up his life in attempting to do what should never have been left to his individual effort.

HOWEVER, the hardy mariner has gone to a better tribunal; he isn't likely to come back; so obloquy may be safely heaped upon his memory. That is quite British you know, and is calculated to allay public misgiving on the matter. It is also calculated to persuade other thinking youngsters to engage in a profession where the kicks predominate, and where "faithfulness unto death" is rewarded with unnecessary stigma? The sapient court couldn't "off with his head," so they damn his reputation!

MOST thinking people would suppose that a man who had made upwards of 400 voyages on the one steamer—Captain Precious' record—could safely be depended on to do better than the theoretical stay-at-homes who sat in judgment on him? But no, the inevitable happened; the public have to be reassured; the Old Man is dead; put it on to the Old Man—and let us go out to lunch! That the *Berlin* was a splendid vessel goes without saying, for during last fall, her rejuvenation cost the Great Eastern Railway Company "just under £32,000."

WHAT she was before that epoch, we shouldn't like to say, although Captain Precious was then in charge, and he didn't lose her, and thus rob the shiprepairers of a handsome bit of work. Still, the Board of Trade wished to know things about the *Berlin*, and commenced with their time-honoured jape as to the number of compasses carried. Does any sane man believe that the compasses had anything to do with the case? She "made" the Dutch breakwater so truly, that she hit it. "Were they in good order and sufficient," forsooth! These traducers of dead men make us tired.

THEN, "was the vessel supplied with proper charts and sailing directions!" Could the active brain of the capable playwright think up anything more screamingly funny? The *Berlin* was navigated from Parkeston Quay to the Hook of Holland by a man who had made some 400 trips that way; she reached the Hook and broke in two on its alleged breakwater; so—"was the vessel supplied with proper charts, etc.?" Thus the game continues. Next question, please: "was she in good and seaworthy condition?" and the other twaddley nonsense which usually accompanies this style of catechism.

IF the *Berlin* had sailed away to deep water and had never returned, we can understand that compasses, charts, hull and equipment should occupy the attention of the Marine Court—heaven bless it. But seeing that all the world knows that the ill-fated steamer arrived at the Hook of Holland, from Parkeston Quay; that the weather was bad all the way; that it was a foregone conclusion that she was in a fit condition for the voyage; why tangle up the real issues in this muddley manner?

THE travelling public doesn't care a toss as to the methods adopted to bring an efficient steamer into being; they had no contract with the captain of the ferry boat; he was merely a servant of the Company which accepted the responsibility to carry the poor folk, who were dashed to death on Holland's low-lying shore. Under those circumstances, then, the public would like to know what the "instructions," both written and implied, to the ferry captains happen to be. Everybody is satisfied that the *Berlin* was fit for the voyage on which she was engaged, or she wouldn't have "got there." This being so, why waste time, and use up ingenuity in fogging the real issues at stake?

WHEN a passenger accepts a ticket for a journey from Harwich to the Hook of Holland (or elsewhere), that passenger presupposes that the other party to the contract will use expert knowledge, in the carrying out of the accompanying obligations. The supply of a ship is but a portion of the undertaking, so why has no word been said about the expert knowledge of the Great Eastern Railway Company in this connection? Never mind a quantity of piffle concerning the obvious. Give us fact regarding the obscure.

FOR instance, it has been said that if Captain Precious had put his vessel head to sea until daylight, the disaster would not have occurred. But it never seems to strike anybody that if the responsible man at Harwich had held the *Berlin* for that hour and half, she couldn't have arrived before daylight, and thus the skipper's alleged "error of judgment" would have been obviated. Let us have both sides to the question, and let the public understand that in accepting a ticket for the ferry, they do so on their own responsibility, and without attaching too much importance to the expert knowledge that might guide their future travel.

MUCH piffle has been bandied about on the subject of mails carried by the unfortunate steamer. What about it? She merely carried those mails as she carried spuds, or tomatoes, and all the items of cargo would get there together, or be lost the same way. In other words, there was no hide-bound time schedule for either the spuds or the letters, and no penalty for non-compliance with any rules or regulations. That is to say, a free hand was (and is) given to the railway company, and its responsible officials at Harwich, so why allow all this hedging behind a dead skipper?

AGAIN, why is no mention made of the unsatisfactory state of things at the New Waterway? It has been satisfactorily shown that the *Berlin* was "staunch and strong and in every way fitted for her voyage"; we also know that she came to grief. Her end was not brought about by the Act of God, and the dangers of the deep sea, for she bumped on the edge of the port for which she was steering. If the boat was "fit," what was really wrong? We know that the matter has been covered by damning the dead shipmaster, but what guarantee has the public that a similar catastrophe won't overtake them in the near future?

NONE, whatever. When a splendid steamer, under the charge of a man who has made some 400 trips that way, comes to grief, what chance will a poorer sample of steamer, under a less experienced man have, later on? Is it to be covertly understood that in future crises, the Harwich people will hold their vessels in so that they may strike the Dutch coast in daylight? Or has it been just as covertly agreed that the alleged breakwater on which *Berlin* was lost, shall be unostentatiously brought into line with modern requirements? These are the points which a trusting public wishes to know.

NOBODY cares a dump about the *Berlin's* compasses, her charts, or her printed sailing directions. But everybody would like to know what the verbal instructions are for these occasions; what is going to be done to obviate future disaster; why the railway company's headmen weren't censured for their share of the trouble; and why in a ship where "proper discipline" was found to exist, the whole blame should be thrown on a dead man? A contract to carry implies more than the supply of a decent ship, compasses, charts, and equipment; it should convey the idea that expert knowledge should be used in the despatch or retention of the steamer; and that the facilities at the other end of her voyage are beyond reproach. The inquiry elicited none of these points. Why?

CERTIFICATED COOKS—AND THEN?

THE coming cook of the sea-going variety has had a splendid run for his money, and we have carefully watched to see if any would-be solon has "tumbled" to the utter nonsense of this latest Lloyd-Georgian break. To the time of writing, each "authority" appears to imagine that it is quite *en regle* to work up an aristocratic style of cook, even while his immediate master—the steward—is absolutely forgotten, or neglected.

If the average "expert" were assured that the Government were about to institute a new style of certificate for the mate of a steamer, but that the master of the same boat were to be allowed to come in from anywhere; without examination; and with never a care as to his fitness for the position; well, we have a sufficiency of faith in that "expert" to believe that he would flout the idea.

In the suggested instance, your "expert" would be filled right up with a glorious indignation; would work up Euclid for the purpose of convincing you that the part was not greater than the whole; and if you insisted in your claims that a certificated mate would be employed, while any sort of skipper would do—then, there would be ructions. At the same time, a certificated cook and a nondescript steward is quite the thing!

Why is this? Is it because Mr. Lloyd-George is signally unfortunate in his choice of nautical advisers? Is it for the reason that although the "seamen's union" is enabled to work a fairly good thing from the average cook, the steward still considers himself as a bit too good to rank in with a number of yahoos of alien breed, and who more or less inhabit the sacred confines of the average forecastle? Personally, we are of opinion that the certificated cook notion gained ground, through the machinations of the "union" referred to.

Furthermore, if anybody possessing a real knowledge of ships and shipping had been appealed to, the steward would have come in for first care, to be followed in due course by the cook. There may be no gainsaying the fact that it takes more ingenuity to act as a successful ship's steward, than ever it does to act as cook. In fact, it is not too much to say that the comfort of a given voyage depends upon the ability of the steward, while if the cook should encounter sudden death, and leave his slush pot for ever well, his loss would not be unduly felt.

The average sailor who couldn't take over the care of the average galley, wouldn't amount to much, and we have seen the little change worked up a score of times, without one dissentient word from those with most interest therein. Yet, the President of the Board of Trade plumps solid on cooks, even while he ignores the cook's boss—the steward! Presumably it never dawned upon our 'longshore nautical adviser, that if a waster were introduced as steward, then, in about a week, there or thereabout, there would be little need for a cook?

That under the circumstances suggested, the food would be wasted or destroyed, long before it ever came to the hands of Mr. Certificated Cook. Furthermore, why has it never been explained to "Georgie," that in the vast majority of vessels sailing salt water, the steward is he who makes all the "fancy" dishes for cabin and engineers' mess-room; that all the certificated cook will need do, is to plunk the various items in the galley oven, and sit on the locker forninst, until the stipulated time essential for the firing of the food has been used?

But no! As in practically every other branch of nautical jurisprudence—if you will forgive the word—the advice of an amateur sailor-politician has been taken, and at the present moment, the whole crowd implicated stand convicted to the world, as not knowing the first thing about the business with which they have dared concern themselves. When all is said, the steward is boss man in the commissariat department, and the cook (be he never so clever) is a mere unit in the game.

Yet, the cook must be a certificated arrangement, while his immediate superior might not know a tin of lobster from a bar of soap—as far as any examination into his fitness is concerned. The stores for a long voyage come on board, and under existing conditions, the steward is required to give no proof that he realises that such items as cheese and salt fish, should not be stowed away in a locker containing kerosene oil.

Or, that the flour bin is hardly the best place in which to keep the cabin stove polish; while hard tack and potatoes should be kept apart; and that tapioca and bacon will not get along well together, if stored away in the same locker with nothing better than a ship-chandler's brown paper wrapping around each. Similar instances could be multiplied indefinitely, and yet, nobody seems to utter a protest against the asinine folly which affects to prove that the part is greater than the whole.

All the facts suggest a belief that Mr. Lloyd-George has gleaned his nautical points from the liner of commerce, and is hopelessly ignorant of the fact that the liner is a negligible quantity in the Mercantile Marine; is a law unto herself; and needs absolutely no looking after from any Government department. Also that the vast majority of the stuff which goes to make up that something which is known as maritime supremacy, is known of mankind as the tramp steamer. In the liner, with its glorious staff of many-graded stewards and storekeepers, butchers, bakers, and the rest of them, certificates might be alright in the galley.

But in the tramp, where one man has to fill the combined rôle of steward, storekeeper, butcher, baker, confectioner, pastry-cook, etc., where is the sense of giving him a free stem, while the man who merely fires the food is to be certificated? Obviously, there is no sense in the matter, and to bring the thing down to the intelligence of our writing friends on shore, it is as if the printer's devil were made pass an examination to show that he could successfully fetch and carry "copy," while the reporter who reports, and the editor who edits the reporter's stuff, were allowed to come in from the plough-tail, say, and fearlessly undertake the work of making that "copy."

Yes, yes, you would-be wags! We quite realise that plenty of the "copy" is calculated to make you believe that a plough-tail expert wrote the blessed nonsense; but that feature is not the one with which we are concerned. We are dealing more with the principle of the thing, see? Also, we wish to call Mr. Lloyd-George's attention to the fact that, hitherto, he has placed his faith in boggy places: has neglected to avail himself of the experience which is at his command; indeed, has acted in his own legislative responsibilities, exactly as he intends the cook to act—later on.

You see, a Civil Service clerk has to pass an examination—a fairly stiff one, at that; but the boss man of that same Civil Service comes in on a vote, and without anybody seeming to care a toss as to his fitness for the job, or otherwise. The precedent is mischievous in the extreme, and in proof thereof the Mercantile Marine is to be cursed with certificated "grub spoilers," while the food savers and storers may go on precisely as before. We are a great nation, don't you think? One of these days, Mr. Lloyd-George will consult us as to the best methods to be adopted at sea. When that time arrives, you will have no opportunity to assume that the part is greater than the whole. Meanwhile, you must wait in sorrow, shame, degradation and despair, for such it is written in the Book of Fate.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 24, 1907.*

As we anticipated in our last week's report on Cardiff (and other) Coal, the Market has continued steady, with the natural result that prices are in similar condition, and have been well maintained throughout. As a matter of fact, that somewhat indefinable something known to the "fancy" as tone, has been accentuated; been gaining strength; and the pleasant conditions are resultant from the increased activity which has set in.

THEN, the volume of business transacted during the past week, has been much more satisfactory than has obtained of late—thanks to an awakening in the ranks of the inquirer. Furthermore, this increased inquiry is not merely for prompt shipment, as forward dealings are considerably more in evidence. Naturally, then, the seller has been enabled to adhere to quotations; the more so as transactions have arisen out of the inquiry—a feature which is not always in evidence.

THESE transactions have again filled up the stemming sheet, which is very satisfactory at the moment. Indeed, there are a number of collieries which are extremely well off in this respect, and their exponents are, therefore, taking time by the forelock, so to say, by demanding increased prices. With these conditions before you, it will not take very much consideration on your part, to determine that we have now (for a time, at least) a rising market.

How long will it last? We are not in the prophetic vein, just now; but indications are all in favour of the belief that the "rise" will continue for a while, anyhow. New business is certainly more plentiful, and as there is a cheerful demand for next month's loading, the happy tendency has every reason to continue for a time. At present, there is anything but a glut of free coal about, even for early shipment, although a number of would-be experts in the business declare that demand and supply are about level.

THIS may be so, again it might not be. In any case, the hardening propensity is real, and when the coal market hardens anything to speak of, it may be taken for granted that supply is somewhat lagging behind demand. Of course, here and there, it has been possible to pick up a spot lot cheaply, but then as one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does one cheap consignment of coal make an easy market. Anyhow, the so-called cheap lots are somewhat few and far between, and for the reasons already given—no lack of stems on the part of the collieries.

TONNAGE supplies might be better, and it should augur well for the future of the market, that prices are hardening in spite of the partial slackness, here. Among the inquiries, is one for 30,000 tons of "Welsh smokeless" on Russian account, and to be delivered at the usual ports over a period. It is generally anticipated that the demand from this quarter for the season will be greater than it has been of late, and this idea coupled with the increase in general demand, makes the seller somewhat optimistic. May he get his desires. For the actual figures passing, subjoined should prove of interest:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	16s. 9d., 17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 9d	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6 l.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	9s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d	9s. 9d.
Seconds ...	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.	10s. od.	10s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. od., 31s. od.	30s. 6d.	30s. 6d.	30s. od.	30s. od., 31s. od.	31s. od.
Ordinary ...	29s. od.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. od., 29s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od.	23s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 10s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 24, 1907.*

BUSINESS in this quarter, during the past week, may be stated as having been satisfactory, and shipments have been well up to the average. The market has been steadier, and that easiness which was apparent in a few quarters has disappeared, thanks to an improved demand. Prices summed up generally, have undergone no alteration, being steadily maintained. There is not a lot doing in forward accumulations, but sellers are not discounting their present quotations for anything of this nature.

IN the ANTHRACITE section, Collieries are, apparently, still enjoying good stems, which is keeping them comfortably going; consequently, sellers are standing out for the quoted prices. RED and BIG VEIN are not showing any improvement, but prices keep at recent levels, the demand and supply being about level. MACHINE MADE COALS retain their accustomed firmness, and there is no indication of prices becoming any easier, the demand remaining active. CULM and DUFF are marked firm.

STEAMS are firmer, thanks to an increased enquiry, and the fact that stems are improving. BESTS and SECONDS are in active request. BUNKER qualities are keeping rather easy, but there is no great change in prices. All depends upon the state of stems and period of shipment.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.	18s. 1½d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. od, 20s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 3d.	24s. 3d	24s. od., 24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 6d., 8s. od.
Duff ...	6s. od.	6s. od.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 3d.	18s 3d.	18s. od	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. od.	14s. 9d	14s. 9d	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 6d., 15s. od
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, April 24, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, *Grantleyhall,* 5,500 tons, 9s.
Bombay, Steamer, 9s. 9d.
Singapore, *Ratho,* (Private terms).
Colombo, *Hermiston,* 10s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Transport,* 5,000 tons, 15s.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 15s. (N).
Highland Chief, 5,200 tons, 14s. 9d.
Las Palmas, *Eric,* 3,700 tons, 7s.
Glenfinlas, 4,700 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 7s. 1½d. optn. St. Vincent, 7s. .d.
Monte Video, *Darwin,* 4,000 tons, 14s. 9d.
Llangibby, 5,200 tons, 14s. 3d.
Roma, 4,800 tons, 14s. 9d.
Santos, Steamer, 4,800/5,200 tons, 16s. 9d. 250. (B).
Rio de Janeiro, *Glenfruin,* or sub., 4,900 tons, 14s. 9d. option Santos, 16s. 9d.
Border Knight, 14s. 9d.
Coronel Pisagua, (direct port), *Bendu,* 5,000 tons, 23s. fuel.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, *Haydn,* 6,000 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Clio, 3,800 tons, 8s.
Savona, *Dewsland,* 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, 400, 10d. (S)
Stefano Dandria, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Biak Bat, 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d. (S).
Or Savona, *Marie Therese,* 2,000 tons, 8s. 7½d. 350, 6½d. (S).
Alexandria, *Trewyn,* 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Trelyon, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Tre——, 4,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Tredegar Hall, or sub., 5,200 tons, 6s.
Trewessa, 5,200 tons, 6s. 7oo.
Spezzia, *Dunrobin,* 5,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Chr. Christensen, 2,000 tons, 8s. 6d. (S).
Treville, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 500.
Venice, *Charlton,* 5,300 tons, 8s. 3d. 500, (N).
Steamer, 4,300 tons, 8s. 3d. 400.
Cap Negro, 3,800 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (S).
Eastgate, 2,100 tons, 8s. 9d. 500.
Civita Vecchia, *Berkshire,* 3,200 tons, 8s. 400, 10d.
Smyrna, *Eddystone,* 3,200 tons, 7s.
Marseilles, *Segotian,* 1,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. (S).
Barcelona, *Cymrian,* 1,300 tons, 8s. 3d. option Tarragona, 8s.
Fastnet, 3,000 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Gardepee, 2,100 tons, 8s. 1d.
Kylerea, 2,000 tons, 8s. 6d. (S).
Morna, 1,900 tons, 9s. (S).
Eudsica, 1,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
Constantinople, *Whitefield,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d. option Zea, 6s. 3d.
Algiers, *Cambro,* 2,800 tons, 8·75 fcs. fuel, (N).
Benhead, 3,400 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Naples, *Hellas,* 5,200 tons, 7s. 1,000, or 7s. 1½d. if 800.
Frascati, 2,800 tons, 7s. 6d. 800, (N).
Penwith, 2,200 tons, 7s. 6d. 800.
Or Leghorn, *Aldersgate,* 5,500 tons, 7s. 800.
Oran, *Ruabon,* 2,600 tons, 8·87½ fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Ancona, *Ayr,* 4,000 tons, 9s. (S).
Djibouti, *Anapa,* 4,600 tons, 9s.
Guilianova, *Manoussis,* 2,700 tons, 10s. coal, 10s. 9d. fuel, (S).
Alicante, *Frutera,* 1,000 tons, 7s. 9d. (S).
Tunis, *Sahel,* 2,700 tons, 10 fcs. coal, 11 fcs. fuel, (N. or S.)
Vendee, 3,100 tons, 10 fcs.
Deux Sevres, 3,100 tons, 10 fcs. coal, 11 fcs. fuel, option Sousse and Stax, same rates, (S).
Ortona, *Vedra,* 3,100 tons, 10s. 6d. coal, 11s. 6d. fuel, (S).
Piræus, *Penmount,* 3,400 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (S).
Leghorn, *Elwine Koppen,* 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, (S).
Taranto, *Duke of Cornwall,* 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d. (S).
Danube, *Photis,* 3,950 tons, 7s. 3d.
Gibraltar, *Lyderhorn,* 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d. (N).
Cassia, 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Malta, *Diligent,* 2,900 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Lydie, 3,000 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Lisbon, *Greenhill,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Vigo, *Adour,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d. free tax.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stockholm, Steamer, 1,150 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisa, 2,100 tons, 5s. (S).
Aarhuus, *Mercurius,* 4s. 7½d.
Copenhagen, *Lydia,* 1,200 tons, 5s.
Korsoer, *Airedale,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Frank, 1,200 tons, 4s. 7½d. with options.
Stettin, *Falk,* 1,500 tons, 5s. (S).
Swinemunde, *Dagny,* 1,350 tons, 4s. 10½d. option Stettin, 5s. 1½d. (S).

BAY, Etc.

Sables, *Rocio,* 1,700 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Pro Patria, 1,150 tons, 5·37½ fcs.
Bordeaux, *Olaf,* 2,100 tons, 5·85 fcs. second voyage, (S).
St. Nazaire, *Reserv,* 2,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. (S).
Edinburgh, 2,100 tons, 5·12½ fcs. spot.
Carn Marth, 2,200 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Falcon, 3,300 tons, 5 fcs. option Chantenay, 5·50 fcs.
Nantes, *Invergyle,* 3,000 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Steamer, 2,400 tons, 5·50 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Agga,* 1,500 tons, 5 fcs.
Isidoro, 3,000 tons, 5·40 fcs. coal, 5·90 fcs. fuel, (S).
Boucau, *Melrose Abbey,* 1,600 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Gerv, 1,000 tons, 5·37½ fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Plymouth, *Lady Bell,* 300 tons, 4s. 3d. (S).
Barrow, *River Fisher,* 500 tons, 4s. (P.T.)
Ailsa Craig, 700 tons, 4s. (P.T.)
Pembroke, *Ailsa,* 330 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Bray, *Abbot,* or sub., 300 tons, 3s. 1½d. (S).
Harburg, *Sarp,* 800 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Newhaven, *Harriet,* 550 tons, 4s. 3d.
Reval, *Nordpol,* 2,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Depots, *Henry Brand,* 900 tons, 4s.
Fecamp, *Nicolas,* 550 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Treport, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d.
Irvine, Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 3d.
Cork, *Paragon,* or sub., 500 tons, 4s. 3d.
Belfast, *The Baron,* 420 tons, 3s. 3d. (S).
Jersey, *Guardian,* 5s.
Guernsey, *Volante,* 380 tons, 5s. (S).
St. Malo, *Johanna,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 1½d. (S).
Rouen, *Ydun,* 1,800 tons, 5s. (S).
Alice M. Craig, 1,180 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Sindbad, 1,100 tons, 5s.
Seagull, 800 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
G. Player, 750 tons, 5s. 1½d. (S).
British Empire, 620 tons, 5s. 3d. option Caen, 4s. 9d. (S).
Penhurst, 1,660 tons, 5s. 1½d. (S).
Burton, 700 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Rotterdam, *Nerma,* 850 tons, 5s. (S).
Dieppe, *Castleford,* 2,250 tons, 4s. 6d. coal, 5s. fuel, (S).
Havre, *Rochefort,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 4½d. (S).

HOMEWARD.

Freijo or Muros to Cardiff or Barry, *Sundet,* 509 n, 6s. 11d.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Ragusa,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Ceres, 2,000 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 2,099 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Bayonne to Swansea, *Sigyn,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 6d.

The "Merchant Service Guild."

OUR last week's remarks in connection with this peculiarly-administered combination of sailormen, have brought us a further assortment of interesting information. So much so, that with the bewildering pile of "literature" before us and all of which is connected with the guild—it is somewhat difficult to determine where to begin our public duty. In our serious opinion, the epitaph for guild was not prepared a moment too soon—indeed, we believe that it will have to be requisitioned much sooner than we had supposed. But of that, anon. Meanwhile, it is needless to say that we have received no replies to our strictures of last week, nor have our categorical inquiries elicited anything in the nature of an explanation from that "acting secretary." Presumably, silence gives consent to our accusations—and in view of the overwhelming proof in our possession, denial would be futile. However, suppose we lead off with another query: What is the precise value of a "vote of censure" emanating from this moribund concern? We ask, because of an official letter (ahem!) which was recently sent from the palace of varieties already indicated; which same "official letter" carries the signature "T. W. Moore"; and which was forwarded to a member of the guild, who is giving yoeman service in bringing about a reformation in the somewhat questionable methods, which appear to have grown up as an integral portion of the Lord Street undertaking. That "official letter" reads:

"With reference to a letter which, over your signature, appeared in a paper known as THE MARITIME REVIEW (ahem! and haw, haw!) edited by a gentleman endeavouring to form a rival association of officers and engineers—and which has subsequently been made use of in widely distributed circulars issued for the purpose of damaging the guild, and the honourable reputation (eh?) of its officials—I beg to inform you that, as you have made capital of the fact that you are a member of the guild, the matter was raised by a fellow member (name, p'ease, Mr. T. W. Moore, sir?) at the guild meeting last evening, when, after discussion, a vote of censure upon you was carried."

COOL, isn't it? Cool—and impertinent? Censure a member in his absence, and without giving him notice that his conduct was to be called in question? In effect, then, if a member of the guild, having become convinced that his share of the accumulated funds of the society is being handled in a manner with which he has no sympathy, dares to raise any sort of a protest outside the sacred phalanx, he is to be subjected to the foregoing style of piffle! So much for the "vote of censure." Come we now to the claim concerning the "widely distributed circulars" contained in the T. W. Moore effusion. The gentleman's assertions are, as usual, largely devoid of all intelligent appreciation of fact, and his letter contains that painful disregard for truth on which we have frequently commented. You see, the letter which was alleged to have impugned the "honourable reputation" of guild officials (which see later on in this present writing) was not "made use of in widely distributed circulars"; appeared nowhere outside of the columns of THE MARITIME REVIEW—a medium which is sufficiently powerful; and that, therefore, "T. W. Moore" merely attempts to back himself up by writing what isn't true—by writing gross untruths, in point of fact. Leaving that portion of our accumulation of "literature," let us give passing attention to a guild letter bearing date, April 1, 1907 (All Fools' Day!); and which was embellished with the line-block signature of "John G. Moore, Secretary." After prattling of the inadvisability of "Legal Incorporation," and spreading himself anent "definite rules" (to be faked up after some fourteen years existence of guild!) our amiable friend went on to say:

"There is one item in the proposed Rules which I strongly disapprove of, and which I trust you will reject—that is, the power given by Rule 7 to the Committee to establish Branches—to do so would simply be creating mischievous opposition to head-quarters. They could not be self-supporting—would be of no benefit whatever to the members generally, and would eventually mean the ruin of the guild."

PERSONALLY, we quite appreciate Captain Moore's disapproval of the branch-establishment idea, with all the suggested "mischievous opposition to head-quarters." That is quite right—from the secretary's point of view. But why would the branches be unable to support themselves? Is it pretended that the guild membership is made up entirely of Liverpool men? In plain language, is there a five per cent. portion of Liverpudlia in the guild? If not, why all that prattle? For instance, would not the executive of the 21,000,000 tons of steamer which visits Cardiff annually, do better at self-support of its own branch, than will Liverpool, if left to itself? We can quite believe that those branches "would be of no benefit to the members generally," for the "parent concern" is, in our opinion, in the same street, at present; and it is ridiculous to expect a branch to be stronger than "head-quarters," what? At the same time, and although that April-fools'-day letter has gone the rounds, it might not unduly matter. You see, the replies have to be in by October 10, 1907, and we firmly believe that, failing a miracle, there will be no guild by then. Why do we believe this? You see the natty little panel in the centre of the page opposite? Well, we respectfully call your attention to the thick-typed portions thereof, and, at the same time, we ask the Board of Trade if, in their opinion, it is not about time that they took a hand in the game here, if only for the protection of the easy-going fellows who keep at sea, and yet put up their money annually, on the representation that the guild is run on the "honourable reputation" of its officials? Let us explain. Picking up a letter from the pile before us, we read:

"I am forwarding for your perusal, two copies of balance sheets (so-called). The one marked with a cross (X) was obtained from the secretary under great pressure, *but after the annual meeting*. The other was issued (my copy) last week."

Now, then, in the marked "balance sheet" we see that under "liabilities," stands an item of a level £1,000, written as having been incurred through legally assisting the members of the guild. We also note that in this particular sample of "balance sheet," the "Nett Assets of Guild" stand at £14,272 14s. 7d. It will be observed that this peculiar compilation contains the legend: "We have examined the vouchers for these Accounts and the Bank Book, and find them to be correct;" that "certificate" carries the signatures of "R. Blyth and Alf. B. Toms," and is dated January 16, 1907. It also bears the tag: "Presented to and approved by the Guild at their Annual Meeting, on the 5th March, 1907," and is authenticated by the name "E. B. Thornber, Chairman." On the face of it, the "balance sheet" would appear to be alright, although hypercritical folk might wonder why the "legal assistance" should work out to a level thousand pounds, especially after "disbursements" had already provided for £742 9s. 9d. as "legal and Parliamentary expenses." But when we are favoured with a second attempt at "balance sheet" making: an attempt which throws out that "£1,000-legal-assistance-to-members;" and which gives the assets of the guild as standing at exactly £1,000 more than in the other instance—£15,272 14s. 7d. to be particular; what are we to think? Is this evidence that "legal incorporation" would be against the interests of those "auditors appointed by the guild?" Are we to think that the said auditors will sign their names, and give their certificate to anything that is presented to them? And, anyhow, why was that £1,000 ultimately deleted? Did the guild solicitors object to the "liability?" Did they feel that in certain eventualities, the Master of the Rolls might become uncomplimentary? And in all seriousness, is not this an instance where the Board of Trade would be justifying itself by interference? Obviously, the first balance-sheet (and it needs a lot of explanation) would appear to have been prepared in readiness for the hoped-for acceptance of the guild in meeting; it is printed from the same type; on precisely the same paper; in the same style; and all that was necessary was for the "rushed" line of figures to be lifted out in the event of a failure—and there you are? If, on January 16, 1907, early in the day—let us say the guild liabilities for legal assistance to members amounted to £1,000; that liability would be exactly the same, later, on January 16, 1907? Especially when the "disbursement and revenue account" is the same in both instances? What are we to think, then? You will see that in both cases, the same "certificate" appears: it is signed by the same "auditors:" they are said to be "appointed by the Guild;" both of them were "Presented to and approved by the Guild at their Annual Meeting, on the 5th March, 1907;" and both left the guild offices *after the annual meeting referred to*. Therefore—and we ask it in the interests of the men who thus appear to be labouring under the exploitation of a snug little coterie of "ameliorators"—which is the correct rendering? If the guild were liable for that £1,000 for legal assistance—they were. If they were not liable—and judging by the distribution of the second "balance sheet" there was no such liability—why was the first attempt made, and who would have been in receipt of that £1,000, supposing the thing had "come off?" Going further, who objected to the inclusion of that suppositionary £1,000? Judging by guild's "annual report" there was nothing said at the meeting about the item, so we are wondering if the entry was objected to by the guild's solicitor? As the alleged indebtedness was for legal assistance, naturally the guild solicitor would have to make the claim therefor? We see that he hasn't done so, and we are wondering if, in consequence, he will lose any of the guild's business? In our opinion, a solicitor who is too "slow" to claim £1,000

that is due, is hardly the man to be entrusted with the legal business of the guild—with all that the words convey—so we shall not be surprised to learn that "the Guild Solicitor" has been "passed," with the future business of the concern; and if Messrs. Miller and Son care to avail themselves of this offer, the hospitality of these columns are at their disposal. We naturally conclude that the gentlemen in question have some little knowledge of the circumstances under which the marked "balance sheet" was prepared—seeing that the wear-and-hauled-on item is for legal assistance of £40 for "rates and accounts paid," as an asset! Again, there would appear to have been an undue amount of "rough house" in evidence at the palace of varieties, for where, in 1905, the furniture was valued at £500; in 1906, it had kerflumped right down to £450! At this rate of depreciation, nine years hence will see the old home devoid of furniture! And now—leaving these little affairs to the Board of Trade—let us ask a few questions of a somewhat personal character. With Lord Muskerry, we have no concern. We have matter which suggests to us that he has no objection to "back stairs" necessarily lay under grave suspicion. This is no matter of prejudiced opinion, being, rather, a matter of uncomfortable fact. The balance sheets from which these excerpts are taken, are before us as we write; they suggest all manner of ugly possibilities; is it too much to expect Lord Graham to insist upon a public statement in this connection? Or is his "even keel" so very solid that he will still opine that a "list" the other way isn't good for his sense of *noblesse oblige*? We have no interest in the matter—other than that as public servants, we have a public duty to perform. We are not members

PRIVATE.
FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

X

The Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

BALANCE SHEET.

DECEMBER 31ST, 1906.

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.
Solicitors' Account (1906)	72	10	3
Printing and other Accounts	110	0	0
Lease of Premises, &c. (18 years)	7,600	0	0
Legal Assistance to Members	**1,000**	**0**	**0**
Nett Assets of Guild (approximate) ...	**14,272**	**14**	**7**
	£23,055	4	10

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
Investments	21,500	0	0
Rates and Accounts paid	40	0	0
Furniture, &c. (approximate)	450	0	0
Balance Revenue Account	1,061	9	8
Cash	3	15	2
	£23,055	4	10

We have examined the vouchers for these Accounts and the Bank Book, and find them to be correct.
We have also inspected the Securities for Investments.

JOHN G. MOORE, *Treasurer.*

16th January, 1907. R. BLYTH, ALF. B. TOMS — *Auditors appointed by the Guild.*

Presented to and approved by the Guild at their Annual Meeting, on the 5th March, 1907.

E. B. THORNBER, *Chairman.*

PRIVATE.
FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

The Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

BALANCE SHEET.

DECEMBER 31ST, 1906.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
Solicitors' Account (1906)	72	10	3
Printing and other Accounts	110	0	0
Lease of Premises, &c. (18 years)	7,600	0	0
Nett Assets of Guild (approximate) ...	**15,272**	**14**	**7**
	£23,055	4	10

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.
Investments	21,500	0	0
Rates and Accounts paid	40	0	0
Furniture, &c. (approximate)	450	0	0
Balance Revenue Account	1,061	9	8
Cash	3	15	2
	£23,055	4	10

We have examined the vouchers for these Accounts and the Bank Book, and find them to be correct.
We have also inspected the Securities for Investments.

JOHN G. MOORE, *Treasurer.*

16th January, 1907. R. BLYTH, ALF. B. TOMS — *Auditors appointed by the Guild.*

Presented to and approved by the Guild at their Annual Meeting, on the 5th March, 1907.

E. B. THORNBER, *Chairman.*

—so, what about it? We have no doubt that the Board of Trade will intervene in this little affair in the near future: therefore, it is as well to put the public mind at rest, while there is yet time. Last year, when discussing the peculiar methods adopted by guild in assessing a sum "due from agents" as a debit, we were under the impression that in future attempts, the "auditors" would mend their ways. But instead of that, they have become more mixed, for in addition to placing a "due from agents" as a debit item, they have also placed the sum work, and we have written exhaustively on the subject heretofore. But we wish to ask, in all seriousness: Can the Marquis of Graham afford to identify himself with a concern of this character? There is no need for us to particularise as to what are the possibilities in connection with these two balance sheets; every business man may put his own construction thereon. Putting the matter as charitably as possible, the accounts in question call for a quantity of explanation; and until that explanation is forthcoming, guild administration must of the guild; do not attend its meetings; but its members appeal to us for protection. We have given the two "balance sheets"; have expressed our views on the matter; and in leaving the whole subject to the careful attention of the Board of Trade, we need hardly remark that all the evidence is at its disposal. And if the accounts are above reproach, why are they marked: "Private. For Members Only?" They aren't above reproach, of course; but will the Board of Trade say how much beneath, they really are?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 11th, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

6,541 06—INCHES—***Improvements in mechanism for line and net hauling on fishing vessels.***

This invention, which relates to improvements in mechanism for net hauling has for its object simplification of working and reduction of risk of breakage at sea. For this purpose, a pinion is attached to the end of the shaft of the driving motor, and gives motion to a bevel wheel, which in turn gives motion to a shaft on the lower end of which is keyed a grooved wheel, which receives the hauling line. Also the brackets which carry the guide pulleys for adjusting the grip of the line are hinged at the base for adjustment, and the guide pulleys are worked radially from this base To ensure a positive fixture in any desired position, a radial slot struck from the base is cut in the brackets, and this slot receives a locking bolt.

10,075/06—ROSS—***Improvements in acetylene lamps for fishing vessels' buoys.***

This invention relates to an acetylene lamp for attachment to the buoys of fishing vessels. The water and carbide receptacle are constructed as one cylindrical vessel, with an horizontal partition, slightly above the centre, to divide the water and carbide. The globe of the lamp is fitted with a cap which drops over the outside of the water chamber, the feature of this invention being the way in which the water chamber is insulated by means of an annular chamber fitting outside the former and filled in with cork dust or felt. As the whole of the top of the water container is exposed to the heat of the gas flame, it also assists in reducing the tendency to freeze.

11,525 06—HIRST—***Improvements in or relating to coal drilling machines.***

A coal drilling machine, in accordance with this invention, consists of a hollow vertical pillar, bolted to a base plate mounted on four wheels. Within the pillar is fitted a vertical spindle, formed with a screw on the outside, on which rests a ring nut provided with handles for rotating the nut and raising or lowering the spindle, within which is a hollow shaft, having therein a spindle, the upper end of which is fitted in a bearing in the bottom of a captan head, and carries a bevel wheel gearing with two other bevel wheels. One of these bevel wheels is mounted on a socket which carries the drill spindle.

16,660/06—BAMFORTH & KINNIBURGH—***Improvements in sliding windows and doors for ships and the like.***

According to this invention, on each side of the sliding door or window frame is cut a spirally toothed rack, the teeth of which are skewed to the rack, at the lower end of which is carried a similarly toothed sector-arranged to travel with the sash. When the door or window is open, the racks have in gear with them skewed pinions, keyed to a transverse shaft, near the bottom of the window opening. To close the window, the handle of a shaft carried in the fixed frame is turned in the required direction, and the pinions on the transverse shaft raise the window by means of the racks, until the sash is over the opening in the fixed frame. Here the pinions leave the racks and gear with the toothed sectors, and by continuing to turn the handle, rocking shafts are made to partly turn and take the sash with them by means of grooves engaging with a tooth in the sides of the sash, thus pressing the sash on the usual rubber seating.

23,826/06—VICKERS & SHARR—***Improvements in or connected with packing for use in the stern tubes of ships.***

This invention relates to the construction of a form of packing for use in the terminal receivers, which, while acting to retain oil within the stern tubes, is devised to prevent the ingress of water and foreign matter to the tubes. According to this invention, the packing consists of a collar, adapted to loosely encircle the shaft provided with interior circular recesses forming, in conjunction with the periphery of the shaft receptacles for packing rings which are arranged to act expansively under the pressure of the liquid to be retained or excluded.

25,371/06—HOUGHTON—***Improvements in or connected with appliances for use in the breaking down of coal or other minerals.***

This invention has reference to the breaking down of coal without the use of explosives. According to this invention, a hole is drilled in the coal beneath the roof, and a short cylindric length of steel, divisible into two parts longitudinally, is inserted therein. The halves of this cylindrical piece are temporarily held together by means of projections on the one half fitting into sockets on the other half. Each half of the cylindrical piece is provided with a recessed bed extending there through, and rollers are fitted transversely of the bed. When a wedge is driven between and through the two halves of the device, the lower part is forced down, and breaks away the coal with little slack and dust.

25,455/06—BRODFOOT & SONS, LTD., & APPLEBY—***Improvements in ships' side scuttles.***

This invention relates to ships' side scuttles of the type in which the scuttle ring is pivoted in a block, having side trunnions working in bearings in lugs on the scuttle frame, the object of the invention being to provide devices for securing the scuttle ring, and readily swivelling it into a more or less open position. For this purpose, the scuttle ring has thereon a stud passing through a block with side trunnions at right angles to the stud, and capable of turning and sliding in lugs projecting from the scuttle frame. A second stud projects from opposite side of the scuttle ring, this stud also working in a block, extending between lugs, the front edges of which are notched to receive projections. The scuttle ring can be opened slightly by sliding the second block forward, until the projections are freed from the inner notches on the lug, then the block may be moved outwards until the projections are opposite the outer notches, into which they are inserted. If more ventilation is required, the scuttle ring can then be swivelled until it is at right angles to the scuttle frame, by turning it on its studs, during which movement the trunnions on the first block rise in the lugs, between which the block slides.

These applications for patents, are until May 7, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on April 17, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending May 17.

Class 20—PLASTROTYL—(including explosives.)

No. 291,093—All goods included in this class—Sprengstoff Actien-Gesellschaft Carbonit, a Joint Stock Company, organised under the laws of Germany, 18, Zippehaus, Nobelshof, Hamburg, Germany—7th March, 1907.

Address for service in the United Kingdom is C/o Haseltine, Lake & Co., 7 & 8, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 168 · FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1907 · Threepence.

W. J. TATEM, Esq.

(See page 174.)

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
W. J. Tatem, Esq.	165
Maritime Murmurs	166
Nautical Infallibility—and its Commercial Value	170
Peeps from the "Sunny South"	172
Newfoundland's Worries	173
Launch of Latest Local Liner—"Lady Lewis"	174
More Peeps from the "Sunny South"	176
That National Liberal Club Dinner!	177
Cardiff (and other) Coal	178
Coal Freights and Fixtures	179
Patents and Trade Marks	180

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff,

Thursday Afternoon.

To the local man, it doubtless appears scandalous to note that the Natalian is giving a preference to his own coal in his own markets, and is differentiating against Welsh "smokeless." But after all, the local man is not the only raisin in the duff, and if our kinsmen across the sea have better sense than their relatives in the old Country; if those kinsmen understand that charity begins at home, and act thereafter; why bother about it, here? Welsh M.P.'s are being blamed for ignoring this particular market, but then, do members of Parliament undertake the business of commercial travellers and advertisement agencies, once they find a seat in the historic place at Westminster? There is nothing new in this preferential treatment of South African coal in South Africa, for it existed long before the present Government raised their job on a fluke. Railway rates "out there" have ever been in favour of the native product, and we commented at length on this phase of preferential trade as far back as 1904. If the grumblers at home are intent to alter the existing conditions, why not accept the hand of fellowship which is being offered by the Colonies? Why not insist on Tariff Reform right away, and without wasting years in accepting what everybody realises is inevitable?

Tariff Reform must come. That is admitted. At present, the country is living on its capital, and once that same capital has been sufficiently depleted, the man in the street will surely take a hand in the game; will give a quietus to our present exploiters, the predatory politicians; and providing the action is not too long delayed, matters will simmer down on a normal basis. At home, and where the resources are apparently illimitable, it is fairly safe to go on taking chances for a year or two, and thus your theoretical Free Trader is allowed a run for his efforts, before being finally laid away. In the Colonies, however, and where the resources have all to be created, the native is inclined to take no chances. He fully realises that if his baby industries are to be reared into vigorous life, they must be carefully nursed, given preferential treatment and prices, and generally helped by every available means. Thus it comes about, that railway rates are all in favour of the home product, even as they are antagonistic to the outside trader—and it is exactly as it should be. Indeed, if the gentlemen at home would see the sense of Colonial tactics, and the folly of their own efforts to please everybody outside of their own land, matters would be much better for the Briton.

Of course, a number of pressmen who have never been out of their native land, and are thus fair game for the wiles of the leg-puller—well, those unfortunate souls are to be pitied, rather than blamed. They mean well, nearly always! And if their meaning is a bit below the average levels available to the ordinary 'longshore-man, what odds? It will be all the same (as far as they are concerned) some fifty years hence: and if Whitehall does carry out its threat to make pressmen pass a Board of Trade examination, and thus give some little show of ability to undertake the education of the masses; well, it won't make a deal of difference in the long run. Generally considered, the man in the street is altogether too "downy" to be deceived by the pinchbeck pressman; the dilettante and thirty-shillings-a-week youth who affects the belief that he can write; and as a natural result, he (the man in the street) is not unduly worried as to the preference which is given to a few hundreds of thousands of tons of Natal coal, as long as the hundreds of millions of tons of the Welsh product finds a ready sale outside of Natal. Daily papers have to be filled. Their chief engineers are not always particular as to how that filling is acquired.

That is to say, if something original is available, well and good. If originality is conspicuous by its absence, then, it is considered quite the thing to filch the originality of another journal, transpose its wording, and then pass the wretched result off as a bit of heaven-sent inspiration. As an example of what we have in mind, let us ask you how many times you have read, in the columns of The Maritime Review, of the wholesale importation of alien seamen of all nationalities? Quite a number, isn't it? Of course, and some of our pressy friends then elected to keep quiet, even while they saved up our original remarks

for use on future occasions. We have repeatedly called your attention to the evils surrounding the alien seaman question, and we ever treated the matter from an Imperialistic point of view. Not so our friends of the local press. True to their stay-at-home training, they appear to have saved up our remarks, and ultimately bring them out in parochial form! At one time, the nigger question is treated to a quantity of amateur discussion; again, it is the amiable Arab; then, the Turk: now, the Chinaman! In each instance—and as is but natural to plagiarists—the real danger is unnoticed, while a pinchbeck trouble is descanted upon.

In effect, the guileless writer chiel takes a stroll abroad, and is suddenly confronted with what he is pleased to term a "Chinese colony!" This is dreadful! Why, that fellow who writes for The Maritime Review must know something about it, after all! Land sakes! Here's a go! What is to be done? Hurry back to the boss: assure him that there is a "Chinese Colony" at Canton, Cardiff: and then, perhaps, that same boss might commission the amiable wanderer to write a story about it! The commission is given, and then——! Well, instead of starting off with the information that the British Mercantile Marine contains upwards of 80,000 alien seamen: and that this ever-increasing number is likely to undermine the integrity of the nation at no very distant period: the story-writer hies him to the reference library, and from various well-thumbed books of travel (most of which were written fifty years ago and when conditions were altogether different from those obtaining to-day), culls "facts." Among other interesting items, the youthful "educator" learns that Far Cathay is a poet's licensed word for China: also that Bret Harte, and other humorous writers affected to believe that the Heathen Chinee was peculiar: and that one "Ching-Ching, Chinaman" was a dab hand at a laundry—and little else.

Here is data, if you like! A few Chinamen have settled in Cardiff, "in conditions of absolute freedom from restraint," and somebody will have to see about it! The mere fact that those Chinamen have been in Cardiff for long enough to admit of getting married, and rearing a splendid family of children, has nothing to do with the case. They might have been there for years: we might have called attention to the fact for a similar period: but the hybernating daily paper man hasn't had time to notice the fact, and there you are! The whole thing reminds us of the collier boy who wished to go to London. As the tale won't take long, we'll give it to you: That collier boy wanted to "do" London, but his mother was dubious about it. London was a bad place, and harm might come of the visit. Still, Dai was insistent, and his mother was in despair. What should she do to save her offspring? Happy thought. Ask the pastor to pump things into Dai. The pastor was willing, and as a start in the required direction, suggested that Dai would be well-advised to leave London to its nasty, wicked self. "Why!" queried Dai. "Because it is a bad, bad, place," remarked the pastor. Said he: "Why there are Jews in London, Dai, and you know what they did?" Dai was a bit rocky on the subject, and said so.

This was the pastor's opportunity! Said he: "Dai, don't you know that it was the Jews who crucified our Saviour?" Dai knew it- in a general sort of way: and so the pastor went into detail on the subject. All the same, Dai went to London—just like the Chinamen came to Cardiff. When our Welsh friend got clear of Paddington station, and was meandering down the Edgware Road, he couldn't keep his eyes off a number of young ladies who smiled at him, in a most bewitchingly nice manner. That was at first. Later on, he saw a decrepit-looking Jew ambling along, and remembering the dear pastor's words, Dai went for that Jew. In a whining voice, Mr. Semitic wanted to know why he was thus assaulted. "You crucified the Saviour, did 'oo? Min, I bin wantin to catch 'oo, for a long time, look you." "But," said the Jew, "that happened thousands of years ago!" "Never mind, then," said Dai. "I o'ny heard of 'im yestadday." You see the point, of course—and can apply it with the story of the local pressman's "Chinese peril in Cardiff?" The latter worthy only heard of it yesterday, although the "peril" has been in evidence for years! And what does the peril really amount to? And why isn't the fount of the danger dealt with?

Nobody is asinine enough to believe that a few Chinamen at Cardiff are going to work havoc to the nation, but thousands of them in the forecastles of the British Mercantile Marine will indubitably work that havoc. A dozen Changs set up as laundrymen, are admittedly good citizens, law-abiding, frugal, moral, rate-paying on demand, and all the rest of it—but they are a "peril" to the Cardiffian! The desperadoes from Far Cathay congregate in a British forecastle; are willing to commit any crime; to subvert all authority: and to run amok at the first opportunity; yet your amiable pressman can say nothing on that score. Oh, dear, no! He knows nothing about it—and there it is. Canton, China, contains thousands of Englishmen who have "married" Chinese "wives;" they have also raised whole battalions of "half-breeds;" but that is as it should be. Later on, those "married" Englishmen may sail away, and there is nothing the matter at all. But a dozen Chinamen settle down in Canton, Cardiff, become legally married, raise legitimate children, pay their way, and honour the King—but such tricks are simply a "peril." Doesn't the blatant ignorance displayed make you tired—and disgusted? The twankey isn't of any use, even as a political jape, for the man in the street isn't such a benighted ass as is here suggested.

The miners are "out" for another rise in wages, and there is trouble around on the air! The Miners' Federation met on Monday, last, you know, and discussed matters among themselves. It is admitted that they gave no information to anybody outside their own ranks, but, bless you, that doesn't make any difference to the purveyors of "news" items. We are solemnly assured that the state of the market justifies a 11¼ per cent. rise in wages; that the men are half-inclined to demand a mere 10 per cent. rise, "rather than lose all:" the men's demand is "extreme:" there is danger of a rupture in the negotiations: but—"you'll find it contradicted at the bottom!" Yes, for right at the bottom of the column of piff-niff which affects to be an intelligent discussion of the possibilities, you are assured that there is a "prospect of agreement." Don't sigh, please. Be patient. These little matters merely pursue the route which was assigned for them at the beginning, and quite a number of newspaper editors don't care a dump about the truth of a statement, as long as that truth will stand for twenty-four hours! You see, but few among us take the trouble to file "daily" papers; therefore, if contradiction is terribly in evidence, it doesn't really matter. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and as long as your average paper will fill an average day's needs, why grumble about it? We don't. And anyhow, the matter remains open until the tenth instant.

WITH reference to our remarks last week *re* Merchant Service Guild, and wherein we asked some questions concerning its balance sheet, we have been favoured with the following :

11, Lord Street, Liverpool,
30th April, 1907.

Messrs. The Maritime Review, Ltd.

SIRS,—Our attention has been drawn to an article appearing under the heading "The Merchant Service Guild" in the issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW, dated April 26th, 1907, and No. 167, in which our name figures prominently.

The article in question reflects very seriously upon us, and is in our opinion libellous, and is certainly calculated to injure our reputation and business.

We think it right to inform you, that we were not consulted with reference to the balance sheet of the Merchant Service Guild for the year ending 31st December, 1906, or with reference to any earlier or other balance sheet of that Institution for that or any other year, and that we had no knowledge of any of these documents prior to their publication.

To avoid misconception, we also think it right to inform you that an explanation has been offered to us, by the Treasurer of the Guild, in connection with the balance sheets printed in your Article, and that the explanation is perfectly satisfactory to us.

We have now to call upon you, unconditionally, to withdraw every statement and suggestion reflecting upon our firm made in the Article in question, and to publish this letter and a full and unqualified apology in the next issue of your paper ; such withdrawal and apology to be printed in the same type and in as prominent a position as the libel of of which we complain.

Should you decline to adopt this course kindly let us have the name of a solicitor who will accept service of a writ on your behalf ; as in that event an action for libel will be commenced against you without further notice.

Yours truly,
MILLER & SON.

As showing our feeling towards Messrs. Miller & Son, the solicitors to the "Guild," we wrote those gentlemen as follows :

SIRS,—We are in receipt of your favour of 30th ult., and in view of the fact that we intended no reflection upon the able solicitors who have done so much for the nautical profession, we have no hesitation in withdrawing, unconditionally, every statement and suggestion which you consider as reflecting upon your firm.

The article complained of in your letter, merely asked questions concerning a balance sheet in which £1,000 for legal assistance to members figured. That £1,000 was subsequently deleted, and we asked —in a perfectly good-natured manner—if you, as the Guild solicitors, and therefore, as the obvious claimants of that legal assistance account, had set your face against any such work? That is to say, knowing your world-wide reputation for sterling honesty, and realising that your efforts on behalf of the members of the Guild formed by far the major portion of the return which they have received for the very many thousands of pounds subscribed ; we, *inter alia*, asked a few questions with reference to yourselves, and we much regret that you should have taken them as derogatory to you.

On the face of it, there would be little utility in our attempting to belittle your firm in the minds of the nautical profession, when, for very many years, you have been quite their best advocate and friend, in all their difficulties of a legal character ; little utility, and such an attempt on our part, would be convincing proof that we have but a poor appreciation of the facts surrounding the case in question.

With reference to the explanation which has been given you by the Treasurer of the Guild, and in connection with the balance sheet printed in our last week's issue, that is as may be. No doubt that explanation is satisfactory to you, seeing that, on your own admission, you had nothing to do with it. What we should greatly value—and in the interests of the members of the Guild who appeal to us for protection—would be an explanation that would satisfy them.

May 1st, 1907.

SOMEHOW or other, we cannot divest ourselves of the belief that Mr. John D. Rockefeller's religious "discovery" which goes about under the style and title of Dr. C. F. Aked, formerly of Liverpool, where the guild lives (and will probably die), is a bit of a wag. Of course, he might not mean to be waggish, for such a trait is distinctly uncomfortable when used in connection with what the world names "a divine." Still, judging dispassionately by his reported speeches, there certainly is some justification for the belief alluded to. For instance, the reverend gentleman declares that "A man must have fighting blood in him to stand for peace. War is the survival of the unfittest, not the fittest." But is that doctrine in line with Scriptural teaching, good people? Or is it merely the gospel according to St. Aked? In our good days we made opportunities to read of bloodthirsty Bible tales where the anointed of the Lord biffed, with a very big biff, all the outsiders who dared say a word against what was considered right and proper according to the education acts of that time. Which are we to believe ; The Bible, or Rockefeller's Mr. Aked? The same gentleman remarks : "We do not want a brawny, brutal, heartless race of giants. We want to save the weak."

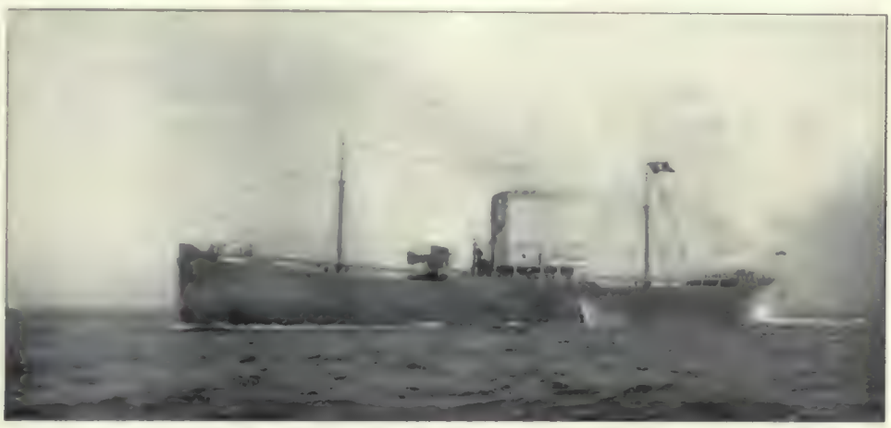
WILL the reverend gentleman please speak for himself, and drop the "we?" We object to be included among such ridiculous beliefs. "We" just do want brawny giants, although they need not necessarily be brutal, or heartless. "We" have had enough of the namby-pamby wasters which seem to be after the heart of this latter-day celebrity of a millionaire's freakish moments. And how are we going to save the weak, if we haven't any of the brawny ones handy? In plain words, the weak will simply eat up the weaker, but when a real saving is toward, commend us to the sort which is styled brawny. We are glad that a contingent of the "stewards, stokers, engineers, and kitchen-helpers of the *Carmania*" were invited to attend the Fifth Avenue Baptistry ; we are also glad to note that, in the opinion of Mr. Aked, they are likely to visit the divine at his own counter, so to speak. But why not take some little pains in grouping your visitors, sir? If we were to say that the "charlady, sunday-school teachers, pastor, scholars, and offertory-carriers" of that Fifth Avenue "Church" attended a given function, we should be indicted for *lese majeste*, at least? Putting the pastor after his charlady! So why doesn't Mr. Aked take similar pains when grouping his nautical friends? And why do the engineers of the *Garmania* need salvation more than the executive officers? Is it that the latter see through the farrago of self-advertisement, and are therefore left out of the swim?

WE are in receipt of a natty little book bearing the title *How to Shoot*. At the first glance, we wondered if it was a manual on shooting the moon, the rapids, the bish--, the—the—anything of the sort ; but on closer inspection, we find that it is an explanation—and a remarkably good one—of how best to manipulate the rifle. The author—Mr. E. J. D. Newitt—would appear to be a past master in the art of rifle shooting, and his little brochure is worthy the attention of all who would like to see the Homeland again as notable as a shooting centre, as it was in the days when a Locksley proved his ability with a cloth-yard-arrow. Time was, that archery occupied the same place in public affection, as football does to-day, although with this difference : Archery was practiced by all hands ; football is played by the few, for the amusement of the many. There may be no denying the fact that archery helped to make the Britain of to-day : rifle-shooting will keep it, where archery left it. And a careful perusal of Mr. Newitt's little book will convince the most sceptical that, with a modicum of attention, the most careless among us may at least attain to moderate proficiency in the art of rifle shooting. The publishers of the *How to Shoot*, are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., Stationers Hall Court, E.C., and the price of the book, 6d., nett.

CARDIFF'S Shipping Register is a rapidly-expanding affair. Additions thereto are frequent and large. And most of the said additions are in the matter of brand-new and

eminently up-to-date tonnage. We haven't any turbine-boats, as yet; but they'll surely come! Elsewhere in this issue, we have commented on the launch of what has been aptly termed, "Cardiff's first liner"—the *Lady Lewis*: here, we are concerned with no less noteworthy a steamer in her own particular line—the *Manoravon*—which was launched from the yard of Messrs. Bartram and Sons, Sunderland, on Saturday last. In point of size the *Manoravon* is not phenomenal in these days of leviathan steamers; but in point of equipment, and general all-'round usefulness, she is quite in line with the best, as yet. It is a common saying in shipping circles, that "Bartrams build a good ship," and this, their latest effort, certainly justifies the saying. Getting down to figures, which at times, are somewhat interesting, we find that the dimensions of the *Manoravon* are: Length, 346ft.; breadth, 50ft. 10in.; and depth, 25ft. 6in. She has also been built to the highest class in Lloyd's Registry, and under special survey.

Of the single-deck type, with deep frames, the *Manoravon*, has been specially strengthened with wide-spaced beams, so that her holds are thus clear of obstruction and the possibilities of wasted freight on account of broken stowage. Another of the touches of modernity surrounding the construction of the vessel is, that she is built to carry a relatively large cargo, on an equally relative light draught of water. The advantages of this feature, in days when the really handy boat is generally conspicuous by her absence, needs but little accentuation. At the same time, it is well to remember that these light draught vessels give their owners a splendid pull over the owners of the longer-heeled craft—especially when the water-ballast capabilities are amply sufficient, as obtains here. Rapid receipt and delivery of cargo has been attended to, for the steamer is blessed with very large hatches—which again, will obviate a large amount of trimming, and its resultant charges. The hull of the *Manoravon* is divided up by six watertight bulkheads, and her water-ballast capabilities already referred to, will be exemplified by a cellular double-bottom, which extends the whole length of the vessel. This last feature will give an extra large amount of ballast, and will naturally conduce to the efficiency of the vessel, when engaged on "in ballast" runs.



"Manoravon." 6,350 tons, d.w.

The deck erections on this steamer consist of bridge amidships, poop, and top-gallant forecastle for crew, and we note that a permanent gangway from poop to bridge has been fitted. This latter "notion" is a good one, and adds largely to the comfort of those who will sail in the vessel; while, at the same time, it adds much to the rapidity with which she may be handled in dock. The saloon is situated in the poop, and is handsomely fitted in oak; and berths for the captain, and a few passengers, are also in this end of the steamer. The engineers' quarters—which are exceptionally roomy—are placed right handy to their scene of labour, alongside the engine casing. The cargo-handling arrangements are very complete, and comprise, among other items, six large and powerful steam winches; while the steam steering gear is placed in the engine-room under the direct charge of the engineer-on-watch, and is connected in the usual manner, with the navigating bridge. A steam windlass, of the quick-warping type has also been supplied, and generally considered, we believe that nothing tending to general utility, and therefore to dividend-earning, has been forgotten.

The engines of the *Manoravon*—and supplied by eminent engineers—are of the triple expansion type, and have cylinders of 24½in., 40in., and 66in. by a 45in. stroke; and these are supplied with steam by boilers of extra large size, and at a pressure of 180lbs. The launch of the vessel was in every way successful, and as the *Manoravon* left the ways, she was christened by Madame Henri, of Paris. The owners are to be congratulated upon having, as their first steamer, such an eminently satisfactory type of marine architecture; a vessel that should prove a good investment to those who have taken an interest therein. And in connection with these latter, we understand that Cardiff's youngest shipping firm—Messrs. Griffiths and Lewis, the managers of the *Manoravon*—have received sterling support in this, their first attempt; that the vessel is practically subscribed for, now, when she has not yet commenced to run; and that considerations for a "No. 2" are already about. We wish them every success, and have no doubt that when the steamer whose presentment appears on this page essays a trial as a freight-earner, the results will be as satisfactory to her supporters, as must the construction of the vessel be to those who were responsible for her plans and specifications.

With very great regret, we chronicle the death of Mr. Tyson Martin, one of the most highly-respected business men at Cardiff Docks. The passing away of our friend came as a shock to his host of admirers, and his kindliness and ready assistance to those in need, will be greatly missed, for Mr. Martin was of those who delight in "doing good by stealth." To the seafarer, he will be ever associated with the name of Tuck, Ltd.—whose business at the various Bristol Channel ports he successfully managed for a number of years. Our sincere sympathy goes out to the sorrowing ones he leaves behind.

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1907.

NAUTICAL INFALLIBILITY— AND ITS COMMERCIAL VALUE.

THE alleged "finding" in the case of the *Suevic* Board of Trade Inquiry, once more emphasises the need of an alteration in existing methods in this connection. We have no intention of traversing the travesty of that occasion, or to suggest that it was any worse (or better) than usually applies, when the professional career of a practiced shipmaster is brought to the consideration of a number of theoretical geniuses who ever appear to have but one idea of "justice"—and that the damning of the navigator-in-charge. This same subject has occupied our attention, on more occasions than we care to remember, and if—viewed dispassionately—there is an alteration apparent, we have to sorrowfully admit that there is still room for much more alteration. Another admission which is drawn from us, is: If the shipmaster were not a born ass, he would simply state his case; demand the reformation which is, admittedly, his due; and then—well, he would simply go home for a week or ten days, until that reformation had dawned upon the world. He need make no fuss about it. It is unnecessary to talk of strikes. He may just—by united action—decide to take a week or so of holiday, and by the end of that time, the sapient gentlemen who at present dare to prattle of what has been done at sea, and what they would have done had they been in certain circumstances—well, the sapient ones would be fully occupied in dodging the wrath of the man in the street, whose daily bread had been raised in price, as a consequence of the temporary defection of the navigator. One of these days—perhaps it isn't so far distant as the sapient ones would affect to think—the shipmaster will arise to a consciousness of his power; he has already assimilated the truth of the manner in which he is harassed; and when his decision is before the public, it will be entertaining to read the diatribes of the "sappy" ones, and of their apologists—the subsidised portions of the "shipping press," save the name! Meanwhile, let us again consider this question of "nautical infallibility." What is the actual version of the instructions which are tendered to Board of Trade inquirists? Judging by appearances, and by results, they are invariably told to bring the skipper in as guilty, if, by any twisting of the evidence, such action is possible. Moreover, those "devils of a department," are usually to be relied on by that "department." A ship is lost, *ergo*, the Old Man is a scoundrel, and has deliberately thrown her away. It is conclusively shown that he will gain nothing from the loss; that on the contrary, he will lose his means of livelihood, and may have to dodge around on the scrap heap for months or years in a vain endeavour to once more obtain employment; but the facts of the case do not matter. In the past, and according to a number of alleged "nautical romancers," the Old Man was ever in league with a rascally owner to work up a loss that would benefit both, by many thousands of pounds: at present—and thanks to the continuance on earth of the "romancers" aforesaid—the skipper is still engaged at his old tricks. Under the circumstances, then, he is to be considered guilty—if possible; and if he survives the stranding which is being "inquired" into, there is but one possible verdict—faked up beforehand: "Off with his head." If he doesn't survive, but gives his life in the effort to prove true to his charge—then, the same "inquirists" will damn his memory. You, gentle reader, are sure that this is the truth? You cannot remember one instance where an unfortunate shipmaster has been held blameless of fault where accident to his ship has eventuated? Neither can we, and we have been mixed up with the business for very many years—both as actual sea-goers, and as watchers of the sea-goers' interests on shore. At the very best, the unlucky skipper may merely hope to be let off with the admonition that he wasn't guilty, but that he hadn't better do it again. In the parlance of those magnanimous individuals who receive fair remuneration from public funds, "The master was guilty of an error of judgment, but in view of his long, and meritorious service, the court is not inclined to deal with his certificate." There you are, that is quite the best that may be anticipated, for it is not in the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant" to seriously state, that he is in possession of knowledge which shows that a Board of Trade tribunal has ever admitted, frankly and freely, that a given marine disaster was in the nature of the inevitable; was an accident, pure and simple; and that, therefore, nobody was to blame. Why is it? We quite understand that, in the opinion of his numerous traducers, the average shipmaster is a double-dyed villain: that he has no saving grace; and that, given the opportunity, he may be reckoned on to paint the scene incarnadine. But then, those traducers should have no place on a Board of Trade inquiry. Furthermore, a number of well-meaning, but woefully ignorant folk should be debarred from airing their shallow wits on these occasions? Yet, if we may be allowed to judge by results—and that is quite all the man in the street may judge by—practically every inquiry court carries a majority of those traducers, otherwise the "off with his head" particular would not be so much in evidence? According to these petty-fogging people, a shipmaster should be nautically infallible. Circumstances, adverse conditions, causes which may not be guarded against—none of these are allowed a hearing. "Skipper, you lost the ship. Hence you have to suffer. What's that? You suffered the tortures of the damned in your endeavours to ease the miseries of the stranding as much as in you lay? Oh, you did, did you? Very well, then, because of that suffering, and—er—yes—er—you have a fairly-good record, we know; this is your first misadventure, as a matter of fact; and" in a sudden burst of apparent magnanimity, "we will, therefore, reduce your sentence to a three months' suspension of certificate. What's that? Such action on our part will irrevocably ruin you? What has that to do with the case? Think yourself lucky that we didn't make it twelve months. We could if we liked, you know." And good people, that is just the trouble. They could if they liked, although if the skipper (collectively) knew mutton from goat, he could wrest that power from those inefficients, inside of three weeks! In plain language, the power to do ill deeds make ill deeds done, and what do a majority of the "nautical experts" in the pay of the Board of Trade know of the circumstances? How many of them could successfully navigate a small spud schooner over to Jersey and back? And yet in face of their palpable ignorance on this count, they have the effrontery to question the ability of a man who, as likely as not, has successfully navigated every sea on earth, aye, and has hitherto done it without a break, or a fault. Again, does the shipowner never realise that all this "off with his head" business where the shipmaster comes in, is a direct snub and an insinuation against the shipowner's own honesty? If he does realise this obvious fact, why does not he join issues with the Old Man, and explode the pernicious doctrine which presently exists, once for all? Let us discuss this subject, fairly and openly; discuss it with some little hope of putting the

matter right. In the first place, the shipmaster must hold a Board of Trade certificate of competency, which has been given as showing that he has a knowledge of the very subjects which that Board considers necessary to a master mariner. Above this, the skipper might have mussed around to prove to the Board's satisfaction, that he is qualified to handle extraordinary circumstances—as evidenced by that imposition which is styled an "extra master's" certificate. (One of the said impositions is in a frame, above our heads, as we write, so once more we write from actual knowledge.) Very well, if that sapient Board—and supposing it is bossed by something better than a mere "revolter" on church affairs—decides that at, say, twenty-four, a man is qualified to act as a master mariner, why should the same Board eat its words, when that man has arrived at the age of forty, and has, therefore, garnered the added experience of other fifteen years? Yet, this is precisely the exhibition to which the world is treated, directly a maritime disaster occurs. "Hale up the Old Man, and make him prove that he didn't stuff us fifteen years ago, when we granted him a certificate of competency!" True, the Department doesn't put the thing just in those words. We don't believe that it has the essential originality or sense to admit of its so doing. At the same time, the meaning is the same, and if we supply the words, then, the Board should be grateful to think that at least one shipmaster is in a position to help it through; to give it a chance of putting up some little justification for the salaries which a grateful public supplies. But if the shipmaster—and while in the halcyon days of his youth—has been considered as fit to be in command of anything afloat; why, when the passing of years has added materially to his knowledge, should he be haled up before the nautical beak; be yapped at by anything in the human-terrier line; be informed that his conduct is not in keeping with the 'longshore rules of nautical procedure; and be finally told that as he ought to have done those things which he left undone, professional ruination is now about to be doled out? The man has already been approved of as competent, so what is the implication? Simply that he is in collusion with a soulless owner, and between them, they have conspired to rob the underwriter? Isn't that how it appears to you? And if it does, hasn't the time come when the shipowner should make common cause with his trusted servant? Time was, that this sort of monkey-work made but little difference to the welfare of the country at large. But that time has passed. In the olden time—as the poet remarked, although there isn't much poetry in this sordid subject—skippers and mates were as plentiful as blackberries in September, and the hazing of one more or less, made no appreciable difference to the national supply. That time has passed, however—as we have already remarked; and if a radical alteration is not soon brought about, the country will be devoid of masters and mates in ten years from now. Not merely short in a difficult sense; but uncompromisingly, and absolutely devoid to the point where the national food supply will be at the caprice of a number of foreign mercenaries. This is no sensation faked up for the moment. Unfortunately, it is the uncomfortable truth, and thinking men are giving the matter anxious attention. Of course, as there are but few thinking men in the employ of the Board of Trade: as the majority thereof imagine that because a thing has been, it will be, world without end; they see no reason to trouble about their asinine conduct at an inquiry. This is a case of where "Britain first at heaven's command, etc." fits in. We have no wish to suggest that heaven's command was not in evidence at the beginning of the country's rising from out the azure main; but judging by the continually-increasing shortage in navigating officers, we are constrained to believe that the said command has been withdrawn: that heaven has grown tired of helping those who will not help themselves; and who fuss around with rank selfishness, when they should be doing something for the land in which they were born. In a dilettante fashion, the law-makers affect a discussion of the shortage of officers, but they seldom appear to have a due appreciation of the idiotic dodges which are, slowly but surely, accentuating that shortage. Through our connection with the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited, we are being constantly applied to for mates and second mates. "Have you any names on your seeking book; and can you recommend a second mate or mate?" Sometimes, the inquiry is for a dependable master, and what is the result? Simply that, nine times out of ten, we have no such names, and for the very sufficient reason that there are but few officers available at any given time. Now, as the officer of to-day is the master of next year, what is going to happen if these misguided tactics of the Board of Trade accentuates the shortage of officers? Simply that in a few years hence, the shortage of masters will be as much in evidence as the shortage of mates is to-day; and yet, the Department which is maintained at the public expense, is so busy with its party questions, that it cannot see the trouble which is showing above the horizon. True, when that trouble is actually here, the present gentlemen will have but little to do with Government work; they will be in retirement, for by that time, the country will have become tired of their little mannerisms, let us say. All the same, those gentlemanly persons will need to eat—although in retirement; and with no skippers and mates, who will bring them the essential food? Of course, at the present moment, and when the trouble is still in the future, it is pretty to say that we shall have "to fall back on foreign officers." For the matter of that, we shall fall back on them, for when the foreign officer has the situation now occupied by a rapidly-decreasing number of our own lads, we shall all be too hungry to stand alone; therefore, nothing will remain to us but that "falling back." It is fairly certain that, once the British navigator has left British shipping, the latter will rapidly leave the British flag. When all is said, the shipping industry is wrapped up in the prosperity of its navigators, and the shipowner should realise this great fact. Everybody knows that when the alien has acquired the ability to say "God d——" he is a thousand-fold more "cocky" than a Briton ever knew how to be; so when he realises his power as officer *and* sailor, it will be a case of "Good-bye, Killavey, dear," to Britain as a nation. That amiable alien will simply starve us into submission, aye, and he need not risk his precious hide to one shot from the Britisher. And in face of all these truths, Board of Trade inquiries will still stultify the skipper, so that he loses his work, and becoming disgusted, the junior officer leaves the sea while he is still young, and may hope to learn a 'longshore trade. "Nautical infallibility" must be worked up in the country which beguiles itself with the belief that it is maritimely supreme: and what is the commercial value of that "infallibility?" Taking a fair average, it works out to £4 10s. per week, for a seven-days'-week, night-time or day-time, fine weather or foul. Also in sickness and disease; with cholera, to-day; yellow fever, next week; small-pox, week-after-next; frigid cold, at the moment; tropic heat, ten days hence; harassing "regulations" at all times—and professional ruin at the first accident! Fine proposition, isn't it, and you can afford to wonder at the shortage of officers who will undertake the job? Of course you don't wonder! You realise that this is 1907; that education is about in appreciable amounts; and that if the "boys" cannot alter rotten conditions, they can leave them—and that is exactly what they are doing—thanks to the commercial value that is placed on "nautical infallibility."

"Scot."—Yes, yes, you aren't the only fellow who jokes "wi' deefeculty"—or reads a joke the same way!

Peeps from the "SUNNY SOUTH."

NEWFOUNDLAND'S WORRIES.

AT the National Liberal Club's banquet referred to elsewhere in this issue, Sir Robert Bond made a somewhat straight-out appeal for the justice which has been denied his country—Newfoundland—for ages. Assuming that this is a land of free speech, the gentleman alluded to made a bid for a hearing, without any of that "platitudinous deception," which, in his opinion, would be a poor return for the "splendid hospitality" which is being given to the Colonial Premiers.

So far, so good, and as this was a fairly decent excuse for the appearance of the ubiquitous interviewer, he of the *Daily Mail* made the most of it. But first of all, it is essential for Sir Robert to work up a true perspective of the picture with which he is concerned, and in doing so, to realise that the support of "the seven or eight hundred Liberal supporters of the Government present" at that historic banquet, would count for little where Newfoundland comes into the middle-distance.

THAT is to say, the majority of the said "seven or eight hundred" having an axe of their own to grind, it might thus come about that little other than "platitudinous deception" is possible under the circumstances? However, the "daily" already referred to, made the most of the opportunity, and in a clear column of newspaper type, spread out quite a number of points which might, or might not, make the subject a little more understandable to the man in the street.

PERSONALLY, we have scanned that "interview," and feel compelled to admit that while it touches on the wrongs of the Newfoundland fisherman—at least, to the wrongs under which he is handicapped in his struggle for existence—there appears to be too much about Yankee fishermen seeking cheap bait; and the general immunities from local law which the said Yankees enjoy. In short, the whole tale is somewhat too general for the man in the street, and we have a shrewd suspicion that, providing he undertakes to struggle through with the yarn, he will incontinently ask his nearest friend what 'tis all about.

THIS is where THE MARITIME REVIEW comes in with telling force. We have no need to interview anybody for examples as to how the Newfoundlander is hazed by the Home Government; how he has been hazed all along the line; and how he will go on being hazed—unless a miracle happens. We are not going to bother with general accusations about the prevalence of cheap bait; nor of the theoretical manner in which the amiable Yankee ambles home with most that is valuable in Newfoundland. Instead, we will "state a case" which actually happened; in which we were concerned, at the time; which shows conclusively how the native is robbed of his birthright; and we offer the tale to Sir Robert Bond free, gratis, and for nothing.

FURTHERMORE, we know that Sir Robert will admit the truth of our statements, and will also feel that when he is "out" for the amelioration that should belong to his friends at home, then, the best medium in which to seek it is right here! It happened in the Bay of Islands, the "it" being the true story which follows. At the period indicated, we were engaged as a full-blown sailorman on a little fish-brig trading to Harbour Britain and Gaultois. Winter had arrived, and as our vessel was ticketted for the spring voyage to the Brazils with "drum fish," there was nothing left us but a lay in port, and a careful attention to the running rigging which was ultimately to carry us South. After a time, that running rigging palled on the Old Man, so he offered to pose as supercargo on a little steamer which was then about to start for the Bay of Islands aforesaid—and several other places which need not be descanted upon.

BEING somewhat young, and of an accommodating turn of mind, the Old Man asked us if we would care to sail away in the little steamer, where, among other items, we could pose as clerk, and shop-keeper. We did care, and the happenings of that voyage would fill a book! We could explain how we acted as salesman to the young ladies in search of fine apparel; to the old ladies "out" for tea at four shillings per pound, and sugar at three shillings, with molasses at half-a-crown a gallon; to the young men who came on board for swagger suits of ready-made clothing; and the amiable Micmac Indians who wished to trade in furs, and tree-rhinds, etc., for splendid "trade" guns at thirty shillings a time—first cost seven-and sixpence.

WE might also go on to say that the Old Man allowed us to handle any of the various commodities on board—save gunpowder. He was a bit dubious about our trustworthiness in this direction, so ammunition (sold from open kegs, and for muzzle-loaders, only) was spot-barred. Very well. We arrived at the Bay of Islands, and were then informed that the mission of the little steamer was to exchange the cargo of notions already touched on, for frozen herrings. At that period, the freezing of herrings was a very primitive undertaking. It might easily be so, yet.

BUT at the time to which we are harking back, the Newfoundland folk rigged up big open-air stages, covered over with shifting-boards, and on these latter the fresh herrings were placed "all in a row." All in very many rows, to be exact, and old King Frost attended to most of the business on his own. That is to say, when the top portions of those rows of herrings had been sufficiently frozen, our kinsmen across the sea had to hustle around and turn them so that the other side could be equally frozen. When that process had been completed, the herrings (not fish, you'll understand, as the Newfoundlander considers but one species of the finny tribe as "fish"—cod to wit) were packed in nice, clean barrels, and were then ready for the markets adjacent to fish-land.

BUT what happened, here? Simply that we had our journey for our pains. Free trade cursed the island then, as it does in great measure, now, and the smart little Yankee schooners had ambled down to the Bay of Islands, and, at cut rates, had spoofed up all the available frozen herrings before our arrival! We have already told you that we were young at the time? We have, and that was the very first occasion on which it was demonstrated to us, that Free Trade is a delusion and a snare to anybody who practices it on a lone hand.

YOU see, there was no tax of any sort on the material brought to the Bay of Islands by the Yankee schooners, and as a natural consequence, they were enabled to romp in and swoop away the trade which rightfully belonged to the native concerns which were doing a very great deal for the upkeep of the Colony. The Yank had nothing to do with that upkeep. He looked upon Newfoundland as his metaphorical oyster, and with his "smart" little tricks, was in a position to fleece the native even as it seemed good to him. Obviously, the same methods exist to-day, or Sir Robert Bond would not make a pathetic appeal for justice?

AT the same time, we are too sceptical to believe that any good will come of that appeal. The only way to bring it about, is to keep clear of the predatory politician, and lay your case before the great British Public. Stick to the specific case—there are hundreds thereof—and let us assist you from personal experience. It's a fair offer, but in doing so, keep clear of generalities.

Launch of Latest Local Liner— *Lady Lewis.*

HEREWITH, we reproduce an illustration of what, a few months ago, was said to be "Tatem's last steamer," and quite a number of knowing people were supposed to be in a position to state that beyond this the firm of Messrs. W. J. Tatem and Co., could not go. But, bless you, there will be no truth in any old chatter about "Tatem's last steamer," for many years to come!

"Tatem's latest steamer," if you like; but the "last one," no—as long as he is still among us. In proof of this, we are about to give you a few of the salient features in connection with the very latest vessel that will shortly be flying the Tatem house-flag—the *Lady Lewis*, launched on Monday last. Hitherto, the shipping man has expected this enterprising firm to be ever on the "go one better" tack—and hitherto, that same shipping man has not been disappointed.

RIGHT from the commencement of Mr. Tatem's ship-owning career, he has aimed at being head and shoulders above his competitors, and when the truth is written, it must be admitted that he has succeeded. The first boat in the firm was about as great an advance on then existing samples of steam cargo-tonnage, as is this latest sample, over present types; and although we have no intention of taking you back over the years and the rapidly following steamers, we feel that it is but right to say that as each boat "came out," she was acknowledged to be a distinct advance on her immediate predecessor.

S.S. "WELLINGTON," 9,200 TONS D.W.—ONE OF THE TATEM FLEET.

THE culminating point was supposed to have been reached when the 9,000 tons dead-weight turret steamers *Wellington* and *Torrington* were added to the fleet. And as far as size is concerned, these still head the list. For the matter of that, in all 'round excellence they hold their own, and we have it on the word of the masters who have

sailed them, that for seagoing qualities, and general handiness, well, "they take a lot of beating."

But the latest break is in altogether a different direction, for where the two steamers mentioned above were chiefly phenominal in point of size, the *Lady Lewis* is a swagger affair in steam tonnage, although a smaller ship. We know, because we have had an opportunity of studying her plans, and as the result of that study, we are in a position to state, definitely, that this steamer is, far and away, the finest boat that has yet been placed on Cardiff's Register. Not merely fine to look at, you understand, but fine in all those particulars which go to make up the ideal steamer—a handy, economical, and therefore, remunerative vessel.

Without wishing to draw invidious distinctions or comparisons, we yet feel it right to state that the *Lady Lewis* does not give you the impression that she is one of the centre pieces of a line of tonnage-carrier built by the mile, and cut off as you happened to need it. You know the style we mean? That floating abortion which suggests that a shipowner went to a certain shipbuilder, and after having inspected the line of "ship" that was on the slip, said: "Oh, yes. Cut me off three hundred feet of it, there or thereabout: and when it is cut off, pinch in the two ends, and send it—anyhow you like—to Cardiff for loading up?"

You understand, don't you? Well, the *Lady Lewis* gives no such impression. On the contrary, rather, for a casual glance will convince you that she was built on purpose; that there is nothing casual about her: and that for fine appearance—and business-like proportions, too—she will be hard to beat, as a first-class cargo vessel. Thus far in a general sense. Let us now particularise, and for a start let us remark that her length is 363ft. 6in.: breadth 49ft.: moulded depth to upper deck, 26ft. 3in., and to shelter deck, 34ft. 3in.

Her displacement co-efficient stands at .77; her gross tonnage, 3,455 tons; while her dead-weight capacity will run to about 6,400 tons. Built to the British Corporation's highest class under special survey, this splendid example of the shipbuilder's art is, as already suggested, of the shelter-deck type. The height between the upper and shelter deck is expressed by the figures 7ft. 11½in.—call it eight feet, and then you will see that some very decent samples of live stock of various kinds, might be comfortably carried therein?

Deep bulb angle frames have been used in her construction, and she is fitted with six watertight bulkheads, and steel longitudinal centre cargo divisions. This feature will surely tend to quick handling in port—it will also call down many a blessing on the head of her architect, when shifting boards are by way of erection. Continuing on the loading and discharging features of the ship, we note that she has large cargo hatches, flanged at the bottom, and that she has exceptionally clear holds. Indeed, there are no hold beams, nor quarter pillars, and the vessel, as regards both outfit and machinery, embodies all the latest improvements in modern shipbuilding and engineering practice.

Of course, there is a cellular double bottom throughout, with fore and after peaks arranged for water ballast, which gives a large capacity: and very large pumps have been installed, for dealing therewith. Her cargo-handling equipment has been specially designed for rapid loading and discharging, and include double derricks to all hatches: masts and derricks all constructed for seven-tons lifts: with cross-trees on the masts for special spans: and derricks at fore and main masts, stepped on steel house built around each mast, which form handy store-rooms for cargo gear.

This equipment also includes eight powerful, improved, heavy pattern steam winches, fitted with extra large whipping-drums; and a steam windlass with quick warping ends. Her anchors are of the patent, stockless kind; her steam steering gear is extra large, and is designed for the quick working of her single-plate rudder (which is fitted with McLachlan's patent coupling); and in addition to all these beauties, she has a winch condenser to which all the exhaust from winches, windlass, and other auxiliary machinery, is taken.

This latter feature is worthy of note, for in most of the new tonnage, it is highly dangerous to lightly approach alongside, when the vessel is loading or discharging cargo. Most of our readers will remember instances of where a jet of hot water, or a puff of equally hot steam has spoiled some good clothing, under the conditions suggested? Sanitation, lighting, and ventilation have all received careful attention, the living accommodation, bunkers, and boiler-room tank being especially ventilated. The steamer's fresh-water tanks will carry 5,000 gallons of water, and in addition to that sea-stock, a large fresh water condenser is installed.

Coming along to the boilers and engines, we find that these are being supplied by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co., Ltd., Sunderland—and even here, we believe that the *Lady Lewis* will be unique, as her sister ships have all been blessed with "Blair's jobs!" However, the triple engines will have cylinders of 25in., 42½in., and 69in., by 48in. stroke, and steam will be supplied by two single-ended boilers, 16ft. 6in. by 11ft. 6in., and at 180lb. pressure. In addition to the foregoing, there is also an auxiliary boiler, 12ft. by 10ft. 6in., and working at a pressure of 180lb., which can be used in connection with the main engines—when an "extra shake up" is desirable. The engines are fitted with all the latest improvements, including shafting of hydraulic-pressed ingot steel.

In view of the constant complaints in this direction, it is pleasing to note that particular attention has been given to the accommodation for captain, officers, engineers, and crew. The executive and engineers will be "put up" in steel deckhouses, situated on the shelter deck, amidships, and the head-room in all of which apartments, is 7ft. 6in. The crew will occupy the time-honoured position—but in extra large forecastles—forward.

We note that separate entrances are provided to the sailors' and firemen's quarters, and their sleeping berths are of galvanised iron, of the "Neptune" patent kind. And in addition to the crew, provision has been made for the accommodation of five first-class passengers, in a neatly furnished saloon, and state-rooms amidships. The question of apprentices has not been overlooked, for sanitary and respectable space has been provided for four, in an extension of the after wheel-house. Bath-rooms, and large wash-houses are provided for captain, officers and crew.

In fact nothing appears to have been overlooked in this splendid vessel, which certainly marks a new era in Cardiff-owned steamer-tonnage. Time was, that the word "Cardiff" tacked on to a vessel, meant most of what was hateful from a seagoing point of view. Not only in the matter of food, wages, accommodation, and general environment; but also in all manner of the work that has been labelled "jiggery-pokery." We know, because we have sailed some of them! But we are proud to recognise that the time alluded to is by way of the "long ago," and the owners of the *Lady Lewis*, thus briefly described, have given yeoman service in this direction. Moreover, Messrs. Richardson, Duck & Co., the builders of the vessel—which was gracefully christened by Miss May Gibson, Newport Road, Cardiff, and niece of the managing owner, Mr. W. J. Tatem—have assisted on this occasion, in no small degree. The *Lady Lewis* will be ready for work, some time in July.

More Peeps from the "SUNNY SOUTH."

That National Liberal Club Dinner!

'TIS surprising to note the amount of laughter and brotherly feeling which those good souls who congregate in their own club room entertain for each other—aye, on either side of the House, too; for whether it be a gathering of Unionists or Liberals, they will each "do each other proud!" It is only when a gathering of Unionists and Liberals are toward, that the little rift within the lute is apparent! Get a healthy assortment of Liberals together at a feed, and if you just allow one talkative Unionist to get loose among them, the result is even as that which would follow if a stray mouse were to get adrift in a Mother's Meeting!

PRECISELY the same thing applies if a gathering of Unionists are feeding in the presence of one garrulous Liberal. But perhaps you will have noticed these little matters for yourself, in which case we need not waste our space in calling your attention to the obvious. But did you ever size up the sameness which surrounds these political-cum-social banquetings? Consider that effort which took place under the personal supervision of the gentlemen who make up the executive of the National Liberal Club, for example. There was an object lesson, for you!

THE Colonial Premiers were the guests of the evening, and although Earl Carrington presided, he didn't unduly interfere with the "speech-makers" of the occasion. Of course, the usual pious fraud was indulged in, and the Premiers were duly impressed with the "fact" that the meeting was in no sense a "party affair." As far as we can see, that was not the only pious fraud to which those Premiers have been subjected, since they arrived in this country full of a desire to lend a hand in the consolidation of the British Empire. They came to work, and they remain to feed! But there! All work and no play—you know the remainder of the jape?

HOWEVER, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had a splendid innings with the people who were gathered around the festive board, and although Mr. Lloyd-George—as the more or less able upholder of the trade and commerce of a trading Empire—wasn't unduly in evidence, some of his friends "made up for it." After passing a few "jokey" remarks anent the manner in which the Colonial Premiers had been fed since their arrival in England, the Prime Minister declared that, "perhaps it is time that someone rising now and again should impress upon them the fact that this (feeding and speech-making) is not the sort of life that we always lead." We should think so, for judging by the junketings to-date, those Colonial Premiers would be justified in thinking that the home people are a giddy set of humans!

THEN Sir Henry broke into Scripture, and suggested that, like the poor, he was always with them—in spirit; after which happy thrust, quite a number of people laughed. They were bound to, you know, if only at remembrance of the amiable manner in which the Colonies are being fed with stones after their representatives have been crying for bread! Take it from us, spoof need not necessarily be written down as s-p-o-o-f; sometimes, it is possible to convey the same meaning by giving a number of splendid banquets, and things of that sort.

STILL, there was a quantity of apparent good-fellowship around on the breeze, and the presence of which leads us to the belief that the various Colonies sent home the best representatives; men who are diplomatic to a fault; and who can easily cover disappointment (if not disgust) with a smiling demeanour. Men who will stoop to conquer, when the exigencies of the circumstances call for such action; for, naturally, banquets do not necessarily mean "bunce;" speeches do not bring "spondulicks;" and political prattle will not always mean preferential trade.

IN replying to all the jokes which had been worked off by the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier was really good, but as his remarks were principally confined to soldiers, and people of an equally sanguinary turn of mind, we have but little concern therewith. True, he went into the classics a bit, for he remarked that Damocles was no longer legendary; that, in Europe, he was a spot job; but that, "thank Heaven," Canada had been spared the shadow of the ancient person's sword. Canada "had only one neighbour, a kindred nation, with whom for a hundred years, she had not had any trouble."

ALL of which goes to show that the absence of trouble is not consequent on Canadian smartness, but rather on the lack of provocation in the matter of troublesome neighbours? European countries—not being so happily circumstanced—might be forgiven for keeping a vivid trust in Heaven, while, at the same time, they keep their powder dry? Sir Wilfred kept an eye to the main chance—Canadian advertisement—for he remarked that, on the Great Lakes, was more commerce than in the Mediterranean Sea, but that notwithstanding, there wasn't a solitary war-vessel on those "great inland seas."

FOR the matter of that, Europe doesn't place warships in the Mediterranean because of the commerce which is about on its bosom. The tramp steamers would never do any harm. It is the neighbour who imagines that the Lord had him born to boss the earth, who makes the presence of those warships essential. But perhaps Sir Wilfred hasn't found occasion to bother with this phase of Empire. With only one friendly neighbour at hand, there is no necessity to bother about sharpening up the sword—until after the Motherland has been licked, and the European neighbour wanders across the Pond, in search of adventure, and other things? It's all very well for that gentleman to invite the Governments of Britain, Germany, France, etc,, to take a lesson from Canada—but this is another instance of where you never know what the other fellow will do.

THEN Sir Joseph Ward got into his oratorical stride, and we must admit that he was most interesting. With regard to the suffragette question, this gentleman remarked that women's franchise had been settled in New Zealand, long ago. That is as it should be. In a baby country where the men voters outnumber the females by heaven knows how many to one, and that one a married sample who will be inclined to vote even as dear hubby suggests—well, there is little danger in the matter. But in a country where man (the worm) is in a minority, then, he mustn't take any chances, or the funny-paper-jape anent his doing the house-work will eventuate sure enough!

LEAVING the suffragette question, Sir Joseph Ward hoped that this country would "do something that would bring all portions of the Empire into close relations, by developing a speedier steam service between the Old and the New Countries." That is all right, Sir Joseph, but will the New Country reciprocate? Will it remove its kill-trade tactics where shipping is concerned? Will it give the supplier of the suggested "speedier steam service" a helping hand in labour troubles, in wharfage rates, in stevedores' charges, and the thousand-and-one "Labour faked" disadvantages with which the business now bristles? If the New Country will take the lead in this style of preferential trade the British shipowner, will oblige, readily enough. As things are- well, he has had some, thank you; and he didn't have as much as one banquet to assist him in the unhappy circumstances.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 1, 1907.*

TRADE in the local staple during the past week, has displayed a fairly satisfactory amount of animation, and although there is but little of the new-feature-idea in connection therewith, the market continues to retain a pleasing firmness. But in the midst of this jubilation, there is one slight exception—and it concerns immediate shipment.

UNFORTUNATELY, tonnage arrivals over the period under review, have not been so numerous as anticipations led the genial coalman to expect: and the boats which should have arrived on Monday, say—well, some of them aren't in port to the time of writing! Needless to say, when the *Festive Fanny*—or other alliteratively-named sample of modern tonnage—goes off on her own, so to put it, there is trouble in coal-ville.

THE Collieryman, under the conditions suggested, suffers from a disorganised stem-list, and thus finds himself in the doubtfully happy position of owning a considerable amount of coal which should have passed hence. He has to keep his colliery going, his wagons are rapidly filling up—what is to be done? Obviously, he has to go in for the concession trick.

BUT that makes little difference in the conditions, for although the coalman may be inclined to concede, then, if there are but few steamers available, he is still no better off, for his concessions are merely of the paper kind. Of course, he should recognise the truth of the situation—but he won't. Very often, you know. And although he is inclined to "knock" his prices for immediate shipment, and the fact gets around on the world, the wagons still go on filling up.

ALL of which goes to show that, for the coalowner, at least, this is a very indifferent world! Mind you, he frequently receives a set-up in a nice direction; but even then, he is not much better off. As soon as matters pan out respectably in this manner, Mr. Labour-leader takes a notion that a rise in wages is due—mainly because he sees a quantity of nice Welsh "smokeless" around on the landscape. And naturally, when coal is abundant, the collieryman is in clover—argues Mr. Leader!

THE mere fact that some of the coal people have forgotten more of the true inwardness of the situation than the "leader" is ever likely to know, makes but little difference to the general situation. The miner thinks a lot of "leader" (sometimes; although sometimes, again he doesn't), and is generally willing to act on some, at least, of his advice. And thus the merry game proceeds. *Box and Gox on Coal*, it should be styled!

ANYHOW, for prompt shipment quotations have not been maintained, and truth compels us to admit that, under existing conditions, you can hardly expect them to. At the same time, there are differences, here, too. Some of the favoured ones have had opportunities to ship immediately accorded them, and they "look down" on the other sort in consequence. For actual prices, we refer you to subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d, 18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	17s. od.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s 9d.	16s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. od	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. od.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 6d	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 15s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 4½d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 4½d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:-						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Ordinaries ...	10s. od	10s od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	10s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:--						
Special ..	31s. od.	31s. od.	31s. 6d.	31s. 6d.	32s. od.	32s. od.
Ordinary ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	28s. od.	28s. od.
Furnace Coke ..	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. od., 23s. od.	23s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d	16s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d., 20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 21s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened

SWANSEA, *May 1, 1907.*

BUSINESS, here, for the past week, cannot be stated to have shown any increased animation; but that something known to the trade as the "tone" of the market, may be described as steady. Promptly, there is something of an easiness noticeable in certain quarters, due to delayed tonnage, and thus for immediate shipment buyers are able to obtain concessions in the price; but for nothing else. This easiness is more especially noticeable in steam coals.

IN ANTHRACITE COALS, a firmness is still prevailing. The enquiry for the stuff is abundant, and quotations, here and there, have advanced. Superior qualities are especially firm, and BIG VEIN COALS are in good request. RED VEIN on the other hand fares not so well, and prices are barely maintained. Other descriptions, such as MACHINE MADE COALS, have an upward tendency. CULM & DUFF are also satisfactory markets.

STEAMS are to be had for immediate shipment at under the quotation, but for any other position collieries are still quoting firmly; and for forward accumulations, higher figures are being requested. BUNKER qualities are about steady.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:-						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. od., 20s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 19s. od.	18s. od., 18s 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. od, 25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	25s. od	25s. od.	24s. 6d., 25s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 8s. od.
Duff	6s. od.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:-	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Steam:-						
Best Large ...	18s. od.	18s od.	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d
Bunker ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d	14s. 3d	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d, 13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, May 1, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Japan (2 ports), *Hanamel*, 4,500 tons, 17s. 3d.
Aden, *Queen* —, 9s.
Steamer, 9s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Tynedale*, 3,600 tons, 14s. 6d.
Steamer, 13s. 9d.
Las Palmas or Madeira, *Kildonan*, 3,200 tons, 7s. 6d. 250.
Acalea, 5,100 tons, 7s. 3d. optn. Cape Verdes, 7s. 3d.
Or Teneriffe, *Yanariva*, 4,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Madeira, *Glenmay*, 3,700 tons, 7s. 4½d. 250.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 4½d. 200.
St. Vincent, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Dakar, *Cairnmona*, 1,7[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 6,500 tons, 14s. 6d.
Canterbury, 6,[illegible] tons, 14s.
Steamer about 5,000 tons, 14s.
Hillglade, 14s. 3d. option 1,500 tons, Pig-iron, charterer's expense.
Drumcree, 14s.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 14s. 3d. option Santos, 16s. 3d.
Halifax, *Lord Iveagh*, 4,500 tons, 6s. (Admiralty).
Cape Verdes, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Steamer, 6,[illegible] tons, 7s. 7½d.
Buenos Ayres La Plata, *Green Jacket*, 4,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Para, *Samana*, 3,5[illegible] tons, 13s. 7½d.
Sabang, *Reigate*, 5,500 tons, ppt.
Bermuda, *Parkwood*, 2,500 tons, 8s. 3d. (Admiralty)

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Treneglas*, 5,700 tons, 6s.
King Arthur, 5,7[illegible] tons, 6s.
Haulwen, 5,500 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Llanover, 5,5[illegible] tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Claverdon*, 4,700 tons, 8s.
Savona or Spezzia, *Graf Tisza Istvan*, 4,2[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d. (N).
Michelangelo, 3,3[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,4[illegible] tons, 7s. 1½d.
Southgate, 5,9[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d.
Marselisborg, 3,8[illegible] tons, 8s.
Giuseppe Accame, 4,[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d. (N).
Pindhu, 3,800 tons, 8s.
Alexandria, *Tregenna*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 4½d. 700.
Algiers, *Alexandra*, 4,400 tons, 8 fcs. (N).
Dunsborg, 4,2[illegible] tons, 8 fcs.
Themisto, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs. (N).
Resolution, 2,800 tons, 8 fcs.
Amisia, 2,000 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Thirlwall, 4,7[illegible] tons, 8 fcs.
Constantinople, *Menelaus*, 3,5[illegible] tons, 6s. 3d.
Venice, *Cresswell*, 4,600 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Steamer, 4,5[illegible] tons, 8s. 3d.
Matlekovits, 2,2[illegible] tons, 9s. 3d. (S).
Or Ancona, *Sir W. T. Lewis*, 4,7[illegible] tons, 8s. 3d.
Palermo, *Dartmouth*, 4,7[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d.
Spezzia, *Peterston*, 3,800 tons, 8s. 500, or 8s. 3d. if 350.
Messina or Catania, *Obi*, 4,[illegible] tons, 7s. 3d.
Tunis, *Eros*, 2,3[illegible] tons, 10·25 fcs. option Newport ldg. 10·50 fcs. 350.
Marseilles, *Enterprize*, 2,[illegible] tons, 9 fcs. spot.
St. Andrews, 5,300 tons, 8·15 fcs.
Tarragona, *Demetian*, 1,4[illegible] tons, 9s.
Cagliari, *Kiora*, 1,6[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d. 350.
Naples, *Jessie*, 3,5[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d. 800.
Or Catania, *Ellesmere*, 1,2[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d. option Porto Empedocle, 8s. 3d. (s).
Barton, 5,[illegible] tons, 7s. 1½d. 1,000.
Llangorse, 5,5[illegible] tons, 7s. 3d. 1,000.
Or Leghorn, *Tempus*, 4,5[illegible] tons, 7s. 800.
Torre/Civita Vecchia, *Albis*, 1,750 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Bona, *Deux Charentes*, 2,000 tons, 10·25 fcs. coal, 11·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Brindisi, *Rockcliffe*, 4,700 tons, 7s. 500, 10d.
Barcelona, *Dingwall*, 2,800 tons, 8s. 3d. 500.
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 8s. 6d.
Danube, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Philippeville, *Fernlands*, 2,600 tons, 10s. 7½d. fcs. fuel, (N).
Aguilas, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 8s.
Nice, *Oakby*, 2,300 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Cadiz, *Mary Horton*, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Gibraltar, *Rothesay*, 2,600 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Auckland Castle, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Canganian, 1,500 tons, 6s. 10½d. ppt.
Malta, *Robert Adamson*, 4,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Trafalgar*, 2,100 tons, 5s. 9d. coal, 6s. 6d. fuel. ppt.
Muriel, 2,900 tons, 5s. 6d. 300.
Mangara, or sub., 2,400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Penhurst, 1,600 tons, 6s.
Ely Rise, 1,450 tons, 6s. spot.

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Aarstein*, 1,100 tons, 4s. 7½d. spot.
Masnedsund, *Freidig*, 1,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
Cronstadt, *Lyng*, 1,400 tons, 7s. fuel.
Hornsund, 3,200 tons, 5s. (P.T.)
Heros, 5s.
Libau, *Minna Boldt*, 2,300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bayonne, *Pomaron*, 1,650 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Nantes, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. (N).
Cierbana, 1,750 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *Somorrostro*, 2,500 tons, 5 fcs.
Surdinero, 3,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Josephina, 1,800 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Chantenay, *Gatesgarth*, 2,300 tons, 5·25 fcs. spot.
La Pallice, *Baracaldo*, 1,550 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Marie Lohden, 1,800 tons, 5·55 fcs. (s).
Charente, *Abertawe*, 1,650 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Uriarte No. 4*, 3,100 tons, 5·25 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Discovery*, 2,800 tons, 5·25 fcs. option Rochefort, 5·50 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Falmouth, Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. (N).
Douglas, Steamer, 210 tons, 4s. 3d.
Dublin, *Lochaber*, 250 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
St. Malo, *Cognac*, 1,100 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Rotterdam, *Dunelm*, 950 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Volpone*, 650 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Gipsy, 700 tons, 5s.
Bremerhaven, *Westmoreland*, 800 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dag, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Diana, 1,700 tons, 4s. 6d.
Fecamp, *Columbus*, 600 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
St. Valery Sur Somme, *Tantallon*, 230 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Havre (Tancarville Canal), *Swiftsure*, 1,050 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Speedwell, 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Longbenton, 1,280 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Honfleur, *Volpone*, 630 tons, 5s. (s).
Test, 570 tons, 5s. (s).
Rouen, *Raloo*, 1,350 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 1,300 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Clonlee, or sub., 1,300 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Atalanta, 400 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Zeus, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Berne, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Glynn, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.

HOMEWARD.

Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Camwell*, 1,943 n, 5s.
Almeria „ „ *Camrose*, 3,400 tons, 5s.
Lisbon „ „ *Helga*, 3,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Bordeaux „ „ Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.
Bayonne „ „ *Melrose Abbey*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 18, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

7,355/06—GRIFFITHS & COLWILL—***An apparatus for precipitating dust caused by rock drilling, more particularly in mines.***

This invention consists in apparatus for precipitating dust caused by rock drilling, and relates to apparatus of the type in which one end of a pipe communicates with a separately divided cone, surrounding the drill, and the other end of the pipe enters a water tank provided with another pipe above the water for exhausting the air. According to this invention the top end of the pipe is made bell mouthed, and pierced for the drill to work therethrough. The tank is pierced by a second pipe flush with the inside of the cover, between which and the surface of the water a space is left. The air in this space is exhausted through the second tube by means of a fan, and a rush of air takes place through the bell mouth down the first tube to restore equilibrium of air pressure, and the dust given off by the drill goes with the rush of air.

11,524/06—HIRST—***Improved means or devices for attaching tool boxes or cutter holders to the cutter wheels of coal cutting machines.***

According to this invention the cutter wheel of a coal cutting machine is formed with a dovetailed recess in the run of the wheel. A tool block is provided having one end shaped to correspond to the shape of the recess, and the other end being so shaped that when the first end is inserted in place, the other end can be dropped down past the corresponding overlap so that the tool block rests on the bottom of the recess. The tool block is provided with holes to receive the cutter and flanges to steady it laterally against the rim of the wheel.

13,898/06—TIBBITT—***Improvements in shackle hooks and the like.***

According to this invention a shackle pin is provided with a square neck pin working within a square eye so that by revolution of the square neck pin one half of the hook can be moved up the other half for convenience of attaching a link within the shackle hook.

15,892/06—FLINDT—***Improvements in propellers for ships.***

This invention relates to screw propellers whose blades are secured in such a position to the propeller hub which is of large relative diameter, that their entire area is to the greatest possible extent utilized for moving the ship. Each blade is made in one piece with a flange by means of which it is secured to the hub, the blade being situated in such a way that every part of it will act effectively against the water, the portion of least diameter working in such a circumferential path, that this path will act effectively against the surrounding water. Each blade is helical and its outer edge is curved spirally, the inner part being the narrowest radially; each blade is also split in its broadest end so as to give the inner a somewhat greater pitch than the outer. By these means the inner part of the blades will act approximately the same power as the outer.

20,897/06—PETRIE—***Improvements in cable cutting devices.***

This invention relates to a device for cutting cables, the cutting blades being adapted to sever the cable at a point distant from the operator. A pair of rollers are adapted to run on a cable, the rollers being mounted in bearings on a fork which is attached to a hook passing over the cable, this hook constituting the upper end of the main frame of the device. Two links are pivotally mounted on a fork carried by the frame, one of the links having a bearing plate with a sinuous passage there through, while the other carries a plate hinged to the link, and having a knife blade mounted on it. A screw passes through the plate and engages a nut on the bearing plate, hereby the swinging of the links on their pivots will cause a relative motion between the knife blade and the bearing plate, this motion being directed by the movement of the screw along the sinuous passage. As this passage is curved the knife will have two motions one in a forward direction and the other a sideways motion in substantially the direction of its edge, and this provides for an efficient severing of the cable.

21,998/06—FURST—***Improvements in connection with boats.***

This invention relates to improvements in boats, especially life-boats, and has for its object to provide means for enabling persons thrown into the water by the capsizing of a boat to clamber on to the keel or to cling to the upturned boat. For this purpose a rope is mounted on both sides of and secured to the keel at intervals so that it hangs loosely, and is linked by means of a number of lines to the life-lines usually festooned around the rail of life-boats, so that a person in the water may pull himself up.

1,964/07—HENRARD—***Improvements in safety suspending apparatus for mining cages and other similar purposes.***

According to this invention, which relates to safety apparatus for mining cages, the tightening of the shoes in the event of the cable breaking is effected by right and left handed screws whose movement is obtained for each of the guides by means of a worm acting upon a toothed helicoidal wheel capable of sliding upon a prolongation of the shaft of the screws, but rotating therewith.

These applications for patents, are until June 4, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on April 24, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending May 24.

Class 4.—Including coal.

Device comprising a train crossing a bridge and a ship at each side with E. A. Casper printed above.

289,886—Coals.—E. A. Casper & Co., 3, Church Street, West Hartlepool; Coal Exporters; January 28, 1907.

GUTHRIE & CO., LTD., Penang and Singapore—Device of a key.

291,625—Raw or partly prepared vegetable, mineral, and animal substances, used in manufactures not included in other classes, but not including fibrous substances, and not including any goods of a like kind to fibrous substances.—Guthrie & Co., Ltd., Collyer Quay, Singapore; 49, Beach Street, Penang, Straits Settlements; and 5, Whittington Avenue, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; Merchants.—March 25, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIII.—No. 169. FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1907. Threepence.

WATCHING IT BURST, or

THE MAGI WHO MEANT WELL!

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON	181
MARITIME MURMURS	182
"ADVANCE AUSTRALIA"	185
MAY-DAY MUMMERS	186
THE "NEW" PREFERENCE—SUBSIDIES	187
ACCIDENTS TO NAVAL VESSELS	188
"SHIPPING RINGS"	189
UNREST IN INDIA	190
SNOWDEN ON SOCIALISM	191
THE POSSIBILITIES OF CHEAP PETROL?	192
FOR THE SHIPPING MAN, GENERALLY	193
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	194
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	195
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	196

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

IF the British Navy were half as well-manned as some of our fellow-countrymen would appear to believe, there would be considerably less evidence of "German nerves" around. When all is said on this important subject, the German is by no means a fool, and in view of the fact that he is an ubiquitous biped—that he is ever on the move—it may be taken for granted that his powers of observation admit of his realising the fact that our Navy is in anything but the efficient state, that its champions would persuade us into believing. Somehow or other, the powers that be would seem to imagine that the world will accept their dear little fictions, as readily as will members of their own family. Needless to say, the world will do nothing of the kind, and when portions of it happen upon a "neucleus-crewed" warship, those same portions keep a weather eye lifting. Later on, they confide the results of that "lift" to their loving friends at home, and when the nakedness of the whole fit-out is public property. In addition to the ubiquitous—but comparatively harmless—folk referred to, there is the Secret Service agent with which we have to contend, and taking him all in all, he is a wily critter.

So much so, that it isn't too much to say that Germany knows as much about the composition of Britain's "paper Fleets," as does the British Admiralty itself. And the knowledge is mainly responsible for the braggadocio which is now so much in evidence. It has been dinned into the Briton's ears until he has assimilated the whole truth of the saying: "That to enjoy peace, you must be prepared for war." Ostensibly, this country is prepared for war—but only in the sense that it is good policy never to be surprised at anything, and therein lays the preparedness. However, Lord Tweedmouth has recently been developing the optimistic trait, and when laying himself out on a Naval boast, declared that our Navy is better manned than is that of any other nation in the world. Seeing that the Navy is quite all that stands between the British Empire and annihilation, that Navy would need to be better manned than that of the "other fellow," who has other strings to his bow. Under contrary conditions, it would be as well to have no Navy at all. But is the British Navy sufficiently manned to admit of its taking the sea at a moment's notice, and, when there, to render a good account of itself?

OPINIONS on this vital point vary, and there are quite a number of experienced people who have gained their knowledge from inside information, and are prepared to state that the Navy is anything but sufficiently manned. We all know that the "nucleus crew" idea is a fixture. At least, it is as much a fixture as anything can be in a combination of notions which is for ever in the experimental stage. We most of us realise that the nucleus idea was faked-up for the reason that there are insufficient men available for a full-crew-flutter to be indulged in. If there are enough men in reserve, can anybody tell us where they are stationed? Again, if, as it is sometimes claimed, those men are at the various Naval Barracks, doesn't it strike you that such a plan is idiotic in the extreme? Men at Barracks, and on Service conditions, will cost just as much as men on shipboard, and in the latter event, they will be ever so much more useful, if only in the matter of learning to use their legs? Therefore, as we know that "nucleus crews" are on shipboard, and that it is extremely doubtful as to whether the full compliments are in barracks, where is the better-manned idea to come from?

CERTAINLY we shall get but few from the Mercantile Marine. In any case, not sufficient to form a full-complement for a lead off, to say nothing of where the new blood is to come from, when the ravages of an enemy's shot and shell are to be made good. As a terminological inexactitude, Lord Tweedmouth's assertion that the British Navy is better manned than that of any other nation might be good enough; as a satisfactory piece of information for the folk who supply the money—well, it's somewhat different, don't you think? Then, when his Lordship concerned himself with our high-falutin' superiority over Germany in this connection, didn't he give his case away, somewhat? For example, consider this: "The eight principle battleships of Germany have as their crews one-third recruits, one-third men of two years' service, and only one third

men of long service." But if our own battleships have nothing better than a "clean-ship crew," where comes in the superiority? The British inefficiency is the result of economy, of course, and nobody wishes to say a word against economy. At the same time, efficiency should come a very long way ahead of the other item?

If the economical trait must be indulged in, why not use it in connection with some of the ornamental portions of Government, leaving the really useful unimpaired? A possible war with, say, Germany, would cost anything up to £500,000,000 supposed the Briton came out "top-dog." Is there any real economy in risking that colossal sum of money, when a very small portion of it annually would suffice to put matters in a suitable train? And if the Briton did not emerge from the struggle in the position of "top dog," is anybody going to beguile himself with the belief that the British Empire would be anything but a historic name? Surely not, for when so much bitterness can be evidenced in time of peace, what sort of action have we to expect in the event of the same bitter ones being flushed with victory? Besides, the Franco-Prussian War exemplified the fact that the Teuton as a victor, is not at all a nice spectacle for the gods; in a minor manner, the world is constantly receiving reminders of the same trait from South-West Africa. No, taken altogether, Lord Tweedmouth's assurances are not particularly assuring to those who take the trouble to look for themselves. The trouble hasn't yet commenced, of course, so we may still buck up and hope. All the same, really sensible folk don't leave life and death issues to hope—if they can help it.

Yea, lor'! A London ha'penny "payper" has been concerning itself with the coal trade, and in consequence of its little walk into unknown regions, has been beguiled on many counts. First of all, coal is to be dearer—which might easily happen, although not for the reasons assigned by London's *Express*. "Owing to the abolition of the coal tax causing a great increase in the export trade, and to further advances in miners' wages, consumers will have to pay more for their coal during the coming summer than in any previous one." Won't somebody tell our friend that the rise in miners' wages takes effect after the coalowner has succeeded in raising the price of his commodity? And here's a gem that would gladden the heart of the local man if true: "Shipping ports are congested with vessels waiting for cargoes of coal, and there were many foreign dealers in the market yesterday." After that, it is useless for the Baltic trade to commence, for on the word of that London pressman, there will be no coal available! Poor old Baltic trade! To think that, in your hard-up days, you should be treated like that! Eh, eh! "When the export Trade to the Baltic is in full swing there will be a regular scramble." So there will, but it won't be in that sort of full-swing this year, our friend.

By all the portents, the German friend would, after all, appear to have a fairly-good appreciation of his constitutional disability to successfully run a colony. Yet, in face of that appreciation, quite a number of him is intent on beguiling himself with the belief that his future is on the sea! Naturally, seeing that it is impossible to remain at sea for any extended period, that "future" means a colonial epoch. And yet on Saturday last, the Reichstag was in a condition approximating to that of a bear-garden, on account of the amiable manner in which Germany's negligible amount of Colony is now administered. The scandals, of course, were hushed up as much as possible, and by way of extenuation, were promised searching inquiry at a later date. That was all very pretty, as far as it went. But, alas, it didn't go far enough, and one of the worthy members of the German Parliament deprecated a system of Colonial administration which compels the Governor of East Africa to send to Berlin, annually, "a packing case one cubic métre in size filled with receipts!" Is it red tape, or merely an indication that the stay-at-home folk who find the money, having had some, consider that in future, it is well to check off the expenditure account? Queer people, aren't they?

The Imperial Conference will be noted for about one item, only, if we may be allowed to judge from indications so far in its career. It came to the Old Country as a Conference of Colonial Premiers, it will be handed down in history as the Imperial Conference of 1907. That, to all appearance, is to be the net result for all the money that has been spent thereon: for all the grand speeches; the junketings; the banquetings; the rushings around; and the remainder of the show, generally. Mr. Lloyd-George has given it as his opinion that to tax the food of the people was to cast an undue share of sacrifice (which is quite a pretty if beguiling expression) on the poorest part of the population; while a tax on raw material would fetter us (another pretty if beguiling expression) in the struggle with foreign competitors. As if anybody really believes that this country is engaged in any sort of struggle with foreign competitors! How can there be a struggle with the alien, when that gentleman has a free stem offered him, and, on arrival, is greeted with loving (if funky) phrases? Diplomatic language is a queer sample of words, as a rule, and rendered in moderately plain English, Mr. Lloyd-George's remarks work out to: Myself and butties have long since agreed to give the alien a free field; we are the WE ARE, and you Colonial Johnnies had better get home and tend sheep.

All the same, it was admitted that Sir Joseph Ward had worked up three practical proposals, and they were:

(1) The improvement and cheapening of cable communication with this country;

(2) The appointment of Commercial Attachés or Consuls in the Colonies to assist British trade; and

(3) The improvement of transport and passenger communications between the Mother Country and the Colonies.

Now read Mr. Lloyd-George (who is a Protectionist at heart, or he would never have tacked the "Lloyd" on to his name, for the purpose of securing to himself all the family honour and glory which might eventually transpire; and by indulging in that same tacking, gave the poor writer chiels much unnecessary trouble in scrawling a double-barrelled name, when other members of his august family are known to fame as plain Georges? which is a digression, but is necessary). But as we have already remarked: Now read Mr. Lloyd-George on the situation. You may do it in the next paragraph.

Here you are, then: "As to (1) we ought to shorten the distance between us and the Colonies by all possible means"—which is to be taken in a figurative sense, for even the President of the Board of Trade is not in a position to turn 10,000 miles of deep sea into a mere matter of 5,000 miles; "as to (2) he was considering the appointment of 'Imperial Commercial Travellers' to investigate and report on trade conditions and requirements in the Colonies"—but as the said "Travellers" will cost money, the gentleman will probably go on "considering the

appointment" until the stroke of the Greek Calends; "and as to (3) he could not consider any suggestion for a system of steamship subsidies, but the problem of the acceleration of inter-Imperial communication was not beyond the resources of British statesmanship"—when represented by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P., you understand. Thus far, in quotation from the *Morning Post*. Of course, the gentleman who has to do with trade although never having been "in it," had a lot to say all 'round the subject. He is famous for the ability so to do, and we are willing to believe that as long as the suggested "improvements" may be brought about free, gratis, and for nothing, the Colonies will get a look in.

BUT if those Colonial brethren of ours imagine that they are going to get a fair showing if the situation demands the banging of many sixpences, then, you may take it from us that they are doomed to disappointment. Nor is the actual reason far to seek. Rightly or wrongly, the present Government believes that it is going to be favoured with a longish spell of power. Under the circumstances, then, it is going to take no chances of being hoist with its own petard. In other words, it realises that it is living on its capital; that it has no further sources of taxation open without a holy cloud-burst eventuating; therefore, it has to save the little money that is in hand, or be compelled to admit to all and sundry that Free Trade is a delusion and a snare. And think what an admission that would be! Why, Black Friday and its long-past miseries would be nothing in comparison. So where is the utility in holding these Conferences? True, it is cheaper to feed the Colonial Premiers with "free food"—and stale japes—than it would be to extend a hand that would help consolidate the Empire, and that is mainly all there is about it. In our opinion, the "speeches" to-date, do but obscure an otherwise clear situation—and we are by no means alone in our beliefs.

STILL, it would be nice to know what was exactly meant by the "acceleration of inter-Imperial communication," and how all hands are likely to benefit therefrom. We have a tenpenny dictionary (originally a shilling article but carrying a discount of twopence if bought at one hit, so to speak) before us, and it assures us—albeit in a dumb sort of way—that acceleration is "the state of being accelerated." Harking back another peg in the column, we find that accelerated is "quickened in motion; hastened in progress." (Dictionaries are queer arrangements, and Lloyd-Georgian withal—difficult to understand, you know.) Therefore, it is good for us to have a "quickened in motion; hastened in progress inter-Imperial communication" and we are proud to know it. Of course, that is merely the abstract phase of the subject. How it is going to be done, is altogether up another street. Subsidies are no good. Mr. L.-G. says so, and quotes France in substantiation of his claim. You mightn't have noticed it, but "L.-G." is fond of *la belle France*. T'other day, when writing letters about the cook's academy in Well Street, he remarked about the super-excellence of French cookery on shipboard; now he is holding France up as a fearful example of shipping subsidy misfortune.

CAN it be that Mr. Lloyd-George has sinister designs against the solidity of the *entente cordiale*? Perish the thought, for if he really bucks up against that same *entente*—well, in the present state of national feeling, he would surely lose the job which took him so much time and trouble to win. But getting back to the statement that subsidies will not "accelerate" anything worth speaking about; but that notwithstanding, the acceleration is not beyond the resources of British statesmanship (ahem!); what are we to suppose? Have any of the gentlemen intentions of getting out behind each "inter-Imperial communication" unit, and shoving her along with a strenuous shoulder? That is about the only cheap method of working the acceleration act, and we give the information, freely, and with every good wish. Moreover, when the shoving commences, may we be there to see. In connection with the foregoing, the hon. gentleman was of opinion that "One advantage over preferential tariffs there would be in such a scheme. Such tariffs he believed, and his opinion was shared by millions of his fellow-countrymen (is that quite correct, or were the opinions manufactured as an Election wheeze?), involved duties on corn and raw materials, and must increase prices."

ARGUED like a shentlemans from Houndsditch? If you don't vause vant to buy a vatch, git avay from der vindow. Let us work up an accelerated "inter-Imperial communication" our friends, but let us devise a scheme whereby we may get it for nothing. For, "On the other hand, improved transport facilities might be expected to cheapen the prices of the Colonial products, which they were all anxious to obtain." Whatever did the gentleman mean? Will anybody oblige us with a clear definition? Improved transport facilities, which must necessarily mean an increased expense in working, and therefore, a higher rate of freight to compensate those who incur the additional expense; but even so, Colonial produce will come down in price, so where, oh, where, does the Colonial friend come in? This is quite the worst feature of standing up a theorist to explain away a practical difficulty! One other item we noted ere throwing down the report in dispair. It was: "I do not propose to submit to you a definite plan (we should smile); it would be better that a scheme or schemes should be elaborated slowly and in detail after thinking out all the ramifications of the problem." That was spoken feelingly, no doubt, and suggests that Mr. L.-G. is a bit sorry that he didn't always think first, and then speak?

BUT it isn't a bit of good, sir. You may watch these pages until Doomsday, and we shall never give you an inkling of "a scheme or schemes," not us. We obliged you when your Merchant Shipping Bill was in embryo; we helped you out with a text for a speech at Cardiff's Chamber of Commerce banquet; we have given you far too many points to date; and dern us if we are going to rise to the fly this time. We have half a dozen fair-to-middling schemes for a solution of your obvious difficulties; and if you had shown us a particle of gratitude, we might, for old times' sake, have seen you through once more. But we hate ingratitude—aye, even in a politician; and under the circumstances, we are going to sit down, and watch how you finniggle out of this tight little corner. When you find that you are really up against a tough bit; when the perspiration commences to moisten up your well-laundried collar and linen generally; when you feel that the world is about to frown on you in very big pieces; then, Mr. L.-G., come to us repentant, and thankful for past mercies, and—yes, dern it, we will; we'll see you through. We aren't half bad, when you get to know us.

IN connection with the foregoing, our this week's Cartoon is worthy of passing mention. "Watching it burst" quoth the artist! "There came a burst of thunder loud, poor Georgie—where was he? Ask of the man that saw him last—or anyone, but me!"

"ADVANCE AUSTRALIA."

THERE may be no gainsaying the fact that the average Australian politician means well in his efforts towards the betterment of his country; or that he is at all backward in laying his ideas out in a straightforward manner when interviewed on the subject; but in spite of these two facts, the homelander might be forgiven if, at times, the suggested issue is anything but clear to him, or if he fails to size up the situation as explained by the Australian brother.

LET us particularise, and doing so, let us consider an "interview" recently accorded the representative of a London "daily," by no less a personage than Sir William Lyne. Of course, it goes without saying that Sir William is a "typical Australian." All public men when interviewed by a newspaper scribe are "typical." The conventionalities require the admission, so nothing further need be said on that phase of the matter.

BUT in reading over the "interview" referred to, we find little that is new, or absorbingly interesting. Indeed, we might remark that the whole fit-out is common-place in the extreme, and merely corroborates what numerous other "typical Australians" have said, for years. This being so, there is little need for us to consider it in the main. But towards the end of the story, we come upon a bit of "opinion" which, to our mind, is worthy of reproduction. Worthy, if only to ask seriously how the suggestions and statements therein contained, are to be carried to a successful issue.

HERE is that "opinion":

"We have made up our minds on some things in Australia. We are going to keep the race pure. One of the great accomplishments of this time has been the Shipping Conference, which has ensured the right of Australia to see that every ship which visits her ports gives its sailors decent treatment and accommodation. We are going to have our mails carried on ships manned by white sailors, which look after their crews fairly. We have built up an industrial system that gives the worker good conditions and fair wages. We are going to maintain that system."

Now, spread out in a newspaper column, the foregoing quotation is passing good. It is crisp, self-assertive, carries conviction, at least, of the speaker's belief in what he says—but will it hold water, so to say, when considered in juxtaposition to the hard, material facts of this workaday period? Nobody wishes to suggest that the Australian hasn't made up his mind "on some things." But then, making up one's mind doesn't necessarily mean that affairs will follow thereafter, automatically. Even if our antipodean friends assure us at home, that they are going to keep the race pure, what then?

A PURE race is open to several sorts of definition, and if a crowd of one-time Britons talk about a "pure race" which is composed of the off-scourings of old world civilisations, is there very much in the term?—For instance, if Australia, in its struggles to keep its race pure, indulges in a Shipping Conference which ultimately agrees to accept anything as officers for its vessels, as long as those potential officers are "British subjects," where does the "purity of race" come in? We have no wish to split straws in this connection. Merely seek a little enlightenment on matters which exercised our minds when sailing in Australian vessels; and which still exercises us now that we have decided to our own satisfaction, that all this prattle about a "pure race" is just prattle, and little more.

As the law now stands, it doesn't matter a toss where a man was born, or what the colour of his progenitors happened to be; under certain babyish conditions, he may still assume the command of the vessels which belong to these "race pure" seeking friends of ours, "down under." The chief of the babyish conditions referred to, is simply that the potential boss of genuine white men shall be a "British subject." There is nothing said about his being "British born," please note. Merely that he shall be a "British subject."

HE might have acquired the doubtlessly proud distinction, by passing over a six-shilling fee to a superintendent of a mercantile marine office; he might have acquired his "nationality" by simple long-service in undercutting the native; but as long as he is a "British subject," he may romp into all the good things of this "race pure" seeking baby-land, and there you are. We note that Sir William Lyne wouldn't admit that home-made explanations of Australian procedure amazed him and his friends—that instead, they disgusted him. Very well. Even there, our esteemed countryman is not unique, for quite a number of the Homelanders are disgusted at the stuff which passes as "explanation" from "down under."

"WE are going to have our mails carried on ships manned by white sailors." forsooth! As a bit of tub-thumping, the expression is good; but as an earnest of what should be meted out to Britons, the tale doesn't amount to much. Writing as Britons, we must seriously admit that it doesn't unduly matter to us who carries our mails, if their carriage are to be entrusted to anybody save our own countrymen. In other words, if you are going to allow a Dutchman, a Greek, a Scandinavian, a—a—anything that can walk, to ship as a "white" sailor; then, we shouldn't jib if you were to train a number of monkeys for the job, not us.

To paraphrase a certain well-known couplet, "What care I how 'white' they be, if they be not 'white' to me?" And that is just the trouble. Quite a quantity of the "explanations" which have been bandied about, are merely political twankey, and are worked off for the delectation of the "gallery." The latter affair is seldom noted for its powers of reasoning—either at home or in the Colonies; and thus it comes about, that anything which smells (be it ever so faintly) of patriotism, is bound to "go down"—with the "gallery." But we aren't all occupants of the gallery, after all.

"We are going to keep the race pure!" But how? If the amiable Japanese nation should decide on over-running the Australasian chunks of earth, will Sir William Lyne explain how he is going to keep the "race pure" under these conditions? If the Chinaman—in his millions—should undertake a similar trick, what will the Antipodean do then, poor thing? Sending interviews to a London "daily" will not help the situation, although spot-barring the Australian jobs to none but those of British birth might.

No! We are not inclined to believe too childishly in the "explanation" offered by these "typical Australians." We admire forceful expressions—for that reason we invariably employ them in these columns. But we aren't out solely to be stuffed by any piece of apparent patriotism. We have sailed in Australian ships; have studied the situation on the spot, so to speak; and under those conditions, we are disinclined to take on anything of a "race pure" tale which is thrown around among us at a ha'penny a time. We like a bit of verisimilitude in our literary *panem*; to-date, and as far as Australasian business is concerned, we are sorry to say that it has been conspicuous by its absence.

BECAUSE the Australians have made up their minds to a given set of conditions, is no good reason to suppose that the said conditions will follow—as a matter of course. There are other minds, and they have been made up in quite as emphatic a manner. Moreover, the said minds are on top of portions of a "race" which is quite as "pure" in its way, as anything that Australia can offer. This is the unfortunate part of the whole undertaking. None are so blind as they who will not see, and swelled head is not confined to any one portion of the human race. Here then, we may safely leave the subject—at least, for this occasion.

. The Maritime Review, .
FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1907.

MAY-DAY MUMMERS.

THE world has again been treated to the manifestations of the May-day Mummers, and presumably, for another year, there will be peace? Without admitting to a brief for the good people of Swansea, it yet appeals to us to consider the more or less maudlin nonsense which passed current there on Saturday last, when a "brave body" of amateur mummers carried their banners, and tootled their little songs of emancipation through Wind Street (suggestive name), and other places. We have no wish to immortalise any of the well-meaning souls who took part in the flangary referred to, and for the simple reason that their vapourings are looked upon by most people, as a safety-valve for the accumulated animal spirits with which these mummers are blessed or cursed. In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—but you know all about that phase of the young (or even middle-aged, and old) man or woman, so turn we now, to a closer consideration of Swansea's strenuous set. As we have already remarked, the "outing" took place on Saturday, and as that is a "half-day," and a period when the 'orny 'anded is usually free from the wiles of the bloated capitalist, it naturally follows that a fairly-good gathering of the discontented clans was in evidence. We have heard that more of them would have been about supposing the meeting had been on Wednesday—presumably on the assumption that the middle of the week is a bad time for pot-house politics?—and the cruel masters had seen fit to give a half-day's holiday. However, the May-day show was not on a Wednesday, the masters didn't give a half-day's holiday, so "several thousands of workers" took part, with bands, banners, bathos, and regalia. One of these days, a clever Chancellor of the Exchequer will arise, and out of the plenitude of his financial wisdom, will put a lovely tax on bands, banners, and "union" regalia, when the long-suffering middle-class man will straightway find relief from his presently unjust income tax. Meanwhile, we have to consider these annual jokes, in precisely the light which fulminates around them. We have already told you that Swansea's gallant band—and fixings—meandered through Swansea's Wind Street? Well, they did, and after wearing out much good shoe-leather, and breaking up much of the murky atmosphere which surrounds Swansea even as a pall (we refer, of course, to the strains of music from the various "bands"), the noble army of pinchbeck martyrs foregathered in Albert Hall, where "tea" was provided by the women's committee—kind souls. So far, there was nothing much to wonder at. The whole fit-out pursued the line usually set aside for these annual ebullitions, but the culmination was, when a mass meeting was held in the evening, under the chairmanship of a real, 'live, member of Parliament. There is nothing peculiar in this feature, for when a gentleman has secured the votes of a number of well-meaning patriots, it stands to reason that he should lose no opportunity to add thereto—or to crystallise those which he has already won. The votes of the mob is a movable affair, you understand; and having earned them by windy promises, it is just as well to wear them viâ the same methods? Very well. The Chairman of this occasion, when opening the proceedings, made feeling reference to the illness of Hardie, M.P., F.O.M. (friend of man), and several other titles which need not be enumerated; and assured the crowd that "though absent in body," the Hardiean "heart" was right along with the gang. Furthermore, the same great apostle of freedom—which might be regarded as a bit of sarcasm on our part—gave his gracious permission to the workers to keep the red flag flying, and if there was a bit too much assumption of Divinity in his words to suit the taste of some of us—well, what will you? In the beginning, the Creator said "Let there be light," and every one of us admits that the command was obeyed in good shape. "Queer" Hardie said (or wrote, which, perhaps, is hardly the same thing) "Let the workers of Swansea unite and keep the red flag flying," and thereby we consider that "Queer" Hardie is a plagiarist, and just a little bit presumptuous—as well as one or two other things. Anyhow, the Hardeian permission was not followed out with the same success as was the original Command, for on the word of a number of good souls who were present at the May-day Mummeries, the flags (banners; we beg their pardon) which abounded were in no wise exclusively red. Mind you, that is a mere detail, and the Zulu's-chum's words might easily have been intended as metaphorical. Still, having worked off the bit of authority about the red flag, Mr. Keir Hardie further wrote, "They (the workmen) have nothing to lose but their poverty," and by doing so, we are of opinion that the apostle was most unkind. Is it a gentlemanly thing to taunt those banner-wavers with the truism that they lost their self-respect, say—and a right to be considered seriously—when they undertook to give their countenance to this British sample of West Indian John Canoeism? Is it a nice thing to be told that you have sacrificed everything but your poverty, merely because you chip in with a crowd of men and women who want to carry banners down a provincial Wind Street? We say, No; and we are disappointed with Keir Hardie, M.P. Time was, when we thought differently of the gentleman; when we believed that he was no end of a nice, Christian-like sort of professional orator; and when we could have found it in us to re-echo his own wish of "Hope soon to be amongst you." But to-day—well, we have notions on the subject, which are somewhat conflicting. Not that we can afford to dwell unduly on Keir Hardie's peculiarities. There are others awaiting an opportunity. For instance, there was a gentleman who was bracketted as having some connection with "National Labourers"—some particular connection, we mean, for when all is said, we are, every one of us, national labourers, although some of the good souls who spout cannot see the point—and he was "well received." This probably means that, at no very distant date, he will be elected for Parliamentary honours? When a gentleman is "well received" by his butties, you never know what their frenzy will culminate in, and while passing along, we think it only right to show you the possibilities. At the same time, this same "National Labourers" man did not wish to have any emphasis put on his work which had been alluded to by the Chairman. He didn't, really. Indeed, he assured his hearers that the said effort "was not much. It only gave the Swansea man the right to walk." And that "If the Swansea Harbour Bill had passed as proposed, no man would have a right to go on to the Swansea docks without a written permission." The inference is, you see, that if it hadn't been for that "National Labourers" stalwart, the said Bill would have passed as proposed; and you, dear reader, and ourselves, would have been chivvied away from Swansea docks when we went down to see a father or brother depart for foreign lands—unless we had taken the precaution to rush the Harbour Trust for a written permission. "And as she looked, the tears doon fa', for Jock o' Hazeldean!" Really, his name wasn't Jock, in this instance; but that's a detail. A lady orator then obliged the company, and among other pearls of wisdom which she gave gratuitously were: "If the Government will only give us one million we could buy the idle land and set the unemployed to work." Lady, we could do it for half the money, and we take this opportunity of impressing the fact upon a grateful Government! Elsewhere in this issue, we have considered this phase of the May-day Mummeries at greater length, so we close up with felicitations to Swansea, and the traditionally-beautiful manner in which she worked the oracle, on Saturday, last.

The "New" Preference—Subsidies.

ON the preceding page, we have animadverted to the vapourings which surround the mummeries of the Merry Month of May, and continuing in the alliterative lay, we were inclined to label this present writing as "Mouth, *minus* Money." But as we have no wish to appear rude, or unappreciative to Government effort, we refrained, using instead, the words which appear above.

AT the same time, we wish it to be distinctly understood that "Mouth *minus* Money" appeals to us as quite the best tag for the "new" preference of which we are hearing so much: and that deference alone makes us endeavour to keep to the other title. You see, we should hate to think that the present Government is only a Trades Union on a large scale—although we are bound to admit that our provocation that way is large in the extreme.

WHEN all is said, the trades union demagogue appears to believe that a country may live on its capital for ever—and mainly for the reason that, previous to his initiation into a "union," he had but little capital on which to practice. This should constitute the difference between the Government and the demagogue, for the former has usually had enough cash on which to practice *haut finance;* and if, collectively, they haven't done so, then, they are all the more to blame.

OF course, it might be suggested that it is bad policy to practice *haut finance* with your own money; that it is safer to do so with Government oof: that if you fail egregiously in the effort, you merely get turned down at the next Election: and that as a result, you are then in fine form to go to the City with your own little lot. We aren't altogether clear about this phase of the subject—never having been prevailed on to accept a Government job. We might descend to it, someday, to tread lightly, just here. You never know your luck, you know, and although you might be a respectable member of the community to-day, a hard fate might easily boost you into a Government job tomorrow.

BUT reverting to the "new" Preference, the clever gentlemen who are now hashing the nation's destinies, being precluded (by Election promises) from doing what they appear to recognise as the only safe thing—bringing in Tariff Reform—are certainly in a jamb. They wish to do "the straight thing," but may not. They turn, and they twist, but Nemesis, in some shape or other, is ever at their side, or on their port quarter.

THE Colonial Premiers have come, have seen, and have conquered: and where the bosses of "headquarters" were inclined to be patronising to the bosses of the "branch offices," lo, the boot is on the other foot! For when all is said, preference must come—aye, and at no very late date. So—what is to be done? Well, in the first exuberance of their awakened wisdom, the Government attempts a bit of Chinese-slavery dubiosity. They don't really say anything about the slavery indicated, and haven't, since they got into power.

REALLY speaking, they are a bit ashamed of that political trick, and want to live it down, only their opponents won't allow it. In season and out, that old Chinese-slavery hoax is thrown upon the screen, and as a set-off, the country is being prepared with the words "Tariff Reform and no Income Tax"—a much more gentlemanly battle cry? But as Tariff Reform may not come about with the present Government—unless they eat their words wholesale instead of little by little—something must be substituted therefore.

WHAT is that something to be? Well, the good souls have faked up a lovely title in this connection and—possibly for the reason that THE MARITIME REVIEW haunts one "Georgie" of immortal fame?—it is known of mankind as Maritime Communications. Seeing that it is a delicate compliment to ourselves, we ought to say nothing against it: but as we have already assured you that we do not hold a Government position, being to all intents and purposes, quite respectable subjects of his Majesty, King Edward VII., we feel it incumbent on us to speak the truth, as usual.

OF course, Maritime Communications are a great affair, and run on patriotic lines would do no end of good. But as matters are at present, the whole contention is nothing better than "Mouth, *minus* Money." Generally considered, it is supposed to be possible to subsidise shipping, to cheapen telegraphy, and to put penny ferries all over the world. In short, it is a Govermental exposition of that Swansea lady's pious declaration that: "If the Government would give us one million we could buy the idle land and set the unemployed at work." Yea, lor'!

WE aren't going to say one word against subsidising shipping, and for the reason that we believe it is quite time that the shipowner got a bit of his own back in this respect. For the matter of that, we realise that our commercial friends should be enabled to cable to the uttermost ends of the earth- in an endeavour to dispose of their surplus stocks of good Welsh coal—at prices approximating a third of that which at present obtains. But those subsidies, and that cheap telegraphy (as well as Swansea's suggested million!) will have to be "put up" by somebody?

THERE is only one medium left- the middle-class income tax payer, and as he is the identical man who engages in shipping: is precisely the man who urgently needs an easement in bank-breaking telegraph rates; how can this old prattle be anything more than "Mouth, *minus* Money?" The Government has to collect its finances from the man in the street; they will put nothing on to the imports with which the home merchant is rapidly becoming ruined; they must do "something"—for the Colonial Premiers are winning all along the line; so—they'll sweat the middle-class out of more income tax, so that the sweated amount might be returned in subsidies and cheaper telegraph rates!

DOESN'T the whole contention tickle you? Aren't you amused at such peculiar arguments—and coming from responsible Governmental heads? If not, you ought to be: providing, that is, that the unnameably-wicked income tax has left you any possibility of developing a humorous side to your character. Those sapient friends of the nation give the foreigner a free stem; they also give those who do but little for the country's advancement free food; they sweat the providers of nine-tenths of the essential taxes—and they are considering the advisability of "squeezing" them still more!

As we have already remarked, those kindly souls may not give the country Tariff Reform, as it is spot-barred by their Election promises; but there is nothing to stop the hazed middle-class man from putting in a new Government, is there? Give subsidies and cheap telegraphy by all means: but give it at the expense of the foreign manufacturer (as he does, in his own country), instead of at the expense of those who pay most of the expenses of Empire at the moment—the over-taxed middle-class trader. Furthermore, to give it in this manner would preclude the possibility of being "turned down" at the approaching General Election.

THESE would-be ameliorators have ever a quiff for redress up their capacious sleeves; they only need about a million for each of their tricks; but bless them if they know (or care) where the millions are to come from—or they would insist on Tariff Reform at once, and without dallying it along yet a few months.

ACCIDENTS TO NAVAL VESSELS.

ONE day last week, Lord Brassey had a sort o field day with this subject, and in the House of Lords. Remarking that Earl Cawdor's observations with reference to the repairs of war vessels gave an opportunity for calling attention to the returns of casualties to King's ships, annually presented to Parliament, Lord Brassey went into the matter in his usually thorough manner. He admitted that in 1901, and dealing only with battleships and cruisers, the casualties were very few. Relatively few, that is to say.

WORKING up increasingly until 1905, the casualties were seriously frequent, and in all cases blame was attributable. The return for 1906 has not yet been presented—although nearly the half of 1907 has gone; and when it is presented, won't there be a tale to unfold? Possibly it is for this reason that the report is so long in being made public? As Lord Brassey remarked: "We have lost a battleship. It was a matter of common knowledge that serious casualties have occurred, especially among battleships."

AGAIN, "As might have been expected, casualties had also been numerous in the torpedo flotilla, and in many cases blame was attributable." Going further, his Lordship submitted that as these casualties had been so numerous, "they called for a remedy," and therefore "the course of instruction for junior officers in pilotage and navigation should be extended, and that more small vessels should be attached to the school for practical purposes under the direction of experienced officers." Very good, but somewhat impossible, isn't it?

WE mean that as most of the experienced officers are retired as soon as they have experience, how is it possible to expect other than a continuance of casualty? Sandown and similar places contain any number of retired experienced officers, but they will not assist in keeping down the casualty list at sea. Indeed, the British Navy is for ever in a state of embryonic training. Types of vessels are changed quite as frequently as are the officers in charge of them; and as soon as a given set of men have been allowed to acquire a definite knowledge about a given type, the ship is scrapped and the officers retired, only to begin all over again.

THIS is progress, good sirs, and some would-be wags affect the belief that it tends towards efficiency! Of course, efficiency is, after all, merely a relative term, and therefore, must not be unduly accentuated. If a *Montagu* goes ashore while her headman is fussing around in dangerous times with wireless telegraphy—well, there is little to be said about it. The nation gains a threepenny tip on telegraphy, and sacrifices a million-and-a-half pounds warship in the effort. That is good business, for a country which is living on its capital, and doesn't appear to have the essential sense to alter it all.

HOWEVER, Lord Tweedmouth wasn't going to allow Lord Brassey a clear run for his money, so to say. The First Lord had an idea that his interlocutor had exaggerated the number of groundings by ships of the Royal Navy. Personally, we do not see where such exaggeration is possible. We have an idea that if the whole uncomfortable truth were laid bare to the nation, an alteration would rapidly come about. The country contains any quantity of essential talent in this direction, and if the young sons of old families cannot supply it, then the younger sons of younger families should be allowed to.

LORD TWEEDMOUTH admitted that it was true that there were 41 cases in 1905, but that was an exceptional year. How was it exceptional? Exceptionally free from groundings, or what? Then "Considering the high speed of destroyers, and the fact that they often manœuvred at night, we could hardly hope to be quite free from such accidents." "Quite free," and in the Navy, these things are "accidents." In other words, 28 "accidents" in a few hundred vessels, is something to be proud of? What is the exact percentage?

BUT what did Lord Tweedmouth mean when "considering the high speed of destroyers, and the fact that they often manœuvred at night?" Is it to be assumed that the nation's ships ought not to be allowed to go faster than a crawl, and that at night, they should tie up to the nearest tree? Would a similar "excuse" avail a merchant skipper, we wonder? Really, we don't wonder, for if he came to grief in a high speed vessel, it would be accounted to him as additional sin. The beak would say, in effect: "To think you, in command of that beautifully-nimble sample of steam tonnage, must come to grief, 'fore all the world as if she had been a slow-moving and uncertain old crock."

BUT then, the merchant man is a mere commercial sailor—the other fellow is a national ornament. Later, Lord Tweedmouth indulged in a dissertation on the methods applying in the education of the sucking Nelsons who navigate these vessels into groundings and other casualties. To our mind, there was altogether too much stress laid on the navigation side of the undertaking. But few of the casualties to warships are resultant from faulty navigation. Bad seamanship is mainly responsible. Bad seamanship, and the idiotic practice of placing a number of callow youths into the command of "tricky" vessels which would exercise the skill of older and abler men.

TAKE the ordinary destroyer as found to-day. Usually under the charge of a lieutenant and a gunner, and with the engineer-officer senior to the man who is presumably in charge! Lieutenant says he needs steam to take the hooker up inside of Drake's Island. Engineer says he'll see him jiggered first. There isn't enough water, and anyhow, steam isn't in sufficient volume just now, as the fires have been burned down preparatory to a run ashore on arrival. This kind of thing is fairly common, and then the Admiralty give us japes anent the education of junior officers!

IF it is really intended to obviate the numerous and ever-increasing "accidents," less stress should be laid on theoretical navigation, and more importance given to practical seamanship. Then, if a torpedo boat is to be trusted outside in the dark, there will be some little chance of her returning in safety. The trouble appears to be, that those in authority are unable to differentiate between navigation and seamanship. Moreover, they concern themselves with abstruse (and abstract) "reports," rather than with the actual happenings which are of daily occurrence.

BOILERS are constructed so that the water therefor must be condensed, and that, too, after a special brand of fresh water has been taken on board. Yet with all these precautions, furnace crowns come down with sickening regularity, and the good ship is thus rendered helpless, right at the moment when her propellers are needed to keep her off the rocks. It is in the night, and therefore, we must excuse the "accident." And anyhow, it is only by getting into "accidents" that the embryo commander may know how to avoid it, later on in life? Of course, and if the process is expensive—*qui voulez vous?* It's a good firm, you know!

"SHIPPING RINGS."

AGAIN that iniquitous "Shipping Ring" which practices with South African trade is occupying public attention; again will the "Ring's" journalistic whole-hogger prattle to his very limited circle of readers; again will much heat be engendered; and again will all hands essay a little discussion, preparatory to once more dropping off to sleep. There can be no getting away from the fact that "rings" are bad, whether at an auctioneer's sale, in a cattle market, in shipping, or elsewhere.

THAT is to say, "rings" are bad for those who are outside, while being distinctly good for the other party; and they are also distinctly human. What trader or traders would not engage in a "ring," if by so doing he (or they) could raise prices to an appreciable extent? To our mind, the contentions on either side are twaddley in the extreme, for the merest tyro understands that the South African Ring is doing its level best to raise a decent dividend on its subscribed capital; while the trader is engaged on similar tactics where his own benefit is concerned.

FROM an Imperialistic point of view, there is absolutely nothing to justify the continuance of that "Ring." But then, its exponents are not going in on Imperialism. Such luxuries are only possible for those who have a public purse to draw upon. For example, the present rate of freight on boots, shoes and wearing apparel stuff, generally, from England to Natal is 52s. 6d. per ton; while for the same goods from the United States to Natal, the freight is 35s. Everything else of a carrying nature, is *pro rata* in the matter of freight.

BUT is anybody going to believe that if the so-called "South African Ring" could raise freights into an 105s. notch for the same commodities, they would hesitate to do it? Certainly not! Steamers are run for money-making purposes, exactly as are other trading concerns, and if the South African steamer people have managed to engineer the thing into a paying basis for themselves, who is going to say they are wrong? On the other side of the consideration, would the trader pay 52s. 6d. per ton outward, if he could get the stuff carried for 35s.? He wouldn't, and he doesn't care a dump who knows it.

SOUTH AFRICAN freights are merely suffering the fate which surrounds all monopolies, and if the British trader is feeling really hurt about it, why doesn't his Association approach some of the first-class cargo lines whose boats are now eating their heads off, in a manner of speaking: and having approached them, guarantee them a series of full cargoes, at reasonable rates? Such action would do more in the matter of equalising matters, than would a hundred Royal Commissions. For when all is said, what may a Royal Commission do in this connection?

AT the best, it may only arrive at a conclusion which is already well-known to the business men involved. And having thus arrived, is it supposed that the Government will then undertake to assess a rate of freight beyond which no steamer line may go? Isn't the whole thing nonsensical in the extreme, and isn't that Royal Commission a mere mortifying of the flesh? Of course, it is. The remedy lays altogether with the trader, if he really needs a remedy.

BUT judging by indications he is in need of no such remedy, for to-date, he has merely prattled, and vituperated, where, if he felt really disposed, he could alter the whole face of things in a month. For when all is said, the "Ring" steamers may not hope to keep up their extortionate prices, providing the trader will not patronise the boats that are implicated? The plain fact of the matter is, that the British trader, as usual, has been stuffed with specious tales. He was assured that, with the cessation of the South African War, trade was bound to boom in an altogether unprecedented manner.

FOR the matter of that, it has boomed—but not for the Briton. As usual, when the Briton has finished fighting, the gentle foreigner (who has loaded up his produce meanwhile) comes on the scene, and (while John Bull is wiping his sword, and pulling down his waistcoat) supplies all the "boom" in trade that is about. Later on, Johnny begins to see that he has been "had," and undertakes to take it out of somebody, once more. The whole thing is very simple, if you care to look at it in an unprejudiced manner; and is, furthermore, anything but creditable to the British trader.

THE latter, true to his early training, wishes to send his goods per express, but is willing to pay goods tariff, only. In other words, he wishes to send his cargo out by a fast liner, but at prices which should rule for a tramp steamer. Obviously, the whole contention is ridiculous in the extreme. At the same time, there is no sort of need for the said goods to be rushed out by swift liners. Ordinary cargo boats would do just as well. But what support would the average trader give to those cargo boats, supposing their owners were to offer to take a hand in the game?

WELL, judging by past efforts in this direction, the support accorded would be just about enough to bankrupt the "new chum" in three months. Let a tramp owner approach a regular trader to South Africa, and offer to carry his goods at half the ruling rate—a figure which would be beautifully remunerative. What would happen? Wouldn't Mr. Trader wrap himself in his usual mantle of smug superiority; wouldn't he suggest that he was enjoying an altogether unexpected honour; wouldn't he assure the daring "new chum" that all the trader's consignments were arranged for, months ago; and that he never carried out his business engagements on a hand-to-mouth basis.

CERTAINLY, and if "new chum" were ill-advised enough to say a word about "Shipping Rings," and their handicapping of British trade, Mr. Trader would straightway undertake to demonstrate that "new chum" were wrong all to Hades; that the South African freight market was beautifully fair and equitable; that the trading community had seen to that; and in the end, "new chum" would fix out from Cardiff with coal, so that Mr. Trader's swagger liners might have the essential bunkers to bring them along in their 52s. 6d per ton line of freightage.

IT is very pretty to muss the public mind up with the "rebate system" which has been allowed to grow up around the "Ring." But what does it all amount to in the end? Isn't it just a begging of the question? Of what avail is it to trace the history of the "Ring"? To state when it was inaugurated? When its fell work first took effect? When foreign competition came into the situation? Or any of the usual rubbish which is imported into the questions? Freights either are, or they are not too high. If they are too high, means to lower them should be used; if not too high, why all this prattle?

As we have frequently stated in these columns, if the trader is sincere in his beliefs that freights are out of proportion to the work done, it is among the easiest things in life, to commission a number of efficient cargo-carriers to take the essential merchandise to South Africa; and by giving instructions to the shore-end of the undertaking, facilities for despatch would be forthcoming, when the "Ring" would vanish away as a night-mare usually does vanish. The matter is simple enough, and a Royal Commission will not assist, worth a cent. This is an instance of where Heaven helps those who help themselves. Mr. Trader, bear the fact in mind. It will help you, and your Motherland.

UNREST IN INDIA.

IT has been truthfully remarked that the really humorous individual will see a joke at a funeral—as long as he isn't the "chief item" thereat—and we are disinclined to argue the matter out, either one way or another. At the same time, one would hardly suppose that the presently unsatisfactory state of native society in India is a fit subject for mirth—albeit of a subtle kind.

IT'S like this. A "Reader," either "constant" or otherwise, has been dipping into no less a medium than that supplied by an almanack maker, and among other items of singularity, works up a free advertisement therefor, in the columns of an up-town contemporary. That is all right, and seeing that it is now the Merry Month of May—well, nobody need be unnerved at the fact? The almanack-maker referred to, works this stock advice off on to an unsuspecting world:

"LET the British Government and the Viceroy accept this serious warning that a great crisis is at hand. A wave of fanaticism will soon surge far and wide over Hindustan. Precaution must be taken accordingly, or the consequences will be appalling." But the worst—or best—of these sooth-saying people is, that they leave the matter in such a delightfully open manner. "Precautions must be taken." What precautions? Would somebody's pills be of avail? Or would hair-restorer be better?

HOWEVER, "Reader" already referred to has been giving the matter attention, and as the result thereof, he assures all and sundry that "The guarantee for the above is found in the presence of Mars in the sign Capricorn . . . conjoined with Uranus, and in opposition with Jupiter. Mars was also in Capricorn, opposed to Saturn, at the inception of the Indian Mutiny." What about it? The coolie friend ate rice and currie at the time of the Indian Mutiny, he has been eating it fairly persistently ever since, is eating it now, and will be eating it when Mars has given Capricorn the go-by, and has palled-in with Jupiter?

FOR the matter of that, the same amiable brother subject has been on the seethe, so to put it, ever since the world began, and we are nearly sure that he has no intention of restraining his bubblings over until a particular chunk of stellar wisdom suggests that the time is ripe therefor. We haven't devoted much study to the almanack referred to, but we consider that we have a fairly extended appreciation of the idiosyncrasies of the coolie brother; and putting one against the other, we would rather plump for the human document, than for the cheap, linotyped affair which carries a few patent medicine advertisements, and a number of stock "warnings" to the world, generally.

As an outcome of the appreciation alluded to, we fully realise that the coolie is a splendid servant, but a mighty poor master. Moreover, we also realise that he was built that way right from the beginning, and all "Zenana Missions," or other confloptions to the contrary notwithstanding. Kid-glove conduct is of very little use to a coloured man, and principally for the reason that he doesn't understand it. He has been in existence quite as long as his white brother, as far as that goes, but both samples have developed along lines which are peculiarly their own.

WE have an idea that an alleged poet has given expression to this natural fact in the words, "East is east, and west is west and never the twain shall meet"—if we give an incomplete quotation it doesn't matter, for a number of people got on to the same truth, years before the alleged poet was born, aye, or thought of. The great trouble in the case is, that responsible legislators will not recognise the truth of the situation, and that true to their schoolday teachings they believe that, socially as well as navigationally, too far east is west, and vice versâ.

As a matter of fact, too far east isn't west, neither is too far west, east—as far as the races of mankind are concerned. A nigger will ever remain a nigger—supposing that a "beauty doctor" removes both his skins in an effort to turn him into "a white." A coolie is much about the same. He is "queer," and views everything of a western persuasion with distrust. Moreover, a coolie cannot understand gentlemanly treatment, for he is constitutionally opposed to all such nonsense—as he styles it. When a coolie foregathers with what the Briton is inclined to dub "gentleman," old copper-coloured sniffs; gives the native equivalent for "funky;" and acts accordingly. That is what he is doing, now.

FOR very many years past, the amiable lascar has been wet-nursed by the equally amiable Briton. A number of the self-appointed mission gentlemen have been exploiting him after their fashion and manner; and the lascar is about fed-up with the belief that there isn't much in being a Briton, after all. The native press commenced with a few vague mutterings of disloyalty, and then stood anxiously by, to see if anything happened. Nothing did happen. The powers that be—secure in their generalisation of the peoples of the world—remarked: "Let them be. Stuff like that is a safety-valve, and anyhow, you cannot be for ever biffing those poor fellows in the neck."

THE remark was good enough—as far as it went. But the sedition in the native press was in no sort of way a safety-valve. It was merely a "try-on," and if accepted with silence from the white sahibs, a bit tougher example would be issued a few days later. The silence was there—you see, the white sahibs were busy with polo, gymkhanas, "sassiety" intrigues, and the like—and the tougher example came as a matter of course. Almanacks had nothing to do with it. Conjunction of a given set of planets came not into the purview of the situation. It is just Original Sin, and the inability to understand "soft" treatment.

IN the days of the Indian Mutiny, greasy cartridges were supposed to be good enough to form an excuse for the flooding of the country with British blood. To-morrow, the suggested partition of Bengal, or other faked up excuse, will be equally efficient. The neurotic among us will surely see the wicked hand of Germany and Russia in the business; the scientific will blame the stars; later on, the truthful historian will place the blame exactly where it belongs—to the door of a stale set of rulers.

HUMANITARIANISM is all very well, if confined within its proper limits; and it is somewhat comforting to reiterate the statement that "you cannot be for ever biffing these poor fellows in the neck." All the same, you have to keep biffing, unless you wish that same biffing to be worked up against yourself. It's uncomfortable—from the Briton's point of view—we know. But it is an indubitable truth. Here, at home, where the policeman is quite all that is necessary to keep us as law-abiding citizens, it is good to admit that "Force is medicine for a mad dog"—especially when neither mad dogs nor mad humans are about on the landscape.

BUT in a country where King Sol has a happy knack of working poor human blood up to fever heat, force is a handy thing to have around. At the present moment, that force is conspicuous by its absence—hence the unrest in India. The Indian agitator has no greater antipathy to work up a scene of rapine and loot, than has the agitator (when stripped of his cant, and hypocrisy) elsewhere.

SNOWDEN ON SOCIALISM.

THERE is one thing we like most of all in connection with these Socialistic folk who address mass meetings and talk more or less "through their hat," as our office lad is given to remark on occasion. We are especially pleased with the utterances of Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., for the optimistic manner in which he is going to remove every disadvantage from our paths.

You, gentle reader, will be in for a good time—if Mr. Snowden doesn't join the angels before his self-appointed task is completed. True, he will probably need about four hundred years in which to carry out his pleasant schemes: but what is mere fleeting time to a man of boundless aspirations? Nothing? Surely, nothing! Anyhow, on Sunday last, this optimistic soul addressed a meeting of ten thousand believers at Blackburn, and while considering the matter, we cannot refrain from envying him his lung-power.

NOT that anybody pretends that Mr. Snowden worked his voice deep into the aural portions of that vast throng. On the contrary, and we much doubt if more than a very inappreciable number thereof had an opportunity to revel among the rhetorical pearls which he was flinging around on the ambient air. But what is sound, at times like that? Action is what counts, and if the mob couldn't hear the whole of the harangue, the accommodating Pressman was about, and he set the stuff out with trimmings or contractions and there you are.

WHAT's that? Wherein did the optimism of Mr. Snowden manifest itself? Oh, in a multiplicity of ways, of course. Resolutions were about in force, and among the number was one which expressed a determination to put an end to the capitalist system. The man with the money had been favoured that way for long enough, and if he didn't rapidly see the wickedness of his way, then, the crowd at Blackburn were soon going to make him.

You might ask where the cash now in the possession of those capitalists is ultimately bound to go? If so, we hasten to assure you that it will stay on in the same old spot—the pockets, or banks, affected by the said capitalists. Mind you, the mob which listened to Mr. Snowden naturally had an idea that in the end, the whole of the capital would go into their own pockets! but that, you understand, is one of the little fallacies of the undertaking.

No sensible man really believes in the whole contraption; but as an effective tag for an open-air meeting, it takes a lot of beating. Again, it is a splendid affair for the raising of the mob's enthusiasm, and keeping their votes. And on a day like Sunday last, it takes some enthusiasm to keep ten thousand people in a crowd. It does indeed, for when the elements are about as unkind as the heart of the proverbial capitalist—well, you understand, don't you?

ANYHOW, after the capitalist system had been resoluted against, the eight hours' day was subscribed to. What's the eight hours' day? Haven't you had that simple arrangement explained to you, as yet? Grave oversight on our part. It works out to: Eight hours' sleep: eight hours in a factory thinking up the best ways and means for the enjoyment of the eight hours' play that is then due. It's a grand affair—that eight hours' day, and is calculated to hold a mob, almost as tightly as will a jape against the capitalist.

YES, the eight hours' day takes a lot of beating, as an Electioneering dodge. If used in conjunction with the soul-harrowing picture of a number of pig-tailed Chinamen engaged in continuous "slavery," it will swamp the board—with certain sections of not-too-highly-educated brother citizens. Why, we believe that the eight hours' day is of more value, than is that charity-branded monstrosity known as the State maintenance of your children—and that's a cinch, if you like!

MIND you, nobody has gone into the ethics of that State maintenance of your—and our—offspring. Personally, we must admit to a partiality for maintaining our own kiddies; but everybody isn't so particular, apparently. By the foregoing we mean, that if the State is going to maintain the kiddies, it will necessarily follow that we shall have to raise barracks for their accommodation, for it is impossible to suppose that your own M.P. could be conscientiously expected to hustle around with a basket of bread in one hand, and a dish of bacon-fritters in the other, each breakfast time, what?

You can see that for yourselves, can't you? Besides, if you really are a hard-cased sort of man, and don't really care a toss about your children, your wife might be different. Might be foolish enough to say that as she brought those bairns into the world, she would pull chips off the bald-pates of any Socialistic M.P.'s who dared offer one of them a bacon-fritter. And then where would you be? No, you have to approach these little matters in a diplomatic manner—unless you happen to be a Philip Snowden, in which event you can throw out your chest, and perorate for all you are worth.

You see, in the latter event, the world expects you to fulminate. You are allowed to take on the job on that understanding. In fact, you are by way of posing as a public and popular entertainer, and when you have arrived at that distinction, you are many shades better off than the Court Jester of old. If the latter put it up against his boss too heavily, he received a reminder which sometimes lasted him into a happier sphere. But the Jester's boss was one man, possessed of one mind. The crowd for which a Snowden is likely to work, have many minds, and no two of them are alike!

THUS it comes about that the modern Jester is in clover. As long as he throws out his massive—or otherwise—chest; works up a ferocious look at mention of the word "capitalist:" prattles of a number of subjects which are obviously above the heads of the gang; well, in that case he is safe as eggs, as the phrase runs. At least, he is safe for a time. Ultimately, the many minds turn around a bit, and there is usually trouble for the Jester.

STILL, as he is an optimistic soul (otherwise he couldn't run his job for a week) it doesn't matter. He enjoys a little day—and a long, long, night—and there you are. What do you say? Who is going to pay for that State maintenance of the children? Don't be silly. Pay, forsooth. The blessed thing is still in the resolution stage, and it won't get any forrarder in our time—mainly because it is bunkum of the bunkiest kind.

THESE orators talk to their admirers 'fore all the world as if they had the State up their sleeves, and that the said State got its cash from some Aladdin-lamp-like source, instead of from the pockets of the very mob who are listening so ecstatically to this Snowdenesque rhodomontade. One of these days, it will dawn upon the mob that, in reality, they are the State, and won't there be trouble for the Snowden's then? Not arf! That is why we say they need a lot of optimism in their composition. All the same, those good souls have their uses. See how nicely this one has filled a page for us!

The Possibilities of Cheap Petrol?

EVER since the motor-car came in as a boon and blessing to the jaded, and over-worked business man who was intent on raising a dust and besmirching the raiment of his lesser favoured pedestrian brethren, the iniquitous price of petrol has occupied the attention of those concerned in the purchase thereof. Rockefeller's millions were supposed to have been raised out of the price ground out of the banking accounts of motor-car owners; and a thousand-and-one reasons were assigned for the awful price of "motor-spirit."

CLUBS were formed, and their more or less able secretaries hunted around for a cure of the evil: gentlemen in Parliament asked questions; studied Blue Books; raced down to their varied constituencies with all manner of tales anent the thusness of the situation; in an indirect manner, the farmer was beguiled with fairy tales as to the amount of alcohol per acre that would be his, if a wicked Government would only ease the duty thereon; and so on, *ad lib.*

NEEDLESS to say, most of the strivings were for the procuration of a cheap supply of petrol, and more than one club advised its members that, if purchased direct from the secretary, petrol would carry an appreciable discount over trade prices. Still the trouble continued. Electricians attempted to rise to the situation. Promised all manner of accumulators—some of which, of the size of a lobster can, were to be good enough for a liner's propelling power to America and back—and, ended by doing little or nothing.

PETROL continued at an "iniquitous rate," and the agitator attempted to convince the Government that national disintegration would speedily follow, unless the duty on alcohol were immediately lowered. The powers that be pleaded that with a lowered duty, drunkenness would increase; motorists suggested the doctoring of the stuff so as to make it undrinkable without impairing its flashing propensities; the powers that be promised to carefully consider it—nay, they kept on considering it; and there, apparently, the matter was likely to end.

BUT in a more or less happy moment, a shipowner blessed with a knowledge of these matters—and a motor-car, of course—suddenly remembered that this class of "spirit" came home from Borneo, around the Cape. The Suez Canal people wouldn't allow the highly inflammable stuff to pass through their ditch, fearing that it might explode and thereby create the "second canal" of which so many threats have been made. Shipowner was sceptical about the inflammable nature of the "spirit," and the Canal Company's alleged reasons. Didn't the Canal "pass" hadjis, Indian fanatics, fakirs, and the like? It did. Then why exclude petrol?

THAT was a "corker," and the directorate appear to have repented. "Why, indeed?" Having given the matter this little bit of consideration, that directorate commenced to dally with the subject. Hadjis were inflammable enough; so were Indian fanatics: fakirs came into the same category; while warships were not a very great deal behind. Beside, the shipowner was cavilling about the wickednesses of Canal dues which remained at practically the same notch as in years when freights were double or more than what obtains at present. Obviously, something must be done. What should it be? Should it be a concession in "benzine boats"?

HAPPY thought! On and after a date in April, or May, or some other month in 1907, "benzine boats" should be accepted as ordinary risks in the Canal; and ever after, the round passage viâ the Cape of Good Hope would be a thing of the past. That would make for cheap petrol, and if the blessed shipowner complained after that, well, he would be hard to please. Hurrah! Statistics were hunted up, and therefrom it was gathered that about the safest means of transit on earth (or water) was per favour of a "benzine boat." That was good enough. Let it go forth to the world that, in view of the safety of "benzine boats," generally, the Suez Canal will, in future, be available for their passage east or west.

AND it was even so! The jaded business man en route for Penarth by the "4.27 p.m.," discoursed lovingly of the beautiful toque he would soon be able to give "her," now that petrol was by way of dropping quite fifty per cent. The "other fellow" wished to know how it all came about. The jaded one remarked, "I don't quite follow the intricacies of the situation, but it appears that petrol will now come viâ the Canal, and that will mean the saving to which I have referred. Hurroo!" And for about a fortnight, it was positively inspiriting to travel with those motor-spirit men! The impression gained was that they lived on the blessed stuff; that, to them, it was a veritable elixir of life.

BUT a change comes over the spirit of the dream. Those erstwhile jubilant souls are in the depths of a conflicting trouble. Will petrol really be fifty per cent. cheaper during the coming "season"? Will the stuff be brought viâ the Canal as promised? Will—will—will, oh, bother! Is it all a frost? Why this sudden difference? You heard of the loss of the good steamer *Silverlip*, through a benzine explosion, and in the Bay of Biscay? Yes? Well, that is what is claiming attention, but not from a humanitarian point of view. Oh, dear no. Merely from a price-of-petrol consideration. The unfortunates who went skywards in her—well, it was unfortunate, of course; but then, they were inured to such happenings!

AND what are a few deaths to the glorious possibility of getting cheaper petrol with which to poison the air, and to raise road microbes for the unfortunate pedestrian? Great Scott! To think of it! However, the *Silverlip* was insured for £95,000; her cargo of benzine was covered for another £50,000; and her freight for yet another £15,000—say, a loss of £160,000, as the result of a premature discharge of potential "motor spirit." But seriously, and from a commercial point of view, why all this pother about the Canal? Is there any more risk of blocking the Canal through admitting oil-ships, than there would be in connection with any other vessels? Certainly not, for the carriage of bulk-oil, to-day has gone past the experimental stage.

OF course, there is no knowing what the Canal directorate might decide as to the methods to be adopted in this new situation; but it is open to suppose that as one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does one exploded steamer necessitate that all of similar occupation must indubitably suffer the same fate. In the present writing, we have had no concern with the deplorable fate which befel the poor souls who were doing their best to bring along a big consignment of "motor spirit." That their sufferings were intense, goes without saying, and that the ship was as perfect as modern shipbuilding practice could make her is equally sure.

IN shipping, the old adage that "accidents will happen," has a nasty manner of asserting itself, and somehow or other, the very best of creations afloat are no more immune from disaster, than are the veriest old crocks. All of which is beside the present question, for we have concerned ourselves with the all-engrossing (in some quarters) subject: Will petrol be cheaper, or otherwise? Who is going to tell us?

For the Shipping Man, Generally.

ONE of the handiest, and most concise books which has come our way, and which should be in the possession of every shipping man on shore, and shipmaster at sea, is the *Encyclopaedia of Marine Law*, one of the Pitman series of commercial productions from the pen of Lawrence Duckworth, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. The author is a well-known writer upon legal subjects, and in the book which we are now considering, he has maintained his reputation.

ONE of the best features of this compendium of *Marine Law* is its up-to-date character. and accuracy. Another item which tends to its usefulness to the busy man, is the alphabetical manner in which the different headings have been treated. For instance, if we wish to learn a point or so on Abandonment, we note right at the commencement of the book, that the word when used in connection with a constructive total loss is "a cession or transfer of the ship from the owner to the underwriter, and all of his property and interest in it, with all the claims that may arise from its ownership, and all the profits that may arise from it, including the freight then being earned."

THE foregoing will show, conclusively, that there are no legal-tongue-twisters in the book; that it is written in a style that will appeal to the shipmaster, equally with his employer; and that it really does that which it is intended to do—gives lucid information on the hundred-and-one subjects which are for ever troubling the peace of mind of they who go down to the sea in ships. Still keeping to the "A's," let us take another example:

AFFREIGHTMENT (Contract of). "Every shipowner who carries goods for hire in his ship, whether by inland navigation, or coastways or abroad, undertakes to carry them at his own absolute risk, the act of God, or of the Queen's enemies alone excepted, unless, by agreement between himself and a particular freighter on a particular voyage or on particular voyages, he limits his liability by further exceptions." To the shipmaster, the foregoing lucid expression of an accepted opinion would suggest a careful perusal of the charter party, so that any other of those "further exceptions" might be duly ascertained.

THERE is much more on the subject of affreightment, and we are merely culling a few heads, that a fair sample of the general excellence of the work might be offered our numerous friends. Coming along to the subject of indentured apprentices, we find, *inter alia*, that "Every indenture of apprenticeship to the sea service must be executed in duplicate, and is exempt from stamp duty.' Again, we note that "Every indenture of apprenticeship' to the sea service made in the United Kingdom by a board of guardians, or persons having the authority of a board of guardians, must be executed by the boy and the person to whom he is bound in the presence of, and must be attested by, two justices of the peace, and those justices must ascertain that the boy has consented to be bound, and has attained the age of twelve years, and is of sufficient health and strength, and that the person to whom the boy is bound is a proper person for the purpose."

IF any further information be needed on this important subject, *Marine Law* will supply it. Still keeping to the A's, we find that the best and most generally accepted definition of general average is: "all loss which arises in consequence of extraordinary sacrifices made, or expenses incurred, for the preservation of the ship and cargo, comes within General Average, and must be borne proportionately by all who are interested"—which is clear enough for anybody?

DROPPING along to the "B" section, we note that: "The term 'ballast' has never been judicially defined" which is a matter that should receive attention, at once? According to section 3, Thames Conservancy Act, 1894 (which is sufficiently modern?) ballast means, "Every kind of gravel, sand, and soil, and every commodity or thing commonly used for the ballasting of vessels"—a definition which is beautifully accommodating, and all-embracing? The shipowner is the proper person to provide ballast—one of these days he will be held responsible therefor. Meanwhile, the shipmaster should remember that it is no excuse for him to say that "he left it to the owner."

BARRATRY. "In Marine Insurance law, barratry signifies an unlawful or fraudulent act, or very gross and culpable negligence of the master or crew of a vessel in violation of their duty as such, and directly antagonistic to the interests of the owner and without his sanction."

A BILL OF HEALTH is "an authenticated certificate that a certain ship or vessel named in it comes from a place where no contagious diseases prevail, and that none of the crew at the time of her departure from such place were infected with any such disease."

CONCERNING the ever-present bill of lading, *Marine Law* has much to say, and informs its readers that "It is not really a negotiable security, but it may be transferred by indorsement, such indorsement being simply a direction for the delivery of the goods." A charterer's liability under a bill of lading is explicitly stated, and the construction of a bill of lading is gone into most exhaustively. Bills of sale, Bottomry Bonds, Blockades, Blanket Policy—the "B's" are legion, and each one is equally interesting, and essential to the shipping man.

AS is quite natural in the compilation of a book of this character, the charter party occupies a prominent place in the descriptive matter, and numerous authorities are quoted, in all knotty points. Moreover, examples of actual instances are cited, where the law has been appealed to for an elucidation of some subtle point in connection with this important document.

THE portion of *Marine Law* which should be of supreme interest to the young shipmaster, is that which deals with freight and its payment, etc. We have no space in which to consider this portion of the work, but we should strongly advise our seafaring friends to procure a copy, and study it for themselves. They will surely agree with us that the price expended is a good investment; that the results will remain with them for many a day to come; and that as Board of Trade Exams. give no knowledge of "law," this latest book fills a long-felt want.

AS an appendix to *Marine Law* we are given that portion of the Act of 1906, which deals with Marine Insurance: "An Act to codify the Law relating to Marine Insurance," to give it its proper name. And as a finale, we have a reprint of the York-Antwerp rules of 1890, in as far as they apply to General Average. But we have written enough to show the value of the *Encyclopaedia of Marine Law*. Its publishers are Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., 1, Amen Corner, London, E.C., and its price 5s., net.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 8, 1907.*

IN view of the boisterous weather which has obtained almost without cessation since our last time of writing, one should be justified in believing that business in the coal trade would best be described by the letter *x*. But as a matter of fact, that same business for the period designated, has been much more satisfactory than for some week or two past.

TRUE, a goodly number of steamers fetched down to the Land's End en route for good old Cardiff, but had to compromise with Boreas and Neptune, by running for shelter. Then, was there lamentation in the land, locally, for with no boats available, what was the coalowner to do? Rough weather or fine, his outfit approximates to the same amount all the time, so if steamers were not at hand to carry off that output!

THERE is no getting away from the fact that stocks did accumulate, but only for a time. With the clearing of the weather, along came the boats, and with the advent of the boats, prices hardened very satisfactorily. As a consequence, prices have reached the point which is presently considered as normal; are more or less steady; and that is about all. Of course, there are exceptions, here, too.

THAT is to say, and here and there, a colliery is to be found which is earnestly in need of a boat or so, and while that condition is in evidence, prices in connection therewith are somewhat inclined to the wobbly side of the hedge. All the same, these exceptions are by no means common, and the fact is cause for congratulation.

CONSIDERED generally, then, there is but little actual change in the conditions obtaining, for although at the moment, shipments are more active, there is plenty of coal on hand to meet all requirements, and no improvement is to be expected while these conditions prevail. However, there are yet a number of steamers due to arrive, and with the first slant in fine weather they will be here.

WHEN those boats arrive—well, perhaps it will be as well to await their arrival? One never knows what might happen in the course of twenty-four hours—especially in connection with the coal trade. One thing is certain: The amount of new business offering has been nothing to brag about—on the contrary, rather. At the same time, the inquiry is in evidence, and as some of it will certainly materialise into business sooner or later—then, sooner or later, matters will assume a different appearance. That is beautifully non-committal, isn't it? Exactly as we meant it to be!

INDEED, the conditions in the local coal market are in exactly that phase of existence at present. It's all non-committal—and dodgey. Wherefore, then, should we be different? For actual prices, day by day, we refer you to subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.
,, **No. 3** ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	30s. 6d.	30s. 6d.	30s. 0d., 31s. 0d.	30s. 0d., 31s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	26s. 0d., 28s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 8, 1907.*

The market, locally, during the period under review has undergone but little alteration, for prices are much about the same as for some time past. The easiness noticeable at the time of our last writing has nearly disappeared, thanks to improved tonnage arrivals, and a steadiness has again assumed its sway. Forward business continues quiet in a degree. Buyers are still averse to booking ahead at the present figures, and business has been confined to early shipment.

ANTHRACITE COALS continue to experience a demand that is well sustained, and thus there has been no change in a downward direction, rather the contrary. In fact, some of the superior MALTING and BIG VEIN qualities are ranging somewhat higher, but RED VEIN shows no improvement, remaining easy; quotations not always being obtainable. MACHINE MADE COALS maintain a firmness, the trouble being to get sufficient of the stuff to meet the demand. CULM and DUFF are about steady.

STEAMS are now a cheerful section, thanks to improved stems and demand; and prices have risen for this month, the quantity available being limited.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 21s 0d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
,, ,, **Nuts** ...	24s. 6d	24s. 6d.	24s. 9d.	24s. 9d.	24s. 6d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 6d., 25s. 0d.
,, ,, **Peas** ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 0d.	18s 0d.	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 0d	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, May 8, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, *Strathdee,* 6,000 tons, 9s.
Colombo, *Rheinfels,* 10s.
Suez, *King George,* 10s.
Simonstown, *Jnra,* 4,400 tons, about 14s. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Newholme,* 4,500 tons, 14s. 6d. (N).
Newbiggin, 5,200 tons, 14s. 6d.
Florence Pile, 14s. 7½d.
Las Palmas, *Horsley,* or sub., 5,300 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Or Teneriffe, *Asiatic,* 5,500 tons, 7s.
" " *Lord* ——, 4/5,000 tons, 7s.
Teneriffe, *Marstonmoor,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Olivemoor, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Benarth, 4,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Cape Verdes, *Wavelet,* 4,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Claremont, 5,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Bahia Blanca, *Hornsey,* 14s. 9d.
Buenos Ayres, *St. Ninian,* 14s. 9d. (N).
West Coast, *St.* ——, 23s. fuel.
Pernambuco, *Mab,* or sub., 14s. 6d. (N).
Boca/La Plata, Steamer, 14s. 9d. (N).
Valparaiso, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 22s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Sidmouth,* 6,000 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Hieronymi,* 3,600 tons, 7s. 6d. (C. or N.)
Wagner, 5,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cladmoor, 5,500 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Penrith Castle, 5,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Ulida, 4,400 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Or Savona, *Barry,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Pinn, 3,800 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Deipara, 3,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Gladestry, 3,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Wellington, 8,000 tons, 7s.
Glengoil, 3,600 tons, 8s. (S).
Alexandria, *Trevean,* 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d. 700.
Ilderton, 4,400 tons, 6s. 3d. (P.T.)
Bona, *Hasland,* 2,000 tons, 10 fcs. coal, 11 fcs. fuel, (S).
Marsala, 2,400 tons, 9 fcs. (N).
Venice, *Sydmonton,* 3,200 tons, 9s. 3d. (S).
Della, 3,800 tons, 8s. 1½d. 500, or 8s. 3d. 400.
Or Ancona, *Minerva,* 5,300 tons, 8s.
Farnham, 4,400 tons, 8s. 3d.
Frederick Knight, or *Enidwen,* 5,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Albion, 5,000 tons, 8s. 3d. 400.
Algiers, *Jane Radcliffe,* 2,300 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Veraston, 2,800 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (S).
Ladykirk, 4,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Cambo, 2,700 tons, 8·25 fcs. (N).
Cagliari, *Waterloo,* 1,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Naples, *Clivegrove,* 4,800 tons, 6s. 10½d. 1,000.
Lena, 3,300 tons, 7s. 3d. 1,000.
Or Leghorn, *Zarifis,* 4,200 tons, 7s. 700, 6½d.
Catania, *Clara,* 3,700 tons, 7s. 1½d. 600, 10d.
Constantinople, *Antigone,* 3,600 tons, 6s.
Danube, Steamer, 3,700 tons, 7s. 3d.
Corunna, *Sundet,* 1,150 tons, 6s.
Bari, *Duchess of Cornwall,* 2,200 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (S).
Arcachon, *Pro Patria,* 1,150 tons, 7·25 fcs. fuel, (S).
Brindisi, *Burgemeesters' Jacob,* 4,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Marseilles, *Corunian,* 1,200 tons, 9 fcs. (S).
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 9 fcs. (S).
D. Negropontes, 3,700 tons, 7·87½ fcs.
Ancona, *Blenheim,* 3,200 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, 400, 10d. (S).
Torre Civita Vecchia or Leghorn, *Edale,* 5,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Valencia, *Carl Horn,* 1,200 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (S).
Leghorn, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 8s. (S).
Licata, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 8s. 6d.
Piræus, *William Balls,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Kustendje, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Oporto, Steamer, 750 tons, 5s. 9d. for part cargo.
Gibraltar, *Porthcawl,* 2,200 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Mark Lane, 2,800 tons, 4s. net.
Armourer, 700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Malta, *James Westoll,* 2,400 tons, 6s. (N).
Lisbon, *Thor,* 2,000 tons, 6s.
Skald, 1,450 tons, 6s.
Collivaud 1,850 tons, 6s.
Vigo, *Larpool,* 1,400 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stockholm, *Baltique,* 1,500 tons, 5s.
Aarhuus, *Elsinore,* 1,150 tons, 4s. 6d.
Cronstadt, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Copenhagen, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d. with options.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 5·62½ fcs. (P.T.)
Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6 fcs.
La Pallice, *Rhio,* 3,800 tons, 5·37½ fcs.
La Rochelle, *Rosella,* 1,750 tons, 5·75 fcs. option Rochefort, 6 fcs.
Dicido, 2,500 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Kai, 1,700 tons, 5·75 fcs. (S).
Nantes, *Castro Urdiales,* 2,400 tons, 6 fcs.
Huelva, *Euterpe,* or sub., 2,000 tons, 6s. 3d. (P.T.)
St. Nazaire, *Ragusa,* 1,900 tons, 6·25 fcs. spot. (S).
Leonora, 3,800 tons, 5·37½ fcs. (C. or P.T.)
Camargo, 2,800 tons, 6 fcs.
Hazelmere, 1,400 tons, 6·25 fcs. option Chantenay, 6·50 fcs. (S).
Hercules, 5,600 tons, 15s. 250, 18. (N).
Abanto, 2,250 tons, 6 fcs. (S).
Chantenay, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 6·25 fcs. (S).
Charente, *Sir Walter,* 580 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Bayonne, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Plymouth, Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. 1½d. (N).
Cliftongrove, 300 tons, 4s. (S).
Belfast, *The Marquise,* 420 tons, 3s. 3d. (S).
Scotsman, 180 tons, 3s. 3d. (S).
Waterford, *Galava,* 400 tons, 3s. 9d. (N).
London, *Girdleness,* part cargo of 250 tons, 4s. 6d. (S).
Rouen, *Alice M. Craig,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Abermaed, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Longbenton, 1,250 tons, (S).
Caen, *Stamfordham,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (S).
Honfleur, *Argus,* 1,450 tons, 4s. 10½d. (N).
Steamer, 1,000 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Bremerhaven, Two Steamers, 700/800 tons, about 4s. 10½d.
Dieppe, *Gazelle,* 800 tons, 5s.
Elemore, 1,200 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Elaine, 730 tons, 5s. (S).
Havre, *Quickstep,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d.
Speedwell, 1,300 tons, 4s. 6d. option St. Malo, same rate, (second voyage.)
St. Malo, *Speedwell,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 6d. option Swansea loading same rate.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Clieveden,* 2,800 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Greenhill, 2,900 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Brenner,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Oporto " " *Acacia,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.
" " " *Falk,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
" " " *Ella,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
" " " *Cornelia,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Tunis and Bona to Swansea, *Valencia,* 1,200 tons, 9s.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 25, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

8,061 06 HOFFELT—***Improvements in safety devices for hoisting apparatus and the like.***

This invention relates to safety devices for hoisting apparatus, and has for its object the provision of a large bearing surface between the shoes and guides. For this purpose the gripping shoes which are tapered at the back, have their front faces formed with pyramidal projections. The backs of the shoes work in guides in which are formed longitudinal slots engaged by a pin fixed to the shoe. To bring the shoes into operation a cross-piece is connected to the draw bar, and engages a rod formed at its upper extremity with a slot into which projects the arm of a lever. On the rod is a spring which is in compression when the weight of the cage is on the rope. This spring at one side bears on a projection on the rod. The lever is fixed on a shaft on which are mounted two rods which act as raising rods when connected to the shoes. In the event of the rope breaking, the spring will cause the cross head supported by the draw-bar to descend. The rods draw down the levers connected to them and thus raise the lifting rods which raise with them the shoes causing the latter to engage the guides.

15,702 06—ILLY & THE MILHAM REVERSIBLE PROPELLER SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—***Improvements in reversible screw propellers.***

This invention relates to reversible propellers of the type in which the blades are mounted radially on a boss, and are capable of rotation on their axes so as to enable them to be set at any desired angle. The object of this invention is to provide the blades with bearings in a piece with the boss of the propeller, and yet enable the blades to be readily detached. For this purpose the boss is formed with a cavity in the centre, and in the interior of this cavity, central with the axis of the boss is a hollow for receiving the propeller shaft and the extension of the connecting rod which carries the sliding part and permits it to project into the recess. The cranks of the propeller blades butt against the flat surface of the sliding part, and the crank pins enter inclined recesses in the sliding part in such a manner that on the sliding of the latter longitudinally in the boss, the crank pins are moved transversely of the axis of the propeller, and consequently the blades are turned upon their own axes. Packing pieces are inserted in the recess between the shoulders of the blade and the cranks, thus locking the blades at the proper distance from the axis of rotation of the propeller.

20,473/06—BOURDONCLE & LEYMARIE—***Improved propelling apparatus for ships and the like.***

This invention relates to apparatus adapted to be placed on all kinds of craft in order to render them self-propelling, and without having to pierce the hull. A motor is mounted inside the vessel, and motion is communicated to the propeller by means of a flexible transmission member and bevel gearing, the transmission member being detachable when sailing or rowing. The flexible member is attached at its free end to a horizontal shaft which passes through a gear case fixed to the stern of the vessel. On this shaft are mounted two bevel gears which mesh with a third bevel gear keyed to a vertical spindle which drives the propeller shaft by means of further bevel gears. A sleeve may couple either of the two bevel gears to the horizontal shaft according to the position given to the sleeve by a roller actuated by a hand lever, or both gears may be uncoupled, corresponding to movement ahead, momentum astern and stop.

25,628 06—BECCHI AND TARANTINI—***Improvements in apparatus for rescuing submerged ships.***

This invention relates to apparatus for rescuing submerged ships, its object being to pass ropes underneath the keel of the ship submerged on muddy or sandy sea bottom, with the purpose of afterward lifting the ship. The apparatus consists of a solid casing in which is placed an electric motor driven from a dynamo on the salvage ship. To the motor shaft are connected two axles, provided with helical conical blades and revolving in opposite directions. The shafts connecting the motor to the axles pass through a tank full of water and connected to a suction pump. The apparatus is provided with three small wheels which run on the keel of the submerged ship, and is suspended from the salvage ship by means of a cable. The apparatus is lowered under water until it reaches the submerged ship, and is so directed in its descent as to run with its wheels on the heel of the submerged ship, and the screws penetrate into the mud, propelling the apparatus forward. At the same time the pump will discharge the water from the tank, but an equal quantity will enter through an open valve. When the apparatus has reached the bottom of the keel it will have partly the tendency to move in a circular line owing to its concave form and the oblique direction of the screws, and partly the tendency to go down vertically owing to its weight. But as soon as it begins to take a nearly horizontal position the pump valve will be closed, and the pump will discharge the water from the tank forming a vacuum inside. The apparatus then has a tendency to rise, goes over on the other side of the submerged keel, and rises to the surface. The cable follows the apparatus in its movements, and is in this way passed under the keel of the submerged vessel.

These applications for patents, are until June 10, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on May 1, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending June 1.

Class 8—Including Nautical Instruments—KLINITE.

290,756—Philosophical instruments, scientific instruments and apparatus for useful purposes, instruments and apparatus for teaching. Waldberg and Co., Ltd., (a company registered under the laws of Germany), 38, Universitats Strasse, Berlin, Germany; and 20, Rue des Capucines, Paris, France; Merchants—26th February, 1907. Address for service in the United Kingdom, c/o McKenna & Co., 31-34, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

Class 20—Including Explosives—B.

289,185—Electric Detonators for blasting purposes. The Firm trading as the Electrical Blasting Apparatus Company, Trafalgar, near Cinderford, R.S.O., Gloucestershire; Manufacturers.—December 31st, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

LIBRARY
JUL
2
1981
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

SERIAT